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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

MAR. 1926

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION

AILEEN PRINGLE

THE TRUTH ABOUT SCREEN KISSES

DO CLOTHES MAKE THE PICTURE?

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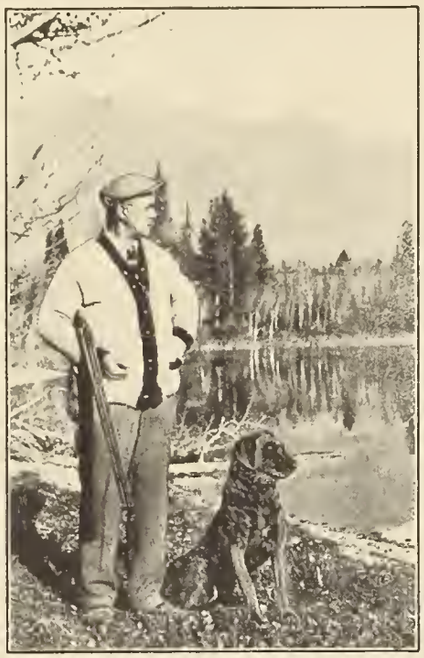

A. M. Chisholm, with his favorite "dawg," a Chesapeake, known as "Windermere Ted," snapped near the author's home in British Columbia.

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"The Red-headed Kids," by A. M. Chisholm, is published by Chelsea House, one of the oldest and best-established firms in the country. Ask for it at your dealer's and ask at the same time to see the others in the Chelsea House line.

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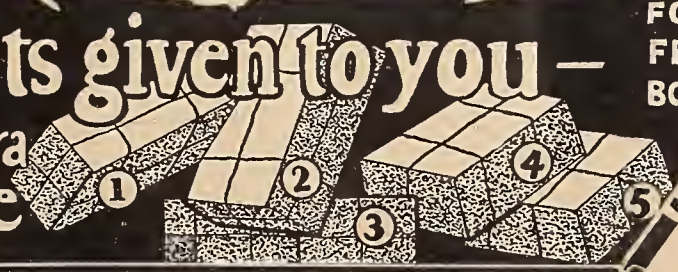

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Vol. XXIV MONTHLY No. 1

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Paramount Pictures

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THE END OF THE TRAIL

Races pass and leave the old, old story of strife and song. The Indian passes in this our time, within the Reservation gates; a figure as sinister as a bloody arrow, but filling the eye and the heart with his tragedy. "Adieu, *Vanishing American*, adieu — may you find the Happy Hunting Ground of your camp fire dreams."

This epic of the Indian has already been acclaimed by hundreds of audiences as ranking with The Covered Wagon in scope, power and human interest.

Here is a picture of enmity and gallantry and fierce love-making in the very shadow of danger. The vision of Paramount, Zane Grey, Director George B. Seitz and Supervisor Lucien Hubbard searched out and composed all this for you, the Paramount organization pursuing, as it always does, the ideal material for the greatest shows that human beings can desire.

Like stately ships magically appearing one after another on the horizon, and slowly coming in full view, came *The Covered Wagon, The Ten Commandments, Peter Pan, The Pony Express, A Kiss for Cinderella, That Royle Girl*, and now *The Vanishing American*, sailing the sea of more than one or two seasons' brief popularity, and even so being but leaders of a great fleet cruising literally to the admiration of all lands and peoples.

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Personalities of Paramount and their Paramount Pictures

Lois Wilson

—is the winsome teacher of the country school in The Vanishing American. Those who remember her wonderful performance in The Covered Wagon will watch eagerly for this new role. Other Paramount Pictures featuring her are: Welcome Home, Rugged Water and Irish Luck.

Richard Dix

—plays the title role of The Vanishing American. He makes a magnificent Indian, combining the lion and the fox in plot and deed! Other Paramount Pictures in which he is appearing are: The Ten Commandments, The Lucky Devil, and Womanhandled.

Zane Grey

—is the envy of even best-selling authors. He wrote The Vanishing American. The vast number enjoying the book are keenly expectant of its Paramount picturization. Other Paramount Zane Grey Pictures are: Wild Horse Mesa, Light of Western Stars, and The Thundering Herd.

Noah Beery

—plays the official in charge of the Indian Reservation. Villainy and smiles go together, and the more you hate the character the more you admire the actor. Other Paramount Pictures in which he is seen are: Light of Western Stars, Wild Horse Mesa and Lord Jim.

Raymond Griffith

—is the touchstone of mirth. Indifference becomes smiles, and smiles a volley of laughter when he appears. Make a list of his Paramount Pictures and enjoy them. Start with: The Night Club, Paths to Paradise and A Regular Fellow.

Betty Bronson

—leaped into fame as the Peter Pan girl. Today her success in A Kiss for Cinderella has outranked even Peter Pan. Other Paramount Pictures in which she appears are: The Golden Princess, Not So Long Ago, and Are Parents People?

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New York City

Paramount Pictures

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GREAT DAYS ARE IN STORE

for the lovers of motion pictures. The industry is prosperous, and the productions now being planned promise to be better even than those of the past.

Edwin Schallert, one of the keenest observers of the movie business, has made an analysis of it, in which he shows that more money than ever before is to be spent in forthcoming productions, that greater treats than ever are being planned for us. His article will appear in our next issue.

Myrtle Gebhart has written two striking articles for the same issue. One is called "An Innocent Abroad," and deals with Mary Philbin's recent appearance in Hollywood's social life, from which she has, heretofore, kept aloof. The other is a review of the latest marriages among film folk.

Violet Dare, whose beauty articles have caused much comment from our readers, has unearthed what she calls "The World's Oldest Beauty Secrets," secrets which are known to many of the stars, and which will be useful to many of our readers.

Dorothy Manners has written for us a story drawing a striking comparison of how great wealth seems to have affected two of the most popular stars, Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies, bringing out different qualities in each.

There will be many other novel features by Helen Klumph, Malcolm H. Oettinger, Dorothy Wooldridge, Margaret Reid, and other writers, too many to list at this time. We are confident that every fan will find the next issue one of particular interest.

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As a star of planetary proportions.
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"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

What the Fans Think

Admiration Versus Crush.

WE read many fan letters that run about like this: "When I read So-and-so's letter I tore my hair with rage! How *dare* he say that Richard is more handsome than John, et cetera, et cetera."

I am sure that the writers of this type of letter mean well, but they are merely the victims of crushes—*it is not real admiration.*

I plead guilty to movie crushes myself, but I always have and always will try hard not to confuse a crush with my liking and admiration for an actor. I have always found that my admiration stayed long after the crush had taken flight.

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1155 Burnaby Street, UNA B. COWAN.
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

On Choosing Our Favorite Stars.

The letter signed by "A Fan," wherein it was stated that personality is the thing, was a sound and truthful one. The proof of that is that we like a star whose name has always been kept free from scandal. Just as we would select a girl or boy friend, so we select a star friend, and my best girl-star friend is our adorable Helen Ferguson, who recently said "Yes" to William Russell. And after reading Bill's story of his wife's faults and her version of his faults, it is plain to see that they are worth while. I would wager my best dress that Helen will never enter the divorce court.

Boston, Massachusetts. CLAIRE J. D. MASON.

Too Bad, Indeed.

I suppose it is none of my business but, as John Gilbert is my favorite actor, I can't help but wish that he and Leatrice Joy might become reconciled. I think she is lovely—all that a man could wish for. I wonder if anybody else feels as I do? It is too bad things happened as they did, because quite a few people are holding hard feelings against Jack. I know I get my answers sometimes when I am praising Jack to my friends.

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With rare courage and hard work, combined with exceptional ability, he has steadily climbed from the bottom rung of the ladder of fame to the top.

Once, playing the part of a villain, he hadn't the sympathy of his audience at all, yet he played the part well and won praise. He consented to tell his life story, if allowed to tell it truthfully, claiming that the truth hurts no one, even if it does not make pleasant reading.

These two incidents reacted marvelously in his favor, and we have had more honest life stories since. He wins the hearts of women because they admire just these qualities and because they see in him something of the ideal which most women have.

There was no background of home life to aid him. Without the sympathies of parents, he plodded on alone, facing disappointments and discouragements, and later, even marital troubles. Still he worked courageously on and on.

We watch with keenest interest such a personality, and when success finally comes—we applaud.

We believe that leading roles are allotted to those who reveal the greatest ability and have the physical requirements, besides being earnest, sincere, and convincing actors.

Why was John Gilbert given the leads in "The Merry Widow," "The Big Parade," and "La Bohème?" The answer seems simple enough! Because he possesses all these characteristics I have named and because he has honestly earned those leads.

Rochester, New York. EMMA-LOU.

A Trip to Hollywood.

What fan has not longed for a trip to Hollywood? Hollywood—the Mecca of all movie fans! What glamorous scenes the mere name suggests. And *I* was going to Hollywood!

I shall not forget the thrill I received as the train pulled into the big Los Angeles depot. There to meet me was Ben Lyon! I had never met Ben. Though I admired his screen work exceedingly, and had even been so bold as to request one of his photos, I did not know him personally. Imagine my surprise when he came toward me with one of his boyish grins. "How do you do?" he said. "Aren't you Jack McElveny?" Of course I was. Ben did not explain how he happened to know I was coming and I didn't ask. However, he drove me to the Hotel Hollywood and departed. I decided, as it was still early, that I'd see Hollywood. The first thing I did was to call up Myrtle Gebhart of PICTURE-PLAY's staff.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "I've an interview to do with Mary Pickford at one o'clock. Would you like to come along?" *Would I!*

[Continued on page 10]

Tom Converse Gambled with a Stranger---and Lost

His money was all gone. He was broke, but he would not wager his gun on a turn of the cards. Then the stranger proposed another bet—that Tom should ride to the top of a near-by mountain and light a bonfire, in the event that the cards should go against him on the next deal. Tom accepted the wager—and lost again.

He took the ride and, by so doing, he assumed to himself the personality of the notorious outlaw known as "The Shadow," for the lighting of the beacon was the signal of The Shadow's return. Posses of riders swarmed to the mountain, and Tom was in dire peril. The Shadow's crimes were dastardly and called for swift and certain justice.

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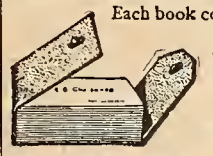

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A Trip to Hollywood.

What fan has not longed for a trip to Hollywood? Hollywood—the Mecca of all movie fans! What glamorous scenes the mere name suggests. And *I* was going to Hollywood!

I shall not forget the thrill I received as the train pulled into the big Los Angeles depot. There to meet me was Ben Lyon! I had never met Ben. Though I admired his screen work exceedingly, and had even been so bold as to request one of his photos, I did not know him personally. Imagine my surprise when he came toward me with one of his boyish grins. "How do you do?" he said. "Aren't you Jack McElveny?" Of course I was. Ben did not explain how he happened to know I was coming and I didn't ask. However, he drove me to the Hotel Hollywood and departed. I decided, as it was still early, that I'd see Hollywood. The first thing I did was to call up Myrtle Gebhart of PICTURE-PLAY's staff.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "I've an interview to do with Mary Pickford at one o'clock. Would you like to come along?" *Would I!*

[Continued on page 10]

Tom Converse Gambled with a Stranger---and Lost

His money was all gone. He was broke, but he would not wager his gun on a turn of the cards. Then the stranger proposed another bet—that Tom should ride to the top of a near-by mountain and light a bonfire, in the event that the cards should go against him on the next deal. Tom accepted the wager—and lost again.

He took the ride and, by so doing, he assumed to himself the personality of the notorious outlaw known as "The Shadow," for the lighting of the beacon was the signal of The Shadow's return. Posses of riders swarmed to the mountain, and Tom was in dire peril. The Shadow's crimes were dastardly and called for swift and certain justice.

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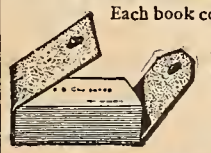

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LUCILLE YOUNG, Room 12-82 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Continued from page 8

"All right, Myrtle," I said, hardly able to control my excitement. I decided to eat my lunch early, so as not to keep Myrtle waiting. I went to Hollywood's Montmartre, where I was sure I'd see many stars.

Oh! What a thrill! Next to me was Rudolph Valentino with Nita Naldi and Vilma Banky. Nita was one of my greatest delights. She was so funny and had every one laughing. Lilyan Tashman came in with Edmund Lowe, and Nita yelled clear across the room to her. Lilyan came over and their conversation was accompanied by much laughter. Mae Murray came sauntering in, looking quite chic in a smart sport suit. Viola Dana, with friend husband, came with Ruth Clifford and her husband.

Across the room I recognized Dorothy Manners—also of PICTURE-PLAY—conversing with Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle. Conway wore his frown as usual.

As I left, I recognized Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, and Dorothy Mackaill. Dorothy's bob is *so* becoming! Only by great force did I finally make myself leave this wonderful place. I must tell about Mary.

Miss Gebhart and I proceeded toward Pickfair. Oh! We were seated in Mary's beautiful parlor. I could hardly keep still. I was really to see Mary Pickford. I don't know what I expected, but I was astonished and delighted when a very blond, diminutive person appeared.

It was Mary!

How thrilled I was to have Mary clasp my hand warmly and say, "So glad to meet you, Jack."

Just as we were about to leave, Doug appeared upon the scene with a leap. I jumped, but Mary laughed and said, "It's only Douglas. He's making 'The Black Pirate,' and has been acting like a pirate all day."

This was accompanied by a jovial laugh from Doug. Reluctantly we made our departure, and while driving to the Lasky studio, where I hoped to gain admittance, I was kept busily occupied watching all the wonders Myrtle pointed out to me.

Louise Fazenda passed us and yelled at Myrtle. Every one seems to know her.

We stopped at the Lasky studio and passed through those stately portals when —oh, yes, when——

"Jack, it's seven fifteen. Get up or you'll be late for school."

Only a dream, and I'll never know what I would have encountered within the studio of Famous Players-Lasky. It was thrilling while it lasted, though.

JACK MCELVENY.
960 Iglehart Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

"America's Most Magnetic Lover."

At last Ronald Colman is getting credit for being a great artist. "The Dark Angel" was shown at one of Chicago's first theaters a short time ago and the papers gave Mr. Colman a very nice write-up. He was advertised as "America's most magnetic lover." His acting was wonderful in "The Dark Angel." So was Vilma Banky wonderful. I should like to see more of him playing opposite Miss Banky. I like him with Constance Talmadge also.

ANN M. MURPHY.
3638 Lexington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Hurrah for the Cowboys!

I can't see why everybody is so crazy over society lovers. I am not. I just love wild and woolly cowboys. I would pay five dollars to see Art Acord, Jack Perrin, Tom Tyler, or Bill Cody play. I think they are just wonderful.

NETTIE CAIN.
309 W. Race Street, Martinsburg, W. Va.

A Prediction.

1926? It shall be a year of better movies.

The seven most handsome men for 1926: John Gilbert, Ben Lyon, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Lloyd Hughes, and Ronald Colman.

The favorites shall be: 1st, Lloyd Hughes; 2d, John Gilbert; 3d, Richard Dix.

Seven added beauties for 1926: Vilma Banky, Greta Nissen, Esther Ralston, Norma Shearer, Mary Brian, Lois Moran, Joyce Compton, and Gilda Gray.

The favorites shall be: 1st, Norma Shearer; 2d, Vilma Banky, 3d, Greta Nissen.

These shall have their own fans through 1926: Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, Colleen Moore, Irene Rich, and Norma Talmadge.

Watch these climb: Mae Busch, Doris Kenyon, Carol Dempster, Alice Joyce, and Mary Philbin.

The directors for 1926: James Cruze, Cecil De Mille, Ernst Lubitsch, D. W. Griffith, and Victor Seastrom.

1926 looks rosy for: Alice Calhoun, W. C. Fields, Helene and Dolores Costello, Evelyn Brent, June Marlowe, Marian Nixon, Zasu Pitts, Betty Jewel, Diana Kane, Sally O'Neil, and Lilyan Tashman.

The two coming comedians: Raymond Griffith and Harry Langdon.

Can Valentino come back? 1926 shall find him a great favorite again.

I wonder if 1926 will be as I have planned it? CHARLES MANK, JR.
226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Ill.

A Personal Appearance.

Rudolph Valentino has just given a personal appearance with his film, "The Eagle," which is now being shown in London. Although I am not one of his own devoted admirers, I thought it worth a two-hours wait at the back of the theater in such a crowd that I could hardly keep my feet on the ground, to see what such a universal favorite was like.

I have never been in such a mass of people. The audience of the first performance waited for the second in order to see him arrive, making it impossible for any newcomers to get seats. The crowds at the back of the theater hardly had room to stand, and there were hundreds of people outside waiting to come in.

Twenty minutes after he was due to arrive, he came into the royal box above our heads, where only the very front rows could see him. The people penned in at the back tore away the ropes, and every one in the seats rushed to the front of the theater, but he refused to come onto the stage, saying that we should wait for his film first and see if we still liked him. Then, thank goodness, the earlier audience left and we were able to get seats, although the attendants could do nothing with the crowds, and the people who had left their reserved seats and those who had bought expensive tickets were pushed to the front, while those who had bought one-shilling-threepenny tickets sat behind.

The film itself is nothing particular, though the Russian uniform suits Valentino very well. Every time he appeared on the screen there was violent clapping, but when the *Czarina's* order for his death was shown, the audience looked miserable and sighed heavily. Suddenly we heard loud clapping from one pair of hands in the royal box, and we realized that Valentino was cheering his own death warrant.

At the end of the film he was at last brought onto the stage. I have heard that he had to get to the theater by climbing over the roof to avoid the people in front of the theater. The audience climbed over seats and fell over each other to see him. His accent is very strange. The mixture of Italian and American could not be thought pretty, but he gave rather a nice, though very nervous little speech, interrupted all through by hysterical women.

He began by saying that we could not tell how grateful he felt for our applause, as he had just made a very bad picture which had been criticized cruelly.

A woman: "It wasn't your fault!"

Valentino explained that he referred to "A Sainted Devil," in which he was neither a saint nor a devil.

A woman: "Artistic genius!"

He continued to tell us that now that he had joined United Artists, he would try to be both an artist and a producer, and to win back part of the place in our hearts which he knew he had once held.

A woman: "We loved you all the time!"

He finished, amid shrieks of applause, by referring to the interrupters: "At any rate, once a Britisher, always a Britisher!"

In England, even "A Sainted Devil" could not diminish Rudolph's fan following, and it was a surprise to see such a popular star so nervous and so doubtful whether to laugh at the interruptions or to pretend not to notice them.

The papers gave no account of the evening, which was surprising, as this was, I think, the first personal appearance made by a star in London, except for Colleen Moore's "So Big" and "Sally."

But, at any rate, Valentino cannot have been disappointed with his reception.

LILLIAN LANDOIS.
2 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2.

Warm Praise for Ricardo.

In glancing over PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, I came across an article by Louise Williams called "Movies and Love." *It is one of the truest things ever written.*

I have an ideal on the screen. The favored one is Ricardo Cortez. To me he is a splendid specimen of manhood. His romantic eyes and clean-cut features are ever pleasing to the eye. And you will admit that, though his plays are not suggestive, yet they *fire* one!

He was born in the same month as Lon Chaney and Mary Pickford, and April-born people have wonderful imaginations. So I really think Mr. Cortez and Miss Rubens should be extremely happy, as Mr. Cortez should make a perfect husband.

Ricardo Cortez stands for everything that is fine and honorable. If I can't have him in person, I have the pleasure of loving his shadow on the screen. It is my earnest desire and wish that he so construct his life as to reap the benefits that are rightfully his.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF RICK.
Providence, R. I.

Regarding Love.

One cannot help but wonder, during the endless discussions of love and lovers, as the same are presented to us on the screen to-day.

It seems regrettable that so much is offered on the screen in the guise of love that in reality is nothing but trash. Love, real love, the only love that is worthy of the name, is in no way connected with so-called physical emotions. Love is a divine emotion. It appeals to all that is fine in our natures and inspires in us a desire to be and to do better. And all thoughts of self are wiped out in the joy of giving and serving.

The actor who can portray such love as this and can make it so real and so genuine that it goes straight to the hearts of his audience and strikes responsive chords therein, is indeed both a man and an artist of the highest order.

To me Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, and our beloved Wally Reid typify the ideal lover. A FAN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Comparison of "Three Lovers."

I live in Hollywood and have been fortunate enough to have seen practically all the stars in person. In fact, I have seen some stars and players so many times that I do not get the great thrill on seeing them as I did at first.

My real reason for writing this letter is to express my opinion of those three players who are generally termed at present to be the three great lovers of the screen: John Gilbert, Ronald Colman, and Ramon Novarro. I know that I shall make every fan jealous when I say that I have seen them all in person.

I have not much right to criticize Jack Gilbert, as I have not yet seen "The Merry Widow," which hasn't come here yet, and "The Big Parade," which is just at present entering its second week at the Egyptian Theater. But judging from his past performances, I cannot quite style him as a real lover, as I think he is too passionate in his love-making. That is not *true love*. Maybe this is due to the Elinor Glyn influence. I like Jack Gilbert, and I sincerely hope that "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" will prove that he is a thoroughly fine lover.

As to Ronald Colman, I think that sometimes he is inclined to be passionate, while, in other moments, his love-making is true and fine.

And Ramon Novarro. He is the only one on the screen whose love scenes carry a fine true touch with the real meaning of love behind them. Besides being the greatest lover on the screen, I think that Ramon Novarro is one of the greatest actors of the silent drama. ALICE MCRAY PLATT.
Hollywood, Calif.

An English Actor Makes Some Suggestions.

Having read with great interest V. E. Cornett's list of things he would like to see in the movies, I offer a list which I think is every bit as good:

1. Mary Pickford as *Brunhild*, and Ben Turpin as *Siegfried* in a filming of the German opera.
2. Nita Naldi as *Pinkie* in "Pinkie and the Fairies."
3. Ramon Novarro as *Macbeth*, and Lillian Gish as *Lady Macbeth*.
4. Larry Semon and Louise Fazenda as *Romeo* and *Juliet*.
5. Buster Keaton in "The Laughing Cavalier."
6. Emil Jannings as *Hop o' My Thumb*.
7. Babe Landon as *Mary Queen of Scots*.
8. Jackie Coogan as *Henry VIII*.

Thus my list ends, and may these things come to pass. CLIVE GAY.
(Touring in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," Julia Neilson and Fred Terry Company.)
28 Waldegrave Road, Ealing, London, W. 5, England.

From a Disgusted Fan.

Those "Seven Coeds" certainly have a lot of nerve for saying that they cannot understand the popularity of the best dramatic actor of all of them—Ramon Novarro. This same statement is dedicated to the "Two High-school Flappers" of Denver. I wonder what the average coed or high-school youngster knows about art? Have they seen Ramon in "Scaramouche," "Where the Pavement Ends," and "Trifling Women?" When they see "Ben-Hur," it will show them another evidence of Ramon's great dramatic skill. When it comes to preferring Ben Lyon, they should see that there is nothing extraordinary about this actor. He is the type that we see every day wherever we go, but those who really know and admire art wish to see men of other types, men who give us inspiration. Now, if the coeds and high-school flappers in question were going to give their opinion as to who are the best football players, I would immediately follow their advice, for in that case, it is only brute force and not brains that is to be considered. JOSE ALONSO.
Heyer Duplicator Company, Chicago, Ill.

A Request to Fan Writers.

Will the fans please keep to themselves their opinions about the players they like and those they don't like? They should never come out as plainly as they do. First of all, *nothing* is wrong with the movies. The movies have given me some wonderful hours of entertainment and the sooner the kickers quit giving knocks, the better off they will be. Imagine a fan who likes, let us say, Gloria Swanson, reading a magazine in which he discovers some cruel knocks written about her by some ignorant person. It hurts, I'm telling you! GEORGE CANFIELD.
586 North Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Ten Most Beautiful—the Ten Most Handsome.

Here is my list, as a movie fan, of the ten most beautiful actresses and the ten handsomest actors on the screen. First, for real physical loveliness, comes Corinne Griffith, and then, in the order of my votes, come Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford—who can dispute her title?—Alice Terry—with her blond wig—Mary Astor, Mae Allison, Claire Windsor, Doris Kenyon, Pola Negri, and May McAvoy. Florence Vidor isn't included because, strange to say, I do not think she is really beautiful. Gloria isn't included, either, because, though her legs and hands are beautiful, it's more her personality that attracts me. I couldn't decide at first between May McAvoy and Norma Shearer, but May won, because I think her eyes are prettier than Norma's. Claire Windsor can't act, but there is no doubt that she is beautiful. All my selections are American types except Pola, but I couldn't resist adding her to my list, as a beautiful actress of a foreign type.

My list of men includes Jack Gilbert, John Barrymore, Dick Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, Thomas Meighan, Ben Lyon, Rudolph Valentino, and last, Neil Hamilton. I haven't included Rod La Rocque, Monte Blue, or Ricardo Cortez because I think they are anything but handsome. Novarro is there, even though I've never been a Novarro fan—strange, isn't it?—and Valentino, even though I'm not a Valentino fan any more. But they are handsome just the same. ELINOR GARRISON.
112 Union Avenue, West, Olympia, Wash.

Safe in Ramon's Keeping.

I have just finished reading the letter from the seven "crazy coeds" of Toronto, and I think they have described themselves perfectly. Any one who prefers John Gilbert to Ramon Novarro certainly seems crazy to me, but of course, if they enjoy being in that state, its absolutely their own business. However, I can't help but wonder if they have seen Ramon in his midshipman's uniform. Personally, I haven't the least semblance of a heart remaining since I saw "The Midshipman," and I'm afraid it's gone for keeps. Well, I'd much rather Ramon had it than any one else,

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because I have a feeling that one's most precious possessions would be perfectly safe in his keeping.

As for John Gilbert, I saw the dozen or so uniforms he sported in "The Merry Widow," and forgot them all the minute I passed the theater door. Why do nice women like him? He has a hateful look in his eye. MARY MCCLURE.

Barberton, Ohio.

From Two More High-school Girls.

We were much interested in the letter from "Two High-school Flappers," as we, too, are in high school. Although we agreed with many of their opinions concerning movie stars, we want to say that we are stanch admirers of Ramon Novarro. Why should nationality enter into the opinions of the fans? Furthermore, we wish to inform the aforesaid flappers that Novarro is a great deal more American than Ben Lyon, as Novarro's ancestors were Mexican Indians. Of course, we like Ben Lyon—we have no intention of slamming him. Who doesn't like the modern collegiate sheik? But Ramon Novarro and Ben Lyon cannot be compared; they are distinct types—Lyon, the ideal American college boy, and Novarro the romantic, passionate lover of southern countries.

We second their opinion of the beautiful Greta Nissen and inimitable Gloria Swanson. Betty Bronson, too, we adore.

EMILY SHEFFIELD and JANE DEWEY.

40 Park Street, Northampton, Mass.

From a Group of High-school Seniors.

Last month a correspondent expressed this remarkable opinion: "If all the youths of the country took to making love like Conway Tearle, pity the poor flapper."

We, a group of high-school seniors, rise to remark that any flapper, or any other type of the feminine persuasion, who is unable to recognize Conway Tearle as a perfect lover on the screen, is indeed to be pitied.

To be sure, it does require intellect to appreciate the sweep and finesse and variety of mood, the deftness and the degree of imagination which characterize the screen lover that our handsome Conway Tearle creates. SIX TEARLE FANS.

Long Island, New York.

The Year's Best Performances.

The year is at a close, and the stars have caused many a heart to feel lighter. Many a frown has changed to a smile and many a sad heart has smiled because of them and we want to let the stars know how much we love them—the best doctors the world has ever known when it comes to curing the blues.

I've looked over the past year and here are some of the performances I've enjoyed the most:

Virginia Valli in "The Lady Who Lied."
Bert Lytell in "The Boomerang."
Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney."
Patsy Ruth Miller in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."
May McAvoy in "Tessie."
Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck."
Helen Ferguson in "The Isle of Hope" and "Wild West."
Irene Rich in "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted."
Aileen Pringle in "One Year to Live."
Bessie Love in "The King on Main Street."
Bebe Daniels in "The Manicure Girl."
Alice Calhoun in "The Man on the Box."
Zasu Pitts in "The Legend of Hollywood."
Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan."
Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad."

Note that only the last one is an elaborate production—but the others were simple and fine. JULIA EDNA DAVID.

98 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass.

Let's Stick to the Old Favorites.

Well, I am disgusted with all this talk of new favorites. In every magazine all I see is Greta Nissen, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Betty Bronson, Vilma Banky, and so many new ones. They say Greta has beautiful blond hair. Well, how about Anna Q. and others? Norma Shearer, they say, is a great and beautiful actress. But is not our own Norma Talmadge a much better one? Ronald Colman a good actor. Bosh! Betty Bronson the *only* person who could have played *Peter Pan.* What a big joke! Mary Pickford and May McAvoy could have done it wonderfully. Let's stick to the old favorites. JACK and JUNE.

Piqua, Ohio.

In the December issue of PICTURE-PLAY I noticed the article by Edwin Schallert, called "The Wreckage of Stardom," and I have a few criticisms to make.

The writer says that there will soon be not only Pickfords, Fairbankses, Valentinos, and Talmadges, but Morans, Bennetts, Shermans, and so forth. He is entirely wrong, in my estimation. No one can get into the class of Mary, Doug, Bebe, Norma, Gloria, Richard, Ramon, and Ben.

We fans are all for the old-time wonderful stars. BETTY.

Burlingame, Calif.

A Constant Fan.

A rather interesting thing happened to me to-day. In going through an old box of mine, I came across a list I made eight years ago of my twelve favorite players of that time, and in making out a new list to-day, I find that I am not a very fickle fan, for in my present twelve there are seven of those of eight years ago!

Here is the old list: Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Anita Stewart, Pauline Starke, Alice Joyce, Norma Talmadge, Theda Bara, Olive Thomas, Dorothy Gish, Henry B. Walthall, Jack Pickford, and Charles Chaplin.

The new list: Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Pauline Starke, Alice Joyce, Virginia Brown Faire, Dorothy Gish, Jack Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Buster Collier, and George O'Brien.

Very close to these latter come Anita Stewart, Henry B. Walthall, Bessie Love, Bebe Daniels, Louise Fazenda, Louise Dresser—since her *Goose Woman*—Zasu Pitts, Blanche Sweet, George Arliss, Ben Lyon, George Fawcett, Snitz Edwards, the Beerys, Ronald Colman, Ernest Torrence, Lon Chaney, and Winston Miller. And I'm waiting patiently for Theda Bara to return.

AN OLD FAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Three New Favorites.

If anybody had told me six months ago that I'd now be anxiously fingering your "Screen in Review" each month, trying to find the films in which Raymond Hatton, Raymond Griffith, and Ernest Torrence appear, why, I guess I'd have told 'em scathingly, "You don't know what you're talking about! Why, with Novarro, Gilbert, Dix, Nagel—really, my dear, don't you think you'd better lie down? This heat is terrible and I know it does affect some people!"

But, honestly, ever since I saw Griffith in "Miss Bluebeard," Torrence in "The Covered Wagon," and Hatton in character rôles in various plays, I've taken stock in them. When any one of these three is mentioned in the cast for a film, you can just say to yourself, "Well, thank the powers that be, there'll be *one* bright spot in the picture, anyway!"

BLANCHE A. REXICKER.

29 Fernwood Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Some Outstanding Rôles.

Long after the various stars have disappeared from the screen, we will remember many of them by single pictures or single characterizations, such as:

Pauline Fredericks' *Madame X.*
Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man."
Lois Wilson's *Molly* in "The Covered Wagon."
Noah Beery in "The Wanderers of the Wasteland."
Pola Negri in "Passion." (With the exception of her performance in "Forbidden Paradise," Pola has not again equaled her great success—and she's such a good actress, too.)
Lon Chaney as *The Frog* in "The Miracle Man."
Betty Bronson's *Peter Pan.* (She has never again reached the heights she did in "Peter Pan." Grown-up rôles do not suit her—she is youth incarnate.)
May McAvoy in "The Enchanted Cottage."
Ernest Torrence's *Bill Jackson* in "The Covered Wagon."
Rudolph Valentino's *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen." (Another actor who has never equaled his first success, but give him a real chance again, and then watch Rudy act.)
Jackie Coogan in "The Kid."
Dorothy Gish in "Hearts of the World."
Wallace Beery's *Rhode Island Red* in "The Pony Express." ('Nuf said!)
Douglas Fairbanks' *Robin Hood.*
Colleen Moore's *Selina* in "So Big." (But Colleen can do most anything, from a modern flapper to an old lady, and do it *well,* which is more than can be said of many others.)
Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk."
Richard Barthelmess as the Chinese boy in "Broken Blossoms." (Somehow Dick doesn't seem to fit into light comedies such as "Shore Leave" and "New Toys." He needs bigger things.)
Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird."
Norma Talmadge in "Secrets."
Marion Davies in "Little Old New York."

There are several others I wish I could add to this list—people who have talent, but have never been given a real chance to show it.

Norma Shearer's work in "The Snob" and "Lady of the Night" showed that she has ability to handle a real rôle.

And wouldn't Adolphe Menjou make an ideal *Anatole* in "The Affairs of Anatole?"

Ben Lyon is still young, but he's got the stuff actors are made of. "Wages of Virtue" showed that.

Though few people seem to realize it, Pauline Starke is going to reach the top of the ladder. Her work in "The Devil's Cargo" and "Sun Up" was remarkable.

Try as they would, they could not make a comedian out of Louise Fazenda, for she is really a tragedian at heart. Though her rôle in "Bobbed Hair" was comedy, beneath it all there was a tiny touch of tragedy, and if that bit is given encouragement, we will hear of Louise in the days to come.

Virginia Valli, Florence Vidor, and Irene Rich are three excellent actresses who have been given such mediocre rôles that there has been no chance for real acting. EMMY LOU MYERS.

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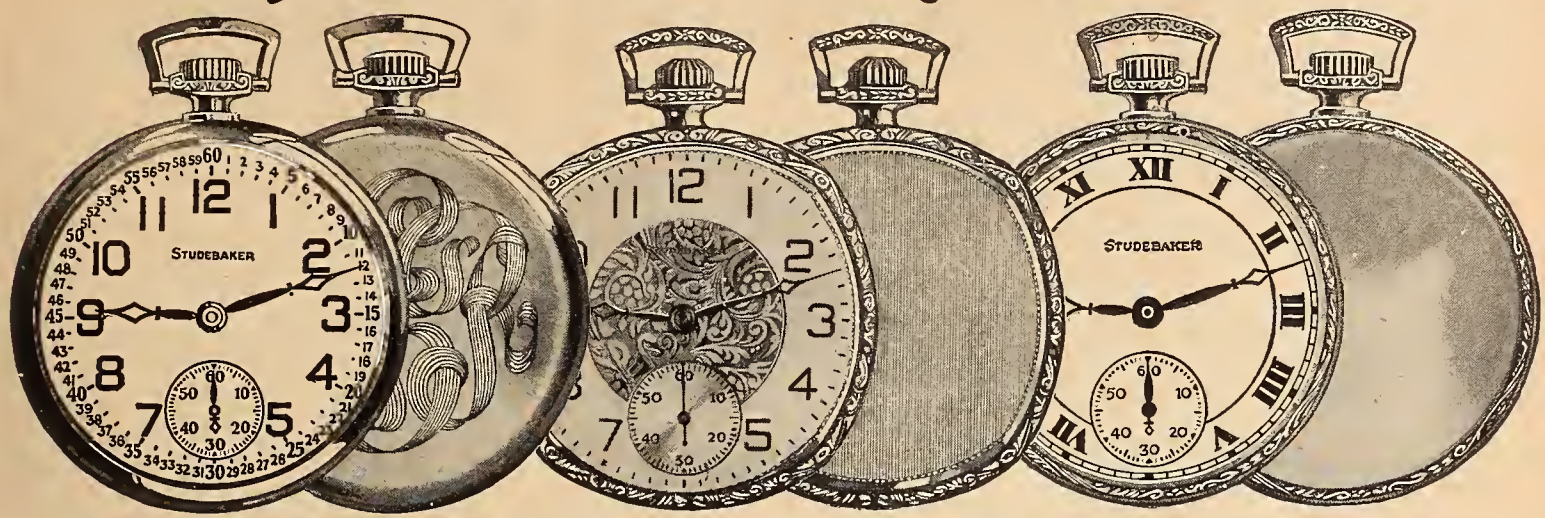

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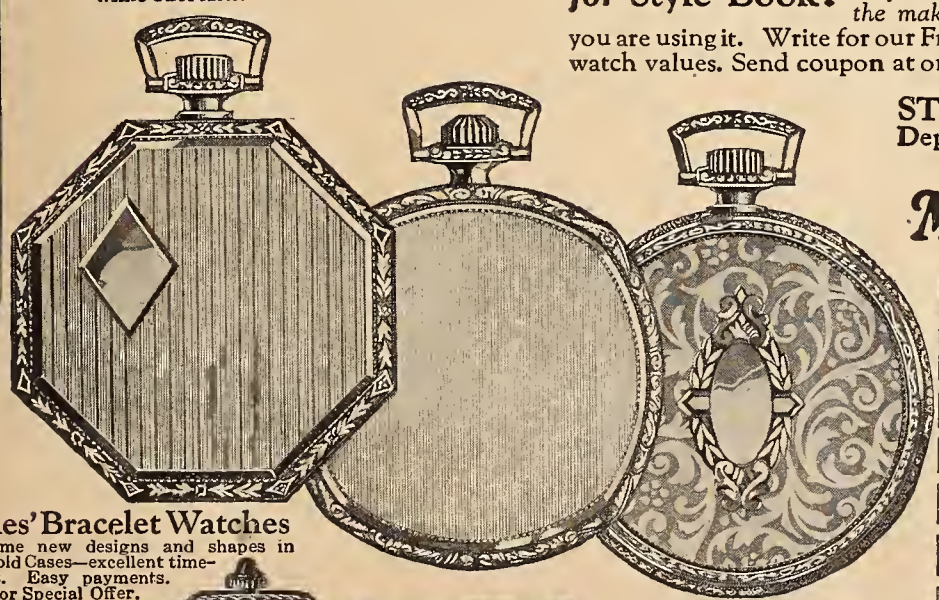

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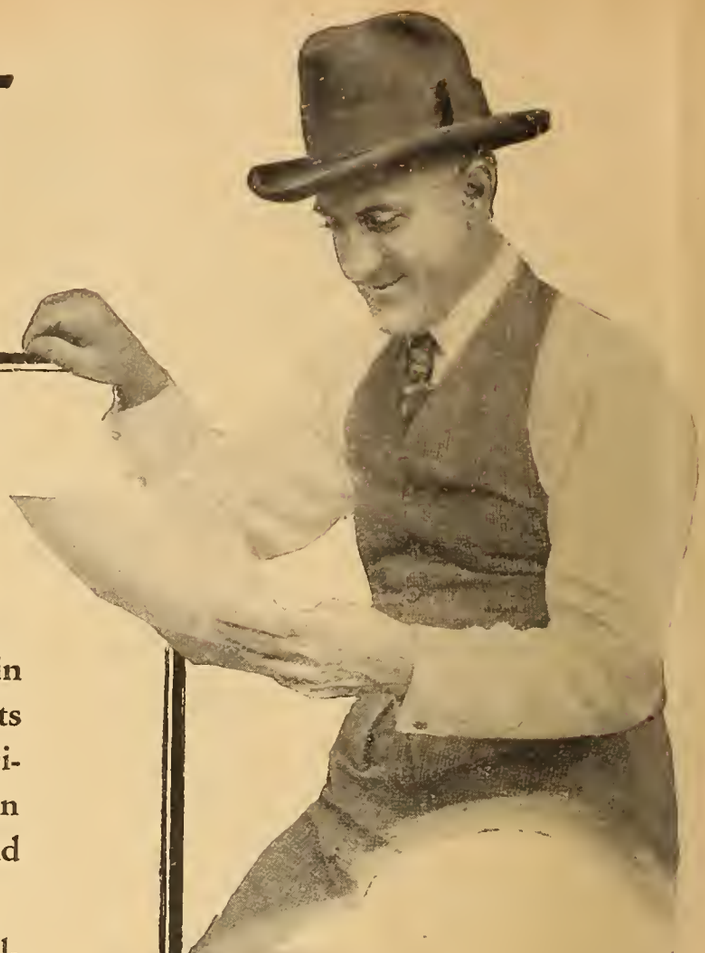

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE MARCH, 1926 Volume XXIV No. 1

TO be chosen for the leading rôle in the biggest production ever undertaken by Famous Players-Lasky —a production which promises to be the crowning achievement of D. W. Griffith's long career—is the double honor that has come to Richard Dix. It was the firm belief, on the part of Griffith, that Dix is capable of greater work than he has ever had the opportunity to do, that led to this decision.

The picture is to be "The Sorrows of Satan." It will be a year in the making. The locations will include Europe, New York, Hollywood, Alaska, and the South Seas. Its cost will exceed $1,500,000—how much more than that, no one knows.

Friends of Richard Dix—and they are many—will rejoice in the opportunity that has come to him in being chosen for this rôle.

Big movie openings are particularly propitious occasions for getting a close view of the celebrities in all their finery.

How to See the

Though it is hard to gain admission to the studios, vis see the stars at close range if they know where to look.

By Margaret

CONTRARY to the general impression, all persons who come to Hollywood do not arrive intending to bless the screen with their presence. And not all persons already here are stars or directors or even scenario writers.

The life of Hollywood does revolve, to a large extent, around the movies as around the shimmering nucleus of a Fourth-of-July Catherine wheel. The motion-picture industry has brought to the town a goodly portion of the nation's wealth, it has raised to the very mountaintops a city of beauty and riches, it has attracted a whirlpool of titanic business—enterprises that span the globe. But it is just the nucleus. The life that revolves around it is no different from the substantial routine of any other prosperous town. But that radiant, whirling disk in the center has hypnotized the eyes of the world, and is the constant wonder, pride, and diversion of the natives, the envy of Eastern friends, and the goal of tourists.

A citizen of Hollywood, when informed in a breathless letter that Uncle Henry and Aunt Carrie and the children are coming out for a California winter, makes a careful chart of all the streets in the movie town and in Beverly Hills that boast of starry residences.

Uncle and Aunt and their offspring are then led exclaiming past Norma Talmadge's great white-stucco-and-red-tile mansion on Hollywood Boulevard, past Betty Compson's home in the next block, out to the luxurious section graced by the homes of Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Irene Rich, Jack Holt, and Florence Vidor, and on out past the now unpainted and infinitely pitiful Spanish house that Wally built. Here one is likely to see small, freckled Bill playing with Betty in the backyard, which faces the highway. Next door is William S. Hart's New England abode. Then, out by the wide, lawn-swept home of Pauline Frederick, with its corral in back, one comes to the exclusive mansion of Madame la Marquise. Throughout last summer, one could be reasonably certain of seeing Gloria, with her Henry and her children, wandering in the magnificent gardens—the handsome Henry in loose tweeds and *petite* Gloria in plain—but, oh! how smart—sport things.

If Aunt Carrie has a "yen" for Conrad Nagel, she is escorted to the big Christian Science Church on the Boulevard, where Conrad is an usher.

If it is John Barrymore who takes her fancy, she is given luncheon at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where she waxes properly thrilled over the gentleman—whose socks are probably hanging informally over his shoes in the negligence he loves.

If Ben Lyon is her passion, she is parked on the Boulevard at Highland Avenue, and soon Ben will go by, a model of the most recent and ultra in haberdashery.

Uncle Henry is appropriately amazed at the Continental-looking Hedda Hopper driving her Ford coupé; at Zasu Pitts shooting by in a high-powered, specially built Packard; at Norma Talmadge walking unrecognized down the street to a neighborhood movie; at the blonde, delightful Louise Fazenda looking like the more fortunate sister of her screen self, and at Rod La Rocque's much-padded shoulders and tricky canes.

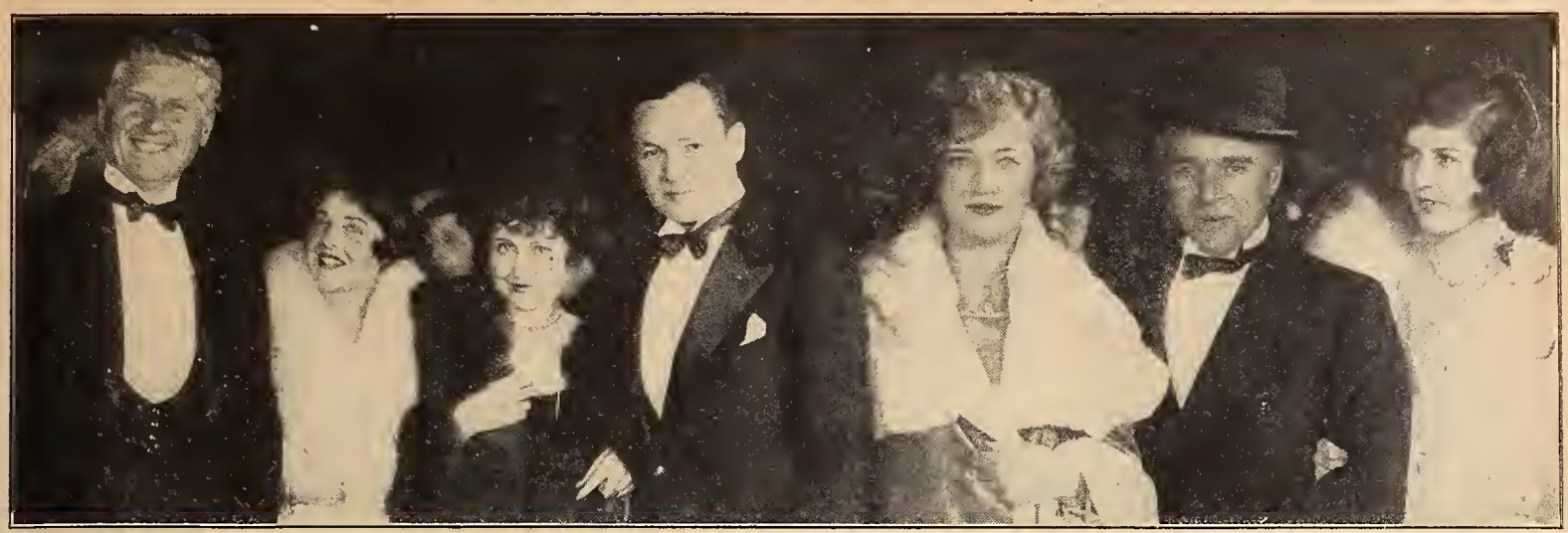
In fact, Uncle Henry and Aunt Carrie would be perfectly willing to spend every free moment on the Boulevard if their hosts did not assure them that the best is only just approaching.

Montmartre.

Almost directly from the train, newcomers to town are conducted to Brandstatter's Montmartre, the Boulevard café which has held its own against all the new hotels and night clubs and rival cafés. Up the broad stairs to the long, amber-lit room, high above the noise of the street, passes a nightly procession of professional élite. Montmartre at least twice a week, is an unwritten law, a respected rite. To no other place of pleasure have the generous, fickle fancies of the film colony been so faithful. If Montmartre were to close, one could imagine companies disrupted, stars in tears, directors brooding.

"Prof" Moore, the young man whose orchestra lures to the floor the most expensive of stellar toes, is not only host and master of ceremonies, but practically Montmartre itself, a Hollywood institution. Montmartre without its Prof, confidant of stars, diplomat, *bon vivant* and impresario extraordinary, would be—well, a very moist dish.

When Prof was promoted, by popular demand, from saxophonist to leader, Hollywood all but declared a legal holiday to welcome his new orchestra. The patrons overflowed out the door and down the stairs, rival star crowding rival star in temporary *camaradie*. Jack Gilbert, who was rumored to be about to effect a reconciliation with Leatrice Joy, brought, by way of contrast, one of our cutest blondes, Marion Davies. They made a vivid couple, whirling round the floor in Jack's volatile fashion. Alice Terry was accompanied by the same



If you are an ardent fan, it is not hard to recognize them all, and most of them respond gayly to greetings from the crowds.

Stars in Hollywood

itors in the West have many thrilling opportunities to This article tells just where and how they can be seen.

Reid

dapper young man she had been seen with for weeks. The aid of Ruby, the pretty, red-haired vender of cigarettes, was needed on this one. "Michael Arlen!" Ruby whispered in awed tones.

One evening, I sat next to a table occupied by a family of enthusiastic fans, newly arrived in town. With them was a little girl who should have been in bed at that hour. In fact, I can think of no better place for that particular child at any hour. She had a vivid imagination and a loud, clear voice. Four distinct times she saw Mary Pickford enter, and announced it in no uncertain terms. And her family had utter faith in all her observations.

"Quick, Gertrude," hissed her mother, "who's that coming in now?"

"Florence Vidor," replied Gertrude loudly.

I turned round just in time to see my young friend, Dorothy Manners, hastily beating an embarrassed retreat to a secluded corner. Dorothy is a familiar figure at Montmartre, and there is always at least one party arguing as to her identity, her dark-eyed, magnolia-skinned beauty being startling even in Hollywood.

At the Wednesday and Friday night dancing contests, Charlie Chaplin usually applauds from the best ringside table. If your luck is good, you happen in on a night when Metro-Goldwyn's Joan Crawford is strutting her Charleston with one Jerry Chrysler. The cheering and yelling, of quite collegiate abandon, always awards them the cup.

Each contest night, a star is invited to be hostess and to present the cup. When Vilma Banky presided recently, she appeared amazed at the noisy warring during the contest. At the close, the excitement grew to its usual intensity, directors of reputed dignity and stars of careful reserve shouting, hissing, stamping, whistling. The mouselike Vilma looked ready to scurry away with fright at these strange customs.

At closing time, one o'clock, ermines and jeweled vanities are gathered up, and with a "Good night, Prof!" the chatting groups trail down the stairs to the long line of purring, imported limousines in the street, which glide slowly away, carrying their celebrated occupants to their luxurious homes.

Previews.

The motion-picture equivalent to an Atlantic City tryout of a stage play is the advance showing of a picture at a neighborhood theater in Hollywood. The producer, star, director, and cast, assemble to see how it gets over, which scenes flop, where cutting is needed. It is run after the regular program, before a typical, impartial audience. Sometimes it is flashed on as a surprise, sometimes it is announced beforehand. On the roof of the Granada Theater, seemingly the favorite for such showings, is a giant searchlight. When this is seen sweeping the sky, a preview is promised, and the family callously desert the scrapings and squeakings that indicate Chicago-at-last, and make full speed ahead for the little Spanish Theater.

The presence of the company somewhere in the darkened house rather subdues one's critical tendencies into a courteous silence. But at the preview of Elinor Glyn's "The Only Thing," the most heroic struggles for composure collapsed into gales of helpless laughter. When Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Boardman swooned into one of Madame's typical, amorous interludes, the most unemotional of citizens writhed in paroxysms of mirth. This is the only preview I have seen that was not attended by the cast. The only visible celebrity was young Irving Thalberg, of dark, sardonic face, and he was undeniably laughing. One wondered if the famous boy producer could be treating lightly one of the company's productions.

Some of the stars hurry out so quickly from previews, when the lights go up, that the patrons are cheated of half their show. The Talmadges, of well-known indifference to the plaudits of the mob, fairly rush for their car. The less sensitive players, however, take their time and exit in line, even as you and I. Corinne Griffith always wears a big, droopy hat, and no one recognizes her. Sally O'Neill comes with all her sisters and adoring big brothers, all looking as if they had just left a tennis game. Aileen Pringle usually comes in stunning sport clothes—and hatless. She doesn't pose for the ring of spectators, but is just her own lovely, sophisticated self. Ramon Novarro always comes alone, and causes cooing flutters among the mothers and aunts and what not. Ramon is still a Hollywood sensation, of course, but his hermitlike mode of living and unsensational reserve render him too remote to suit the fancies of young ladies who have the volcanic Jack Gilbert right in their midst. The discriminating older women, however, will admit no rival for Ramon's wit and charm.

Sometimes at the end of a preview, there are passed to the outgoing audience cards upon which you are asked to write your opinion of the picture and to mail it to

Continued on page 100

Guns and caissons trotting into position.

How the Battle Scenes Big

By A. L.

TRAVELERS in the vicinity of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, may be amazed to find themselves tramping over what appears to be another "No Man's Land."

Shell holes, trenches, dugouts, ruined huts, withered forests; ground gashed and torn by powder; bits of shrapnel, of steel-jacketed hand grenades, of shells that belched from twelve-inch guns, and of bombs that left in their wake a pall of pale-green smoke.

The trail of carnage!

It sounds repulsive. But if any old-timer is present, the amazement of the travelers probably will turn to a chuckle or a broad-faced grin when they are informed that here were filmed the battle scenes of "The Big Parade," the best bet of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for 1925.

A German machine-gun ambush.

Metro used more than ten thousand regular-army troops in filming this picture. It had a train of trucks numbering about four hundred. It employed the Ninth Infantry, the Second Engineers, the Twelfth Field Artillery, the Fifteenth Field Artillery, the Second Division support trains, the Second Signal Corps, a headquarters and military medical unit, and ambulances, motorcycles, and other equipment in regular use by the United States army.

There was no gang of rookies there to enact the battle episodes. Virtually all the troops appearing in these scenes had been overseas, and all were trained in army tactics. The detail was under the personal direction of General Malone, commander, with Colonel H. G. Bishop of the Fifteenth Infantry in actual command. King

A combat group advancing into shell fire.

Relief troops on the way to the front.

Were Filmed for "The Parade"

Wooldridge

Vidor, who directed the making of the picture, turned everything over to the army officers when the troops went into action, and was not even near Fort Sam Houston when the conflict raged. The picture probably will be one of the greatest exemplifications of what really took place on Flanders fields.

The actual filming of the battle scenes required nearly ten hours. Beneath the full glare of a Texas sun, Colonel Bishop stationed himself alongside the main battery of cameras on a high hill just outside of the fort. The command, "Forward, march!" was transmitted to all officers and men by means of a red flag displayed at the camera stand. Ordinarily, in battle, orders are transmitted by telephone or by signals from a safe distance. But for dramatic purposes, Colonel Bishop was close in, where a sharpshooter could easily have picked him off. But he was where he could get concerted action quickly. And what a holocaust he arranged in a time of peace! In Texas!

A shell bursting among troops.

Twelve-inch guns, six-inch guns, and machine guns, belching an invitation to death. Signal corps, medical corps, and engineers in rhythmical action. Supply trains, ambulances, and motor trucks moving hurriedly forward. Smoke bombs, whining shells, and exploding mines sending forth clouds of swirling smoke. Crater holes torn into the surface of the earth into which eventually crept the wriggling forms of men. Airplanes—flocks and flocks of airplanes winging their way high above the

Continued on page 111

A halt in the screening forest.

Do Clothes Make the

"Yes," say women in overwhelming numbers, so Colleen Moore, Hampton and Natacha Rambova are all setting out to dazzle them

By Helen

The lack of enthusiasm among motion-picture stars for making films that feature fashion shows isn't due to any innate love of simplicity. It is the terrific competition they dread. This season's clothes war among picture stars is the most frantic ever waged. It isn't like a battle for acting honors, in which a girl stands or falls by her own efforts. It's a battle in which she is almost entirely dependent on others. Even a natural ability to wear clothes well cannot bring her supremacy if some one else has gowns of more effective design.

It was all simple enough in the days when the competition for the most luxuriously dressed picture was merely a matter of spending money. Cecil De Mille's productions were sure to win then, hands down, or check books up, if

One of the distinctive gowns worn in the fashion show that forms a part of Paramount's film, "The American Venus."

Natacha Rambova in a black velvet gown designed for her by Paul Poiret, who fashioned all her costumes for her next film.

A striking coat to be seen in "The American Venus."

I AM so thrilled over making 'Irene,' I can hardly wait to start it," Colleen Moore exploded to me, with characteristic enthusiasm, when the production was first planned. "It's a marvelous part, of a girl who——" And she was well launched on a vivid description.

Occasionally I caught phrases about pathos, gags, big dramatic situations, thrilling climaxes, and all the other things drama lovers—if there are any—are supposed to be interested in.

"Yes," I murmured, stifling a yawn, "but what are you going to wear?"

The justly celebrated eyes flashed with anger; her expressive hands were flung out in a gesture of despair.

"Oh, you make me tired! You're just like all the rest," Colleen wailed.

"Like you, among others," I admitted ungraciously. "What do you do when you come to New York? Buy clothes. What do you think about two thirds of the time? Clothes!"

A vehement denial from Colleen had no weight with me, so I shall not pass it along to you. She couldn't convince me that she wasn't more thrilled over the prospect of emoting in sleek satins, cunningly contrived by an artist, than she would have been if the rôle had required only custom-made ginghams. Any girl would have felt the same way.

Picture?

Corinne Griffith, Hope with fashion films.

Klumph

you insist. But motion pictures have reached such an extravagant stage that another fifty thousand dollars or so, put into a production, has no appreciable effect on the finished product. The industry is so prosperous that productions have been all but choked with luxury.

The struggle to achieve the most dazzling fashion film has resolved itself into a fight to capture the cleverest designers, instead of merely spending money with a lavish hand.

"What clothes will photograph effectively is the most puzzling thing in the world," Corinne Griffith told me one day, as we dashed from shop to shop—or, in justice to the amounts spent, I should say from atelier to atelier. "Nine times out of ten, a really well-dressed woman looks like nothing at all on the screen. That's why we started wearing spectacular things, and have all looked like chandeliers or Christmas trees. When we first learned that simple, tasteful clothes did not photograph effectively, we went to the other extreme and brought on a deluge of sequins and pearls and feathers. Now we are convinced that is wrong, too, and we are trying to find a sort of middle ground—trying to find clothes that are spectacular enough to pick up in photographs and yet are not overdecorated. The solution lies in getting things of distinctive design. It takes an artist to make them. But when you find an artist capable of doing it, everybody else finds him about the same time. And your clothes are not going to impress any one particularly if similar frocks have already been seen on four or five other players."

Colleen Moore, shown here as she appears in "Irene," put an expert designer under contract to do nothing but design clothes for that fashionable production.

The situation that confronts the girls, who are striving for fashion supremacy in the films, looks to the average woman like a lazy paradise. All the money they can spend, at their command—the foremost designers of Europe and America, eager to create fashions for them. And yet they find it hard!

Each of these girls who have been making pictures that feature fashion displays has solved her problem in a different way. It will be interesting to see who makes the greatest impression when the pictures are released.

Hope Hampton went to Paris and spent weeks looking at the creations of the foremost dress designers in the world. She selected one thing here, another there, and when exquisite colorings caught her fancy, she had the assurance that her pictures were to be filmed by a color process that catches nuances of shading. She was shopping for clothes to wear, not in dramatic pictures, but in strictly fashion films, so she was not hampered by any requirements of characterization. Sheer beauty of line and color and fabric was what she sought—and that she succeeded in finding it, you will know when her fashion films come to your local theater.

Colleen Moore, despairing of finding anything in shops that would not be copied and exploited before she could wear it in a picture, found an expert designer and put her under contract to do nothing but design clothes for the picture "Irene." The designer is Cora McGeachy, a woman of long experience in the theater, a woman who knows that clothes, as well as players, must be dramatic in order to be effective on the screen. Just as a dramatist, in selecting his material from life, tries to avoid all the commonplaces that go to make up uneventful days, so does Cora McGeachy focus attention on the striking and unusual features of dress.

Not only the fashion show, but the method of presenting it, is one of the features of "Irene." It was photographed in natural colors. The dress pageant

Continued on page 112

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

The Spirit That Counts

This is the story they tell about the making of "The Big Parade."

When the story was bought and plans were made to make the picture, the producers had no idea that it would be one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Gilbert had been assigned to the leading rôle, and Irving Thalberg, the twenty-six-year-old vice president and assistant production chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, stopped him one day and said something about the possibilities of the picture. Gilbert looked surprised. "Let's talk it over." said Thalberg. They went into a private office, and for two hours Thalberg talked. Gilbert came out fired with enthusiasm. He met King Vidor, the director, and spoke to him about it.

"What's that?" asked Vidor. "Great picture?"

"Go and talk to Thalberg," Gilbert requested.

Vidor did so, and came out fired with the same enthusiasm.

From that day until the picture was finished, Vidor and Gilbert, each morning, used to shake hands, and repeat, "For Grauman's Egyptian." Meaning, that they were going to make a picture worthy of being shown in that magnificent theater which tries to get only the best and biggest productions.

When a studio executive can put such a spirit as that into his directors and stars, he is going to get results.

An Imposing Program

Metro-Goldwyn have been setting a high standard in nearly all of their pictures of late, running ahead of Famous Players-Lasky. But Famous Players are not going to drop into second place if their forthcoming releases come up to expectations. They are beginning two pictures which promise to be "world beaters." One is D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan." This picture, based on Marie Corelli's novel, is to be a year in the making, and scenes for it will be made in New York, Alaska, Hollywood, and Europe. The initial appropriation is $1,500,000, and as no picture of equal magnitude ever failed to exceed the initial appropriation, it will probably cost more. The other is James Cruze's "Old Ironsides," the story of the naval war between the United States and the pirates of Tripoli from 1804 to 1816. The story was written by Laurence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory" and "The Big Parade," and Cruze has been told to spare no expense to make this picture "the greatest ever." Two other big specials on the Famous Players program are "The Greatest Show on Earth," based on the life of P. T. Barnum, and "The Rough Riders," the story of Roosevelt's famous regiment. Famous Players' list of stars whose pictures will form the bulk of their releases is an imposing one, including, as it does, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Thomas Meighan, W. C. Fields, Adolphe Menjou, Harold Lloyd, Douglas MacLean, Raymond Griffith, and Betty Bronson. Besides Cruze and Griffith, Marshall Neilan and Erich von Stroheim will be featured as directors.

An Acknowledgment to Carmel Myers

In this issue we are beginning the publication of a series of impressions of the different contributors to PICTURE-PLAY, written by Carmel Myers, who, at one time or another, has met all of our regular writers.

The selection of Miss Myers for this task came about in this way. Two years ago, while being interviewed by Malcolm H. Oettinger, it occurred to her to try, just as an experiment, turning the tables on the writer. Accordingly, she wrote her impressions, and sent them to us. Recently, when several readers of the magazine began to ask that we run something about our well-known staff members, we recalled how well Miss Myers had already written her impressions of one of them, and that is how we came to ask her to undertake the work. We are sure that the fans will join with us in thanking her for the time and effort she has taken in complying with their request.

Good Pictures the Year Round

In announcing their forthcoming releases, Famous Players have promised an innovation which will mean a great deal to the fans who want good movies all the year round.

For many years it has been the custom of the producers to release their biggest and best pictures during the fall and winter months, when the theaters get their heaviest patronage, reserving for the summer the less important productions.

Famous Players-Lasky have announced that there will be no falling off in the quality of pictures which they will release next summer, some of their finest productions having been reserved for the hot weather.

Writing for the Screen

The question of whether or not it is worth while for the non-professional writer to attempt to sell stories for use on the screen has been investigated by the Will H. Hays organization, and the result of their inquiry has been set forth in a little booklet entitled "Facts About Scenario Writing."

The booklet contains statements from the scenario heads of the principal producing companies. Though each one admits the desirability of obtaining some stories written directly for the screen, all agree that there is very little opportunity for any save established writers of standing. Some of the companies have discontinued the reading of unsolicited stories, and most of them suggest that an aspiring writer should aim first at magazine or book publication of his story.

The Sketchbook

Intimate and colorful impressions of people and things, jotted down by an interviewer on her journeyings through Hollywood.

By Dorothy Manners

AT one of Mrs. Clarence Brown's famous Montmartre luncheons, Theda Bara held every one enthralled with anecdotes of a perfume parlor in New York which you may or may not have heard about. I had not.

This, according to Theda, is no ordinary parlor where you buy perfume just because you like the shape of a little fat bottle. No. It seems you are interviewed by a lady specialist who analyzes your personality, reads your character, and then blends something exclusively for you. A funny thing about this lady—if she doesn't like you she won't blend anything for you. Money is immaterial. Another thing—if she finds that you have mixed her perfume with some other, she is perfectly capable of making a scene in a public place.

Theda told a dramatically amusing story of a society woman who had committed the unforgivable, and mixed a scent of sandalwood with a scent of rose. The perfumer sat two rows behind her at the opera, detected the treachery, and flatly refused ever again to blend for the heartbroken woman.

"It is really an art with her," Theda insisted, gesturing with her lorgnettes. "Her ideas are so amazingly clever. If a woman is nondescript, not particularly interesting in herself, she blends a heavy Oriental perfume to attract immediate attention. But if the personality is startling, she concocts something delicate and elusive, that the motif may not be too blatant Really, every one goes to her."

Probably not *every one* goes to her, but I got a very vivid mental picture of the women who would. . . . Fat-cushioned limousines gliding under a canopy. . . . A satin-lined elevator. . . . Some one in black to greet the client. . . . "Ah, madame!" (especially "Ah!" if the sables warrant it) . . . An hour devoted to soft-lighted consultation resulting in a little bottle of liquid personality at so much per ounce.

Fancy that!

Theda Bara tells enthralling tales of a specialist who blends your perfumes according to your personality.

Jack Holt seems to Dorothy Manners more like a country gentleman than an actor.

I thought to myself, that old wheeze about one half of the world not knowing how the other half lives is true, all right, all right.

An Interview by Proxy.

It's funny, isn't it, how people who have absolutely nothing to say insist on saying it all the time, while others whose experiences have been as colorful as a Parrish sunset sit back and let them say it.

That reminds me of the story of the two characters who dined together recently. One was myself. The other was Jack Holt. I was supposed to be interviewing him, so I told him the story of *my* life—it's fun and its fury. And he let me get away with it. There aren't many actors who would, but Jack Holt is not typically the actor. He was so very unlike an actor that night that I forgot I should be prying him with leading questions about his career, and ran wild about myself.

The pitiful part of it is that when I

At a party in Hollywood, Martha Sleeper introduced a bell anklet that jingled when she danced.

In Dorothy Manners' selection of the six most beautiful actresses on the screen, Corinne Griffith represents the patrician type.

came to write the story about Jack, I found I had material only for an autobiography of Dorothy. So I called up his press agent, Milt Howe. I said, "Milt, what'll I do? Jack Holt was so perfectly charming the other night that I forgot my mission. I even forgot he was an actor. You're going to have to help me out and tell me things about him."

"Well," mused Milt, via the phone, "what do you want to know? He was born in Virginia. When he was a kid, his father, an Episcopal clergyman, was called to a parish near New York, and Jack received a great share of his education in that State. Later, the family moved back to Virginia and Jack finished his school career at the Virginia Military Institute. Is that any help?"

"It will be, in case I do a biography, but I don't think I will. What were some of the high lights along his way?"

Milt mused further: "He used to be a civil engineer with a railroad company out in the West somewhere. I don't know just where."

"A lot of help you are," I fretted.

"Well, anyway, after that he purchased a ranch in Oregon and started raising cattle. That's how he acquired his knowledge of horsemanship. He's a whiz on a horse."

"So I've heard. Tell me something I don't know."

"Do you know that up in Alaska he once acted as a freighter for the government mails, driving a dog team hundreds of miles across the wilderness every week?"

"Good heavens! And he let me tell him about my first trip from Texas to California! But go on."

"After that he joined a vaudeville company and later a traveling stock company. When he got out to Hollywood, he decided to quit and go into the movies. His first job was a doubling act of riding his horse across a thirty-foot cliff into a river below."

"And he let me tell him how I rode a donkey up a mountain in Hot Springs," I wailed.

"You ought to learn to keep still," Milt advised. But that was all right. Milt is a friend of mine. I'd be just as insulting to him if the occasion arose. "If you want to play up that biography angle, I'll send you all the facts on paper," he continued encouragingly.

"But I've read so *many* biographies on Jack Holt!" I said. "Maybe it would be better to tackle some other phase. For instance, he's the only actor I know who lives the life of a country gentleman. I have always believed his career was merely his business to him. His real existence seems to be in his home."

"That's right," said Milt.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea, either, to play up the idea that he is the only actor who is a member of the Midwick Country Club, the most exclusive club in California."

"I don't know," Milt vetoed. "Jack isn't keen on having that social angle played up."

Mary Astor she designates as "the wonder of perfection."

Mary Pickford she calls "wistfully lovely."
Photo by Strauss Peyton

"He wouldn't care, would he, if I mentioned that he is a player on the Midwick Blues, one of the fastest polo teams on the Coast?"

Milt said, "No, I suppose not. But if I were you, I'd stick to the biography angle. You can't go wrong on a biography as colorful as Jack's."

"Well, whichever way I work it, I want to get it over what a perfect prince he is. If it weren't such a hackneyed old phrase, I'd entitle the story 'A Gentleman and a Scholar.' I hope I meet him again some time."

"If you do," said Milt, "let *him* talk a little."

Very Pretty Ladies.

As it seems quite the thing for any one with a publication to dash into print with his or her ideas on beauty, I'd think it unbecoming in me to shirk the responsibility any longer. After all, beauty is just a matter of opinion, as *Dulcie* said, and we are all entitled to our opinions. In fact, *I* have entitled myself to six. I may be technically wrong but these are my beauties and I am going to stick to them.

Mary Pickford—wistfully lovely.

Eleanor Boardman—patrician, elegant, humorous, sensitive.

Corinne Griffith—ditto.

Gloria Swanson—beauty *à la mode*. The 1926 ideal.

Mary Astor—the wonder of perfection.

Evelyn Brent—classical and expressionistic.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Eleanor Boardman is, in Miss Manners' opinion, of the same type of beauty as Corinne Griffith—patrician.

A Big Party and Some Others.

Parties in Hollywood are like beauties in the "Follies" — some for every taste. They vary from invitationals to "come on overs," with every now and then a touch of the cultural to relieve the monotony.

Gloria Swanson represents "beauty à la mode."

The Hal Roachs, however, showed Hollywood something zippy in the way of a party when they turned one of the stages of the Roach studio into a private café. An elaborate orchestra and cabaret entertainment was provided, and if you hadn't had to thank the host and hostess as you left, you might have thought you were at the Grove or Montmartre on a particularly brilliant night. It was without a doubt the biggest private party that has ever been given in our suburb.

John Barrymore was there and surprised every one by being correctly groomed for the occasion and quite civil to the people whom he met. Mr. Barrymore's reputation for being a bit of an oddity is so well planted that I expected him to arrive in knickers, sullenly hissing at the other guests, or something equally eccentric.

For the benefit of those who have heard or read that the Conrad Nagels quit all entertainments promptly at eleven p. m., I am happy to report that when I left at two a. m., they were still there.

So was Carmelita Geraghty, looking perfectly stunning. Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Ruth Roland, Jack Holt, Bebe

Evelyn Brent—"classical and expressionistic."

Photo by Nickolas Muray

Daniels, Eddie Sutherland, Cleo Ridgely, Eileen Percy, Rose Doner, Katherine Grant, Sally and Sue O'Neill, and others, were glimpsed in the crowd.

A little girl named Martha Sleeper introduced the prize fashion novelty of the evening—a bell anklet that jingled when she Charlestoned. Another young lady was adorned with an artificial-flower ornament that turned out to be a powder puff. Try *that* on your sorority.

Everything considered, it was a very large evening.

Alice Calhoun and her mother are turning their new home in the fashionable Wilshire district into a rendezvous for young musicians. Both Alice and Mrs. Calhoun are extraordinarily interested in promising young students, and an evening spent there is as charming as a typical Galsworthy salon.

There are delicious things to eat and there are pianists, singers, and violinists to listen to. There are soft lights and softer lounges. And then there is Alice. Alice in pink taffeta with a bouffant skirt; Alice in soft gray with clinging panels; Alice in black with a lace collar. She is always very feminine, very charming.

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Alice Calhoun is turning her new home into a rendezvous for young musicians.

Bebe Daniels' morning riding parties are becoming an institution. Bebe and her crowd take brisk trots through Griffith Park every Sunday, returning to the Daniels home in time for a delightful buffet luncheon.

I don't know what Kathleen Clifford and Norman Kerry and Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe will do when Bebe goes back East.

Eddie Sutherland had a housewarming recently. Now, Eddie had taken a place that you needed a compass, a map, and a bloodhound to find. His guests wandered about for hours trying to locate it. Eddie didn't know this. He thought they had forgotten about the party or something.

"If they don't come in a little while," he grieved, looking over his table set for ten, "I'm going to call the Service Bureau to send out eight well-dressed extras to eat this food."

Happy ending: They came—the guests, I mean, not the extras.

Bebe Daniels' Sunday-morning riding parties, ending with a buffet luncheon at her home, are becoming an institution.

Philosophy.

There is a stock question out here that you put to any one who is white and not hopelessly maimed. It is, "Why don't you go into the movies?" The answers vary. Some people snort contemptuously, and others honestly admit that it is because they can't get in. But I got a rather surprising reply the other night from "Prof" Moore, who syncopates the orchestra at Montmartre for a lot of money a week—also for the fun of it. Prof being a nice-looking boy with "it," a lot of people, including tourists, are always asking him why he doesn't go in. I asked him the other night, and this was his answer:

"I've got a front-row seat for all the fun—and all the grief, too," he philosophized. "I see them when they're happy and then when things aren't going so well. I've been father confessor to more hard-luck stories than any one in Hollywood. To-day they have contracts and tomorrow they haven't. So I thought, 'Well, Prof, you've got yours coming in steadily every week. That's something.'"

"You bet it's something," said Miss Manners, speaking from experience. She had been an actress herself.

When we had shaken hands on that one, Prof went back and played that ditty beginning, "Let it rain, let it pour."

He should worry. He's got a rain check.

Continued on page 108

What Their Hands Betray

Read what an expert on handwriting has to say about the characters of some of the rising young actors and actresses of the screen, and then watch and see whether his judgments prove to be correct.

By Eugene Clement d'Art

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

HANDS are like finger prints—you can't escape them.

Try as you may to hide your identity behind an assortment of assumed names and disguises, your finger prints will in the end always give you away.

And it's the same sort of thing with hands—they just as relentlessly show up character, whether in their shape or in the way they write. There's no use trying to hide anything about yourself from any one who gets hold of a sample of your writing and knows how to interpret it. There are certain little quirks and curves that will betray you to the graphologist every time.

Let's take, for our first victim, Margaret Livingston.

We find delicacy and good taste—the hand is pleasant and clear, with large, well-formed capital letters and elongated loops.

The signature offers peculiar and very striking ornaments. What is their exact meaning? Tied as they are to large capital letters, and in combination with other large letters, they indicate a certain degree of pride and vanity, foibles of the fair sex easily forgiven. That and better things, such as initiative and imagination.

I hope you won't judge my Character by my Penmanship
Margaret Livingston

The latter is confirmed by the elongated, somewhat exaggerated loops, suggesting an ardent, brilliant nature wherein imagination is present to a marked degree.

Dots for the i's are present, indicating good concentration, but they are not where they should be, so orderliness is not so good. These dots are well formed and rounded—clear judgment, firmness of character.

Moods characterize Margaret. Look at the t stripes. One is added before the t proper, high and not crossing it. At times she is conservative and inclined to domination—the second bar is lower, long, and thicker toward the end, a sign of energy mixed with what is called temper in ordinary women and artistic temperament in actresses. I should say, however, that any outbursts of this type are of short duration.

As a whole, the hand is plain and neat. The o's and g circles are mostly open, meaning frankness. And as the letters are inclined to the right, friendliness can be added.

Without being a prodigal, Margaret is generous—there is plenty of air, plenty of space between the words and between the lines. The lines are straight and horizontal—she is businesslike and usually self-possessed.

There are detached letters, but the majority are connected. Intuition is present as, in the average woman, it must be, but Margaret's mind works with the sound reasoning power of a man's.

In her hand, the fourth finger—i. e., the one next to the little finger—is a good deal longer than the second, showing that the love of glory, art, idealism far outweigh the love of money.

The nails are short—she is inclined to mockery. They are naturally round—a sign of obstinacy.

The first phalanx of the thumb is longer than the second—will and persistency predominate over reason and logic.

In all other fingers, the first and third phalanxes are larger than the second—Margaret likes comforts and enjoys the material side of life. Her will power will do much to bring about the satisfaction of her wants. If she makes money, it will not be through love of money, but rather through the love of the things money will buy.

She has the "square" type of finger, indicative of the positive mind.

Let's next take Roy d'Arcy—he who has attracted such attention in the rôle of the *Crown Prince* in "The Merry Widow."

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Here we have the true artist, highly intuitive, imaginative, possessed of good taste, open, unaffected, a man among men.

Dots and punctuation are there and in their proper places. They are mostly elongated. There is a full stop at the end of the sentence and one after the signature. All this means that Roy is orderly, vivacious and—cautious, very much so. There is even a dot under the line under the signature!

This plain line under the signature signifies a clear mind, deductive and diplomatic, and with the trifling ornament added to it, a certain amount of vanity—justified, no doubt.

The t stripes are mostly after the t and not touching it—an enterprising, original mind. These stripes are long, and thicker toward the end—energy, artistic temperament. They are high—a dominant personality.

Loops and hangers are as a rule thin and elongated—enthusiasm, a brilliant, imaginative, refined nature.

The R in "Roy" is reminiscent of the printed character. That indicates the artist. Other capitals are large and well formed—good taste.

The whole is airy, and fair generosity may be expected.

Daring is suggested by clear-cut strokes, long, heavy stripes, and simple flourishes.

Roy has a very finely balanced mind, intuition and reasoning power being about even, since half the letters are detached and the other half connected.

There is a certain amount of egotism. Note the hook in the letter m in "men."

Firmness and character, shown by a clear-cut hand, at times angular, and friendliness, shown by the letters inclined to the right, are also present.

Finger measurements indicate that will and the art instinct predominate over reason and logic. At the same time, there is a strong materialistic undercurrent. Roy likes money and all that money can buy, including every sort of pleasure this world offers.

Exit Roy d'Arcy. Enter Geo. K. Arthur. Scotch, and proud of it!

He is dominated by ambition. The writing climbs up the page at an angle that leaves no doubt as to Arthur's desire to go up in this world.

His exclamation marks are fairly explosive, which might signify quick temper, but is probably due to pure enthusiasm, usually well controlled, as there are no exaggerated loops and dashes.

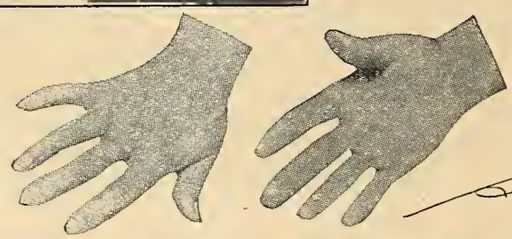
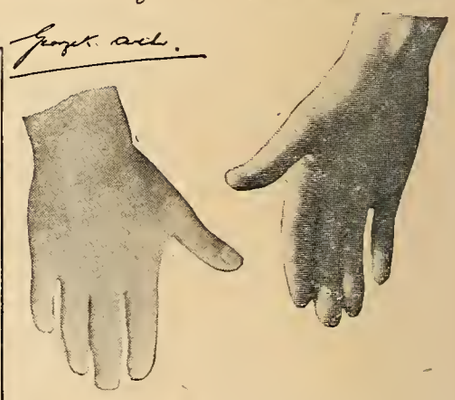


Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



As with Margaret Livingston, the i dots are there, but not in the right places—a combination of good concentration and lack of orderliness. The dots are well marked and at times elongated—firmness of character married to vivacity.

The t stripes are added after the t, not touching it—an enterprising mind, original, progressive, able to think independently. These bars are short and rather thick—Arthur is resolute and possessed of will power.

Loops are normal—thoughtfulness, self-control.

The signature is underlined with a single stroke, clear and plain—a clear mind, calm, deductive, diplomatic.

There is a dot after the signature—Geo. K. is a canny Scot, cautious in his business deals. The words are larger at the beginning than at the end, another indication of cautiousness.

Deduction and intuition are pretty equally balanced—some letters are detached, but the majority are connected, lending predominance to the reasoning power.

First capitals are large and well formed, an indication of delicacy and good taste, also pride. He is a well-bred man and he knows it.

As a whole, the hand is rapid, little attention being paid to form. It is hard to read, devoid of ornaments, fairly thick, ascending, irregular, and represents, in energy, a human dynamo, quiet but potent.

At the same time, he's a jolly good fellow—the letters have quite an inclination toward the right.

The fourth finger of George's hand is longer than the second—love of glory predominates over love of money, and idealism over the positive, practical side.

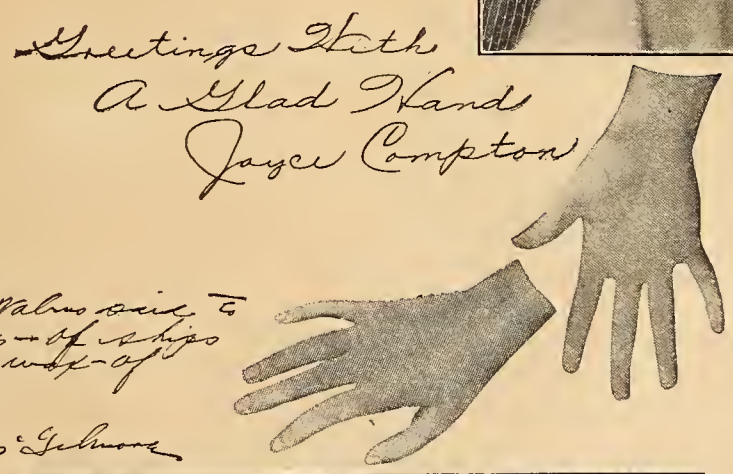
The nails are normal—normal health.

In the thumb, the first and second phalanxes are even—will and logic are evenly balanced. The third phalanx, or Mount of Venus, is short and fairly flat, but lined—amatory capacity normal.

Fade out Arthur. Fade in Joyce Compton.

Joyce writes with the hand of kindness. That is her most distinctive quality. The letters are well rounded and inclined to the right.

Photo by James N. Doolittle



She also gets the prize for orderliness. The i dots are all in the right places. They are well formed and rounded—clear judgment.

The t stripes are plain, straight, and in their regular position—Joyce is cool, calm, collected, methodical.

Loops and hangers are normal—she is thoughtful and self-controlled.

There is no affectation present and only a little vanity. The hand is plain, without flourish, but there are large capitals and these are ornate and well formed. She has good taste. Also a taste for the exotic, judging from the form given the capitals.

In her mental make-up, intuition has about five per cent, and reason the rest.

Dignity is indicated by the harmonious and pleasant writing, the regular letters and spaces, the plain signature.

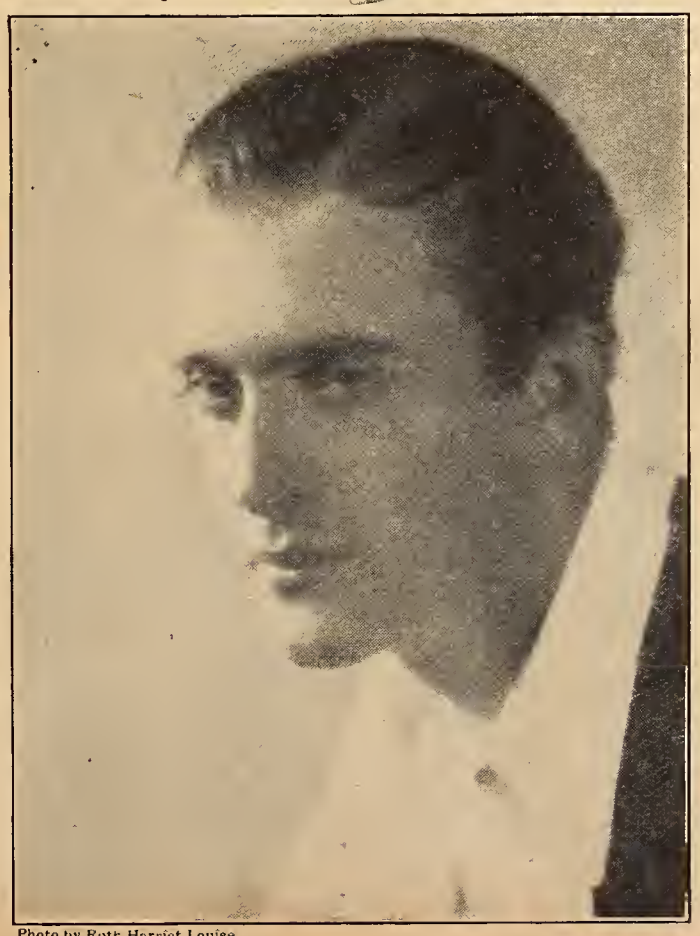


Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

There are no hooks present—an additional sign of altruism.

The characters are plain and even, but the o's and a's are not open—she is frank but reserved. She won't tell unnecessary truths.

According to finger measurements, reason and logic are stronger than will, and Joyce is a materialist more than an idealist.

And now we *must* see what Douglas Gilmore's hand reveals, and then we shall be finished.

As a whole, his writing is rapid, irregular, hard to read, and devoid of ornaments, little attention being paid to form. Energy is the chief characteristic, the *dominante,* as people would say who use imported words.

This vital energy which is so much in evidence is seconded by proper enthusiasm—exaggerated loops are the proof.

As we examine the loops in the letters f, g, h, p, we note that they are rather shapeless—recklessness is the answer. Although not altogether out of proportion, these loops reach the next line—the boy is imaginative, refined, and even brilliant, though perhaps he does not always make use of his talents.

Continued on page 110

Two Sorrowing

An up-to-date bob and a red wig have transformed of the screen, into dashing women of the world.

TWO patient, long-suffering wives of the screen have escaped from their pigeonholes.

Florence Vidor and Irene Rich, both of them actresses accustomed to weeping, sorrowing rôles, have undergone a striking change of type, with such success that they hope they may never again have to return to their former state of unhappiness.

A very up-to-date bob has materially aided in the metamorphosis of Florence Vidor, but this has really been only an outward expression of a much more fundamental change. Something has happened to her actual personality during the past year. Long repressed, it has suddenly sparkled out into a lightness of spirit quite strange to the old Florence, but so delightful that the Paramount company have hastily seized upon it and put it to use. The result is that her career has swerved and is following altogether new paths.

"The Trouble with Wives" was the first film to present her in a snappy rôle, and such was its success that the idea germinated of grooming her to grace the pedestal that might be left vacant if Gloria Swanson should make her threatened departure from Paramount.

That company plans to make her the Lady Diana Manners of the American screen—sophisticated, refined, dignified, her every gesture one of poise and breeding but lightened by a delicate touch. In "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," this idea is definitely etched.

A distinctly greater vitality also marks her interpretation, in "Sea Horses," of the high-spirited English girl who is married to an Italian, and whose drama is set in a small fishing village.

Following this colorful tale, gorgeous silks will be fashioned for her, novelties of the jeweler's art will embellish her beauty, and the new and sparkling side of her nature will probably be further emphasized with each succeeding picture.

A red, bobbed wig was the means of Irene Rich's release.

Ernst Lubitsch refuses to take credit for her transformation from the self-effacing, pathetic wife to an enchanting temptress.

The wig, he claims, is responsible for the

The picture above shows Florence Vidor in a former characteristically pathetic rôle. The oval and the picture below reveal her as she appears in the new, more sparkling phase of her career.

Wives Released

Florence Vidor and Irene Rich, the neglected wives

By Myrtle Gebhart

new and delightful Irene.

For years she has been identified with tearful, neglected wifehood. While hubby went a-hunting for amusement, she remained dutifully on watch beside the infant's crib, mending socks and sighing.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" presents her as an indiscreet lady of the fashionable world. From her shadowy corner she steps into glamour, bejeweled, and swathed in rich velvet decolleté plus—vibrantly alluring.

"I noticed her lightness and grace as the queen in 'Rosita,'" Lubitsch says, giving his reasons for liberating the imprisoned butterfly from her cocoon. "Typification—bah! Too long she cried and held back. She has charm and sophistication and delicacy. Therefore the red wig. Red vitalizes. It animates her personality."

"I am learning to act all over again," Irene says blithely, "constantly pulling myself out of the sorrowful moods which the click of the camera always have meant for me. When I feel myself slumping, I think, 'Remember the red wig!' and try to live up to its challenge."

The oval at the right and the standing figure show the transformed Irene Rich of the red wig. The other two pictures show her in parts typical of her before her transformation.

Screen Stars Have

Don't think the fans are the only hero wor
and here are the confessions of some of the

Jobyna Ralston.

Jobyna Ralston.

SUPERMEN are a myth, and that is what heroes are supposed to be, aren't they?

At school, I thought the best football player was a hero—when the team won, that is. When they lost games, his halo didn't shine much. My ideal in those days was vaguely expressed in athletic prowess, rather than in individual boys. My inclination toward hero worship ceased when I saw a boy, of whom I had thought a great deal, bully a smaller lad.

I believe the sophistication of our age acts against the idealization of individuals. In olden times, when myths were easier to cultivate, heroes thrived. In these days of universal limelight and honesty, they have a harder time keeping their halos intact.

William Russell, of screen heroes, nearest approaches my ideal. Not so much for what he does in pictures, but because he is able to be in them at all. It isn't generally known that for several years, in his boyhood, he was pronounced a hopeless cripple. He cured himself by a program of painful exercise. I call that real heroism.

June Marlowe.

June Marlowe.

Give me an American frontiersman—*sans* whiskers.

Tall and dark, muscular and swift in action, with fierce eyes that can turn gentle in tenderness. Young, but with mature qualities.

I have pictures of him in various guises portrayed by many actors, and photographs of historical characters. But on each I have painted over the whiskers! That old maxim, "A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt," is obsolete so far as I am concerned.

On the screen, George O'Brien and Charles Farrell most closely resemble him.

Real life hasn't been prolific with my heroic type. The only boy who *might* fit into my mental picture is one whom I have known since I was in high school. He is athletic, likes to hunt and fish with my two brothers and myself, and we have many interests in common.

But he is a blond!

Betty Baker.

Betty Baker.

Mix the fire and impetuosity of the Latin Novarro with the steadfastness and constancy of the American Barthelmess. Result: my ideal.

His heart must rule, but his brain must dictate. The ardent lover, who would thrill me with little nothings, whose love would all but consume. A flame, to sweep me off my feet, to carry me on wings of imagination to far, glamorous scenes, and make me feel that I could dream, and live gloriously, with him. And the silent adoring boy who would show me in a thousand little ways that he would always be there ready to serve me.

Wouldn't that be a perfect combination?

I close my eyes and see these two, as other things.

Novarro—tongues of fire and quaint, Oriental, colorful places.

Laura La Plante.

Barthelmess—myrtle blossoms and old-fashioned valentines.

Exciting romance—and sweet loyalty. Ideal? *Rather!*

Laura La Plante.

Between a dark hero who symbolizes mystery and a blond hero who stands for comradely fun, how is a girl to choose?

Ronald Colman—the enigma, taciturn, with a charm difficult to define because it lies in what you surmise rather than in actualities. He intrigues and mystifies.

Reginald Denny—cleanliness, good fun, a regular American friend. He makes time dash by in high gear. You've no dull moments when with him.

Colman's is the repressed fire that a girl dreams of arousing in a man. He is shadows and calm, but with feeling beneath that contemplative air. I can imagine that, if you cared for him awfully, you would carry a little ache in your heart much of the time, through never being able to plumb his depths and understand him. He would always have secrets that you could not share because of your own lack. He gives the impression of having been deeply hurt and being therefore not intentionally cruel but cynical, and unkind in that sense of barricading himself within his moods.

But the glorious moments would make up for that, surely!

Reg is all sunlight and everyday good humor, as open as a book, a splendid companion. The ideal I have of him influences my choice of boy friends in real life more than does my dream of Colman, but that may be because I know Reg so well and have never met my other hero.

If I ever do, and he proves ordinary, I shall never forgive him!

Mary Brian.

When I was twelve years old, not so very long ago, I experienced my first romantic affair.

It happened down in Texas, directly after Sunday school one day. His name was Orville, but he didn't look at all like the name sounds. He was freckled and had a snub nose, and he could ride and hit a bull's-eye and lick any boy in school.

I thought he was a wonder. I *knew* it when he walked home with me from Sunday school and bought me two huge, luscious, chocolate ice-cream cones.

Mary Brian.

It was *not* puppy love. It was very real and thrilling and important.

My screen ideal is Richard Barthelmess. I've adored him since "Tol'able David." In New York recently I had luncheon with Mr. Barthelmess and his mother. They were both lovely to me.

But—I wonder if Orville has forgotten me? There's nothing quite like one's first love.

their Heroes, Too!

shipers. Every feminine player has her ideal, younger ones as to who their heroes are.

Patsy Ruth Miller.

Patsy Ruth Miller.

Which ideal? To-day's or yesterday's?

Ah, yes; I fear I am fickle. This chameleon young man won't stay put.

When I was a little girl, he was a gallant individual fashioned after *Laurie* in Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women." Soft, curling brown hair, limpid eyes with long, sweeping lashes, and always delightful.

He disappeared when Gerald Montgomery, the stock actor, came to St. Louis. Wavy auburn hair and a deep cleft in his chin, combined with brave daring and a satirical smile to intrigue me. So world weary and bored with feminine adulation!

Worshiping from my orchestra seat, I dreamed of some day being his leading lady. *And* his wife. I planned how I would persuade him to discharge that blondined ingénue. I wasn't going to take any chances.

On my arrival in Hollywood, helter-skelter went all mental images of that idol. After four years of association with this deluge of personable young men, my poor ideal has become so mixed up that I despair of ever getting him straightened out. Matt Moore, Norman Kerry, Monte Blue, Kenneth Harlan, Tony Moreno, Syd Chaplin—each is charming and each has contributed traits to my continually changing ideal.

For personal friends, I admire those with athletic prowess—tanned, outdoor men, about four years older than myself, but none, up to thirty, barred. The boys with whom I have the spiffiest times all play tennis and swim and dance, and have some knowledge of music and literature. Money doesn't count. I would marry the right man if he didn't have a cent.

But he must have a good disposition.

Sally Rand.

Sophistication—plus. And reserve.

There you have my ideal, all summed up. He must be well-read, suave, and aloof, with that annoying but stimulating calm that torments you into wondering how you could make him feel your presence.

Lewis Stone approximates him in pictures.

For playing around and dancing, I like college boys of my own age—Gordon and Bobby, Leonard and Franny, awfully nice youngsters, but too everydayish.

One evening I thought I had found my hero. All alone he sat in a corner, sunk in gloom. I wondered what deep, tragic thoughts were passing through his mind and wished I were a striking brunette vamp so I could make him madly in love with me.

And then—he up and did the Charleston!

Sally Rand.

Jocelyn Lee.

Whoever heard of a satisfactory hero who wasn't romantic?

My champion screen hero, Ramon Novarro, certainly does influence my ideal, because he combines the two qualities. The supply of romance in my group of boy friends exceeds that of heroism, but perhaps they never had opportunities to display the latter trait.

Jocelyn Lee.

Jack, Bert, Paul, Hank, and Chet are potential Romeos—and there are a couple of others—but they all need a dash of Ramon Novarro heroism to make the grade.

Girls, let's organize a club with this for our motto: "Let modern knight raise sword and lance for chivalry and old romance."

Madge Bellamy.

My Prince Charming must like me tremendously, be intelligent, have a striking personality, and be inclined to dominate.

My first beau, John, was a regular sheik and I was so thrilled when he made me break a date with another boy. I went around in a daze for a week, remembering this marvelous creature's masterful manner.

Now I prefer more subtle methods, combinations of Jack Gilbert and Dick Barthelmess. I have seen every picture that either has been in and, like all girl fans, picture the boys falling in love with me.

Madge Bellamy.

Not long ago, at a party, I met Lee. He had the same steady gaze that Dick has, and black hair and Jack's slightly insolent manner. I thought I had met my fate, but nothing doing. It developed, after I had talked to him about ten minutes, that he was engaged to the most wonderful girl in the world. So where did Madge come in? She faded out of the picture.

But hope springs eternal in the human heart. Some day I'll meet my two-in-one Jack-and-Dick, and when I do, like the Northwest Mounted Police, I'll get my—though maybe I'd better let him think *he* is doing the conquering!

Lola Todd.

There is something very manly and genuine about Conway Tearle. He symbolizes the hero one could always rely on.

I find Jack Hoxie admirable and believe he would appeal as greatly to women as to men if he would leave Western rôles for society drama.

In my high-school days I had crushes on gridiron and baseball-diamond heroes, but since I have grown older I have come to like professional men, particularly doctors. They are so stern and serious.

Lola Todd.

I have one failing—I love to speed in a low-necked roadster, and adore men who drive fast.

Pauline Garon.

After being duly sworn and everything, I depose and say: Lowell Sherman, Lowell Sherman, Lowell Sherman.

That isn't a remark. It's a shout. I wish I had Mr. De Mille's magnavox handy.

[Continued on page 96]

If John Gilbert Had His Way

This vibrant young actor, who is so much in the foreground now, takes an unusually earnest attitude toward his career, and is refreshingly frank in expressing his views.

By Sally Benson

NOT so very many years ago, when people distinguished between their best clothes and their everyday clothes, the expression, "dressing for an accident," was in popular use. It meant that, Sunday or not, the petticoat, chemise, and slip that you had on were impeccably clean and uncomfortably starched, stockings neatly darned, and, in fact, your whole effect, both inside and out, so exquisite as to invite being knocked down and run over by a passing hansom. The idea evidently was that even though the crowd would gather at first only out of horror and curiosity, they would, at the sight of so much irreproachable lingerie, remain to applaud and to admire.

But now that most of us have no "best," and have settled down in a practical way to doing pretty much as we please, it seems a little unfair that the moving-picture stars alone should still have to wear that "open-to-the-public" sign. Even the most efficient of us don't always have our breakfast dishes washed and the beds made when the early-morning caller arrives.

And yet, in spite of the close and sometimes embarrassing scrutiny they must endure, moving-picture people seem to accept it with praiseworthy good nature, or possibly it is just resignation.

But John Gilbert, that newest star, who since "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" has taken on the dimensions of a planet, refuses to follow the course so placidly taken by his predecessors.

"In the first place," he told me, "I don't want to be a star. A star is always a hero, and there is not a great deal for a hero to do but to go wearily about his business of fighting vice and triumphing with virtue. And that isn't real. No one is eternally good or consistently bad, and I don't want to be either.

"In the second place, a star doesn't always have the best acting parts. His popularity cannot be jeopardized by showing him in an unfavorable light. Now, if I could have had my choice, I shouldn't have chosen to be an actor, anyway. I'd rather be a director. But as long as I seem to have fallen into the part, I want to do it up right.

"I want the public to go to see me act because they like my work, not because they like me as a person. They have no possible opportunity of knowing what I am really like, and I don't want to play a part for them except on the screen. The rest of the time I want to act as naturally as I can, and just go about my business.

"John Barrymore is my idea of a real actor. You hear very little about his private life. You may approve of him or you may disapprove, but you all go to see him. You don't go to see John Barrymore, the man; you go to see John Barrymore, the actor. You know he is a good one, and that whether or not you like his taste in ties, the money you spend to see him is well spent because he knows his work and gives the best that is in him.

"I'd like the public to treat me with that same unbiased respect. I'd like them to go to see my pictures, whether I was playing hero, villain, or a character rôle, simply because they would know that no matter what part I took, I'd be actor enough to do it well.

"Somehow I cannot coax myself into the state of mind that would make an event of the combing of my hair, or of any other trivial thing connected with me personally. I can't think why my private life should interest any one.

"I have had innumerable people ask me whether I will or will not be divorced. My answer is that I can be divorced and still be a good actor; I can wear belted-in coats and white ties and be a superb actor; I can be rude to old ladies and unkind to animals and be the greatest actor the world has ever known.

"The only thing that really bothers me is that I may not be even a passably good actor, and I'd like a chance to find that out.

"And in doing so, I don't want to have to imitate a mode of thinking and acting which is foreign to me. What possible difference can it make to any one whether or not I am a gentleman? It's nonsense to try to pretend that an actor is a gentleman. Why, some of us come from the gutter. That's why we are able to give vent to our feelings and emotions as a real gentleman never could. We can imitate some of the surface manners of gentlemen, but that's all.

"I've heard that people say that I am too passionate, too sensuous in my love-making. When I have made love passionately on the screen, it has been because I was taking the part of a man who would do just that. In 'The Merry Widow' I am a spoiled, ardent young prince. I see a girl who suits me, and I reach out to take her. I am no shy country boy with his first sweetheart, neither am I very respectful to women, so I act accordingly. But when I fall in love with this one girl, my attitude changes, and my love-making becomes more real.

"In 'The Big Parade' I had a chance to get away from the sensuous type of rôle that had usually been allotted to me.

"Moving-picture actors are taken too personally by their audiences. Stage stars used to be, but they seem to have found a way out of it. I wonder if better pictures with better parts in them would help, or if, after all, people are only interested in personalities on the screen.

"Irving Thalberg and King Vidor put all their hopes into 'The Big Parade.' We knew we had something good, and we wanted to get it over to an audience. And perhaps if we can get a few more like it, the film will become the thing, and what the various members of the cast say to their mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, or husbands will become a matter of total unimportance."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Gilbert," I said. "You make it sound like Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' and you know what happened to him—his head was chopped off by his contemporaries."

"Maybe it is treason," he answered. "But even if I do get my come uppance for it, I'm not afraid. You see, I have been broke before—just after I left Brulator as director for Hope Hampton—so broke, in fact, that it holds no terrors for me now. So if I do get into trouble and stage a flop, I'll only be back where I started from."

"Never mind," I told him. "No matter what you say, it won't make a particle of difference. You can't come between people and their details. No one cares

Continued on page 107

Photo by Russell Ba

SUCH an unusually outspoken person is John Gilbert that his frank observations in connection with his recent rise to success, related on the opposite page, are of considerable interest.

SALLY RAND, one of those fortunate girls picked by Cecil De Mille when he first formed his stock company, has been playing the ingénue with Rod la Rocque in "Braveheart."

Photo by William Davis Pearsall

Photo by James H. Doolittle

A KENTUCKY girl of seventeen, Joyce Compton has been in films little over a year, but already has a First National contract, and was recently chosen as one of the Wampas Baby Stars.

Photo by Monogram Sparx

IT was quite a feather in Elinor Fair's cap to be given the feminine lead in Cecil De Mille's "The Volga Boatman," for many other girls had already been considered for the rôle.

Photo by G. Maillard Kessiere

DOROTHY MACKAILL found it to be as much fun as work to play with Leon Errol in "The Lunatic at Large," particularly as they have been friends since her early "Follies" days.

GWEN LEE, who has been seen as a musical-comedy or cabaret girl in several recent films, becomes a stenographer in Norma Shearer's "His Secretary"—an attractive one, however.

Photo by Walter Frederick Seely

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

IN the emotional and dramatic rôle of *Tirzah* in "Ben-Hur," Kathleen Key, usually assigned light, vivacious parts, does the most difficult acting that has yet been required of her on the screen.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

A WHILE ago, Leatrice Joy was being labeled as a quiet, maternal type, but this, her latest portrait, shows her as a more dashing young woman than ever before.

The Truth about Screen Kisses

Every fan who has thrilled at the sight of some of them should read in this article how the players themselves, particularly the feminine players, have reacted toward them.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

HIS neck, fresh from the embrace of two soft-scented arms, seemed anointed with oil; near his left mustache, where the kiss had fallen, trembled a slight, delightful chill as from peppermint drops; from head to foot he was soaked in new and extraordinary sensations which continued to grow and grow. . . . He forgot altogether that he was round-shouldered, undistinguished, lynx-whiskered, that he had an "indefinite exterior."—*A description from the lips of a woman he had happened to overhear.*—ANTON TCHEKOFF.

I wondered if any of those soulful kisses we see on the screen ever left "a slight, delightful chill, as from peppermint drops," described so vividly by Tchekhoff, the Russian novelist. I wondered how many kisses it takes, ordinarily, to make a picture and what the net weight and result of the kisses might be. Is it possible, I pondered, for a girl to be folded close in the arms of a handsome leading man and fervently kissed, and at the same time be thinking about the canary bird on the back porch, the knock in the motor, or what have you? So I asked about it.

"Blah!" said Elinor Glyn.

"Bunk!" said Carmel Myers.

"Not to be discussed!" said Pola Negri.

"Your eyes are brown, aren't they?" said Alma Rubens.

That doesn't tell very much, does it? There weren't any confidences violated or surprises sprung. So I inquired further.

Little Bebe Daniels, always exuberant, almost shrieked when the question was put to her. Bebe has been on the stage since she was thirteen years old and has had strangle holds on nearly half the leading men in filmland.

"If all the kisses I have received were placed end to end," she fairly bubbled, "they would reach from Catalina Island to the Statue of Liberty. Remember when I played opposite Harold Lloyd in his little two-reel comedies? Kisses then were not so profuse as bumps, shattered bric-a-brac, and comedy falls, but sometimes Harold and I had to 'kiss and make up.' Just little pecky kisses, those. Then came the vampire rôles, later on, when kisses multiplied and also grew in length. The last few years have brought a decrease in number as I have played straight rôles and have had more opportunity to award my kisses only where I would."

"But what about the 'peppermint drops?'"

"Did you see my 'Sinners in Heaven?'" she whispered. "It was one of those pulsating, island love stories. Tropical moons, shredded-wheat skirts, and the isolation of two lovers

Aileen Pringle is credited with having participated in some of the most famous kisses ever filmed, one of which was given her by John Gilbert in "His Hour."

Dorothy Mackaill classifies her kisses, and this one with Jack Mulhall, in "Joanna," looks as though it might be what she labels "pecky."

Norma Shearer says that the kisses given her by John Gilbert in the woodland scene of "He Who Gets Slapped" were the most romantic she has ever received on the screen.

on a cannibal isle. Kisses of every variety—furtive kisses, fearful kisses, tender kisses—all kinds!"

"And the net result?"

The brown-eyed star, in whose veins courses the blood of old Spain and whose ancestry runs back to the land of the Moors, smiled sweetly, ever so sweetly and—ran away. She glanced back over her shoulder once, flashed another smile and—kept going!

I had seen George O'Brien and Margaret Livingston in a loving embrace in "Havoc," a William Fox production. Margaret protests that in nearly all her pictures she has had to go after her kisses—that the scripts require that she get her man.

"Did you see what happened in 'Havoc?'" she exclaimed. "I kissed George O'Brien, Bertram Grasby, Walter McGrail, *and* David Butler! That's what made the havoc! But did you notice what George did? He stood there with one arm around me and with *his fist clenched!* Now what do you think of that? What would most girls do if they went to George O'Brien to imprint a kiss on his lips and he should clench his fist? Run? I don't know of any one who would run if she had to kiss George! Do you?

"They say that Will Rogers never kisses a girl during the making of any picture. It isn't so! He kissed me, a lot of times—*once!* But we had to frame him. We were making 'Water, Water Everywhere.' Clarence Badger was directing. 'Red,' he said—he always called me 'Red'—'when the train comes in, we'll have the cameras set, and when you step off, you rush up to Will Rogers, throw your arms about his neck, and kiss him. We'll get it!'

"Did I? I'll say I did! Mr. Rogers was so surprised, he didn't know just what to do. But he did the only thing any gentleman *could* do. He kissed *me*—something like a Great Dane tearing a chunk of meat off of a bone. Later, he said to Clarence Badger, 'Gee! I hope I didn't hurt little Red!'

"'Not her!' Mr. Badger replied."

"But about that 'slight, delightful chill as from peppermint drops,'" I insisted.

"Say!" Margaret confided. "Don't let them tell you that when a nice-looking, strong-armed young man takes you in his arms and kisses you full on the lips, while a hidden orchestra plays soft music and there's perfume on your clothes, don't let them tell you you are going to be thinking about that canary cage or the house rent! They can talk all they want to, but a warm, full-lipped kiss is a kiss, and don't you forget it!"

Miss Livingston, in her usual frank, open way, apparently had voiced *her* opinion, at any rate.

Marie Prevost said she had received the ideal kiss from Kenneth Harlan in "Bobbed Hair." And they're married now!

"I am sure," said Claire Windsor, "my most romantic kiss was from Bert Lytell when we played the leading rôles in the picture Edwin Carewe made in Africa. It was there the romance began that culminated in our marriage a few months ago."

It seems there was something of the "peppermint drop" in that.

Norma Shearer came out of a theater where a preview had been given of "The Tower of Lies,"

Mae Murray must always have her lover by the hair when being kissed.

Conrad Nagel has been the man in more than one of Elinor Glyn's passionate love scenes. This one with Eleanor Boardman is from "The Only Thing."

Margaret Livingston ruefully protests that she has had to go after most of her screen kisses, including this one with George O'Brien in "Havoc."

one of her pictures. I stood talking to Agnes Christine Johnston, the scenarist. Mrs. Louis B. Mayer was there.

"How many in this one?" Mrs. Mayer asked.

"Four!" Norma answered.

The piquant little Metro star counts the kisses she has had in each picture.

"In 'Excuse Me,'" she confided, "I got—well, let's see—I got ten or twelve from Conrad Nagel. I've forgotten the exact number now, but I can look it up. In 'The Tower of Lies,' I got four from William Haines. In 'A Slave of Fashion,' I got three from Lew Cody, and in 'He Who Gets Slapped,' I got four from Jack Gilbert. These last, I think, were the most romantic from the audience's viewpoint. Remember when we ran away to the woods—away out where it was still and where the little wild flowers were blooming and everything was green? Gee, but it was romantic! I got a lot of fan letters about those kisses.

"In 'His Secretary,' the picture I am making now, the story hinges about a plain little girl and a man who says, 'I wouldn't kiss her for one thousand dollars!' Then she becomes a stenographer, goes to the beauty parlors, gets all dolled up, and becomes quite attractive. The man then tries to kiss her and she replies, 'I wouldn't kiss you for one thousand dollars!' R-revenge, you know!

"But," the blue-eyed little vamp added, "she weakened. They always do!"

Aileen Pringle, who vamped her way through Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," said that the first time she ever was kissed in pictures was by Rudolph Valentino in "Stolen Moments," and then she committed suicide.

"Went right off and died!" she laughed. "But it wasn't because of Rudolph. It was in the script."

Miss Pringle is credited with having participated in two of the most remarkable kissing scenes ever filmed. One, of course, was that scene in "Three Weeks" where, reclining on a couch covered with rose petals, she was taken into the arms of Conrad Nagel. Passion, hot and flaming, was depicted in the meeting of their lips. It was one of the most vivid moments in Madame Glyn's exotic film, and aroused much comment.

Her second great osculatory scene was in "His Hour" with Jack Gilbert—the kiss between the two in the sleigh. This was one of the longest ever experienced by Miss Pringle in pictures and, in fact, one of the longest ever filmed. It caused bales of "fan" letters to pour in to both Miss Pringle and Mr. Gilbert.

"Those kisses were quite wonderful!" she said. "But," she added, with a smile, "quite impersonal."

"But 'the slight, delightful chill as from peppermint drops?'" I queried.

"Good-by!" she said, and was away.

Dorothy Mackaill admits there is no time for thinking of the canary bird or the knock in the engine when screen kisses are in progress.

"I'll say this," she confided. "Secretly, I like to be kissed by—shall I tell his name? I'd rather not. His are different. His are the kind that stir the soul.

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Another of those Elinor Glyn kisses—Paulette Duval and Lew Cody in "Man and Maid."

This scene between Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe is from "The Kiss Barrier," though there isn't any barrier evident here.

Marie Prevost says that her ideal of a perfect kiss was given her by her husband, Kenneth Harlan, in "Bobbed Hair."

Pauline Starke, shown here with Edward Hearn in "As No Man Has Loved," has a way of making her kisses look very real, no matter how cold and mechanical they may really be.

Over the

Fanny the Fan discovers the new fashions and favor

By The

Photo by Walter Frederick Seely

Helen Ferguson's enthusiasms for other screen stars surpass even those of Fanny herself.

YOU think I am enthusiastic about motion-picture stars sometimes, don't you?" Fanny flung at me accusingly as she slid into the chair opposite me.

I nodded.

"You think I am always raving about some one I've met who is so charming and beautiful that I can hardly believe she is real."

I sighed, and managed to edge in the remark, "What of it?"

"Just this," Fanny informed me, as she tucked her gloves and vanity case and what not into the top of her galoshes. "You don't know what enthusiasm is yet. You'll consider me jaded and blasé when you see Helen Ferguson. I've asked her to join us here and she ought to arrive any minute."

"She'll have a hard time doing it," I contributed. "As I came through the lobby I saw a mob of girls there and on inquiry learned that they were members of the New York Helen Ferguson Club. They come over here to see her every day to ask if there isn't any little thing they can do for her. They simply adore her, every one says, and would be delighted to go out and die for her if it would help her in any way. Some of them are girls who work in offices, but they come over here at noon and after working hours to see Helen."

Julanne Johnston was nearly eaten up by mosquitoes while on location in Porto Rico.

"Well, a few of them might oblige by going out and dying right now so that Helen could get through the lobby," Fanny suggested coolly. "Never mind, though; at least her absence will give me a chance to tell something about her. I've just nominated her for membership in the Upstagers Club."

"Whatever that may be." I had a feeling that it was something Fanny had just made up, and no doubt it was.

"It is an organization composed of the girls in pictures on whom some particular honor has been conferred. Any one is eligible who has played opposite John Barrymore, or gone abroad to make a picture at a fabulous salary, or been selected for a rôle by Ernst Lubitsch."

"But what makes Helen eligible?"

"A football pursued by 'Red' Grange during his game here went outside the lines and hit her on the head."

"Now that you've brought his name up, tell me—is he really going to make a motion picture?"

"Nobody knows—not even I. There was a lot of talk about his being paid three hundred thousand dollars in advance for signing a contract, and the theater owners didn't like it. They thought it made the picture industry look extravagant and foolish. So they said they wouldn't play a picture of his if he did make one. Their reason, I believe, was that his value as an attraction was based entirely on the fact that he had been sensationally exploited in another field. They don't like that sort of business."

"And yet, I suppose they will run Peggy Joyce's pictures. Oh, well, what does it matter? You started to tell me about Helen Ferguson's enthusiasms. What are they?"

"We were lunching together at the White Horse Tavern the other day," Fanny began with a long breath, "and when I told her that Alice Joyce was sitting in the next booth, she was so thrilled she could

Teacups

incurable enthusiast, some
ites, and the perfect home.

Bystander

hardly eat. I insisted that she should go and meet Alice after lunch. Of course, she wanted to, but she was terribly conscious of the fact that her face was dirty, so when she met her she hung back reluctantly. She had just taken her daily five-mile walk and you know how sooty you get, now that the big buildings are burning soft coal.

"She just stood and stared at Alice—couldn't say a word. And now she has commissioned me to tell her that she isn't always so dumb."

A moment later, Helen herself came rushing in. Now I know where Fanny acquires her dashing manners. She had on a lovely light-red coat trimmed with black lynx and a red chiffon scarf.

"Billy says that all I need to make the costume complete is my pair of red bedroom slippers," Helen informed us gayly. But Helen is introducing the new style of pumps made of fur which are much newer, if less startling, than bedroom slippers. They aren't fuzzy, bulky affairs as you might imagine. The fur is shaved off all slick and shiny so that they look like a sort of mottled satin.

"Tell her about all your thrills in New York," Fanny urged, and naturally I was interested to see if any one else could do any talking when Fanny was present.

Helen more than lived up to Fanny's promises. She went into ecstasies over having seen Dick Barthelmess in person. She claimed that she had seen "Shore Leave" five times, which is better than Fanny's record at "Stella Dallas." She told us about meeting Lois Moran, and simply raved about how charming and unaffected and sweet she is. But when Lois Moran's name comes up, you simply can't restrain Fanny.

"I'm boiling with rage," Fanny announced grimly. "The Wampas have made their annual choice of the thirteen stars of to-morrow, and they didn't choose Lois. And obviously she is the one youngster who has most distinguished herself this year. Her work in 'Stella Dallas' ranks with that of an experienced player. In fact, I can't think of any one who has done better."

"But," I remonstrated, "her one picture 'Stella Dallas' hasn't been shown in Los Angeles yet. Probably they haven't seen her."

"That doesn't matter at all. She made the picture out there and they must have heard about how marvelous she is in it. By the way, did you know that she could have gone to Germany to play *Marguerite* in the big production of 'Faust' if she hadn't been busy making 'The Reckless Lady?' I'm rather glad she didn't go, though. I like seeing her often—and I do, as she lives right next door. Every time I see her my faith in the human race is renewed. You quite forget that this is supposed to be a wild, reckless, jazz age when you talk to that lovely child.

"Belle Bennett gave a tea at the Ritz the other day just before she went back to the Coast, and Lois and Vera Gordon helped her receive. Vera Gordon insists on taking a motherly attitude toward Belle Bennett, and Miss Bennett, having played Lois' mother in two pictures, hovers over *her*, so all together it was a nice, family affair.

It was a great disappointment to Dorothy Sebastian not to be given the title role in "The Dancer from Paris" after all.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

After Irene Rich's glorious change of type in "Lady Windermere's Fan," every one demanded that she never be the weeping wife again.

Photo by Albin

Fanny is furious because Lois Moran wasn't chosen as one of the Wampas Stars of 1926.

"Belle Bennett came to New York quite unknown to most people and she went away the talk of the town. I've never been so tremendously moved by any one. On the screen or off, she makes me weep whenever I think of all the tragedy in her life."

"And so you dearly love her," Helen and I chanted in chorus.

"Oh, well, you'd love her, too," Fanny defended herself.

"My newest enthusiasm," Helen announced brightly before Fanny could get launched on a new subject, "is Pauline Garon. I think she is the cutest girl in pictures. We never used to like each other when we were both out on the Coast. Somebody told her that I had said catty things about her, and true enough I had, but not the things that were quoted. We got together the other day at luncheon and cleared up the situation, and now we're great friends. I told her that I had said she had vamped my Billy before he was my husband. That was before I had my nose made over, though. I'm not so afraid of losing him now."

Photo by Russell Ball

Barbara La Marr, who has been quite ill, at last seems to be really getting better.

"Oh, you won by a nose, did you?" Fanny volunteered.

It is hardly surprising that, after that, Helen remembered another engagement and hurried away. Any one but a long-suffering audience like me, would.

"What do you suppose has become of the Valentino medal that was to be awarded annually?" Fanny inquired idly, as she waved at two or three friends out at the door. "Haven't heard a thing about it this year. They won't have to take a vote to see who gets it, though. It would go to Belle Bennett positively."

"John Gilbert," I insisted.

"But I am talking about the art of acting, not the most fascinating human being on the screen," Fanny insisted.

"So am I."

But you can't start an argument with any one as obstinate as Fanny. She just changes the subject.

"I do hope you fell in with the idea of making January the laugh month," Fanny rambled on. "It wasn't an entire success so far as I was concerned, as I couldn't locate an Ivan Abramson production, and they always give me more good laughs than intentional comedies do."

I try not to encourage Fanny when she gets catty, so abruptly I asked her who was in town and what she had been doing.

"You'll simply *have* to think up some new style for me," she wailed. "Dorothy Mackaill is wearing fur garters, and I refuse to see her until I can think of something equally startling.

"Loads of picture people are in town," she went on. "Haven't you seen any of them? Irene Rich is back from abroad. Warner Brothers gave a big party for her at Vincent Lopez's night club. They showed 'Lady Windermere's Fan' there, and every one was so delighted at seeing Irene liberated from weeping-wife rôles that they demanded that Harry Warner never let her play a good woman on the screen again. She gives a glorious performance, and you've no idea how stunning she looks in a dark wig. Irene in 'Lady Windermere's Fan' and Florence Vidor in 'The Grand Duchess and the Waiter,' are my nominations for the grand beauty prize of the season.

"Betty Compson was here for a few days before going to Morocco or Hindustan or Tripoli—one of those poetic-sounding places—to make 'Old Ironsides.'"

"Didn't know that was a travelogue—thought it was a drama of the corset-bound era," I remarked.

Fanny frowned as though she found my remarks indelicate.

"Matt Moore is also in town. He came on with his director to make the final scenes of 'The Cave Man.' But before they had time to take them, Thomas Meighan borrowed the director—Lewis Milestone—so Matt had the fun of directing his scenes himself.

"Tom and Lila Lee and Mr.

Milestone are down in Miami making a picture. I don't see how they do it, because Tom is so popular down there that it is almost impossible for him to clear the crowds away and do any work.

"The Gilda Gray picture is finished and Julanne Johnston, who was in it, has gone back to the Coast. Julanne had a terrible time down in Porto Rico, where the picture was made. The mosquitoes and ants simply loved her make-up. They wouldn't leave the poor girl alone."

"But after all, hers was a completely dressed rôle. Think of poor Gilda with all her exposure," I remonstrated.

"But Gilda could wiggle all through the picture and shake them off. Julanne had to be dignified. Her dignity was saved only at the cost of some one carrying a can of exterminator around and squirting it on her every now and then. And yet girls want to go into pictures!

"Theda Bara was in town for a few days, buying clothes to wear in her first Hal Roach comedy. She is so enthusiastic about Mr. Roach and his plans that I am sure the picture is going to be something unusual and interesting. Page Helen Ferguson, the perfect fan. I forgot to tell her that, accustomed as I am to seeing celebrities at close range, I sat behind Theda Bara at a picture and didn't see a scene of it, I was so interested in watching her. And I was so afraid she wouldn't remember me that I didn't speak to her. Fortunately, she invited me to come up and see her a few days later. She is wonderfully interesting.

"But—I quite forgot to tell you—I have discovered the perfect home at last. It belongs to Natacha Rambova, who used to be Mrs. Valentino. Most of its charm lies in Miss Rambova herself—she is one of those stunning, perfectly poised, unnervous people who make you feel that talking to you is much more interesting than anything else in the world. The apartment overlooks a little park. It is flooded with sunshine and is charmingly furnished. But the irresistible part of her home to me is the dogs. She has a whole flock of little Pekingeses. They romp around your feet all the time, curl up in your lap, and make themselves generally ingratiating. I am going to get one of those little home motion-picture camera outfits and make a picture featuring her dogs. To my mind it will be the perfect film.

"Miss Rambova has finished one picture for F. B. O. They told her it was an original story, but when it was finished, she was let in on the secret that it was really Laura Jean Libby's 'When Love Grows Cold.' I can't think of a more ridiculous combination except, perhaps, Adolphe Menjou in an Horatio Alger story."

Suddenly Fanny's voice subsided as she dived into her purse and drew out a telegram.

Alice Terry, having come home to transact some business for her husband, Rex Ingram, has again joined him at his studio abroad.

Belle Bennett came to New York quite unknown to most people, but went away the talk of the town.

Photo by Walter Frederick Seely

"It's the most wonderful news imaginable." I could tell that from the beatific smile on her face. "Barbara La Marr is getting better. She is still quite ill, but she has put on a pound or two and is regaining strength all the time. I can't bear to think of gorgeous, vivid Barbara as an invalid.

"Alice Terry is in town and is going abroad soon to join her husband. She came over to transact some business for him. Isn't it nice to hear of a man who has confidence in his wife's business judgment?

"But have you heard the bad news about her friend Dorothy Sebastian? You know, she was half promised the title rôle in 'The Dancer from Paris,' and then, at the last minute, just before the production was started, it was decided that she wasn't well enough known to play such an important part.

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Another Bogy Goes Into the Discard

The idea that no star may appear in unpleasing make-up has at last been done away with.

By Katherine Lipke

Percy Marmont was made up as a wretched beggar in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

THE struggle to put realism on the screen has been long hindered by the hesitation on the part of producers to allow a star to appear in any make-up that detracted from the star's great asset of good looks or beauty.

But of late, the battle seems to have been won, and now, if the story calls for it, the star may appear maimed and ugly, if need be.

This change of attitude seems to have resulted in a rush to rôles representing the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

More and more of the popular favorites are entering the ranks where features are not what they should be. Ronald Colman, Milton Sills, and others have lately appeared as blind men, without losing their romantic appeal.

Jack Gilbert stumps about on a wooden leg in "The Big Parade," and as a final note in crippled realism, Jack Barrymore, in "The Sea Beast," has his leg bitten off by a whale, while a horrified public look on during the gory process.

Gloria Swanson let rheumatism and old age get the upper hand in "The Coast of Folly." And though this was not one of her most successful pictures, it served to indicate that she can, if she likes, indulge in rôles of a crippled nature.

One of the most amazing ventures of this kind is made by Mary Philbin when she appears horribly misshapen in "Stella Maris." So you see, the cause of cripples has almost been made a popular one by the motion pictures.

Just a few years ago, the box-office value of maimed unfortunates was practically nil. The producers felt that we didn't wish to see a favored profile marred, or shapely limbs bent out of shape in the cause of that phantom which some call art and others—bunk.

Mary Philbin wears a most unpleasing make-up as UNITY BLAKE *in "Stella Maris."*

Then Lon Chaney stepped into the scene one fine day and twisted himself all out of shape, so that "The Miracle Man" might tell its story logically. He didn't want the rôle, because he was afraid it might damage him with the public. But like delighted children, we exclaimed in wonder and demanded that he do it again and again. It was a new trick and the picture business was sadly lacking in new tricks just then.

So Chaney *has* done it again and again. Sometimes he has been made up so out of shape that we couldn't recognize him, but on the whole, his characterizations have furnished an interesting and amazing interlude between the more prosaic of productions. With Mr. Chaney, it seems, the box-office value of misfortune commenced to go up, although Raymond Hatton, previous to Chaney, had brought forth several types of this same sort.

However, it is quite another story when a Barrymore offers his

John Gilbert appears as a suffering cripple in "The Big Parade."

leg to a whale and it is eagerly accepted. Neither Chaney nor Hatton has ever represented romance. But Barrymore innately seems to stand for artistic, subtle romance — that elusive something which can't be named but which is primarily felt. It isn't his profile itself which brings forth such rhapsodies. It is rather the suggestion it carries of arrogant, fascinating manhood demanding to be loved.

That Barrymore should appear in "The Sea Beast" for half of the film with his leg nothing but a stump is the most striking thing which has happened in pictures for quite some time. And it is also an exceedingly reckless thing for him to do. Barrymore in "The Sea Beast" is decidedly unpleasant to look at. I saw the reel of the sea fight one day at the studio before it had been cut, and I can assure you that nothing connected with the biting off of his leg was left out. The sight is enough to make even the blasé cry out in pain. And with it all is a dragging sympathy for arrogant manhood brought down.

The scenes in which John Barrymore loses a leg in "The Sea Beast" leave nothing to the imagination.

Gloria Swanson appeared old and haggard in "The Coast of Folly."

Ronald Colman was a pathetic object as a blinded war veteran throughout a large part of "The Dark Angel."

Barrymore is like a wounded animal in those scenes—a king of beasts who will never reign again. All this is felt by the audience. Yet it isn't a pleasant sight to view a popular idol with a bloody stump where a leg once was, and to see the smoke rise as it is cauterized with a red-hot iron. Mind you, it is a marvelous scene, and if it has been found to be too painful, it will have been, I have no doubt, modified, before shown to the public.

Years ago, when Barrymore appeared in "Clair du Lune," with his famous sister, on Broadway, he was seen as a man with a horribly distorted mouth. Half of his face was all right but over the other half he wore a mask which, of course, being Barrymore, he raised at appropriate intervals so as to give a glimpse of the horrible mouth. I stood for hours one night outside the stage entrance just to see him come out and assure myself that he was really as handsome as ever. That is what I mean about "The Sea Beast."

Barrymore himself doesn't care whether the public like it or not. It would vastly amuse him, I think, to feel that the masses weren't quite able to appreciate his artistic realism. The masses do not figure in his calculations. However, they figure strongly with Warner Brothers, and the business heads of the concern must have done considerable debating over just how many of the more terrible scenes, showing the loss of his limb, should be shown. [Continued on page 98]

Every Move a Picture!

"Aloma of the South Seas"* introduces to movie stardom Gilda Gray and her turbulent torso.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If my singin' doan getcha, my shimmy must!"

THE husky voice sobs down to a wailing whisper, drowned by a crashing wave of jazz—saxophones moaning, trombones strident, drums bumping. The woman with golden hair stands in the glow of the spotlight with her shoulders rippling, and her torso trembling, to the slightly mad, always barbaric beat of "Beale Street Blues."

She dances, yet her feet move ever so little. This is the shimmy, a tremulous agitato movement in a symphony played from the waist up. This is the shimmy, elementary body shuffle borrowed from the savages of Lahore and Rangoon and Bombay. And this, of course, is Gilda Gray, unchallenged queen of the shaking shoulder and the restive hip.

She stands spotlighted in a gown of black velvet, with fantastic ostrich feathers at her hips. Singing the doleful blues and swaying her rhythmic white shoulders, she makes her début on Broadway. Others have danced on Broadway before, others have received the accolade of the makers and breakers. But this is a new figure, bizarre, fascinating, daring. A little sister to Little Egypt. The rajah's favorite in a Callot gown. Barbary Coast on its good behavior. She quivers until the blasé city quakes; she becomes an irresistible magnet, drawing the nighthawks to the Rendezvous after the theater; she shivers her way into the electric sign announcing the "Follies;" she takes the country by storm in a quick, resultful tour; she becomes a Modjeska of the movies! Perhaps this is climax. Perhaps.

But surely drama is here.

Gilda Gray was driven to a discovery of her special talents by an ill-chosen husband. When in his cups, he was abusive to the point of brutality. Thus it was that Gilda, after standing all that a good wife should, and probably more, decided to throw up the sponge—in this case the bar mop. Renouncing matrimony as practiced in Chicago, she bade her spouse farewell.

Discovered singing in a Loop tavern, she was placed under contract to appear briefly in "The Gaieties," just another Shubert revue. In the midst of the vaudeville turns and symbolic ballets peculiar to such extravaganzas, Gilda sang her "Beale Street" rhapsody, shook her untrammeled shimmy, and stopped the show. As she sobbed her lamenting blues and throbbed her dance, the first-nighters fairly cheered, encoring her until the following acts were held up.

I met her when "The Gaieties" reached Philadelphia. Gilda was bitter. There could be no doubting that.

"The toast of New York," she told me, "and getting only seventy-five a week!"

More, it seemed, had been offered by others, but her contract was ironclad. That, she explained, was the irony of it.

"I could be getting five hundred if it wasn't for this rotten contract. Keith's are paying a girl a thousand, and she imitates my shimmy. She doesn't do it right. She does it this way." She illustrated graphically. I watched, attentively. "It should be done this way." Again I stood spellbound as the demonstration proceeded. But, for all her growing fame, Gilda was unhappy. That was as obvious as the dimple in her shoulder.

Time dealt kindly with her, however. Following the demise of "The Gaieties," Gilda was installed as the chief attraction of the Rendezvous, a night club which fast became the midnight Mecca for the knowing, and in due course, the not-so-knowing.

When Frederick O'Brien discovered the romance hidden in the South Sea Islands, and people began to discuss him and them, Gilda cleverly seized upon the opportunity to introduce a nautch dance which she chose to call the "arearea," which she explained was inspired by "White Shadows in the South Seas"—and perhaps a wily press agent. In any case, Gilda Gray and the Rendezvous became the smart thing.

EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T

ever seen Gilda Gray do her famous South Sea Island dance, her fame is so widespread that the news that she was to be starred in films must have roused the interest of every moviegoer. Malcolm Oettinger visited the Paramount studio while she was in the midst of her first picture, and the impressions he gives here, in his characteristically vivid style, of this girl who, in but a few years, has risen from poverty to an income of over a thousand dollars a day, cannot fail to be of interest.

It was in the order of events that next she should adorn New York's premier revue. It was just two years after her Manhattan début that the astute Mr. Zeigfeld corraled her to lead his "Follies" in company with Will Rogers, Ann Pennington, and other specialists. Here Gilda chanted "South Sea Moon," with accompanying illustrations in her own inimitable shredded-wheat manner, Urban settings framing the scene. Then, "Come Along" was introduced by Gilda in high-brown make-up. This was a compelling syncopation of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," positively hypnotic as Gilda rendered it.

She has no voice, musically speaking, but her singing sways you with its primitive power. Although less apparently responsible, her husky contralto is as much a part of the Gray allure as are her eloquent hips.

The seasons in the "Follies" were succeeded by a European jaunt, then a United States tour of the grander cinema palaces, to make money as well as to demonstrate in black and white the drawing power of the name "Gilda Gray" on the front of a theater. This resulted in a small fortune for the dancer, and a Paramount contract specifying fifty thousand dollars per picture plus an incredibly large percentage of the net profits.

And so to Astoria, Eastern home of Paramount, where I found Gilda happier than she had been in Philadelphia. And a shade more restrained. She was making the concluding scenes of her first picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," most of which had already been filmed in Porto Rico.

Regarding her tour of the movie emporiums she was becomingly modest, yet withal convincingly statistical. Figures were at her shapely finger tips, box-office grosses in her mind's eye.

"I don't want to seem to boast," she prefaced, "and I ain't bragging, but I did wreck box-office records from coasta coast." And she did, foremost among her

*Scenes from "Aloma of the South Seas" may be found on page 78.

triumphs being a thirty-five-thousand-dollar week in Los Angeles during Holy Week, the doldrums of the theatrical season.

"Dancing for films," said Gilda, "I sure miss the audience out front. It makes things so different when only a camera watches. What I do is to close my eyes as I dance, and imagine the people are out there in front. That helps. And for one of my dances in this picture I had an orchestra. The other, a native affair, I did to my own humming."

When I visited the grassy hut housing the "Aloma" troupe, Maurice Tourneur was busily directing Gilda in one of her less peripatetic moments. The *danseuse,* economically gowned in a colorful bandanna and dipped in brown to look tropical, was holding Percy Marmont's head, registering sympathy, as I interpreted the tableau, and cooing sweet nothings into his ear. It was all very moving. Mr. Tourneur, who may be described as the director with a curl on his forehead (because of his very good and very bad pictures), patiently instructed Gilda in the ways of the drama, rehearsed the episode minutely and painstakingly, then unleashed the argus-eyed cameras.

I had hoped to happen in upon one of *Aloma's* terpsichorean moments, thus making my task something of a sinecure. But my disappointment was allayed in no small measure by the presence of Gilda's all-star supporting cast—Julanne Johnston, none other. And while we reconsidered Paris in its gayer aspects and the aridity of native night life, some thoughtful soul ushered over a beautiful coed matriculating in the drama college prexied by Professor Zukor and Doctor Lasky. She loved her work, she admitted. She looked like Coles Phillips' best girl and called herself Iris Gray. No relation to Gilda, we learned, just a beautiful Gray, it seemed, trying to get along. She probably will.

Gilda, normally blonde, was sporting a deceptive wig of raven-black tresses that clustered about her shoulders in the usual South Sea fashion.

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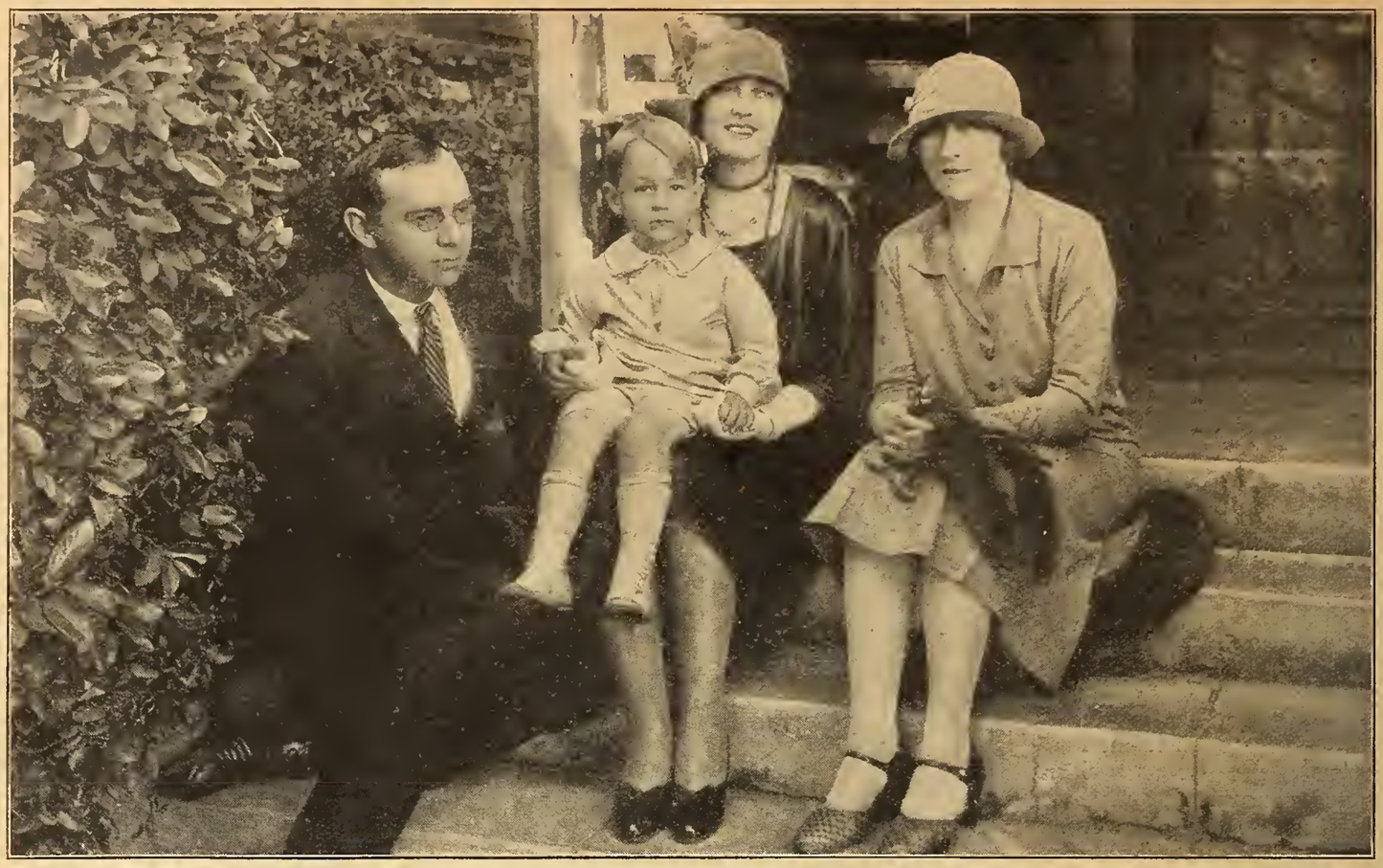
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



Carmel Myers interviewed the Schallerts in their home, and this picture was taken at the time of her visit.

A Star Turns Reporter!

By Carmel Myers

At our request, Carmel Myers has turned the tables on all of the regular contributors to "Picture-Play Magazine," and has written a series of her impressions of them, the first of which we herewith present.

THE job of "writing up" the writers whose names appear each month in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE was not of my choosing. It came to me as a sudden and complete surprise, and I hesitated about accepting it. I know how easy it is, in writing about a person, to say something that will not exactly please them, and suppose I should manage to offend the entire staff of a fan magazine!

Yet I could not decline without offending the editor, which might be just as bad, so there I was, and here I am, pretending to be quite at ease, but really as frightened as I was when I took my first screen test. But I shall try to act as though I were quite at home with a typewriter.

So now, to get at the real business in hand, I want you to meet —pardon me, Mr. Michael Arlen —these charming people, Edwin and Elza Schallert. And, in order to meet them the more intimately, let's dash over together to their house in the Wilshire district.

Here we are—yes, that rambling, solid-looking, homelike one is theirs. We ring the bell, are met at the door by Mr. Schallert himself—the "Deacon," some of his friends call him. I think it's an appropriate title for this serious-eyed, slow, smiling man, whose laugh is much heartier than you expect it to be. A warm handshake.

Miss Myers found that the young women who write for the magazine from Los Angeles were very curious to know all about Malcolm H. Oettinger.

"Do come in. Elza will be right down."

For a few minutes we discuss people and personalities of the picture industry. (There is a difference, you know.) And then Elza comes.

"It's the nurse's day off, so I was dressing Billy," she explains. "What a love of a hat!" The eternal feminine.

Then they ply me with questions. What was I doing? When would "Big Ben" be finished? When would I start my new picture? All of which has no place here. This is *their* interview. I tell them so, and for further evidence produce a notebook and a silly little pencil that breaks immediately upon being pressed into service. This sobers them. Then Elza laughs—a nice, throaty laugh. "Oh, this is funny!" and then she looks serious again.

"Oh, it will be painless," I bluster,

tucking away my own nervousness. "I'll just ask a few simple questions. Where were you born?"

"Do I have to answer?"

"Absolutely."

"Davenport, Iowa," in a whisper.

"H'm. Tell me something of your early life."

"Oh, no one's interested in that——"

"That's a phrase for the exclusive use of picture stars. Please be original. Your public expects it!"

"For the first time I realize how people feel when they're interviewed," she muses.

"I'll tell your story for you," Mr. Schallert volunteers, as he sees that I am making no headway. Elza throws him a grateful glance. Mr. Schallert speaks:

"Elza was studying for an operatic career, and as she graduated from high school when very young, she wanted to fill in time between singing lessons, so she accepted a position as a secretary to a bank president. You were about seventeen, weren't you, dear?" This to Elza.

"Yes."

Now her eyes are stirred by memories and it isn't difficult for her to continue.

"My great desire was to be an operatic star, but when my voice suddenly left me and my great desire, like London Bridge, came tumbling down, I found myself without a career. We came to Los Angeles. A theater owner asked me to put on some musical numbers for him. I did. He asked me if I could write publicity. I said, 'What is publicity?' I soon found out by writing it. Then I was asked to do some articles for the *Times*, and then for PICTURE-PLAY, and now I am being interviewed."

"And of you, Mr. Schallert?" I asked. "I know that your family were all musicians, that you were well tutored in music, and that, besides all your other accomplishments, you are a splendid pianist." ("If he'd practice," Elza inserts.) "Didn't you start

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Photo by Evans

Dorothy Manners, says Carmel, is the kind of girl you would like to have for a chum.

Three writers—Dorothy Manners, Constance Palmer Littlefield, and Margaret Reid—implore Miss Myers to deal gently with them.

The Rebellion of Barbara

Never again will she play the artificial siren

By Caroline Bell

BARBARA LA MARR has rebelled.

Year after year, she has basked in her own reflection in the mirror of the screen.

Perhaps, like Narcissus, she was enchanted by her own beauty and gloried in the colorful raiment in which it was clothed, bonded herself to the captivation of its pose, saw no farther horizon than that pool of glamour in which it was centered.

As the priestess of allure, clothed in fabric soft and sparkling gems, what wonder that for a time she hearkened to the money-salved whisper of the tempters, "Your beauty is sufficient. Forget about acting."

So she came to appreciate the value of beauty and, ambition smothered, allowed herself to be led gently through reels in which her beauty swayed, adorned in silks and jewels—until her asset became a liability!

But the Narcissus of Hollywood refused to pine away from sheer ecstasy over her own charm. Instead of dying of self-love, she grew almost to hate her face! Narcissus of Hollywood took one last look at herself, made a face, and said, "Beat it, I've had enough of you!" or words to that effect.

"Self-preservation," Barbara defines the spurt of energy which has caused her to take the reins in her own hands to start afresh, if she can, the career which, after a brilliant inauguration, volplaned down with sickening suddenness. "I'm down, but not licked. The pageant they put me into almost snuffed me out, but I'm fighting for a chance to forget those idiotic pearl headdresses and feather fans.

"How I hate them! Everything that was used to put an aureole around what they called my beauty!" Her lips curl over the word, and there is a spirited light in the eyes that used to regard the world with the slumberous indifference of a bored and pampered queen.

"'Sandra,' 'Heart of a Siren,' and 'The White Monkey'—my starring pictures." Her mocking laugh holds more bitterness than mirth. "I was given no choice of stories. Had my weak voice been heard, no attempt would have been made to interpret in screen action the delicate subleties of Galsworthy's philosophy. My whispered protest that the public would tire of alluring ladies in clinging velvet was placated with assurances that my 'beauty' alone would suffice.

"It didn't. Interest in me died down, save for outbursts of remembrances and expressions of regret from my most loyal fans.

"I was put into a silken sheath and told to parade my 'fatal beauty.' Fatal—almost, but not quite.

"To be candid, I loved it all, at first. I was starved for beauty. I had been an adopted child, you know, and had roamed from pillar to post with my foster father, an itinerant printer. Drab, unlovely places—ugly gray houses with hideously designed red wall paper, chipped pitchers and dirty wash basins. Coarse cotton things to wear, when I longed to feel silk touching me. Doing things I loathed—setting type for thirty cents a column, and many a spanking I got when I pied it.

"Success in pictures opened a new world to me—a beauty world. Softest fabrics in which to wrap myself, jewels in my hair and on my hands, flowers all about me, luxury, perfumes. Oh, you can't know what it meant to me, to fondle beautiful things all my own, to revel in all that Beauty brings in her train for you to play with.

"I found out, however, that beauty is shallow. Like so much else in life that seems desirable when seen through the glamour of denial, it proves to be not what you want when you get it. But work is real. And success—not in the sense of fame or money, but in that it means doing something really worth while."

"They wouldn't let me act. And I hold the opinion

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Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting of the less prominent movie folk.

A Name Revived

WHY, you look like Harold Lockwood, one of the first movie idols," some one in a crowd of extras said to a tall, blue-eyed boy playing a bit in "The Viennese Medley."

"Naturally—I should," the boy smiled. "He was my father."

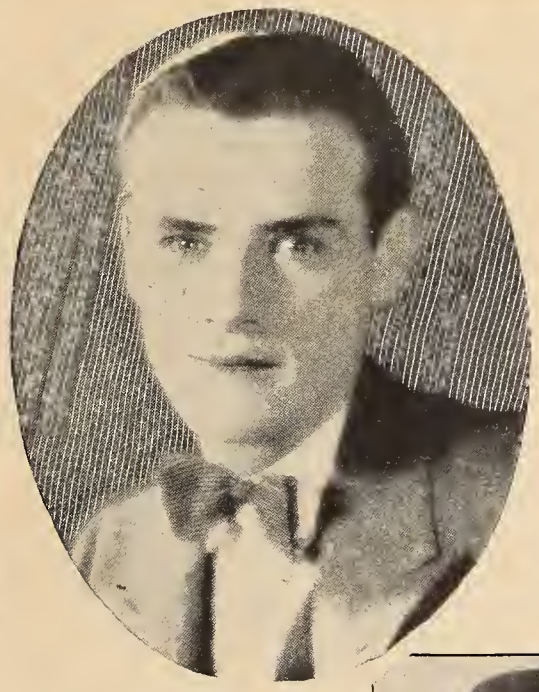
Several years ago, a quiet little woman slipped unostentatiously into the extra ranks. Her funds had diminished and she had to make a living for herself and her boy, and give him a good education.

A few old-timers remembered Lockwood's widow, and everybody said somebody ought to do something about it, give her better opportunities, or make it easier for her. But nobody ever did. And so she has plugged along.

Until now, Harold Lockwood, the boy, is eighteen, and able to step into the breadwinner's shoes. Upon completing high school, the handsome youngster, who strikingly resembles his father, turned naturally to the movies as a means of livelihood, with the added incentive of reviving the name of Lockwood on the screen. He is a quiet, well-mannered boy, very serious about his ambition and eager to make good.

Photo by Porter & Cleveland

Bobby Harron's Brother



WILL John Harron replace his beloved brother Bobby on the screen and in the hearts of the film public? It would seem so, judging from the success which is greeting his boyish rôles in Warner Brothers pictures. He has the same wistful appeal that made Bobby so much loved.

To Mary Pickford he owes his entry into pictures. Celebrating his graduation from an Eastern college with a trip to California, he was elated when Mary sent for him. She was then selecting her supporting cast for "Through the Back Door" and, believing that Johnny had inherited a share of the family talent and being anxious to give him a lift along the way, she assigned him a rôle. Her confidence in him was warranted and the satisfactory manner in which he played his part won him featured rôles in other films.

He has recently been portraying young sons, both wayward and noble. He played the youthful brother, who is victimized by the scheming vamp, in "Satan in Sables," and the hero in "Kentucky Hills."

Those who have seen him on the screen have probably noticed his strong family resemblance to his brother. He is under a long-term contract to Warner Brothers, and has just finished making "The Night Cry" for them.

Another Latin Invader

YOU saw him as *Ramon* the bullfighter in Metro-Goldwyn's "Bandolero," portions of which were filmed in Cuba and Spain. You saw the bull toss him into the air and saw him, after he arose, playing with the beast. If you had gone to his dressing room soon after that scene was filmed, you would have seen surgeons sewing up a long slit in his arm where the bull's horns had ripped open the flesh.

You will see more of him from now on. His name is Paul Ellis. Tall, straight as an arrow, with dark eyes that indicate the smoldering fire of the Latins, he has caused much fluttering of feminine hearts in and about the studios. Paul began fighting bulls in Uruguay, went to Peru, and from there moved to Mexico City. Many toros "bit the dust" as a result of his sword thrusts, but in motion pictures he will be seen in many other rôles than that of a bull fighter.

After completing the part he had in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of "Pretty Ladies," he left that organization, with which he had a short contract, and ventured into other fields.

Photo by Witzel

Straight from Argentine

WE'VE heard much about the dashing, fascinating South American youths and have even been allowed to feast our eyes on imitations of them on the screen, but now, at last, we have the opportunity of contemplating a sure-enough Argentine youth.

This is Manuel Acosta, born just twenty-six years ago in Buenos Aires, grandson of Argentine's president. As such, he naturally lived in the presidential palace at the capital and saw the more cultural side of its life. Although he acquired most of his schooling in his native country, he was sent to Paris at the age of fifteen for a finishing course.

Manuel will tell you, with a most provocative twinkle in very dark-brown eyes, that he led a decidedly gay life in that city despite the fact that he was training to be a banker.

Arrangements were finally made for him to take a banking position in New York and he came to this country. At a garden party on Long Island, a Roumanian psychic picked him from a crowd and, taking him to one side, told him he possessed great dramatic talents and urged him to take up a theatrical career.

His Latin superstition was so strong that he abandoned the banking idea at once. Meeting Anna Q. Nilsson shortly afterward, he impressed her so that she sponsored his attempts and was instrumental in securing him a part in "One Way Street." Since then he has played in "The Viennese Medley," "The Making of O'Malley," and in "Flower of the Night."

Stenography Led to Her Success

SECRET recipe for becoming a scenario writer: learn to be a stenographer first! And Mary Alice Scully has proven that the foregoing suggestion works. She definitely arrived as a film writer by adapting "Stella Maris" (the new version) and one or two other features, and previously she was coauthor, with Arthur F. Statter, of "So Big," "The Mine with the Iron Door," "The Recreation of Brian Kent," and "One Way Street."

The necessity of finding a suitable climate for her mother, who was in ill health, brought Miss Scully to California from Boston a few years ago, and on her arrival she had to assume the responsibilities of a wage earner. Like many New England girls of good family, she had learned only the homy arts of housekeeping, cooking, and fine sewing. So she took up stenography.

Her first important job was as public stenographer in the Hollywood Hotel, the rendezvous for many scenarists. She was given dictation by a number of them, and had the opportunity to study scripts in the making. Later, she obtained a studio position, and was able to see a picture through from the first adaptation to the final cutting and titling. Some more secretarial work followed with a team of prominent scenarists, in which she had similar opportunities, and then she set out to market her own individual talents.

Preparation Pays

PERHAPS Napoleon was right when he said that "opportunity consists in being prepared." Certainly had Gayne Whitman not been prepared for the chances which motion pictures now offer him, he would not have pleased Warner Brothers so well.

Opportunity was his in the old days, when he was a member of the Thomas H. Ince stock company. But believing the movies to have no future and himself to have no talent for that particular medium of expression, he left 'em flat and turned to the stage, enjoying in subsequent years that thorough training which only stock repertoire gives an actor.

As leading man of the Morosco Players in Los Angeles, he became a matinée idol. Screen stars watched his performances with enjoyment; movie producers kept their eyes on him and often proffered inducements to return to the screen. Warner Brothers eventually won him with a long-term contract.

He has been featured in varied rôles, including that of a ruthless politician, a duke, a society dilettante, an idler, and a hustling business man.

She Has Her Own Company Now

REGISTER another success for Marilyn Mills and her little home-trained horses, Beverly, Star, and Babe!

Picture-Play told in the June, 1925, issue how this enthusiastic, energetic, brown-eyed girl from Holland went to Hollywood with her parents several years ago, there to live. It told how she had traded an old buggy and harness, a goat, some chickens, and a few dollars for a little bay horse and had begun training it for pictures, and how she eventually had acquired two other intelligent little horses and added them to her school.

It was a new way of "breaking into pictures." Marilyn, Beverly, Star, and Babe, all began boosting themselves. It would be hard to say which tried the hardest. They finally got a contract with the Ben Wilson Productions and made good. Their work attracted attention.

Now, on their new stationery may be found the caption, Marilyn Mills Productions, Inc., Hollywood, California.

Capital became interested in them, a company was formed, and arrangements made to produce six five-reel pictures at a valuation of something like twenty-five thousand dollars each. The first of these, "Tricks," has been completed. The second is on the way.

Photo by Tanhugt

A Real Aristocrat

IN Belgium, as Madame Ysaye, she presided graciously over musical salons, poured tea, talked of art. Her life was serene, dignified, uneventful, in a setting of charm.

In Hollywood, as Carrie Daumery, she learned to work and to fight, and with the courage to meet the tests of a new life, she learned to earn her livelihood in a medium new to her, in an environment strange and bewildering.

Four years ago, her compact and quiet little world toppled about her ears, and this Belgian war widow, of the family of the famous violinist, came to America with her son. His health had been shattered by that conflict which had also taken her worldly possessions.

Faith was still hers, however, and she had belief in the new and magic land where anything was possible. She went to Hollywood and began the tedious round of the studios. She was rewarded when Rex Ingram gave her a small part. Ever since then, she has been playing duchesses and ladies-in-waiting and regal dowagers, giving to her work in films of royal background a distinction and a smoothness of performance born not of technique but of familiarity with the scenes pictured.

Fortune also has favored her son. Entirely well, he is now with Ingram in Europe as technical director.

The most important rôle as yet assigned to Carrie Daumery is that of the duchess in "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Not a Smile in Fourteen Years!

JULES MENDEL for fourteen years never missed a performance of one of the best-known burlesque shows in Los Angeles, and not once did he smile. This was at a time when Main Street was the theatrical Broadway and when some of the present widely known stars, such as Lewis Stone, Bill Desmond, and others, were playing in stock. Jules Mendel was the star comedian of his show, of the rough-cut, typical burlesque sort. He avoided facial expression so carefully at that time that now his one-way expression in Hal Roach comedies in "tough egg" and heavy characters is his funniest attribute. He can flick the ashes from a cigar with more expression than he puts into his face. Generally, he wears derbies, checked suits, and similar race-track raiment.

A typical product of the old Los Angeles theaters, his genuinely funny characterizations on the screen, made without "acting all over the place," are indicative of the old school. He has been with Roach two years.

Photo by Woodbury

Two Kinds of Temperament

CHARLEY CHASE, former director, gives Charley Chase, now a Hal Roach comedy star, some valuable hints, but also a lot of trouble.

His previous experience is at times an aid and yet sometimes a detriment to his director. In many bits of business he quickly grasps the situation and enacts it speedily, saving time. Occasionally, however, his ideas of a scene do not coincide with his director's.

"We argue a while, stop to play a tune, then shoot it both ways. We screen each 'take,' see that both are wrong, and ask a neutral referee for advice," says Chase.

He plays the accordion, uke, and several other instruments, and his director thumps the ivories and evokes melodies from a mouth organ. Working usually in harmony, they furnish a two-reeler days ahead of the two-week schedule allowed and, having time on their hands, loaf on the squash courts of the Roach studios.

"There's one nice thing about being an actor," he has discovered. "I don't have to worry. I let the director do it.

"But 'he who laughs last laughs best.' I laughed first, in one respect. As a director, I used to make actors do scenes that seemed funnier to me than to them—rain sequences, diving off of piers, running down the street in their B. V. D.s, and standing at the receiving end of the custard-pie line. They don't strike me as so humorous, now that I have to do them myself."

When he started acting, he loved pies so much that he shut his eyes when he saw one coming.

"I haven't met a pie face to face for some time now," he says. "But if I ever have to again——

"Well, remember that I have on tap *two* kinds of temperament, the director's and the actor's."

An Ambassadress

AT last the statesmen are showing some sense. In international problems there is inclined to be too much wise argumentation and diplomatic shuttle-cocking. The two "gangs"—mad little boys all got up in frock coats and high hats—dispute over the boundary fence and send delegations to handshake each other into an agreement. After a lot of palaver, the visiting dignitaries go home. And the problems continue to ruffle the peace.

Now, the proper thing to do is to send a clever girl to fix things.

The fact may baffle the philosophers and annoy the perennial misogynists, but it has been proven throughout history that, when a woman sets her mind on something, she gets it. Woman has made empires and ruined emperors, revised laws and broken them with a sweet disdain. Tripping gracefully into a hornets' nest, she smiles. And the hornets remove their stingers and lay them at her feet.

To prove again an age-old truth, the lovely Señorita Dolores del Rio has come to Hollywood armed with the olive branch of tact and blessed with the prayers of her people, in an effort to change bitter resentment into a friendly handclasp over the fence.

Mexico has long been in verbal arms over the presentation of its men on the American screen as villains. When there's dirty work to be done, according to the slogan of many a director, grab a Mexican.

Our Southern neighbors are peeved that their noble blood and heroes have been overlooked. The slur of having to carry the film cutlery has caused them to ban many films from Mexico.

Now on this mission of

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Stars of 1926

West Coast motion-picture advertising men, teen young leading women whom they consider These are the girls they have honored this year.

Dolores Del Rio, above, is a newcomer to the screen. She is the young Mexican society girl whom Edwin Carewe induced to enter films, and who is scheduled for a featured rôle in one of his forthcoming productions for First National. A short sketch about her appears on page 60 of this issue.

Sally Long, on the right, is another of the younger girls who has been recruited from the musical-comedy stage. Her most recently completed screen rôle is the one in the Belasco production entitled "Fifth Avenue," which deals with New York's most famous thoroughfare.

Edna Marion, above, is internationally known as a star in Century comedies. Recently she has played in dramatic pictures for Universal and Fox.

Fay Wray, below, was born in Canada, and made her first professional appearance in the Hollywood "Pilgrimage Play." She then appeared in comedies and now plays opposite Jack Hoxie, for Universal. She is one of Universal's long-term contract players.

Marceline Day, above, only recently came into prominence, although for two years she has been playing bits and small parts by way of preparation for bigger rôles. Her two latest featured rôles were in "The Splendid Road," produced by Frank Lloyd, and "The Barrier," an all-star production.

Joan Crawford, on the left, is a Metro-Goldwyn player. She first acted in Jackie Coogan's "Old Clothes," and then appeared as *Irene* in "Sally, Irene, and Mary." She is now loaned to Harry Langdon.

Joyce Compton, of Kentucky, is a newcomer, a First National player, whose first part was in "What Fools Men." Her picture does not appear on this page, but may be found on page 37.

Photo by Woodbury

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Four costumes representative of coming spring styles, in which the cape and the vest will be very much in evidence. The suit on the right is worn by Hope Hampton, the gown to her left by Esther Ralston, and the next one by Kathleen Key.

What Will Be Worn This Spring?

As the season of changing modes approaches, a safe guide to future styles may be found in the up-to-date frocks of the screen.

By Betty Brown

BEWARE the ides of March!" This prophetic warning has been quoted so often and applied to such a variety of subjects, that its use has become somewhat hackneyed from repetition. But to the woman who is about to start on the serious business of her spring wardrobe it applies with unusual aptness. For this is the season of changing modes; on every hand, the shops, the new plays, the latest screen productions, show a bewildering array of new fashions. She who is on tiptoe to wear some of the charming, springlike gowns is in danger of going wrong altogether by adopting one or another of the short-lived styles tentatively launched by hopeful designers with the questionable ambition of making it the "Ford" of the coming season.

The girl whose wardrobe must be limited—and that, alas, is the case of most of us—must walk with wary steps indeed if she would avoid the snares and pitfalls of the spring season. It is such a temptation to sally forth and, in the exuberance of our joy at the prospect of fascinating spring finery, buy right and left without giving due thought to the suitability and lasting quality of the styles under consideration.

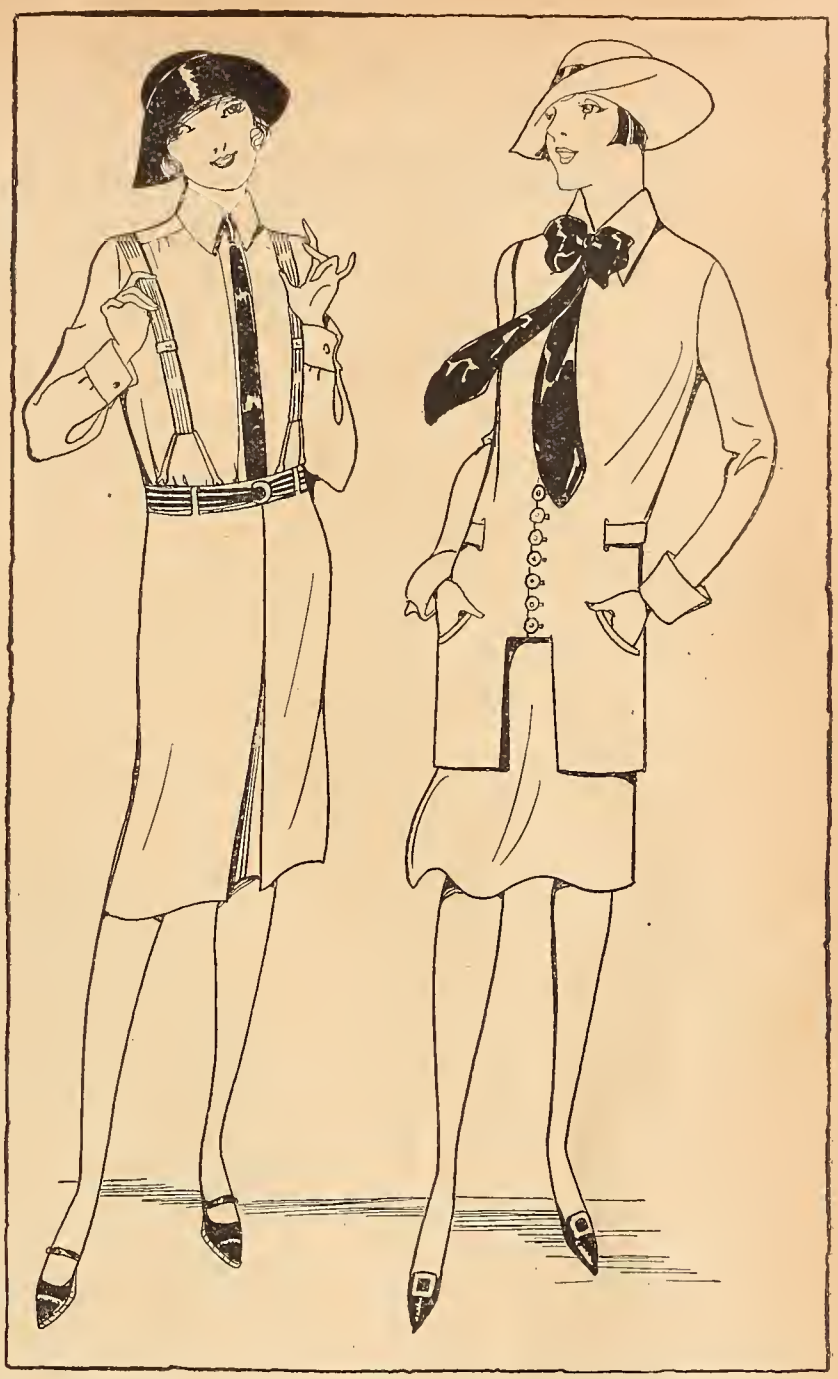
While stars of the screen have often been criticised for their exploitation of freakish and extreme fashions, this is no longer true, at least not of those stars whose popularity is the result of honest merit and ability. And there is a good reason for this. A film production, unlike one of the stage, is a more or less permanent thing; it often is shown upon the screen for many months, and

A pleated flounce and long scarf are the features of Renee Adoree's white crêpe-de-Chine frock printed with red-and-green dots.

even sometimes revived after several years. The costumes worn when the picture was taken cannot be changed or modified according to the prevailing fashion, but are permanent fixtures. Hence, the less freakish and more enduring these are, the less ridiculous they appear in months to come. This is a rule which works both ways; for, what is to be good in the future must also be good now. Consequently, the costumes of the players in any of the modern screen productions are an accurate prediction and a safe guide as to what will be worn during the coming season.

The frocks and suits sketched here are, with a single exception, all taken from advance models of the coming spring mode. The exception is the tailored suit and vest which appears at the top of the first page. This costume, which is worn by Hope Hampton, is fashioned of a winter material—black velvet. Its style, however, is so indicative of the approaching season that it might be charmingly copied in satin or cloth, with the vest of plain white linen or piqué. Or the vest might be, as in the sketch shown, of rhinestone-studded white satin, with a dainty watch fob hanging from the black velvet pocket. The vest idea, by the way, is the newest note on tailored suits for the spring, and it is a delightful one, as a plain suit can be completely transformed by the use of different vests in white or colors.

The cape costume is another venture which, although it has been tried only tentatively this winter, bids fair to burst into full flower with the spring season.



Mannish suspenders are the latest thing for holding up the sport skirt. At the right is a two-piece knitted costume worn by Gertrude Olmstead.

A velvet overblouse, bound by a sash of silver, and voluminous satin trousers form the negligee worn by Claire Windsor in "Dance Madness."

The coat dress, sketched at the extreme left of the first-page group exemplifies the cape style at its best. It is of a soft, beige satin, bordered with the popular chipmunk fur, the soft tan-and-brown markings of which harmonize most charmingly with the ground color.

The coat dress which appears on the next figure is worn by Kathleen Key. It is of navy-blue charmine, with gay-colored embroidery and contrasting bands. Dainty, pleated, crêpe undersleeves and vest soften the severity, and lend a springlike air to the dress.

The frock in the center of the group is one of the charming gowns worn by Esther Ralston in "Womanhandled." This, with its removable cape, is particularly adaptable to contrasting materials. As can be seen, with its panel and self-colored embroidery, it is a simple, one-piece style, while the cape has a unique crossed-scarf fastening.

A pleated flounce and a long scarf are features of the smart frock sketched at the lower right of the group. This was worn by Renee Adoree in "Exchange of Wives." The background is of white crêpe de Chine printed with bright red-and-green dots, and the flounce and

Continued on page 100

The Screen

Looking over the latest film offerings,

By Sally

THE legendary heroes of storybooks could not have possessed one bit more of daring than do the moving-picture producers of to-day. They will try absolutely anything, and I, for one, can only admire a company that attempts "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "Hogan's Alley" both in the same month. I am speaking of Warner Brothers, those dauntless gentlemen who refused to be abashed by the delicate job of translating Oscar Wilde into movieism, an undertaking, to my mind, not one whit less difficult than separating a dragon from all seven of his heads.

They tried it and, like all brave heroes, they have succeeded, not exactly in capturing Oscar Wilde, but in making a good picture, which is undoubtedly all they were trying for, anyway.

The bare plot, Wilde or no Wilde, is as melodramatic as any ten-twenty-thirty idea. A woman of doubtful reputation sacrifices her last chance for respectability in order to save her daughter from the same foolish mistake she herself made in her youth. The daughter has never known her mother, so the sacrifice is a real one, with no chance of a just reward as the curtain falls. As you can see, there are plenty of opportunities in such a plot for wry smiles, torn emotions, and oh, the bitterness of it all! But Lubitsch, the director, has spared us most of them. The picture is refreshing and charming, well acted, and directed with sophistication.

As *Lady Windermere's* mother, Irene Rich plays the most grown-up part of her career. It seems strange to see the usually wronged but gentle Miss Rich, playing the part of a social outcast—not the outcast of the stage and screen, but a real woman, balancing on the edge of the only world she knows, balancing prettily and gracefully to be sure, but fearfully none the less.

The rest of the cast, good as they are, lag several paces behind Miss Rich, who undoubtedly does the best work she has ever done. There is one scene between her and Bert Lytell that stands well to the fore of any acting I have ever seen on the screen.

May McAvoy as LADY WINDERMERE *in "Lady Windermere's Fan."*

May McAvoy seems rather colorless as *Lady Windermere*. There is such a thing as being so restrained as to go entirely unnoticed. A single rose in a vase, in spite of what the Japanese say, is often neither as beautiful nor effective as a whole bowl of them.

Ronald Colman has an almost villainous rôle. I've heard that the Warners paid a large sum for the services of this popular actor, but I firmly believe that they wasted whatever money they spent. The part he plays is slight, and though he is attractive and capable, I feel that their own John Roche would have done just as well in the part and saved them the expense of getting an outside star.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" is full of the same sort of delightful details that "Kiss Me Again" and "The Marriage Circle" contained. I do not know what America has meant to Mr. Lubitsch, but I think that Mr. Lubitsch has taught America how to smile.

Yuletide Whimsy.

When the holidays approach, all of us are entreated to forget all we know, and become girls with our girls, or boys with our boys. Our return to childhood is usually marked by a whimsical something of Barrie's, and I must admit that I find that my knees creak slightly and I feel a draught on the back of my neck when I undertake this yearly romp with the kiddies.

This year it was "A Kiss for Cinderella," with Betty Bronson, or starring Betty Bronson. This is an adaptation, and a slight enlargement, of the stage play of the same name, which was produced in New York seven or eight years ago.

It is the story of a little London waif, who has adopted four war orphans. Her vivid imagination, combined with very little food, makes her dreams realities.

It is hardly possible to mention a dream scene without referring to "Beggar on Horseback," but as "A Kiss for Cinderella" was conceived and written long before "Beggar on Horseback," the comparison should be made the other way around.

I liked "A Kiss for Cinderella," though there are times when it seems to drag unbearably, and during the first scenes Betty Bronson seems almost too positive as a quaint little thing. And the babies in their boxes along the wall act like little puppets worked with strings.

There are bits of the dream that are pure delight, and Tom Moore, as the exquisitely bored young prince, is very good. Dorothy Cumming is the beautiful, haughty queen, and Betty Bronson is without a doubt a very engaging child.

Herbert Brenon is the director, and he has made the picture a really delicate and humorous thing. I am not so certain children will like this. Children do not seek whimsy. But their mothers and fathers, who have forgotten that childhood is a period for custard pies and performing animals, will enjoy it.

Spending Made a Virtue.

If a story is a good one, it is just as good when read the second time. This is the case with "Skinner's Dress Suit." I have forgotten who made this picture several years ago, but I have a faint recollection that Bryant Washburn was in it, and I am certain that the story originally ran in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Young *Skinner* is a clerk with an adoring wife who thinks that he will conquer the world. He asks for a raise, and doesn't get it, but rather than have his wife lose her ideal of him, he doesn't tell her of his disappointment. So she starts in spending the phantom raise, and the first purchase is a new dress suit for her husband. The dress suit leads to accessories and then more accessories, and *Skinner,* in a frantic

in Review

with the assistance of Felix the Cat.

Benson

endeavor to live up to them, really does become successful.

This is by all means the best comedy of the month. Reginald Denny is a trifle too plump as *Skinner*. Laura La Plante is the wife. I know of a no more engaging sight than that of Mr. Denny learning the Charleston. This is a happy, inconsequential, thoroughly enjoyable picture, with a story that is so good that I expect to see it done over again every ten years.

More of the Younger Generation.

Colleen Moore, in "We Moderns," is again an impudent, independent example of the young folk of today. Here is a young lady, not especially pretty, with a hidden charm that I cannot quite locate. I only know that I like her in whatever picture she is in, and that is saying a good deal.

Miss Moore this time is the daughter of *Sir Robert* and *Lady Kitty Sundale*. Left to her own devices by her parents, she seems in a fair way of arriving at no good end. She loses her heart to *Oscar Pleat*, a drawing-room poet, and being a modern young miss, she determines to get him. Getting him turns out to be a hazardous business, but after climbing over the lions in Trafalgar Square, and becoming more or less intimate with the police force, she manages to hide herself under the young gentleman's bed. Fortunately, he falls in love with her.

Not much of a story, you will admit, and yet the sprightly, very-much-alive Miss Moore manages to pull it out of the total-loss class. It was adapted from the stage play by Israel Zangwill.

Betty Bronson as the little waif in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

Leon Errol Again.

Leon Errol and his unreliable knee both appear in "Clothes Make the Pirate."

Mr. Errol is *"Tremble-at-Evil" Tidd*, a timid, imposed-upon little tailor, who staggers drunkenly from his shop to a pirate ship and sets sail under the black flag.

Though all else fails, his knee never does, and when he is dressed in his mail-order pirate's best, and it folds under him so that he corkscrews down to the deck, the delighted screams of the audience could be heard for blocks.

"Clothes Make the Pirate" is a light burlesque on the storybook Captain Kidd. And even though it is all in fun, some of the nautical scenes, stagy as they are, manage to be really thrilling.

Mr. Errol makes the picture, although Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, and Edna Murphy contribute to a pleasant little love story. But the knee is really the thing.

Potpourri of Pola.

"A Woman of the World," starring Pola Negri, is very, very faintly reminiscent of the book, "The Tattooed Countess," from which it was adapted. In the book, which was written by Carl van Vechten, the tattoo mark did not really exist and was only symbolical, but in the picture, the tattoo is real. This expresses the whole tone of the production. It is all a very clumsy affair.

Clowning and drama have become hopelessly mingled, with Miss Negri occasionally brilliant, and at other times unbelievably dull. The fun is heavy, and the drama light.

Chester Conklin's mustache is a masterpiece, but a slightly miscast masterpiece. The preceding scenes do not prepare you for its spectacular début.

The story jumps from the Riviera to Maple Valley, presumably in Indiana, and here the *Countess* falls in love with the district attorney. We are told that she has journeyed to Maple Valley to economize, but her lavish display of jewels left me a little doubtful about that.

Malcolm St. Clair, the director, seems to have been more interested in putting across his slapstick than in sticking to his story, but then, the story being what it is, I don't much blame him.

Theda Bara Returns.

When I saw "The Unchastened Woman" and realized that it was actually Theda Bara's return to the screen, and not just one of her old pictures, my amazement knew no bounds. I had to be told over and over again that I was actually seeing a picture made within the past year, and even now, I don't quite believe it.

I have heard that Miss Bara has signed up with Hal Roach comedies, and this film might well be the first one. Certainly, it is not the same play in which Emily Stevens disported herself so decadently. Miss Bara's vamping is so childish that it is almost wholesome.

The picture is filled with such titles as "Caroline, little mother, won't you let me tell you how much I need you?" and "Men are just boys grown older, and I guess I can take good care of my two boys."

The rest of the picture is vulgar, badly directed, badly acted, and in every way perfectly hopeless. I enjoyed it.

Go Back to Erin.

"Irish Luck" is a picture undoubtedly made for the Celtic charms of Mr. Meighan. He has every opportunity to disport himself as a broth of a boy, and my only objections are that he refuses to disport. In fact, recently, Mr. Meighan has been refusing to do almost everything, including acting. And in "Irish Luck," he walks through his parts—he plays a dual rôle—in a sonambulistic sort of way.

Tom Donahue, a young traffic policeman, is sent to Ireland as the winner of a popularity contest. Once in Dublin, he finds that he has a double, a *Lord Fitzhugh*, and his pleasure trip is transformed overnight into an adventure.

He saves *Lord Fitzhugh's* life, and falls in love with his sister, and I judge, never returns to the force.

"Clothes Make the Pirate."

"We Moderns."

"Cobra."

"Joanna."

Lois Wilson is *Lady Gwendolyn*, and Ernest Lawford has a small part as the *Earl*. The scenes taken in Ireland are really beautiful, and on these the picture rests.

Philanthropic Millionaires.

"Joanna," a First National Picture, with Dorothy Mackaill, is a tinsel drama defending American womanhood.

Two millionaires get into an amiable argument concerning the morals of the American girl, and one of the dear old fellows, to prove his point, bets a million dollars that the girls nowadays are as good as they ever were. They decide to test this theory, and thrust a poor shopgirl into a luxurious life by suddenly giving her a million, to use as she will, the idea, of course, being that once having owned a million, she, when it is spent, will undertake a life of crime rather than go back to poverty. Of course, she could have fooled them all by safely investing her money and living on the income, but no one seems to have thought of that.

The picture is full of gay midnight parties, terribly done, and of bad, bad rich men who turn out to be only fooling after all.

Lovely Dorothy Mackaill, with her hair cut short, proves to me that she is a comedienne of the first order. Nothing she does seems improbable, from spending a million to regretting it. George Fawcett, he with the well-managed eyebrows, is the quaint old millionaire. Dolores del Rio is an effective decoration newly arrived from South America.

The picture was badly directed by Edwin Carewe.

Engaging Crooks.

"Seven Sinners," a Warner Brothers picture, gets off to a splendid start only to be slowed down by a rather inevitable grinding of the camera.

Marie Prevost and her partner in crime, John Patrick, an exceedingly handsome young man, plan to rob a large country house. There they run into Clive Brook, as *Jerry Winters*, who seems to belong there but who turns out to be only another gentleman burglar. Two more join the ranks, and finally a third, and they are all locked up in the house together, with the burglar alarms set on the windows and a policeman just outside.

The comedy in this picture is delightful until it suffers from repetition. But even at that, the film is a well-directed and nicely staged entertainment.

There can never be too many *Jimmy Valentines* in pictures for me.

And Some More Crooks.

Here, if we are to believe all we read, is a picture both written and directed by William de Mille. It is "The Splendid Crime," starring Bebe Daniels, and while it is not unusually exciting, nor unusually clever, it is nicely knit and worth seeing.

It affords principally an opportunity for Miss Daniels to show just how a good girl acts and then just how a bad one suffers. Or rather, it is the other way round, for she gets all the badness over with in the early part of the picture, and virtue sets in immediately.

In fact, she meets the young man who is afterward to be the object of her affections while she is burgling at midnight, and the reform sets in right then and there.

The young man is Neil Hamilton, the same who played in D. W. Griffith's "America" (first installment). Both he and Miss Daniels do as well with their parts as even Mr. de Mille could expect.

As the plot winds up, it weakens, and the finish is a little too preposterous to be swallowed by even the kindest of audiences. However, crook plays can't be entirely plausible and still keep the hero and heroine out of jail, so if you want to see two extremely handsome young people acting very well indeed,

I should advise you to see Miss Daniel and Mr. Hamilton in "The Splendid Crime."

Valentino in Evening Clothes.

There is nothing more to be seen in "Cobra" than Mr. Valentino's apparently endless wardrobe. He is evidently of the school of actors who believe that if you are all dressed up you must be restrained, and like a little boy in his Sunday clothes, he seems afraid to move a muscle.

"Cobra" is an adaptation of Martin Brown's melodrama, but the picture cannot be compared with the play. In the first place, the play calls for a woman lead, and I cannot understand why Mr. Valentino chose this picture for himself.

Nita Naldi, as the bad serpent of a woman, has been tamed and hypnotized into an almost dormant state in order to allow the impeccably dressed Mr. Valentino to open doors slowly and walk like a little gentleman. And with the hypnosis of Miss Naldi, the story catches some of her lethargy.

The end of the picture is a little ludicrous. Miss Naldi is burned to a crisp in a hotel fire, where, needless to say, she should not have been in the first place. Casson Ferguson, although he wins both the women of the films, wins them, so to speak, by default. He is not a very engaging person.

Eileen Percy has a small part, and Gertrude Olmstead is a stenographer devoted solely to business, who nevertheless, by her "meachin'" ways, wins both men.

Stage Royalty.

"The Only Thing" is based on a story by Elinor Glyn.

It is a hodgepodge film of impossible royalty, too stagy to be real, and too earthy to join the "Prince and Princess" class. Eleanor Boardman, as a princess, has seen fit to don a most imposing blond wig, in which she strikes attitudes and has her picture taken. Conrad Nagel is unbelievably handsome as an English duke, almost handsome enough to make the picture worth seeing, and those of you who believe the saying, "If eyes are made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse," can go and feast your eyes on Mr. Nagel in uniform, and Miss Boardman with golden locks. Personally, I prefer more to a meal than the *hors d'œuvres*.

The commoners rise up against the aristocrats, so we are told, and nobility is chained hand to hand with the criminal element and shipped out into the sea on leaky barges. These scenes, even though unconvincing, are unnecessarily sadistic. The close-ups of the deformed royal family are also uncalled for. I believe that more money is made in making people laugh than in making them shudder.

Musical Comedy Without the Music.

"Sally, Irene, and Mary," those three popular young ladies, have found their way to moving pictures. This is a light, amusing comedy, full of hokum, but so pleasantly done that you will be ready to admit the hokum, and even like it.

Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Sally O'Neill, in the title rôles, play with grace and naturalness. Miss O'Neill is before the camera more than either Miss Bennett or Miss Crawford, and for a newcomer in pictures, she seems to have a finish that is almost remarkable.

The story is principally concerned with the evils and dangers of Broadway. *Sally* is a level-headed little Irish girl from New York's East Side, whose head is not unbalanced by dancing and light wines. *Irene* and *Mary* do not fare so well.

There is a railroad wreck, a little Irish comedy, and a large slice of Broadway after dark, with Constance Bennett looking completely lovely all through the picture, Joan Crawford acting very natural, and Sally O'Neill capturing the complete essence of youth. This is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film.

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"Seven Sinners."

"The Splendid Crime."

"Skinner's Dress Suit."

"The Unchastened Wo[illegible]"

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the *Zorro* type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's "latest and best." College football from an uproarious angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charley Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"Little Annie Rooney"—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York's lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines makes attractive hero.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus hoyden and W. C. Fields' screen début as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

"Siege"—Universal. A simple picture of New England prejudices, remarkable principally for its finely suggestive direction by Svend Gade and the poignant, human performances of Mary Alden, Marc McDermott, and Virginia Valli.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Ancient Highway, The"—Paramount. Jack Holt and Billie Dove in a decidedly pleasing picture full of action and gorgeous scenery.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful and amusing picture of married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.

"A Woman's Faith"—Universal. A good melodrama with a blinded hero whose sight is restored by a miracle. Alma Rubens does fine acting. Percy Marmont stilted.

"Beautiful City, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an Italian boy in a melodrama of New York's East Side. Dorothy Gish, delightful as his Irish sweetheart.

"Beggar on Horseback"—Paramount. James Cruze let loose on the fantastic stage play. Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

"Bobbed Hair"—Warner. Thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, one of the best. Marie Prevost excellent in lead, Louise Fazenda a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan a young man with money and a car.

"Clash of the Wolves, The"—Warner. Rin-tin-tin at his very best in typical rôle of a wolf tamed by a man's kindness. Film itself and human actors could be better.

"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl in a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as young mechanic.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—First National. An entertaining film of a henpecked tailor of Colonial days who unwittingly becomes a pirate chief overnight. Leon Errol's unique comedy gifts given full play; Dorothy Gish is the shrewish wife.

"Coast of Folly, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two rôles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both mother and daughter in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.

"Dark Angel, The"—First National. Old story of blinded soldier. Ronald Colman at his best. Vilma Banky makes first appearance on American screen—a very beautiful woman and fine actress.

"Eagle, The"—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino, as Russian lieutenant who turns bandit, gives a better performance than he has in a long while. Pleasant picture with complicated plot; Vilma Banky beautiful and natural as heroine.

"Exchange of Wives"—Metro-Goldwyn. Light, amusing comedy in which two young married couples become involved with one another, trying an exchange of husbands and wives for two weeks. Made very funny by Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Creighton Hale, and Lew Cody.

"Fine Clothes"—First National. Percy Marmont, Alma Rubens, Raymond Griffith, and Lewis Stone in adaptation of Molnar's "Fashions for Men." Story of mild-mannered haberdasher whose wife elopes with head clerk, and whose cashier, whom he loves, is beset by ill-meaning earl.

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Louise Dresser excellent as degraded former opera singer who is reformed in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good son.

"Go Straight"—Schulberg. Entertaining crook melodrama with Gladys Hulette, Owen Moore, and Robert Edeson.

"Go West"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton and a Jersey cow called Brown Eyes, who follows him like a dog, are the center of attraction in an amusing comedy of the Western plains.

"Graustark"—First National. Norma Talmadge in film of George Barr McCutcheon's novel. Great box-office hit, but may be disappointing to any one inclined to be critical.

"Halfway Girl, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, as two derelicts thrown together in the Orient, go from bad to worse until a shipwreck shocks them out of themselves.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with locale supposedly in Vienna. Constance Talmadge in dual rôle. Ronald Colman not so good as husband. George K. Arthur also in cast.

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Hollywood High Lights

Clicking off the latest news and gossip of the star-bedecked camera metropolis, including a preview impression of "Ben-Hur."

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHAT has come over Charlie Chaplin? What will his next stunt be? Is it marriage that has suddenly transformed his wonted moodiness, and brought back the gayety that used to be so characteristic of him? Or what is it?

Hollywood has cause to ask these questions. For a new Charlie has been emerging during the past few months, and all the film world has had occasion to take note of the fact.

First of all, in a social way.

Though he has frequently been the life of the party at many and various private gatherings, he has seldom exhibited in public his talents as a clever drawing-room entertainer. He has never been renowned as a speechmaker, and seldom as a wit. Usually, he has avoided anything but a somewhat superior dignity—a few words briefly, tersely, and sometimes quite sardonically, spoken at premières and other gala assemblages of the picture folk.

But—at a big public celebration recently held at the Writer's Club in honor of Doug and Mary, prior to their departure for Europe, Charlie caused a sensation by jumping up onto the table and doing a couple of impromptu charades—one of them decidedly spicy in character.

And—at a testimonial dinner for Sid Grauman, famed theater manager, which was attended by film producers, actors, and even some civic leaders, he made a burlesque speech that was a knock-out—one of the hits of the evening.

More exciting still was the fact that he and his closest friend, Doug, had a hot tilt in the newspapers over the then impending—but now off—merger between United Artists and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Doug, in a published interview, had referred to Charlie as a "kicker," because he opposed going into the deal, and Charlie came back the next day with a snappy retort that Doug was a "jumper"—because he wanted United Artists, which has always been the king-pin independent organization, so called, to align itself with the other organization. Evidently, too, Charlie's judgment about the transaction carried a good deal of weight, because it was shortly after that that the negotiations fell through.

Charlie was also quite affable recently, though discreetly noncommittal, about the report that the stork is again hovering over his household. There seems little doubt that this is true.

Charlot Bird, Paramount player, displays a recent fad—fur garters. This pair, made of thirty-two ermine tails, is valued at three hundred dollars. However, any kind of fur can be used. They are especially effective for use while dancing the Charleston.

Which makes things even more interesting for those who are trying to analyze his sudden change of demeanor, not to say of character.

Opposed to Marrying Actors.

Soon the girls of Hollywood will have to set about forming a brand new club, and the only name we can think of at the moment that would be appropriate is, Independent Order of Young Ladies Opposed to Marrying Actors.

Which is long but accurate.

Dorothy Mackaill was one of the first to come out with a pronunciamento against the custom, and not long ago Norma Shearer very diplomatically confided to us that she believed it was not just the wisest plan, while Renee Adoree said that it was a decidedly bad idea, admitting, however, that one can never speak definitely for the future.

The three girls have a wide variety of viewpoints on other things, which makes their unanimity on this one score all the more striking.

The truth is that they really have no objection to marrying into the profession, so far as any particular individual is concerned with whom they might be seen publicly. They just deem it dangerous to a happy union for two people to have professional ambitions. Always a good argument so long as it lasts.

Renee, of course, is the only one who speaks from experience. She was married to Tom Moore, but the divorce is now complete.

"We are still the best of friends," she says. And you can add that, if you like, to the list of famous last words in Hollywood.

All Want to Be Warfields.

If you see the elderly character actors suddenly beginning to cultivate a funny set of mannerisms—such as sticking their tongues in their cheeks, growing watery-eyed on the least provocation, brushing their hair, when they have any, in a very definite pompadour instead of with a part, and otherwise altering their personalities—there's a reason! And it's a big one from a professional point of view.

Virtually every old-time trouper in the films who thinks he has the least chance, is anxious to get a whack at one of the rôles in the films being made from the plays of David Warfield. These include "The Music Master," "The Auctioneer," "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Grand Army Man," and others which have been purchased by Fox. The Warfield tricks of ex-

pression and gesture are justly celebrated, for he has long been one of the foremost stars of the spoken drama. And the actors selected to do his various characterizations on the screen may well consider themselves signally honored.

Everybody but Jackie Coogan has at one time or another been suggested—even to leading juveniles, who naturally excel in making up as old men. Henry Walthall and Alec Francis have been mentioned particularly, but it seems that Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph's father, who made his film début in "His People," will probably have the first opportunity, playing in "The Auctioneer."

It might be worth while to note that the old-time actors have formed a club of their own called "The Troupers." Nobody with less than a hundred years' experience on the screen, is permitted to become a member.

Safer to Walk.

Charles Emmett Mack, the Griffith find, has decided that it's better to own your own car than to rent one.

When he first came to California, he used to take a flivver out by the week, because he didn't know whether he was going to stay in the West permanently or not.

"I don't know whether they tried to hand me a lemon or not, but it certainly was one," says Mack. "It used to rattle so, that the gateman at the studio never had any trouble recognizing me.

"Finally, one night, I thought I'd take a pleasure jaunt in it, and I drove to the top of Lookout Mountain in Laurel Cañon.

"So far as I know, the car is still up there. And all that I can say is that I'm thankful I walked down."

(We must mention incidentally that this is the very first time that we have heard of a *man* walking down from Lookout Mountain!)

Mack has had jobs so regularly since his arrival that he is now contemplating a Rolls-Royce from a safe distance. He played in Pola Negri's picture, "A Woman of the World," and more recently opposite Norma Shearer in "The Light Eternal."

He is bound to be remembered by everybody, of course, for his acting of the fop in D. W. Griffith's "America," and is one of the cleverest of the younger character leads, as well as an extremely engaging personality.

Marion Davies in "Beverly of Graustark," showing her extreme hair cut.

Charlie Ray's Ill Fortune.

Much, indeed, has been told of the wealth won by motion-picture stars in all stages of film history, but never, perhaps, has there been such a tale of woeful financial disaster as that of Charles Ray. He recently filed a bankruptcy petition that showed him to be nearly one million dollars in the hole.

The beautiful Ray home in Beverly Hills, with all its famous furnishings, was sold at auction. The French living room has always been celebrated as one of the most exquisite and unique decorative creations in all Hollywood.

The Rays have temporarily retained their residence at the house by paying rent to the new owners, and though it has been a bitter experience for Charlie, he seems to manifest, as is his wont, a philosophical sentiment regarding his misfortunes.

His money troubles may be largely traced to his one venture into a costume production, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This is reputed to have cost him more than half a million dollars. The largest personal advancement of money to him was made by Fred Niblo, the director, and amounted to three thousand dollars. The bulk of his debts comprised taxes, money borrowed from banks, and so forth. His father joined with him in the bankruptcy petition.

Ray has a contract now with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company, and may in time be able to recoup his losses, as he is still a strong favorite with the public. His most recent picture is "The Auction Block," from the Rex Beach story.

A Prize Boyish Bob.

To Marion Davies goes the prize for the most boyish bob in Hollywood except Leatrice Joy's. She has shorn her golden curls in the interests of art, as the saying is, for her rôle in "Beverly of Graustark," and the new hair cut is exceedingly becoming to her.

"Beverly of Graustark" is possibly the most lavish costume picture that Miss Davies has made since "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The lead opposite her is played by Antonio Moreno, who recently returned from his sojourn abroad with Rex Ingram.

Miss Davies wears a military uniform in many of the scenes in the picture, and the boyish bob is to aid in making her look as though she could review an army of soldiers.

Elaine's Smart Choice.

Elaine Hammerstein must also be a believer in weddings outside the profession. She recently announced her engagement to J. Walter Kays, a prominent person in the social life of Los Angeles, and a member of one of the oldest California families. Kays is a capitalist and a fire commissioner, to boot, and so, if Elaine ever has occasion to resort for publicity to that good old gag of a fire in her home, her husband will probably be able to vouch for the truth of the story.

Not So Babyish.

The Baby Stars of the present year are considered, in the picture colony, much more promising than usual. The selections seem to have been well made by the Wampas, considering some of the awful duds that they have picked *sans* rhyme or reason on certain past occasions.

Several of the new group, however, are far from being infants in the profession. And this year they are not called "Baby" Stars officially. Some of the brightest bets that we have already seen in pictures are Dolores Costello, Marceline Day, Sally O'Neill, Joan Crawford, and Edna Marian. Little Janet Gaynor we know per-

sonally, and she also is very cute.

Mary Astor and Vera Reynolds are already known quite well to picturegoers, but have never been included before in a Wampas choice. The majority of the girls have an unusually good chance to prove what they can do during the new year to make themselves famous.

Their coming-out party will be held about the time this magazine is published.

Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery are featured as a comedy team in Paramount's "Behind the Front," a war comedy.

Dolores the Glad.

Dolores del Rio, who is also one of the Wampas stars, has made such a hit with the producers in her first screen performance, in Dorothy Mackaill's "Joanna," that she is to be featured in another production for First National directed by Edwin Carewe.

The way in which this girl is walking right into big parts is the amazement of all Hollywood.

For an absolute newcomer, she also figures prominently in the colony's social affairs. Her execution of the Charleston with fandango variations has been a delight, though she herself does not care especially about the dance, even while doing it in her own individual and highly colorful manner.

As you may have heard, Miss del Rio is a very beautiful, olive-skinned Mexican girl of high caste, and looks and acts it. She prides herself on the purity of her Mexican blood and does not wish it confused with Spanish.

Watch Mary Now.

Lois Weber, Hollywood's one and only directress, has several discoveries of talent to her credit, such as Claire Windsor and Mary MacLaren, and is recognizedly quite clever in her method of dealing with younger players in particular.

On that account, everybody is quite curious to know what effect she will have on Mary Philbin's destiny, for following a long absence, she has been selected to make Mary's next production.

"Merry Go Round" was Miss Philbin's one good "break" on the screen, and she has been languishing for want of a proper vehicle ever since. "Stella Maris" was a big opportunity for her, but that is gruesome and grotesque to the last degree, and resembles too closely the efforts of a little girl playing with putty, ugly false teeth and a hunched back, trying to emulate Lon Chaney.

For which, of course, Mary herself was in no way to blame.

Another Chaney Impersonation!

The title of Lon Chaney's new starring picture, a crook story, will probably be changed. It seems the company was rather afraid that the significance of "The Mocking Bird" might be misunderstood.

"Probably they're right about it," said Marshall Neilan. "Sounds too much as though Chaney were doing an impersonation of a bird, and wearing feathers."

Castles That Crumble.

At a recent auction sale, the dwelling formerly occupied by Mary Miles Minter was stripped of its furnishings, and souvenir hunters had their heyday of bidding.

Mary herself was not present, but her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, attended, and referred to the abode as a "dream house" and said that the adornments were to have been used one day to furnish a castle on the Riviera.

She and Mary, of course, have had endless court encounters over money matters and the sale of the residence furnishings was a result of this family break-up. The house is to be rented.

It is not beyond range of probability that with the legal complications and all, the Minter money, gained on one of the most lucrative contracts ever signed in the films, will be depleted to quite an extent.

Another Promising Hero.

We have caught one glimpse of Robert Ames recently in that very excellent secret-service picture, "Three Faces East," and he registers a different and interesting personality—extremely natural.

Ames is a stage player of considerable experience whom Cecil De Mille has under contract, and who will soon be given a big part in one of De Mille's special features.

De Mille's other find, William Boyd, is winning a lot of fan letters on the strength of "The Road to Yesterday."

Butter and Egg Man Note.

A famous star only the other day *actually* told us that her make-up in a character sequence of a late film was so remarkable that even the studio gateman didn't recognize her! After which, we will all now rise and sing "Glory, Hallelujah."

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The Triumph of the Season—"Ben-Hur"

Forty-five years ago, some vital spark that gleamed among the rather tedious details of a book by General Lew Wallace, aroused an answering spark in the hearts of a tremendous public. The book was called "Ben-Hur," and it was a purely fictional tale mingled with bits from the Bible stories of the life of Christ. But the spark that gave it life was bright enough and hardy enough to burn its way to the stage; and while the stage of twenty-five years ago, footlighted and mechanically deficient, was not ready for such a spectacle, "Ben-Hur" survived gloriously for nearly a quarter of a century. It is hardly strange then that, surrounded by every modern effect of lighting, coloring, and staging, the spark of "Ben-Hur" should now flame up into dazzling brilliance.

Somehow, out of the chaos of the three actual years spent in filming "Ben-Hur," out of the mechanical confusion that must have befuddled its makers, a picture of clarity and beauty has been formed. The settings are superb; some of the biblical views are poignantly lovely; but most of all, it has the earnest and romantic acting of young Ramon Novarro, who has at last lifted *Ben-Hur* from the ranks and changed him from an actor to a hero.

The name "Ben-Hur" has always suggested chariot races, togas, actors in grease paint, and a stage constructed, at great expense, to hold eight galloping horses, and to the sophisticated, it has also meant something to be vaguely smiled at. In this age of individual expression, it is usually rather funny to see an actor assume the clothes and attitudes of a mythical hero. We know so little of how brave young men really did act a thousand or so years ago, that no matter how an actor interprets these actions, we usually become condescending and feel that he must be wrong. But Mr. Novarro's youth, spirit, and very fine acting are not to be laughed away. He is earnest and he is real, and the mammoth sets, the long and rambling story, the almost overwhelming brilliance of the whole picture, have been caught and held together by the intensity of his youthful belief in his part. And in this day of Nordics and brisk young go-getters, his *Ben-Hur* is a romantic and fiery bit from the past. The rest of the cast, I am willing to believe, are everyday people, people I know or know about, but Mr. Novarro seems utterly foreign, very, very handsome, and most gorgeously young.

In the first chapter of the picture, Betty Bronson does a very astounding thing. In a few brief and exquisite flashes, she gives an unforgetable portrait of the *Madonna.* She is as inspired and gracious as a religious masterpiece. I could hardly believe that this was the same Betty Bronson who had disported herself prettily and prankishly in "Peter Pan." She, too, has inevitable youth, and belief in what she is doing.

The rest of the cast can be dismissed as capable actors. May McAvoy's pretty face is set off by a blond wig, and in keeping with her rôle, she plays with doves. In a scene where Mr. Novarro catches one of her birds and brings it back to her, he seems awake with interest, while she displays no more than her usual coyness. She plays the part of *Esther.* Claire MacDowell brings a little Oriental sadness to the rôle of *Ben-Hur's* mother, and Kathleen Key is the dark-eyed, glowing *Tirzah.*

Francis X. Bushman is really superb as *Messala,* that haughty and villainous Roman. He is an actor at all times, but there is something admirable in the way he does it. He has the muscled, theatrical, effects of several years ago, ready to use at a moment's notice, and he uses them. He was in the audience at the opening of the picture, and I thought he seemed a little dazed at the superb spectacle of which he formed a part.

There are exceptionally few hackneyed devices employed by Fred Niblo, who directed the film. He has freshened the story and handled it without the gloves of convention.

The picture begins with a simplicity that is disarming. No long list of names is thrown on the screen. There is no foreword of explanation. The names of the cameramen and assistant directors, the number of extras used, the amount of money spent—all this is kept from you, and in blissful ignorance, you watch the picture just for itself. Before the curtain rose, the names of the members of the cast were set in panels, attractively lighted, at either side of the stage. When the picture began, they vanished, and no more was said about them.

Years ago, when "Ben-Hur" was first staged by Mr. Erlanger, he assured its author, General Wallace, that the religious scenes would be handled as delicately as possible. Christ was represented only by a suggestive use of light. In the film, Mr. Niblo has represented Him by a compassionate and sensitive hand, and in this way, he has attained an effect of divinity that could not have been achieved in any other way.

Most of the biblical scenes are in color, the color of old masterpieces. Those of the birth of Christ and of the Last Supper are as inspiring as lovely canvases. I think the entire audience was completely awed by their beauty.

It is hard to say which are the most conspicuous spots in the picture. The scene showing the galley slaves chained to their oars is as modern and striking in its brutality of handling as anything I have ever seen. The steady beat of the drum, and the monotony of the ghastly straining at the oars very nearly set my nerves on edge. The sea battle that follows is as spectacular and thrilling as even the most critical could wish for. But none of the scenes measured up to the final and glorious thrill of the chariot race. In a superb amphitheater, the horses, the dust, the crowds, and the endless romance of that race obliterated all pictured dramatics that have gone before.

"Ben-Hur" should not, in justice, be called a spectacle. It is much, much more than that—it is an achievement, and a gorgeous one. For in spite of Rome and the Romans, there isn't the faintest sign of an orgy in it, and the brief appearance of an Egyptian siren, played by Carmel Myers, seemed entirely plausible. Only one jarring note is struck, and that is when there are flashes of lightning and great earthquakes during the crucifixion. I think these scenes might very well be cut.

This is the first time I have ever seen color used intelligently, with the greens and blues predominating, and it is the first picture with biblical significance that hasn't gone in heavily for long gray beards. There isn't even a faint suspicion of the grinding of the camera, nor of the creaking of the scenery. It is a big thing, but it is a real one.

Instead of relying on its overwhelming details to impress you, it has decided to stand on its feet as a whole, with the result that the impression of effort and money spent is not always with you.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must be happy indeed over their prospects for the new year. In New York, "The Merry Widow" is still playing to crowded houses, "The Big Parade" is selling six weeks in advance, and now "Ben-Hur" has apparently become a fixity.

For, the story that was translated into every language in the world and was blessed by His Holiness Leo XIII., and the play that ran for nearly twenty-five years, have

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The Nativity and the Last Supper

Among the most beautiful of the many striking scenes in "Ben-Hur" are the episodes from the life of Christ. It is not an easy thing to transpose to the screen anything of a sacred nature, but the simplicity and delicacy with which Christ's last supper with his disciples has been represented, as shown in the picture above, is very effective. Particularly lovely, also, is the manger scene, shown below, in which the wise men come to worship the infant Christ. Betty Bronson plays the rôle of *Mary*.

Heroes of the Future

Who can say who will be the most-discussed male players a year or two from now? Any one of these six rising young men, all comparatively new to the screen now, may quite possibly be among them.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Ernest Gillen, above, a Mexican by birth, has a romantic turn. He was with Alice Terry in "Any Woman," and is now playing in "The Auction Block." Douglas Gilmore, at the right, has assumed a variety of rôles, appearing as a blasé Broadway Johnny in "Sally, Irene, and Mary," and then as a manly chauffeur in "Dance Madness."

The wholesome, boyish charm of William Haines, above, is already attracting the fans, and it would take very little to swing a large following in behind him.

Photo by William Porter

Donald Keith, above, represents the fast-living, up-to-date college youth, out for a good time with the flappers. He is again Clara Bow's teammate in "Dancing Mothers."

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Charles Rogers, above, the star graduate of the Paramount School, is being hailed as a find, but not much can be prophesied about him yet. Antonio d'Algy, at the left, a South American, is ideal for foreign rôles, and such he is usually allotted. His latest appearance is as a bohemian Frenchman in "La Bohème."

In De Mille Finery

Characteristic of that most lavish of directors, Cecil De Mille, are the rich gowns especially designed for his feminine players. Most unusual in its lines is the black velvet dress above, gracefully worn by Jocelyn Lee.

Crystals and brilliants over sea-green chiffon form a dazzling combination in Gwen Wakeling's bizarre costume above. Much more subdued, but far more striking is Beatrice Joy's full, black-and-silver gown below.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

A heavy taffeta sash, embroidered in gold and silver, makes elaborate the otherwise simple black-lace gown above, worn by Ann Bannon. And quite regal in its effect is Betty Boyd's flame-colored bouffant dress at the left, with its sweeping train decorated with brightly colored leaves.

It's Gilda herself in the picture at the left. Warner Baxter is with her in the love scene above, and the two girls below are Porto Ricans who were used as extras.

Starring Gilda Gray

What more natural than that Gilda Gray, of shimmy fame, should début as a screen star in a South Sea romance? "Aloma of the South Seas" is its name, and she went to Porto Rico for the filming.

Do Clothes Make the Actor?

A good wardrobe seems to have had something to do with the success that Bobby Agnew has had up to date.

By Mona Gardner

TWO years ago, some one let the world know that Bobby Agnew was "the best-dressed juvenile on the screen" and Bobby, an unassuming and well-meaning youth, hitched his wagon to a tailor shop and started a pace that often kills.

As a juvenile who is impeccably groomed for every scenario occasion, Bobby has undoubtedly attained the ultimate, for the only things he hasn't included in his wardrobe are fur-lined pajamas and ermine "chaps." As an actor—that seems to be an entirely different matter. During all these months that he has been dutifully buying the latest quirk in neckties and the most-desired cut of waistcoats, there's just a bare possibility that he has lost sight of his goal.

There is one self-evident test. Do directors, in casting the part of a young son of wealth and culture, say, "Let's call Bobby Agnew—he looks and dresses the part?" They do, again and again. But on the other hand, when it comes to a more difficult rôle, highly emotional or of delicate humor, do they say, "This part calls for an actor, a thoroughly capable, sensitive actor. Let's call in Bobby Agnew?" Maybe; I wonder.

Bobby has emphasized his clothes and appearance for so long that directors are forgetting the boy himself. Thus we complete the cycle—for all studio purposes, clothes are making this man.

Yet clothes most emphatically and positively do not make the *real* Bobby Agnew—the Bobby that people know off the screen. It's his ready wit, his ever-present, twinkling and dimpled smile, his utterly lovable boyishness—in short, his radiant personality—that makes him the pet of the film colony. Young girls adore him. Mothers beam in delight when he dances with their daughters. And the women just a few years his senior seek his company, delighted to indulge in any of his whims.

But all of this is lost on the screen.

Bobby may admit this state of affairs to himself, but he hasn't yet consented to admit it to others. Rather he takes a defensive attitude, the attitude a man invariably assumes when he is up against a mental wall, talking emphatically to convince others, so that he may convince himself and thus restore some measure of his faith in his own abilities.

He cloaks his defense in a gay, insouciant manner tinged with a bit of satire, another weapon of the man making his last stand.

"Tailor's dummy, am I? Well, it isn't every one who *can* wear clothes effectively. I'm not handing myself anything as an Apollo, I'm just saying that when a fellow *can* do it and get away with it in a fairly decent way, he's a fool not to. Why, I know dozens of kids dabbling around in pictures who can wear clothes to perfection, yet they haven't sense enough to know what a good business investment they are.

"There has been so much talk about miracles happening in the movies—as, for instance, a director seeing a handsome youth in a mob and suddenly handing him a contract on a silver platter—there are such a lot of such blah-blah stories that people are apt to lose sight of the pluggers. Doggone it, if you *force* me to catalogue myself, maybe that's what I am, just a plugger. It's a darn sure thing that I'm not a meteor and I've certainly done the dickens of a lot of plugging. Just the same, I may finally get somewhere and stay there, while some of your art-for-art's-sake juveniles won't.

"Of course, unusual things do occur now and then. I really know about some of them and Heaven is my witness that I've *heard* of a lot more. But the point is that it hasn't happened to me. When I first went on the sets, I spread myself all over the foreground trying to get the director to look at my handsome map. I should probably still be in the atmosphere group if I hadn't decided upon this stock in trade—clothes. I let it be known that I had a complete outfit for

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It's Bobby's personality—not his clothes—that makes him the pet of the film colony.

But it's his well-stocked wardrobe, he says, that gets him a good many of his screen engagements.

Could You Endure a Test Like This?

You might not have to, but Ruth Taylor did, and though it was hard at first, she doesn't regret it now.

By Caroline Bell

TWO great wistful eyes looked into the face of Mack Sennett and it appeared as though a flood of tears was preparing to gush—not trickle or creep—but gush, in a bitter torrent.

Little Ruth Taylor stood before him. She believed she could act. Seven hundred and fifty feet of film had been shot in making a screen test of her, and disapproval was now to be seen in every movement and comment of the celebrated producer. He, personally, was directing the taking of the tests.

"You're round-shouldered!" he snapped. "Can't you put those shoulders back—where they belong?"

Ruth bravely elevated them. She had been listening to pointed, personal comment for an hour.

"Let's see you walk!"

The half-frightened child moved across the floor, doing her best to poise her body easily, naturally, gracefully upon her feet. But her self-consciousness, her knowing that this world-renowned critic was watching, with keen, discerning eye, her every movement, made her dizzy and she just sloped across the floor. Her movement was indicative of a bruised flivver, groaning along with two flat tires and with the carburetor filled with water. Mr. Sennett opened his eyes in amazement.

"Do you walk that way all the time?" he asked, sarcastically.

Ruth's mist-clouded eyes turned toward him again and that floodgate, holding back the tears, sagged and swayed heavily on its hinges. But it held, though straining every ounce of its strength.

"Well, n-n-not exactly," she replied. "You see, I feel a-a little nervous. I—I can't d-do exactly as——"

"Never mind that!" Mr. Sennett interrupted. "How much do you weigh?"

"About a hundred," said Ruth, almost whispering.

"You're too thin."

He didn't say it gently. He barked it. And the little blue-eyed blonde looked as though she expected the bark to be followed by a bite.

More tests followed. She registered fear, hate, anger, jealousy, and all the human emotions at her command. And all the while, that great ogre sat by the camera barking out commands. He had the girl scared to death. He made pointed remarks about her efforts. He broke in when she was doing her best and made her do it over again. He pointed out a million faults she didn't know she possessed. He asked her where she learned *that!* When she was executing her best portrayal of anger and hate, he broke in with, "What are you doing now?" She thought he should have known!

Then, when it was all finished, he looked her over again and said, straight out:

"You can't act!"

The room swam before her eyes. The noise of passing motor cars out on Glendale Boulevard, fifty feet away, might as well have been in the Grand Cañon so far as her hearing was concerned. Her senses were numbed.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she reached for her coat and hat and stumbled toward the exit door. In her mind ran the thought, "I'm a failure! I won't do. He doesn't want me. I'm only one out of this crowd of two hundred blondes seeking this job. And he has bawled me out before them all. He told me and he told them that I couldn't act! Oh, why didn't he take me off to one side and say gently and nicely that I wouldn't do!"

She groped her way toward the exit, but Mack Sennett's voice stopped her.

"Can you come back here again in the morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, be here at nine."

"Yes, sir."

Then she went out into the flood of California sunlight and wondered why he wanted her again, *if she couldn't act.*

She didn't know. Nor did she know that, as soon as she was gone, Mr. Sennett turned to his camera man and said:

"Great guns! what do you think of her?"

Nor did she know that he rushed to a telephone and got in touch with his attorney and told him to draw a blank contract between him and Ruth Taylor and have it at the studio before nine o'clock the next morning. And she didn't know that the one hundred and ninety-nine other blondes were summarily dismissed and that Mr. Sennett passed a lot of anxious hours wondering if he had been too gruff with this little girl who had drifted into movieland from Portland, Oregon.

If you don't know Ruth Taylor yet, watch for her in some of the Mack Sennett comedies.

When she reached the studio the next morning, she found it out. Instead of being put through more grueling screen tests and being bluntly told that she was round-shouldered, couldn't walk, couldn't act, and was too thin, she was ushered into Mr. Sennett's private office and presented with a contract that called for her services exclusively for a period of five years and provided that she should be given leading rôles in Mack Sennett productions.

The truth of the matter was that *she did not know Mack Sennett!* She did not know that he had been aiding her by working her up to a high pitch of excitement—that he had been making her give her best, at high speed. She did not know that, secretly, the great producer had been elated at the results he was getting. There isn't a bigger, kindlier heart in the movie

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He Hit New York in a Box Car

Robert G. Vignola, one of the most successful of directors, believes that the hardships he had while getting started were valuable experiences.

By A. L. Wooldridge

ALONG in the early spring of 1904, a freight train pulled into the Eastern terminal yards of the New York Central, and an unshaven, exceedingly soiled young man slid from a box car and headed toward the boarding house of good old Mrs. Ruggles, on Eighth Avenue, near Forty-second Street.

His clothing carried specimens of the soil of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and also a few cinders which had come from somewhere near the coal mines of Pittsburgh.

The *Page* of "Romeo and Juliet" was arriving in the city! *Romeo* and *Juliet* and *Escalus* and *Paris* and *Mercutio*, and other members of the company, were strung along the route all the way from a little town in Minnesota, doing their best to make Broadway. They were broke. But the *Page* arrived with wealth. He had twelve dollars.

It wasn't the first barnstorming troupe to try to "swim" home. Hundreds of competent but unappreciated Joseph Jeffersons and Julia Marlowes had oft before been forced to beat their way back to the bright lights because the natives in the sticks didn't appreciate their art. There wasn't any disgrace in it, but it was uncomfortable, this riding in side-door Pullmans. But to survive a stranded "Romeo" troupe with twelve dollars in real money, and emerge from the railroad yards of New York with it intact, was unheard of.

"All I gotta do with this," the young man figured, "is buy a suit of clothes, get a bath, pay carfare, acquire a necktie, some socks, underwear, and a hat. Shucks, that's easy! With twelve dollars."

Cautiously, he crept from the railroad yards, past the billboards on which were emblazoned the names of Richard Mansfield, Chauncey Olcott, George M. Cohan, and a lot of other celebrities of the day. He headed for a store where they sold second-hand clothing. He went carefully and critically through the stock, and finally emerged with a very splendid outfit that hadn't been worn—*much*. Seven of his twelve dollars were left behind. Then he cleaned up, shaved, and presently strode out upon that wonderful street where the white lights, to some, appear as colorful as the glow that radiates from the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Chesty? Why he owned New York!

I sat, a few days ago, on the sun porch of the beautiful home of Robert G. Vignola, famous director, on the brow of a hill high above Hollywood, and heard him tell stories of those barnstorming days when he was paid fifteen dollars a week—sometimes. This man, who directed Corinne Griffith in "Declassé," who guided Marion Davies in "When Knighthood was in Flower," and who wielded the megaphone in such other successes as "The Woman God Changed," "Yolanda," "The World and His Wife," "Married Flirts," "The Way of a Girl," and so on, has a chuckle over all those experiences of his in the days when the going was rough.

"An iron foundry lost a mighty good hand when I decided to become an actor," Vignola said. "Would you believe that I worked in a foundry during the day and studied to be an artist at night? Look in here!"

He led the way to his bedroom where, on the wall, was a painting framed in bronze, depicting a bunch of roses. It was his first completed picture, a possession he has retained through all his unmarried years.

"I had other faults besides," he continued. "I recited! I was a regular orator at church and home entertainments. When some one finally paid me five dollars for a special appearance, that settled it. I decided to be an actor! The management of the iron foundry didn't object. In fact, a delegation of employees visited my father and asked him to encourage me in art.

"I advanced upon New York and began as a curtain puller. I went out on the road with a company playing 'Fabio Romano,' a Marie Corelli story. We went broke in Bloomington. I signed out with another. It went broke in Omaha. I went with a 'Romeo' show. Broke in Minnesota! That was where I hit the freight trains to get back home.

"There's an old saying, 'It's no disgrace to run when you are scared.' Well, it's no disgrace to crawl into a box car when you want to get back to food, friends, and maybe a job.

"After I got cleaned up that day in New York, I met Sidney Olcott. He got me a place in pictures. He got George Melford a job about the same time. Kalem took us on. We made five dollars each and every day we worked. I was the first Kalem actor ever to be placed on a regular salary. I got twenty-five dollars a week for acting, helping to move the sets, obtaining the props, casting, and, once in a while, directing. We made a picture in a day, cut and edited it the second day, and prepared to go to work on another on the following morning. Each picture cost two hundred dollars—no more. Everybody, star or butler, leading lady or ingénue, got five dollars—and lunch.

"Picture acting was new then. The usual practice was to do a scene and then hold it, as for a curtain or a tableau, for several seconds. There were no close-ups. All the acting was 'broad' as a consequence.

"But picture making was destined to increase in cost. Two hundred dollars was not sufficient to produce 'The Little Mother,' the first one Kalem gave me exclusively to direct.

"It cost two hundred and thirty-five dollars!

"It was a super-special and took two days to make one in the studio and one outside. But from it I got the

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Should Be a

Margaret Livingston weighs the rôle rather than attempting too

By Mona

LIGHT, haunting, minor-chorded gypsy music drifted out through the full-length windows of Margaret Livingston's home to be cut short a moment later when I rang her bell and she came to admit me.

Garbed in a full-skirted gypsy dress of brilliant colors, she had about her such a throbbing, breathlessly vital atmosphere of other lands as to make the modest little English doorway seem incongruous. Still flushed from dancing, for this had been the reason for the music, she bowed the way into the low-ceilinged room where the central rugs had been cleared away for a lesson.

"There's positively no excuse for this dance mania of mine," she laughingly explained. "But I love it. I suppose that's the way with manias, isn't it?" This last was punctuated with a mischievously pensive little *moue*.

"Do you like my dress? Just think how heavenly it would be if we could wear clothes like this all the time. I detest modern styles, everything is so stiff and straight. Nothing is frilly and full. Just look at these gorgeous colors," she said, indicating the riot of reds and greens and blues that were traced in a pattern around her skirt.

"You know," she continued, "I can dance much better in costume, even when I'm alone. It sort of takes away the self-consciousness. I suppose, though, people would say it's the atmosphere."

As she talked, her long, sensitive fingers fluttered from one part of the varicolored embroidery to another, in gentle little pats.

Her present dancing craze, she explained, had come suddenly, though she did admit, with an apologetic giggle, that, as a child, instead of delving into the intricacies of mud pies, she had spent her time entertaining the other children of the neighborhood with her capers—all of them impromptu and executed away from the disapproving eyes of her parents.

Since that time, some twelve or more years ago, the innate desire to dance has been secretly fermenting within her. Consequently, not much was required to bring it to a head. A short while ago, she lost a part, on which she had set her heart, simply because she couldn't do a Spanish dance. She streaked out of the studio, and within two hours, had hired not one, but two, dancing instructors, and ever since then has been making them trot out for her every variety of step in their repertoire.

"You know, all the signs are against me," she said airily. "Can you imagine it, me prancing about in these dance steps and trying to make a success as a motion-picture actress when my veins are flowing with a mixture of pure Swedish and Scotch blood!"

Scotch and Swedish! Ye gods! could this quiveringly sensitive little firebrand, with her saucily bobbed red hair and her chameleon-colored eyes be created from such staid, unemotional, phlegmatic stock as that of the Swedish and Scotch?

"Everybody seems to think you have to be Irish or French to be good on the stage nowadays, but I'll fool 'em. Have you any children?

Naturally, this brought the answering gasp that the prefix was "Miss."

"Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference," she said, with a nonchalant shrug. "I'm a 'Miss,' too, but I have one. I adopted him. Every one adopts children these days. I love them. When I make some money, I'm going to adopt some more. You see, I'm more sensible than a real flesh-and-blood mother would be, because real mothers always think their children are perfect and I can see Emerson's faults.

"He's just eight and the sweetest little thing you ever

a Player Type?

merits of adhering to one sort of much in the way of versatility.

Gardner

saw. I'm never going to let him go near a studio. I'm going to send him to college and make him into a kind of industrial engineer, something that's grand and takes ever so many brains, because, for his age, I never saw any one so clever. Why, you just ought to hear the cute things he says——"

Clever sayings, physical prowess, school-teacher's praise, et cetera, et cetera, followed in a lengthy and rapturous recital. Oh, no; not at all like a "real mother!"

Then, gradually, her talk turned to pictures as it naturally would and, bubbling with spontaneity, she chattered on.

"There's no use in kidding myself into thinking I can play everything, from the rôles of Nazimova and Mary Philbin to those of a comedy-gag girl. I can't."

Popular opinion has it at the present time that the most stinging anathema that can be hurled at an actor or an actress is to catalogue him or her as a type. The theory seems to be that versatility is the element to be sought, and that "type acting," as the antithesis of versatility, is therefore to be scorned.

Consequently, when a not-too-firmly established actress comes out and announces that she is, and always will be, a "type player," she is bound to attract some attention and probably, considerable discussion. Miss Livingston's attitude on the matter shows a great deal of thought and some real honesty.

"Of course, I could imitate others, but it would show. Imitation always does show. You hear on all sides that this or that actress is trying to imitate the work of Swanson, Gish, Negri, or some one else, and invariably the concluding remark is, 'But she missed fire.'

"I suppose there are dozens of reasons for this. But the only one I can see is that a person with one mental make-up can't imitate the personality of some one with an entirely different mental make-up. That's why there has never been a second Valentino. And just think of the people who've tried to imitate Mary Pickford. Where are they?

"And as another proof of my point, take the case of Mary herself. People love her in the type of part that she has made famous and that suits her so well, but the minute she stops being herself she isn't so popular. So that's what I'm going to try to be—myself. If I haven't enough personality and individuality as myself to attract people, then I'll give up.

"It may be that I'll have to wait a long, long while before the producers believe enough in this ambition of mine to attempt to popularize me in the particular kind of parts suited to my personality and whatever talent I may have. Just the same, I have a feeling that my chance is coming, and I'm praying that it will be soon. Of course, I may be all wrong, and it always sounds conceited for a person to talk about what they think they are good in, but I did like my part in 'The Chorus Lady.' It just fitted me and I think I fitted it."

Of course, it's a little early to begin to prognosticate about this effervescent but earnest little miss, for though she has been in pictures for three years and a half, she hasn't had much opportunity until just recently to show what her personality really is.

Now and then, however, she displays quite a depth of appeal, and in her light, insouciant moments, when her gay camaraderie is in full swing, there's a kind of underlying note of pathos that's guaranteed to arouse your sympathy immediately.

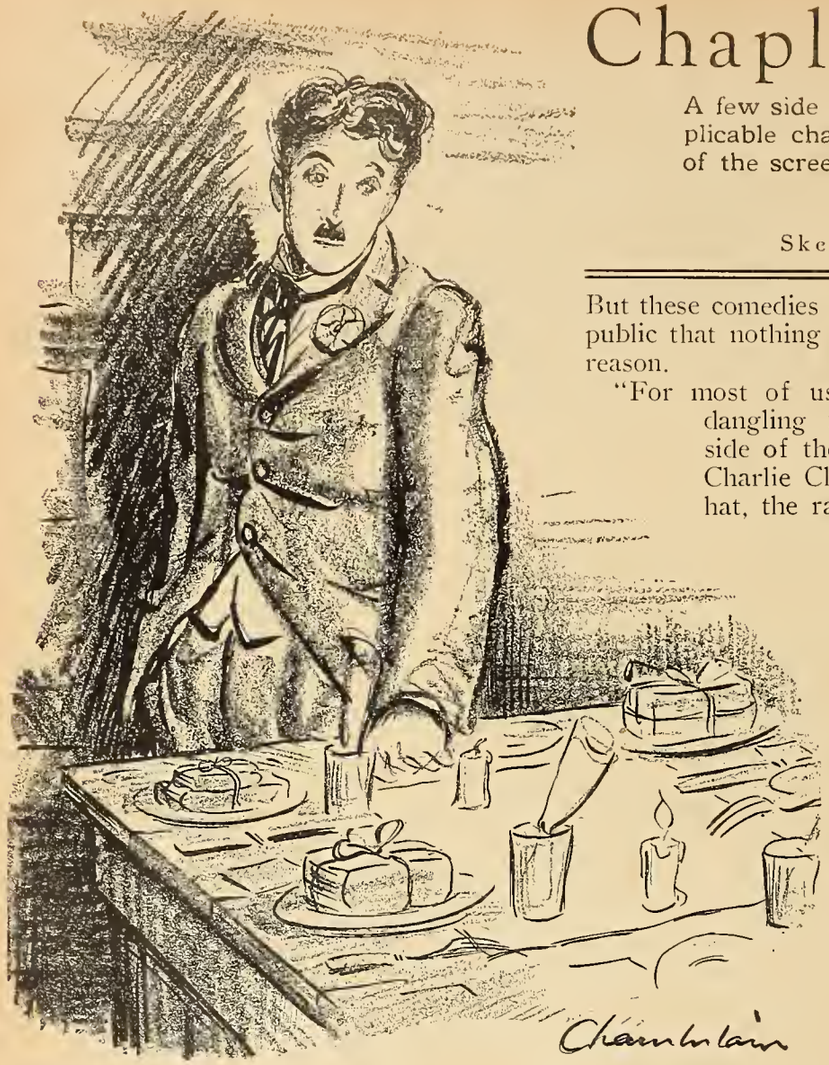
It seems not unlikely, in fact, that Miss Livingston is in a fair way to display individuality, and if her ambitions are achieved, who knows but that there may some day be a "Margaret Livingston type?"

Chaplin—the Genius

A few side lights on this lovable, mysterious, inexplicable character, who stands alone in the world of the screen, as he does in the world of realities.

By Don Ryan

Sketches by K. R. Chamberlain



No other figure is so well known throughout the entire world.

IF Charlie Chaplin carries out his present intention, we shall see the most grotesque fairy story ever pictured on celluloid. For that present intention is to film the true life story of Charles Spencer Chaplin. Of course he may be diverted from this, but the chances are about even that he will do it.

It was only by accident that I learned that Charlie is hankering for this unusual effort—the first autobiography in celluloid. If asked about it, he would deny it. For he is highly secretive, arrogant, sensitive, and egotistic. In other words, he is a genius.

And it will be months, maybe a year, before he tackles the story. He has a million dollars and a hearty contempt for money, so there is no hurry about this next picture of his. But I can tell the reader something of what it will reveal—if Chaplin ever makes it.

Thirty-odd years ago, a dirty, undersized urchin was playing with his kind in a shabby, gray street at Kensington Cross, in London. He slept around the corner in Chester Street. This was the child Charlie Chaplin. In a barber shop where the cockneys came to be shaved, the little fellow got a job as lather boy. Thus he earned his first pennies. And so he grew up to follow in the steps of his ancestors, knockabout performers in the third-rate music halls of the upper bohemian quarter of London.

The New World—ah, how many fortunes have been made, how many lowly people have been exalted, in the New World! Chaplin, the London music-hall performer, got his chance in the movies. A slim chance it was—slapstick comedian with Mack Sennett, who was trying to make comedies on a shoestring, as they say. But these comedies came to fill a want in the hearts of the American public that nothing else would quite satisfy. And Chaplin was the reason.

"For most of us," writes Gilbert Seldes, "the grotesque effigy dangling from an electric sign or propped against the side of the ticket booth must remain our first memory of Charlie Chaplin. The splay feet, the mustache, the derby hat, the rattan walking stick, composed at once the image which ten years later was to become the universal symbol of laughter.

"'*I am here to-day,*' was his legend, and like everything else associated with his name, it is faintly ironic and exactly right. The man who, of all men of our time, seems most assured of immortality, chose that particularly transient announcement of his presence, '*I am here to-day,*' with its emotional overtone of '*gone to-morrow,*' and there is always something in Charlie that slips away."

This epitaph by Seldes seems to capture most of the essence Chaplinesque. My own first impressions go even a little further back.

The first time I remember to have become conscious of Chaplin as an entity was in 1914. My dancing partner and I had just been closed out in our act—in Cincinnati, Ohio. Numb with despondency, we dragged ourselves into a nickelodeon, as the movies were designated in those days. We saw the Keystone comedy, "Dough and Dynamite." And the pathetically ludicrous adventures of the little comedian, then unnamed—he was just one of a swarm of them—caused us to forget for that day our own pathetically comic case.

I remember as a transcendent piece of pantomime, which impressed us, as dancers, because of its absolute clarity and precision, the little fellow with the mustache—as we knew him—juggling doughnuts, tossing them, ringing them on his fingers, flipping them into an oven.

Recently I sat in the elaborate Hollywood Egyptian Theater, where were assembled the kings and queens of the cinema realm to do honor to "The Gold Rush." Chaplin, elegantly removed in a box. Tom Mix in a white dinner suit, à la Mark Twain. Society women in Paris gowns. A seething mob of excited tourists besieging the entrance, while a suave Babbitt announced to the world by radio, "Mr. and Mrs. Geblah now entering the Egyptian court!" And I saw on the screen the same delightful clown of the five-cent show performing the Oceana Roll with two rolls impaled on dinner forks—a burlesque of his own legs and feet in dance—a piece of pantomime, as clean-cut, as unique, as charming as ever.

I remember seeing Chaplin on the screen at another time, under circumstances even more in contrast, in a *milieu* even stranger, more hectic than that of Hollywood.

Over the hills, to the northwest, was Jerry speaking to us with the deep gutturals of Big Berthas. In the badly damaged village where we were billeted, the incessant rain muddied the Grand Rue, running in a yellow stream along the gutters, bearing the refuse of stables.

In the shack of wood and galvanized iron where a sheet was hung, a smoking crowd of doughboys mingled with an equally odorous throng of *poilus*. There had crept in a few timid civilians—old men and women, and fresh, village maidens.

We saw Chaplin's war comedy, "Shoulder Arms." We laughed, we shouted, we stamped, we swore—great, round oaths, expressing joy.

I remember him, camouflaged as a tree, standing near the camp fire of a German outpost when a burly, bearded Heinie seizes an ax and starts up. The situation, with its inescapable *dénouement*, broke on us all with rib-cracking force.

"Ooooh!" screamed the village girl behind me. *"Il cherche le bois!"*

The girl, though she could not read the English subtitles, nevertheless followed the adventures of the ridiculous little Yank as well as we who spoke the American tongue. She knew the Heinie was going after wood and she anticipated in a flash the terrific scene that would ensue when he began hewing at the bark-inclosed figure of Charlot.

For sheer mechanics of pantomime, Charley is unequaled. Yet we could concede him this much—he is the culmination of a race which has followed the English Christmas pantomimes—we could concede him this much and still he would be only a cheap-jack performer.

It is my conviction that, like many a genius of the past, he is a victim or rather a beneficiary of the inferiority complex. Physically he is small. Once he was poor and despised. Now he is rich and famous. But he can never completely offset the complex born of his sordid early surroundings and his frail physique.

Chaplin is a radical in politics. Yet at heart he is an aristocrat of the intellect. He sees himself, in fact, as a sort of modern Lorenzo the Magnificent. He surrounds himself with thinkers.

Konrad Bercovici, writer of gypsy stories, is a close friend of his and actually wrote a book at the Chaplin studio. Jim Tully, the tramp author, who wrote "Emmett Lawler" and "Beggars of Life," is employed as his secretary. His duties consist wholly in discussing political movements with Chaplin.

With a fine scorn for time and money, he will halt any scene he is making to enter an argument with Jim Tully, Upton Sinclair, or any other liberal thinker who happens to drop in on him. On the other hand, if somebody calls to interview him, he will send out word that he is too busy.

The press agent at his studio is never the sort of gracious official who usually functions in this capacity at other studios. He is, rather, a suppress agent.

I recall going to interview Chaplin for a newspaper when he was reported engaged to Pola Negri. At that time his suppress agent was none other than Monta Bell, now a featured director in his own right. Incidentally, Chaplin was responsible for Bell's getting into the movies. The young man was assigned the job of assisting him in preparing the material for his book, "My Trip Abroad." Later, Chaplin made him his press agent, and then gave him a chance to direct.

When I called at the row of English cottages which compose the Chaplin studio, Monta sent out word that Mr. Chaplin could see no newspaper men, and that settled it.

It remained for a girl from Mexico City—the girl with the rose, as they called her—to show me, in a flash of Latin feeling, the peculiar fascination which Chaplin holds for women.

I talked to Señorita Marina Vega—daughter of a wealthy mother living in the Mexican capital—a few hours after she had been picked up in front of Chaplin's house and pumped out at the receiving hospital. The girl had swallowed poison because of her hopeless love for the comedian.

How had she got into his house? How had she made her way unmolested into his bedroom? Nobody knows, but that was where she had been found when Chaplin returned home with some friends—including Pola Negri.

Gravely this beautiful young Spanish girl told me of her dawning love for the international comedian. How she used to watch him at the movie theaters of Mexico City while she was studying in a fashionable girls' school. With an eloquent wave of the hand, she swept aside my curiosity about why a creature as beautiful as she should fall in love with the funny feet and mustache.

"I lofe Charlie," she declared, "not for his face, but for the sentiments. I see he is great actor. He is arteeze. He is what you call intellectual."

It is superfluous to state that Chaplin gave this fanatical girl no encouragement. In fact he never knew of her existence until the embarrassing bedroom incident and the subsequent poison act on his doorstep.

Nevertheless, the diminutive comedian has had more publicity in connection with his reported love affairs than any other male star. He has been pictured as a triumphant conqueror of feminine hearts. Of the long list of actresses who have been reported at one time

He earned his first pennies as a lather boy in a London barber shop.

Chaplin has often been pictured as a famous conqueror of feminine hearts.

or other as cherishing a reciprocal affection for Chaplin, most have been talented women: Claire Windsor, Edna Purviance, Pola Negri—all women of vivid personalities and attainments. On the other hand, the two marriages of the comedian have been with young women, almost schoolgirls in years and experience.

His unhappy marriage with Mildred Harris came to an abrupt end. And now he is married to Lita Grey, and is the father of a son.

The Chaplin-Grey romance is one that could happen nowhere except in Hollywood—where the unusual is regular.

Five years ago, a dark-haired child with starry eyes and the cream-velvet skin of a budding rose, was playing in the sequestered streets of that village. Aged twelve, Lollita Louisa McMurray gave evidences of being about to blossom into that early pulchritude typical of the Spanish beauty. Although her father's name was McMurray, behind her an intricate web connected this modern child, by blood and marriage, with those early times when the dons ruled in California—when these courtly gentlemen, in black velvet suits with silver buttons, riding horses on which the saddles had flowers woven in silver and gold, and on which silver bridles jingled, filled the places in the public life of Los Angeles now occupied by brusque men in horn-rimmed glasses and fuzzy fedoras, who carry brief cases crammed with blue prints of new subdivisions.

The little girl's grandmother had been Louisa S. Carrillo before she married William E. Curry. She was a half sister of Fanny V. Raines, the same that was wed, in a burst of social splendor back in the '80s, to Henry G. Gage, afterward governor of California. The family ramifications take in the wealthy and exalted Lugos, the celebrated Chalmers Scott Greys, and the immortal line of Mrs. Bandini Baker, the Mrs. John Jacob Astor of Southern California.

The Raines family, aristocrats of Kentucky, blended with the descendants of the early Spaniards who had received immense grants of land from a grateful king. Back in the '70s, their rancho was near Chino, California. Following the custom of the time they had also a town house near the old plaza church in Los Angeles. They sent their servants to church on alternate Sundays, two hundred at a time, because there was insufficient space for the full retinue of four hundred assembled at once.

While Lollita, aged twelve, was playing in the sequestered Hollywood streets one day, nearly five years ago, a small, birdlike person came strolling by.

"Whose little girl are you?" he asked, pleasantly enough.

"I live with my mother, my Grandmother, and my Grandfather Curry, sir," replied the girl.

"Please take me to them," said Charles Spencer Chaplin, for it was he.

Rich, celebrated, acclaimed a genius, received with pride by titled members of the tribe of London, where he used to play before Kensington Cross, received with equal delight by all and sundry of the fairer and weaker sex whom he deigned to favor—this was the Charlie Chaplin who stood before Grandfather Curry, holding the hand of little Lollita and offering a year's contract for her to work in "The Kid."

They did not like to let the child go. But Chaplin was insistent. And he was Chaplin. Lita Grey she was rechristened for screen purposes—the distinguished name of her relatives by marriage. The child actress worked for a year in the picture that made Jackie Coogan famous. Then she went back to school with the hope of returning to the screen after completing as much education as was deemed necessary.

In the spring of 1924, she was about to leave town on a trip with her family. She went around to say good-by to Mr. Chaplin. She had just turned sixteen—the early promise of precocious beauty was bursting ripe. Her former employer regarded her with even more interest than he had displayed previously.

"I need you for my leading lady in the Alaskan picture I am going to make," said Charles Spencer Chaplin, decisively.

Lita worked in the picture as leading lady but she never had the satisfaction of seeing herself on the screen. The scenes in which she appeared were remade with another in the principal rôle.

If Charlie Chaplin has an inferiority complex it must surely be satisfied by now. The cockney urchin, nursing in his slender body the latent genius to make the world weep as it laughs—this cockney urchin, grown to the fullest stature of celebrity, can take as his bride—and favor in the taking—the daughter of the aristocracy of Kentucky and old Spain.

But it is not likely that Chaplin has given much thought to this phase of his achievement. He is thirty-six now and his wife is seventeen. He is primarily a genius—not a husband. His mind is already awhirl with new schemes. He would become an impresario, a theater owner, master of a new school of the theater in the land which he has chosen as his field of endeavor.

Such a step is logical for Charley. Because, as Gilbert Seldes points out, he is above and beyond the actor.

When it's a perfect winter day— and you've just returned from a tramp in the crisp country air —when you come in and find the crackling fire awaiting you

—have a Camel!

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Further Adventures of Samuel Pepys.

The Sabbath.—The weather being very rainy, was with my books all the day, and would have grown exceeding low in spirit did not a message come by telephone from Mabel Ballin bidding my wife and me to sup with her and her worthy husband, Hugo. Setting out betimes and arriving at their house near the hour of seven, did find already come there Ernest Torrence and his wife and son, and also that skilled writer of scenarios, Dorothy Farnum, and so did all sup most merrily and to satiety of cold turkey, salad, and some excellent ale, but though I did inquire of our host where he had got the latter, he would not say. After much urging, we did induce him to show us his latest portrait of Mabel, which shows real talent and resolved me at the next opportunity to go to view one of his canvases that is hung at the Pan-American Exposition of Painting in a local museum. It growing late, my wife and I were in mind to leave, but did get into a game called "Consequences" which I had never played before but which did fascinate us to such an extent that the night was well on before we turned homeward, this amusing game consisting of each guest writing a word on a separate piece of paper which later are all read together as an answer to a question, and so startling and embarrassing did the answers turn out to be, that we were surprised to find how wicked were our minds which we had heretofore thought to be quite irreproachable.

Monday.—To United studios and there did see Norma Talmadge in fantastical short skirts and a hat with a high feather in it, these being for her rôle in "Kiki," which is the story of a piquant little French gamin. Norma is indeed a splendid, lovely woman, possessed of good sound judgment, which she did reveal in abundance when she talked to me of the ease with which a young actress can play old women convincingly by the aid of wigs, make-up, shawls, canes, and other props, but of the difficulty that same actress meets when she puts on gay and giddy clothes and frolics about like a kitten, trying to create the illusion of extreme youth. The approach of thirty is a most dangerous age for an actress, but I did marvel at the ease and vivacity with which Norma entered into her portrayal of the youthful *Kiki,* the first comedy rôle she has had in many a day.

Norma Shearer has one of the smallest dogs in the world. His name is Pedro, and he is shown here with Bosco, prize bulldog owned by Lew Cody.

Tuesday.—Come news of a baby son born to Mae Marsh. It's a pretty thing to consider how greatly things can change in so short a while, Mae being only yesterday a shining star in the film universe, but to-day as far removed from the bright lights as Venus is from Jupiter.

Wednesday.—Up and immediately heard that Pola Negri had signed again with Paramount, there being much discourse of a ten-thousand-dollar contract, but suspect that these rumors are bullish, though Pola is a canny woman and has no doubt secured a goodly sum for herself. Am told that that fine villain, William Powell, is to play for Paramount regularly, which pleases me very much, as I greatly admired his romantic manner in "The Bright Shawl" and also thought him a splendid actor in "Romola," and do hope to see him strangled by many a hero in many a future film, though occasionally, perhaps, to play more agreeable rôles, being of the opinion that he might also make a good comedian.

Thursday.—There is great disappointment over the scenario which Erich von Stroheim did write for Constance Talmadge, the rumor at the studios being that he wrote the outstanding rôle for himself, which put the producers in a tosse, but I doubt the truth of some of this, believing that there must be some deeper reason for the disagreement, perhaps in regard to the probable cost of the production, which some say would have been as much as six hundred and fifty thousand dollars—this explanation sounding more like the truth. But, in any case, Mr. von Stroheim will now make his own productions, being thus at liberty to spend all the money he pleases, which is as it should be, provided he has it.

Friday.—Did meet Colleen Moore by chance, she being a comedienne who has always delighted me, but having a great desire to play a tragic rôle, she did inform me that she had selected for her next picture Thomas Burke's "Twinkletoes," a Limehouse story which is indeed full of tears, but I did later read an official announcement from the studios saying that her new rôle will be delightful, and that the play "Twinkletoes" will give her a marvelous chance to appear as a Pollyanna, which only proves again that press agents never go beneath the title of a film.

Saturday.—To the theater to see the première of the stage play, "Silence," in which my old friend Bert Lytell has the leading rôle, and did find such throngs there that I was almost crushed, and did see many ticket speculators making large profits, so great was the demand for seats, and then, being come to my place in the theater and the curtain being up, did watch with great content how Bert was cheered and applauded for his fine performance, for though he too often has the grievous fault before the camera of being self-conscious, he is on the stage an actor of great poise and distinction and shows real depth of feeling. And so home well satisfied with the praise for him that I heard on all sides.

The Sabbath.—To church and did offer a fervent prayer that Gloria Swanson might make no more comedies like "Stage Struck," in which I could see nothing funny, it being nevertheless a box-office hit. And do wonder when Rudolph Valentino will return to Hollywood and settle down to work, instead of traveling about the world, fascinating girls and women with personal appearances, which is his method of getting publicity, realizing perhaps what an uncertain foothold he has in the films just now. To bed after the customary contention with my wife over the relative charms of Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert.

The World's Greatest Picture!

Picture fans in a few towns neighboring Los Angeles

Continued on page 114

What! Can Pie be Eaten?

Startling discovery made by the slapstick comedians of a use for pie heretofore unknown to them.

Charlie Murray, above, having never known any good to come from pie, was very wary at first, and licked his initial piece quite gingerly before tackling it. He is now an addict. Louise Fazenda, below, made certain she wasn't poisoned before she ventured a second bite.

Eddie Gribbon, above, used to having it smeared on instead of shoveled in, made straight for a mason's trowel, which he soon put to the proper use, however. Charlie Chase, at the left, wasn't sure there wasn't a catch in it, while Bobby Vernon, below, was one of the few to dive right in.

THE ranks of the slapstick comedians are in an uproar over the recent discovery made by one of them that pie can be eaten! A loud wail went up when it was realized what a great delicacy had been wasted all these years on their faces and necks. Louise Fazenda claims that she has suspected the truth ever since a bit of crust from a pie that struck her full in the face got on her tongue by mistake and was inadvertently swallowed by her. "Why, that's good!" she thought at the time, but soon forgot about it in the stress of having to fall backward down a flight of stairs. It was not until Charley Chase was accidentally served one at a restaurant not long ago, and had the courage to take an experimental bite, that the revolutionary discovery was made which has sent all the comedians scurrying to the pastry shops.

A Veteran of Two Struggles

Tom O'Brien went over the top in the World War, and has now also emerged from the trenches of movie obscurity, into the light of achievement, through his splendid work in "The Big Parade."

By Katherine Lipke

HE took his trusty musket and fought the war all over again. The first call to arms had been at the bidding of Uncle Sam. The second came from King Vidor, who needed a laughing, cussing soldier to march well toward the head of "The Big Parade."

Tom O'Brien, besides being the one principal in the picture who saw service in France and therefore knew what it was all about, is also veteran of an uphill struggle in the movies. He bears the scars of both conflicts—but those from his fight as a film actor have gone deeper.

Back in 1910, when it was the fashion for screen players to be hungry, the Irishman starved heavily with the rest. He had had a good job in vaudeville but preferred the adventure of pioneering with pictures. So he had joined the old Essanay company when they first started making films down at Santa Monica. When the call of food became too loud, he used to return to vaudeville temporarily. The uncertainty of the movies intrigued him, and the joy of acting possessed him.

He was everything from actor to property man, until he finally became assistant director for Raoul Walsh in the Griffith company. Then, he worked with Rex Ingram when the latter was a member of the Fox scenario department. He has worked with many others through the fifteen years he has been in the game.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Besides his splendid characterization of the Irish soldier, Tom O'Brien contributed many of the most effective subtitles for the picture.

This Irishman has always been "one of the boys" of the films. His work has never brought him the high lights of fame, but, begorrah! he loves it just the same. Act he must and act he has, in remarkable fashion, but somehow the spotlight reserved for those who can be humorous though heavy has seldom flashed in his direction.

Picture people know him well and like him, but we idle onlookers, who sometimes believe what the publicity men tell us, have heard little or nothing about the Irishman by the name of O'Brien. Tom doesn't believe in broadcasting himself. It is always difficult for an Irishman to allow any one else to tell the world how fine he is. If he can't do it himself without the aid of roaring publicity lions, why then the world can exist without the knowledge.

He is a bit of a philosopher, is Tom O'Brien. He believes strongly in his God and depends upon Him. He feels that if he has faith enough, the old sun will come out in double-quick time. He has the simplicity and childlike qualities which are characteristic of the Irish. The vain pleasures of this world he can do without.

Photo by W. F. Seely

He is also appearing in "Poker Faces," "The Old Soak," and "Big Guns."

"I've only one great weakness," he says. "I like the look of the ladies. Sure the sight of a pretty girl is better than a cocktail any day. I married young, meself—all we Irish do—and I heartily recommend the same course to every one else."

It hasn't been easy for him—this fifteen-year struggle in pictures. The rah-rah boys have seldom cheered him from the side lines, and romantic little girls have never proclaimed him their ideal. He doesn't suggest romance. He suggests an overwhelming humor, sufficient to meet any crisis which may present itself, and a love of life which can laugh down the sorrow and cry a bit over the fun.

King Vidor and Irving Thalberg wanted Tom O'Brien for "The Big Parade" when they first planned making it. He was engaged before any of the others—just be-

Continued on page 112

Continued from page 55

writing for a West Coast magazine?"

"Yes. I wrote articles on agriculture."

Well, that's close enough to interviewing, think I. People always remind me of vegetables. There is the fat-headed, cabbage type, the long, slinky, onion type, the squatty, turnip type, and the nice, pink, satisfied carrot type—to say nothing of the perky little radish type.

Mr. Schallert wrote financial and oil articles, and then he was promoted to the position of musical editor on the *Los Angeles Times*, and then dramatic editor of that paper, and also became the Western editorial representative of PICTURE-PLAY. Of course, you know the articles of both Mr. and Mrs. Schallert. He has great faith in Los Angeles as a tremendous artistic center. This is a New York of thirty years ago, he believes. Its possibilities are unlimited. I hear a faint shuffling on the stairs.

"If that's William Joseph, do let me see him," I ask.

In answer to his mother's call, he enters, takes my hand, kisses it and says, "I'm awfully glad to see you."

Is that slick—he all of three years old? Really, he's one of the cutest youngsters I have ever seen. If I were a casting director, I'd sign him immediately for pictures. He inherits his parents' love for music, and when operas are played on the phonograph, he can call them by name.

As a finishing touch, we have our pictures taken on their front steps. Then Elza looks at her watch.

"Gracious, I'm late. They're having one of their sales at the So & So store. Have you ever gone to one?" Again the eternal feminine.

Come, now. A few quick good-bys. We'll hop in the car and dash off, but tell me first, aren't you glad I introduced you to these charming people, the Schallerts, Inc.?

And now, let's chat with Dorothy Manners.

Dorothy's the kind of girl you would like to have for a chum—some one with whom to go to the beach and, hot dogs in hand, to stroll the boardwalk discussing new nail polishes, boys, the Charleston, the length of skirts, and what not.

We spent a very pleasant afternoon together at the studio—Margaret, Dorothy, Constance, and I. First, we had our pictures "took." (I was the bossiest kind of director, asking the girls please to do this and not that.) And then we toyed with teacups and neat phrases. I found myself repaid for all my past moments of embarrassment at the hands of interviewers, by firing burning questions at my victims. To prove that they were not a little worried, may I call your attention to the picture at the bottom of page 55.

"Don't tell them of my weakness for gumdrops," pleaded Miss Manners.

"Please don't mention that I have a husband and lead a quiet domestic life. It will hurt me with my public," choked Constance Palmer Littlefield.

"I beg of you to retouch my photo before printing it," wailed Margaret Reid.

Now note my face, dear readers, and you will see just how much effect all this had on me!

I turned on Dorothy Manners, expecting to wilt her sang-froid with "Have you ever been in love? Do you—are you——"

Her reply staggered me. "Of course—all the time! I am always having a 'yen' for some one or other, only he must have light eyes and he must have wit."

Thus discovering that she was a good scout, I dropped my pose, and arm in arm we walked the grounds, and in answer to my humble plea, she told me something of herself. I learned that she is a Texas girl and has been visiting our city of the Kleigs ever since she was three. She attended school in New York and there won a medal for elocution. On one of her recent visits here, she started writing club news, fashions, real estate, and dramatic criticisms for the *Hollywood Citizen*, at the imposing salary of fifteen dollars weekly. Unable to provide herself with the finer luxuries of life on that sum, she bravely went to the editor—or to whomever one goes—and asked for a five-dollar raise. He refused—she gulped, and went into pictures!

There she enjoyed a goodly measure of success, playing several leads. But, for her the screen had its limitations. And Dorothy resented limitations.

Finding that the pen was mightier than the grease paint, she returned to her first love—and sent an article to PICTURE-PLAY. It was headed "New Faces." (She should know.) The editor liked it. (He should know.) And there you are.

She was glowing over the fact that the magazine was going to print a new department by her, "The Sketchbook," wherein she could give her pen and fancy free rein.

We discovered we had mutual likes and dislikes. Among the likes was Malcolm Oettinger. On mention of his name, I was pounced upon to give a detailed description of the gentleman. (By now we had joined the other girls.) A sketchy outline would not suffice. Minute details were demanded, such as:

A. The color of his eyes.
B. What type hands.
C. Approximate size.
D. Definite age.
E. Ability as a dancer.
F. If and when he was coming to the Coast.

I answered to the best of my ability and memory—to wit:

A. Thought best to leave this unanswered. Could not admit having remembered such an intimate detail, as I had only met him once and then had spent the evening divinely dancing it away and *not* looking into his brown eyes.

B. Attractive tapering hands that can play nervously with a cigarette and not annoy you. (You'd have thought they were casting directors, those girls, with the questions they asked.)

C. Right size.

D. Combines the naïveté of sixteen with the sophistication of forty—probably is about twenty-four.

E. He does dance, even if he can't Charleston. I'd exchange a perfectly good C. d. (Charleston dancer) to dance with him, any time. And Heaven knows, I love my Charleston!

F. That question has been and still is going big, out this way. Flappers, starry-eyed, ask me. Nice, settled old maids, who you would think would get excited only over mention of a new kind of buttermilk, ask me. Myrtle Gebhart, Dorothy Manners, and Margaret Reid, ask me. *"When* is he coming out?" I don't know why they ask *me*, unless because once he interviewed and was in turn interviewed by me. Anyway, M. H. O., I am making a public plea for you to come to the Coast and give them all a tiny look at you. And they won't be disappointed!

But to return to Dorothy. In her interviewing, she catches that intangible something — personality — bottles it in her inkwell, and then, releasing it bit by bit, paints a living picture with her pen.

I'm for her—that attractive, brown-eyed, winsome, Manners girl. And so would you be if you met her. May she continue to interview, "Sketchbook," and have "yens" for blue-eyed, witty men.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Myers. The second, which will appear in our next issue, will give her impressions of Myrtle Gebhart and Mona Gardner.

If You're Letting Your Hair Grow

Here are some ideas for helping it through the difficult stage, suggested by some movie actresses in the same predicament.

By Helen Ogden

THOUGH most of Hollywood is shingling it closer and closer, some few of the stars have decided to let their hair grow long again, and are going through that perplexing in-between period when it is so difficult to keep it from looking frayed and untidy. Their various methods of solving the problem are really quite clever, and might be worth copying.

Evelyn Brent has adopted a headband, which securely binds the stray locks both at the side and in the back. Around the studio and for sports wear, she uses a piece of crêpe de Chine or a large, colored silk handkerchief to match whatever costume she has on. For evening, she wears a more dressy, jeweled affair.

"Luckily," says this dynamic, brown-eyed star, "headbands have been quite the style. But every girl who starts letting her hair grow is in for a nerve-racking experience. At first, you can curl it tightly, tuck the ends under and, by wearing a net, get by. But in a few weeks, it's beyond that stage. The ends come out of the net and begin pointing in every direction. If you try to pin false hair on, there's nothing to pin it to. The hairpins fall out and

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Bebe Daniels hides stray ends with flowers.

Evelyn Brent uses headbands.

Shannon Day recommends vigorous brushing, and the use of hair nets and curling irons.

Lillian Rich is also an advocate of the brush.

Betty Bronson's natural curls just took care of themselves.

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Behind his mask of the villain Lowell Sherman has the intelligence of the leader and the physical strength to win anything he has set his mind on. A great actor, he is studious, broad-minded, and physically powerful and attractive.

He is a dominant, tenacious man who would burst through brick walls to gain his objective. He would probably conquer his wife and his business associates by virtue of an extremely strong yet sympathetic nature, a unique persuasive power, coupled with a kindly interest in things of concern to others.

In school in Montreal I had a sweetheart whose appearance, manner, and views were almost identical. I found his counterpart in Lowell Sherman, so that may partly explain my admiration.

Vera Reynolds.

I vision a tall man with a creative mind who can turn to either work or play with equal intensity. He is much older than I and, without making me feel a child, would be able to guide and help me by honest criticism based on experience.

Kathleen Key.

Foreign gentlemen for me. The man with the Oriental eyes of mystery that keep you guessing and never divulge the thoughts behind them. The man who speaks four or five languages fluently, who can paint magic word pictures, leaving you with doubt as to their truth.

Enrico Florentine, an Italian nobleman, charms me. He has poise and dignity, and is so handsome that I have the girls crazy with envy. Perhaps his dynamic personality most intrigues me. He commands. And I love to be ordered about by a will stronger than mine, though I sometimes storm against it for the fun of rebellion. He resembles Ronald Colman, but is taller and a trifle older.

I hope he doesn't read this! It doesn't do to let a man know he is the conqueror!

Joyce Compton.

I dunno, maybe I'm funny, but I like the wild-and-woolly movie hero—zippy and active, doing things all the time, here and there and everywhere. I watch him and imagine he's stirring up all that excitement for *me*.

He's just my dream hero, though. I know he isn't real.

If a personal friend gets the least bit rough I cry, and am frightened if there is a suggestion of a quarrel. I like gentleness and quiet kindness—the man who does little things for you and makes you wonder who did them.

Betty Bronson.

I like young men who are interesting, natural, and unaffected. I detest smart Alecks who pose. Sometimes I enjoy being with boys who like to read and talk about books, and again I am thrilled by athletes. Tom Moore is always so good humored and sympathetic. I think he is very nice and prefer men of his type off screen, too.

Dorothy Mackaill.

Deliver me from the handsome sheik who blusters about the screen and draws attention to his amorous activities. Such a popgun over nothing!

I am keen for the quiet, reserved man with character and a sweet temperament, who does things for a girl unobtrusively.

Dependability is the first notch on my standard, and a man who can't measure up at least that high needn't call again. Reserve is second, and other attributes are strength of character and pleasing personality.

Sally O'Neill.

If I ever fall in love, it will be with some one of Lewis Stone's type. I think he is the handsomest man on the screen.

I hope it will be very soon. Being sixteen isn't so desirable at times, for every one thinks you are too young to be in love, which is the bunk. If my Prince Charming, polished man of the world with slightly graying hair, comes along soon, I'll show him that a girl of sixteen can be as thrilling a sweetheart as an old, experienced woman of thirty.

Joan Crawford.

Bob is a three-letter word meaning charm.

He is the most satisfactory hero I have ever met. I enjoy going out with him. He has culture and refinement, and belongs to one of the best California families. He has perfect poise and knows how to do things properly.

He sends bouquets of orchids, calls for me promptly, and is interested in having chats with my mother and brother. Everything is for my comfort—the closed car, the well-appointed dinner, and all. He is a divine dancer and is dependable in every way. It all sifts down to my having complete confidence in him.

If I marry, he is the type I shall choose. John Gilbert is the only motion-picture actor who compares with him.

Dark men of the sleek-haired, brown-eyed variety, good dancers, and men between twenty-five and thirty, appeal to me.

Eugenia Gilbert.

Strength of character is the supreme requirement for my ideal. On the screen Richard Barthelmess seems to typify this quality. His acting reflects his earnestness and honesty.

To search for one's ideal in real life is at times disappointing. If only men could really be as perfect as they are portrayed in the movies!

Olive Hasbrouck.

I have never gone out with a boy in my life, not even to high-school parties or football games. I'd rather read. The only men who interest me are older, married men, and as they never notice me and I am not a home wrecker, nothing ever comes of it.

Ronald Colman, Ricardo Cortez, and John Gilbert are my screen favorites. Oh, wait a minute, I like George O'Brien, and Wallace MacDonald, too. Ronald Colman is cruel looking. I love cruel men in pictures. Ricardo Cortez is wonderful, and George O'Brien is perhaps the finest boy on the screen. I guess I could admire him longer than the others.

Majel Coleman.

A shadow hero is my ideal. I never met him personally. Just a dream boy who smiled his way from the screen into your heart, and made you happier for having known him even that way.

Dear, joyous, clean Wallie Reid! Wherever will they find another like you?

My imaginary hero embodies Wallie's characteristics: sophistication, engaging personality, sense of humor, and good looks. He is tall, dances as well as Billy, is as clever as Roy, and agrees with my disposition as Monte does. But most of all he is Wallie.

Dorothy Devore.

Tall, dark, and brown eyed is my "He," with charm and magnetism and a vibrant, rather gorgeous, personality. Mildly aggressive—not cave mannish to the point of brutality, but determined and serious of mood.

Anything under thirty-five would bore me. Only men above that age are mellow in experience and sober enough in viewpoint to delve for realities of thought and feeling and pass up the trivial tinsel. I detest dancing and care little for sports, or for men who excel in them.

Men like John Barrymore, Lowell Sherman, Lewis Stone, and Adolphe Menjou interest me, though sometimes a boy matures mentally at a younger age, as Jack Gilbert.

May McAvoy.

My ideal hero? That's rather a large order.

There are so many persons whose qualities I admire or in whom I think I see good traits. Belief in heroes is a cherished illusion. It is comforting to attribute heroic traits to people whose personalities attract us.

The he-man, of the swashbuckling sort, like Fairbanks, appeals to me. As a child, when I picked heroes from real life, I liked the boy who was a bit of a bully and was able to get away with it. Probably that was due to the attraction of opposites, for I was bashful and retiring.

I now realize that there are few who are entitled to be called heroes—and those are not usually labeled so. The world is full of unsung heroes, men and women whose lives are bravely lived, but whose acts of heroism are hidden from the public.

Diana Miller.

In my estimation, there is no type of hero more to be admired than the rugged, strong man of good morals and stanch adherence to his principles. George O'Brien illustrates him—morally clean, a genuine person.

A war hero on whom I had quite a crush impressed me in much the same way. But when he changed into civilian clothes he was different. I'm sure I wasn't merely blinded by his uniform. Something really left his character and never returned.

Rita Carita.

Perhaps it's because I'm small that the first thing I demand in my ideal is size and plenty of it. But the law of opposites doesn't continue, for I want him to be dark.

Otherwise, my requirements aren't very definite. I picture him as having a likable personality and the nature to laugh a good deal. I can't tolerate these morose, misunderstood men.

On the screen, Rod La Rocque is the nearest approach to my ideal. In personal life, Jerome comes close to it. But the fact that no one calls him Jerry is significant of the gap. Jimmy looks like Rod, and Rod is amusing, but if either measures up to my standard, he is hiding a good many lights under a bushel.

Edna Marion.

John Barrymore is my romantic ideal on the screen—suave, gallant, charming—*perfect!*

But strange as it may seem, in real life I have never liked a man who bore the least resemblance to the Barrymore type. Most men of that type are such weak, insipid imitators.

I greatly admire Lincoln Stedman. He is good company, always pleasant, and manages to make fun out of everything.

"Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!"

How the youngsters of the "Our Gang" comedies grew into their present state of unity and fame.

By A. L. Wooldridge

THE baby in the upper corner is saying to the baby in the lower corner, "How'd you get into this gang?"

And the baby in the lower corner is saying to the baby in the upper corner, "You just toddle down here and there'll be one member absent at roll call after I get through. Get me?"

The little vamp, who is second in this baby revue, is not in the least perturbed by the threat of raging battle. She's heard all that talk before.

But No. 3, mamma's little darling, little ookum-snookum, is surprised and alarmed by such belligerency. Note the expression on his cherub face! No. 4 wants to be timekeeper in the bout and No. 5 is saying, "Lissen! If you-all's goin' to staht any ruff stuff roun' heah, Ah'm goin' right straight back ovah th' top o' dis amphitheatah! An' when Ah goes, Ah goes, lemme tell yo'!"

But the combat never took place. The combatants were too far separated. They were too small to inflict major punishment. But just look at them now, in the row of pictures at the right.

Of course, you recognize members of "Our Gang." And now look back at the babies and you can recognize the face of Mickey Daniels by the look of Irish pugnacity even at the age of five months, although he didn't have a freckle. Little Mary Kornman at the age of six months already was vamping, and Joe Cobb at the age of eleven months was — and is — the sweet little boy of the gang. He didn't start getting fat until he was three and one half years old.

As the members of the gang grow older, recruits have to be added. "Husky" Haines is one of the most promising of the new additions.

Tousled-headed Jackie Condon was just as tousled at fourteen months as he is at seven and one half years. Allen Clay Hoskins, (Farina), pet aversion of the goat, the cow, and the studio parrot, was just as dusky-complexioned at four months as he is now at four years. Johnny Downs, the "all-American boy" was singing and acting character songs on the stage at the age of three.

So there you are—a gang garnered from all corners of the United States. Mickey Daniels, the star, entered the world at Rock Springs, Wyoming. Mary Kornman, probably the most talented little girl now in the movies, is from Salt Lake City, Utah. Joe Cobb's arrival was announced at Shawnee, Oklahoma. Jackie Condon was born in Los Angeles. Mistah Allen Clay Hoskins (Farina) made his advent in Boston on a dark and stormy night, and Johnny Downs was born in Brooklyn.

"Husky" Haines is in training to become a member of the gang and is attracting as much attention as any child in pictures to-day.

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that that is something an actress should do."

And act she does, in First National's "The Girl from Montmartre." The postulating siren is not to be seen. Barbara becomes a comedienne. Though she reforms and takes on the garments of screen goodness, she becomes no saccharine heroine, for the tempestuous peasant of this peppery piece has a temper and an individuality of her own.

"There is no sartorial splendor," says Barbara. "It is the story of a character. A radical change, yes, but that is what I need. I had June Mathis to supervise, Al Green to direct, and that accomplished actor, Lewis Stone, for my hero. A gamble—but I think I am holding the winning hand.

"I should love to play *Iris March* in 'The Green Hat.' Why, when I had to be a vampire, could I never draw the really interesting ladies such as those who loved so passionately in Tolstoy's 'Resurrection' and Sudermann's 'Song of Songs?' And I wanted so to play *Bella Donna*. But no! Not humanly, grandly bad must I be, but foolishly, unnecessarily bad.

"Wickedness in an historical setting flings bold blasts of color at you. For one picture or two, it intrigues. But sinful Circe, in frocks from the Rue de la Paix, is just a naughty coquette who should be spanked for her flirtations. She is never genuine, never a real character. She is merely an amusing manikin whose tricks grow boresome.

"Vamping is a gamble, anyway.

"Beautiful Good is perennial, because she is an ideal that has breathed with the regularity of heartbeats, down through the ages.

"Beautiful Bad can never be more than a temporary exhilaration, because, though she thrills the impulse to sin which is in all mortal clay, she offends the basic and stronger instinct of decency.

"Men's passions are inflamed by Beautiful Bad. They desire her and long to conquer her spirit, they covet her charms for their own enjoyment, they serve her slavishly. And then, of a sudden, they are ashamed.

"They work for Beautiful Good at monotonous, dreary labor, idolize her, and die with her sweet, cool colors on their hearts.

"Being Beautiful Bad simply doesn't pay an actress, as a permanent investment. The inevitable reaction comes when the public are satiated with a personality whose novelty has worn off.

"The public just now is particularly tired of shady ladies. So I'm fighting."

Though Miss La Marr was in ill health, weighing only ninety-eight pounds, she had come West armored with resurging ambition. In battling mood, she insisted on her right to a chance to act according to her own views, and got it.

And why shouldn't she have it? She has intelligence and humor, and belief in her heretofore unrevealed acting powers. Around the studios, she is called "a good trouper," working uncomplainingly and scorning the concessions usually voted to stardom. She is well liked in a profession filled with much animosity and jealous bickering.

She has French-Italian blood in her veins, with a dash of Irish. Fire and intensity of feeling—merriment and adventure.

As I sit here, looking out upon a calm side street, just a moment from the caldron of Hollywood's life, with its ambitions, loves and hates, meditating upon Barbara, a Bret Harte line comes to mind—"Pour new metal into the broken mold."

Barbara, or Bobby, as her friends call her, isn't broken—the Irish never are—but she is certainly scratched. The melancholy of her Southern blood has heretofore dictated submission to the currents that gathered her up and played with her. Now that they have tossed her upon the beach, I wonder if her spirit is strong enough to provide that "new metal" which alone can carry her out on another wave?

Her life, with its attendant series of matrimonial wrecks, has disillusioned her as to love, and experience has proven to her that her beauty, if allowed too free a sway, will carry her swiftly downward to oblivion.

Therefore she is determined to play her trump card, whose presence in her hand has been suspected but which has never been placed flat on the table—namely, her ability to act.

"One good picture will reëstablish me," she says. "A definite change of interpretation renews laggard interest in an actress. But there must be no compromises—not a single feather fan nor pearl headdress nor snake-like negligee. The old Barbara is dead. Is there anybody left who likes me enough to start a *'Vive!'* for the new me?

"'The Girl from Montmartre' will answer my question. If it's poor, I'll quit."

Feverishly she works, despite her frail health. And anxiously she counts the weeks, sighing in relief as each day slips past, bringing the verdict closer.

Will an emotional actress replace Narcissus? She has vowed she will never again permit herself to be caught in the fascination of her beauty. For she has learned the stinging truth of its descriptive adjective, "fatal."

Another Bogy Goes Into the Discard

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It will be too bad if they aren't shown at all, for they represent splendid examples of coöperation between director, star, and photographer. Never for a moment does the sight of Barrymore suggest that his crippled condition is not real. He had to work with the lower half of his leg strapped back against his thigh. He could work like this for half an hour at a time before the wrappings were taken off to give him a chance to rest.

With "The Sea Beast" and also with "Stella Maris" rests, I feel, the question of whether the stars with romantic appeal can so severely distort or maim themselves without alienating the public.

When Mary Pickford filmed "Stella Maris," years ago, she cleverly evaded the issue in the rôle of *Unity*, the misshapen slavey. Her curls were tightly braided and she walked with a little limp, which was most appealing, but she was not a distorted unfortunate. Mary Philbin, however, with the backing of Universal, took the rôle and wove into it all the misfortune, the horror, and the thwarted mentality which logically came into the character.

She allows herself to be seen as a heavy lump of humanity with a mere spark revealed beneath. Twisted celluloid legs were strapped on her each morning, and a heavy made-to-order chest was also attached, while Mary's fluffy hair was hidden under a wispy wig, with the forehead line brought down very low. The other accouterments were real, but nothing gave Mary that look of dwarfed mentality quite so much as the low forehead did.

In "The Dark Angel," the fact that Ronald Colman was blinded during the war accentuated rather than detracted from his appeal. There is something so gripping about a strong man groping for the light, that it is really of immense value.

Madam—please accept

a 7-day supply of this amazing new way of removing cleansing cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your "make-up"
That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and germ-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

THIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your "make-up."

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be given you without charge.

What it is

The name is Kleenex . . . a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness that you'll love.

Kleenex comes in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches . . 65c

KLEENEX
Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

No more soiled towels

No more harsh substitutes removing cold cream

Instead of towels, cloths or harsh fibre, paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!

Then—remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

Then—especially the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

Then—you discard it—no more soiling of towels!

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins . . . Combats imperfections . . . Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

By removing *all* dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

* * *

It will correct skin and nose oiliness. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must "powder" now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often come.

This new way corrects those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets, and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches.

Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables . . . a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., P. P.-3
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

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the producer the next day. It is an excellent system, and besides, gives the patrons a taste of critical authority.

Premieres.

Hollywood first-nights are the local fans' paradise. With each opening it becomes more and more a social rule for the stars to attend. Those who do not are rated low in the haughty future records of Mr. and Mrs. Public and family. Only Mary and Doug, and possibly Lillian Gish, are exempt from this drastic convention, since they almost never go out. When the Fairbankses do make a public appearance, it is received in the manner of a sudden, blinding gift from Heaven. Of others players, though, regular descents into the streets of the realm are expected, that all may see and point and judge.

Sid Grauman, unparalleled genius of the theater, has given to Hollywood such premières as would dim those of the Metropolitan itself for dazzling panoply. His famous Egyptian Theater on Hollywood Boulevard runs only the greatest productions of the year. Sometimes three, sometimes four a year, but never more. For a week previous to an opening, the house is dark in preparation, posters emblazon the highways, modistes are besieged and swamped, and then—another great night bursts into colored lights.

As early as seven o'clock, the crowds begin to wander about in the huge forecourt, gradually reaching stability in places of vantage. By seven thirty there is a solid mass in the court and out in the street. At eight o'clock the cops arrive to rope a lane through the mob, from street to entrance. By eight fifteen the Boulevard traffic for four blocks each way is paralyzed, with machines five deep and trolley cars completely worsted. The excitement becomes feverish as the crowds grow, lining for blocks the route the cavalcade must follow. Around eight thirty the first limousine is spotted in the distance, and the announcer takes up his megaphone and clears his throat.

Speaking as one who has observed personally, I should say that Charles Ray is one of the most popular stars with this particular type of audience. Perhaps this is because he is so polite to them. He does not beam or throw kisses, but when they desert their hard-won vantage points and run along beside his blue car crying "Hello Charlie," he smiles in an embarrassed, friendly manner and lifts his hat with a courtly little gesture.

Leatrice Joy is always enthusiastically received by mothers. She smiles her dazzling smile and waves to the gaping children. The children, by the way, are never nearly so overcome by the stars as are their parents, although they take a passionate interest in the more startling gowns. Tom Mix, of course, in his largest sombrero, inspires the small boys to a high pitch of enjoyment. They follow his car yelling, "Hello, Tom," and he always yells back, "Hello there, kid."

Traffic being so congested, it takes a car ten or fifteen minutes to traverse the three blocks to the left of the entrance.

Once, when the nice-looking John Roche drove by with his party, with John sitting in the front seat by the chauffeur, a little girl pointed her finger at his very nose.

"I've seen that one," she screamed. "He's funny."

One star who always elicits a spontaneous burst of applause is William S. Hart. He usually comes with one or two men, and is greatly touched by the sincere demonstration. When some extraordinary event brings forth Mary and Doug, each family has a lookout posted for the first glimpse of the familiar Rolls-Royce car. As soon as it is sighted, the populace swarm over the road like a tidal wave, reducing to seaweed the huskiest of cops. As the car plows toward the entrance at the rate of an inch an hour, Mary and Doug bow and wave and smile, and even shake hands with the bold ones who cling to the running board.

At the entrance, an announcer calls the names of the celebrities as they step from their cars. But further down the street, his tones are inaudible above the din. Once when Gloria Swanson and her party drove by, one woman began the cry, "Which is Henry? Which one is Henry?" and the crowd took it up. The startled marquis looked undecided between standing up and bowing or hiding in the bottom of the car.

That the emotion at these functions is superbly hysterical is beyond a doubt. Even inside, in spite of a slight veneer of calm, there is the same atmosphere of high-strung excitement.

"The Big Parade" brought an equal thunder of acclaim. And seldom has there been seen a more dashing figure than that of Jack Gilbert when he was called down to the orchestra pit at the close, where he stood in the spotlight, bowing and smiling, but refusing to speak.

During intermission at that première, the foyers were filled. Around King Vidor, Renee Adoree, Jack Gilbert, and Irving Thalberg, the congratulatory throng pressed, many of them unprofessional fans whose enthusiasm for the picture had routed their usual awe. The exquisitely beautiful Eleanor Boardman, who was with King Vidor, roused much interest among the fans. As usual, without even any powder on her patrician nose, she was completely outsparkling beauties of whom they had expected unrivaled supremacy.

No, it cannot be said that it is monotonous to live in Hollywood. Ask any Iowan who tries to deceive you into thinking he is a native son, if he would like to sell out and go back East. Ask him, and be answered with a sneer that has been copied straight from Wallace Beery's countenance, at actual close range. His daughter will ridicule the idea in an accent vaguely resembling Miss Negri's. And his wife says, "Not while Lewis Stone lives across the street from us, we don't!"

What Will Be Worn This Spring?

Continued from page 65

scarf are bordered with red crêpe de Chine.

That the two-piece knitted sport costume has lost none of its popularity is proven by the charmingly girlish one worn by Gertrude Olmstead at the right of the two-figure group at the top of page 65. Its color is dark blue, and it is brightened by a red tie. With this costume Miss Olmstead wears a hat of gray felt with a blue-and-red band of ribbon.

The sketch on her left shows the latest kink for holding up the sport skirt. These suspenders are the regular masculine variety of elastic and leather, and the accompanying mannish belt is a blue-and-red-striped one. A red tie completes the costume.

The negligee at the foot of the page is worn by Claire Windsor in "Dance Madness," and is one of the prettiest and most colorful of the popular pajama styles. The voluminous trousers are of satin, while the velvet overblouse is girdled with a broad sash of silver. A gold-edged stenciled design trims the waist, and the sleeves are of chiffon.

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We have many hundreds such letters as these, showing what can be done by a man willing to work, even when he can only give part time to the business. This next letter is typical of such.

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Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

IMA WHALE.—Did you write "Follow the Swallow?" Yes, Mary Brian played the title rôle in "The Little French Girl," and Alice Joyce was her mother. Mary Brian is sixteen and Lloyd Hughes twenty-six. Sally O'Neil is about seventeen and Larry Gray, I should think, in his early twenties. Blanche Sweet doesn't give her age. I have included the addresses you ask for in the list at the bottom of The Oracle.

PRINGLE FAN.—You write such a charming letter it does seem surprising that none of those you wrote to the What the Fans Think Department appeared in the magazine. I suppose you addressed the letters correctly—PICTURE-PLAY, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, marked the department in question on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. But, of course, so many hundreds of letters come in to "What the Fans Think" that it isn't possible to publish all of them. One reason you see so few interviews with Harrison Ford is that he seems somewhat shy and just won't talk to interviewers. He's polite and says "Yes" and "No," but that's about all. A story about him appeared in the December, 1923, issue of PICTURE-PLAY; about Bert Lytell in the issue for February, 1924; about Malcolm MacGregor in PICTURE-PLAYS for April, 1925, and November, 1925. Gareth Hughes was playing on the New York stage last season, in "The Dunce Boy." That, perhaps, accounted for your not seeing him in pictures. Bert Lytell has played in pictures about six years; he appeared on the stage for some years before turning to the screen.

A BEN LYON CLUB with Ben as honorary president has recently been formed. Any one interested may find out further particulars by writing to its secretary, Miss Ida Aispur, 1413 East Twenty-second Street, Minneapolis.

A. I.—Your admiration for PICTURE-PLAY seems delightfully warm, even after crossing the ocean all the way from Norway. I will tell the editor you would like pictures in rotogravure of Ian Keith, Bob Custer, and Manuel Granado. I'm sorry I have no home address for the latter. I can only suggest that you write to him at the studio. Bob Custer only recently had his opportunity when F. B. O. needed another Western star and selected him from among the group of extras then playing in their pictures. He is in his early twenties. The picture of yourself which you inclosed is very charming and I thank you for that and for the four-leaf clover.

BETH.—I like to be obliging, Beth, but sending out photos of screen stars is one of the things I can't do. PICTURE-PLAY—or any other screen magazine—has only enough for its own use, and besides, the demand for stars' photographs is so great that if one were to start sending them out, there would be time for nothing else. Write to the stars themselves and ask for their pictures; most of them will send photos on request. Yes, Norma and Constance Talmadge are really sisters, and those are their real names. They are two of my favorite actresses, too. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, March 27, 1899; I think that is her real name. Jack Mulhall was born in New York—he doesn't say when—and is married to Evelyn Winans. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Anna Q. Nilsson is Mrs. John Gunnerson; a divorce suit is pending. Claire Windsor was married a year ago to Bert Lytell, her second husband. Colleen Moore is Mrs. John McCormick. Pat O'Malley is married to Lillian Wilkes and has three little Irish daughters—Eileen, Sheila, and Mary Kathleen. Betty Bronson is not married, and neither is Eugene O'Brien. Billie Burke hasn't played on the screen in some years.

JUST A FAN.—Sometimes that's quite enough on a hot day. I wish I had one now—a hot day, I mean. When a star is under contract to a big film company, the company usually pays for the photos he has taken for publication by magazines and newspapers. It is to the interest of a film company to make their stars as popular and famous as they can. When a player free-lances, however, he has to pay for his own publicity, including, of course, his photos, which his agent sends to the magazines. Yes, Richard Dix has a home in California, where his mother and sister Josephine have been living. Josephine recently got married, and probably doesn't live there any longer. I suppose his father is dead; one never hears of him. I think Richard rents an apartment on his trips to New York; he doesn't always stay at the same place. I don't know whether he served in the war or not; I never happened to discuss the subject with him. I doubt if there is any truth in the report which got about of his engagement to Charlot Bird. Miss Bird is not an actress, so far as I know.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—And I've been trying to cut out sweets! I don't know how old Elinor Faire is; she has played in pictures about five or six years. Before that she had a short stage career in musical comedy and vaudeville. She is five feet four and a half inches, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and has blond hair and brown eyes. Her earlier pictures include, "Kismet," "Through the Back Door," "Has the World Gone Mad?" "Driven"—in which she made rather a sensation—and "The Eagle's Feather." She hasn't made many pictures, and has played mostly in productions of small, independent companies—which probably explains why you hadn't seen her in anything before "Timber Wolf." But she is under contract now to Cecil De Mille, and has the lead in "The Volga Boatman." She recently was featured with Bryant Washburn in "That Girl, Oklahoma." Ruth Mix, Tom's daughter, was starred in that film.

SHORTY.—So you're "dying for one of Robert Agnew's photos?" Try a Life Saver. I don't know why you didn't receive one of Bobby's photos when you wrote to him; perhaps he has no secretary and just doesn't have time to answer fan mail himself. I don't know his birthday, except that he was born in 1899, in Dayton, Kentucky. He was educated in San Antonio, Texas, and has played in pictures about six years. No, he isn't married; he has been reported engaged to May McAvoy several times, but apparently there was nothing to the rumors. Leslie Fenton doesn't give his age; he has been working at the Fox studio in "Thunder Mountain," "Lazybones," "East Lynne," and "The Ancient Mariner."

A CURIOUS PERSON, C. M.—Is M. worth seeing? In "Old Home Week," Thomas Meighan's mother was played by Zelma Tiden, his uncle by Charles Sellon. In "New Lives for Old," Theodore Kosloff played *De Montinbard*, Sheldon Lewis was *Pugin*, and Jack Joyce played *Jean Bertaut*. As I didn't see the picture, it's impossible for me to tell which of them was the one-legged Frenchman who later became ambassador to the United States. It sounds like the sort of rôle Kosloff might play. However, perhaps you can recognize the character name and identify him that way. The three nervous men in "Oh, Doctor!" were played by Otis Harlan, William V. Mong, and Tom Ricketts. The fat one was Otis Harlan.

Continued on page 120

Could You Endure a Test Like This?

Continued from page 84

colony than Mack Sennett's, and I believe there is not another man in America who can bring out such a full display of a girl's acting talent, unless it is Flo Ziegfeld.

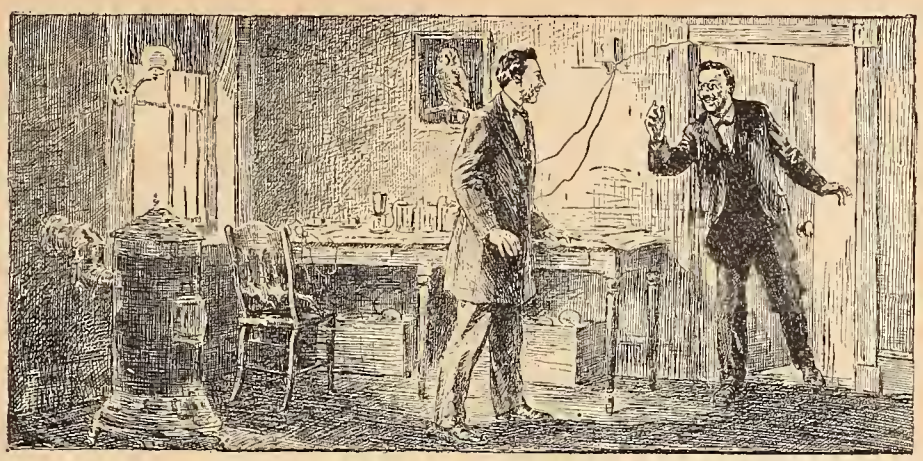
He studies his applicants. He can be gentle, careful, encouraging to one who needs to be handled that way. He can sit by the side of the camera with a perfectly well-regulated "poker face," while a confident position seeker does her stuff. Then he can take some one like little Ruth Taylor —she's little more than five feet tall, and weighs only one hundred and one pounds now—and by using rough-shod methods, bring out latent talent which could be developed in no other manner. It may scare the daylights out of the girl, but it gets results for him and gets a job for her. When it's over, he smiles pleasantly and they go to work.

"But a-o-u-w!" Ruth said to me, "what a grilling I got! And what a lesson! When he asked me if I walked that way all the time, I made up my mind that there was something wrong with my walk. So I went home and, before a full-length mirror, began endeavoring to improve my carriage. First I tried to think of some one who was noted for her graceful walk and I decided on Mae Murray. I carried my head high in the Murray fashion and tried to imitate her. But it didn't take more than a few steps to convince me I wasn't her type. So I gave that up and decided to 'be myself,' but a better-poised self. Then I saw to it that my shoulders went up and back."

She understands now that "caveman" attitude of Mack Sennett—why he gave her that scare when her screen tests were made. He doesn't dole out any sugar-coated phrases to her even now.

"He never tells any girl how beautiful or how clever she is," Ruth says. "He doesn't praise any one to her face. But he is a wonderful man, and every one who works for him respects him and his knowledge of picture making."

Ruth is eighteen years old and was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. When she was three years old, she moved with her parents to Oregon. She was graduated from Lincoln High School in Portland in 1922. She took a little training in dancing and dramatics before leaving Oregon, but the "movie bug" did not bite her until she moved to Los Angeles and came into closer contact with cinemaland. You will see her, now, regularly in the Sennett comedies.



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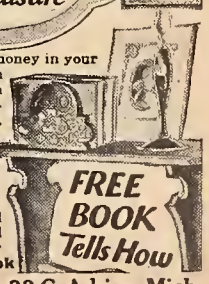

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He Hit New York in a Box Car

Continued from page 85

thrill of my life. Kalem increased my salary to forty dollars a week."

Vignola was with Kalem for seven years, then went to Famous Players for five years, before signing a contract with Cosmopolitan.

"A bit of hard luck is good for a fellow," Vignola continued. "The experiences I had twenty years ago, while barnstorming, were sobering. They made me determine to apply myself so seriously to my work that riding into town in box cars would not be necessary. In recent years I have met dozens of aspiring young actors and actresses complaining bitterly of their lot. I have sympathized with them and given them kindly advice. What I have *wanted* to say to them is this:

" 'You haven't ridden in freight cars yet. You haven't subsisted on bologna and cheese. You haven't bought anybody's discarded clothing to wear. You haven't landed in a strange city penniless, hungry, and without a friend to whom to turn. The rough spots in the world are what make the smooth ones seem so enjoyable.' "

Back in the garage, at his beautiful home on Whitley Heights, stood an expensive automobile. On the floors of his living and reception rooms were expensive rugs purchased in the Orient. Throughout the place were *objets d'art* picked up in his wanderings about the world on location. The twenty-five dollars a week he earned from Kalem had grown to about twenty-five hundred a week from Cosmopolitan. His name, as director, adorns some of the most successful film plays ever made.

Yet twenty-four years ago he rode into New York in a box car!

Perseverance!

Do Clothes Make the Actor?

Continued from page 83

every occasion, and by degrees those tactics began to bring home the bacon.

"They're doing the work now, all right. Let me tell you a little incident. A few months ago, I was signed up for a prominent part in a very good story. Unhappily I didn't finish with the picture I was making until two weeks later than we had planned. Finding it too expensive to wait indefinitely for me, the other company secured another actor for the part. And when I say actor, I really mean it. The kid has really got it, he's well known. However, just last night, while I was over at the club, I was chatting with the producer of that picture and in the course of our conversation, he said:

" 'Bobby, I don't care if I have to wait for you a month next time, I'll do it. B——— is a fine actor, but his clothes are a mess. He spoiled the whole tone of my picture with his cheap suits.'

"I've been so careful about my wardrobe that directors know they can bank on it always."

In all of which one sees a certain shrewd judgment, almost the reasoning and insight one would expect from a seasoned trouper rather than from a smooth-faced boy. Perhaps he's right, perhaps his method is the shortest highroad for him to the success he wants, provided that, having cut his figure as the sartorially correct youth, he eventually makes an effort to make a place for himself histrionically.

Breaking in upon any further reflections, Bobby began to discuss another angle of the clothes problem.

"I want to whisper into your ear a few more things about these despised garments, just a few things you probably never think about. In all studios, clothes are either furnished to a girl, or an addition is made to her salary to cover the cost of her wardrobe. But a man doesn't get an extra penny, nor is he even furnished with a collar.

"Why, I know dozens of actresses, some making as much as two or three thousand a week, who get even their personal wardrobes for a very little more than a shopgirl pays. It's this way—their gowns in pictures are made especially for them so that when a picture is finished, unless a gown can be easily remodeled for some other actress, it is sold, or in some cases given, to the actress who has been wearing it.

"But as I said before, the man must furnish everything, from the collar button up or down. When a boy is playing a son of wealth or a young clubman, he must naturally wear the same sort of clothes such men would wear. In one picture the action may call for full dress. That means two hundred and fifty dollars, at the most conservative estimate.

"As for day suits, my changes vary from four to a dozen. So you can see how more than half of my salary goes into maintaining this clothes closet of mine."

The Truth About Screen Kisses

Continued from page 45

His kisses are sweet with a meaning that is deep. Confidentially, I'm quite in love with him.

"Some men kiss you with all the fervor they like to boast of. Their kisses burn. These are the kisses of the 'heavies,' the villains, the men who inspire you with hate. Other men kiss you warmly and affectionately, and behind the kiss is great but controlled emotion. These are expressive kisses. And then, there are the pecky kisses of the film husband. These I have termed 'business kisses,' for there is little depth to them. They don't amount to much."

Dorothy seemed to know *something* about "the slight, delightful chill as from peppermint."

Carmel Myers insists that her movie kisses have been so impersonal that she doesn't even remember from whom they came.

"But," she added, "of course, the kisses in 'Ben-Hur' were the most thrilling. The atmosphere, the Oriental setting, the dancing girls, incense, and the like, all added to the feeling of romance."

Louise Fazenda ironically declares that she is an "ugly ducking" and that ugly ducklings don't get kissed. From the very beginning, when she used to play little-slavey rôles at Mack Sennett's years ago, she never has received her share of screen endearments, she insists. And she has to be the aggressor, osculatorily speaking, when she does get one of the time-honored marks of affection.

"I seem to be the campaigner," she said. "I hate to say it, but I have to sneak up on them—surprise them, as it were. I am so rarely sought out as the object of endearment that I could never be conceited. My first screen kiss came in 'The Gold Diggers,' and that at the very end, when kisses must happen, if they happen at all. But what a run I gave Alec B. Francis, a dignified lawyer, in order to get it!"

So Louise maintains she knows nothing about "the slight, delightful chill as from peppermint drops."

Marie Prevost has averaged about three kisses to each of the twenty-two pictures she has made, making a total of sixty-six. Irene Rich has had about fifty, six of which were given in "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted." Kenneth Harlan estimates he has garnered fully two thousand during all his stage and screen career.

I moved over toward Mae Murray's dressing room. I always have taken a great interest in Miss Murray's screen kisses. Have you ever noticed? If a sports writer were assigned a story describing how she proceeds, he probably would put it something like this:

"At the sound of the bell, both sprang from their corners and began maneuvering for an opening. The glare of the Kleigs seemed to blind them for the moment, and both were wary. Suddenly, however, Miss Murray leapt forward and went into a clinch. The little actress deftly and quickly secured a half-nelson with her right arm and, in a flash, had her adversary by the hair, crumpling his ear forward as though it were a sheet of paper. Before he realized it, she had kissed him, fairly, squarely, on the mouth and she had done it with her eyes shut. She won by a mile."

It would never do for Mae Murray to kiss a man wearing a wig. She would have him bald at a most inopportune moment.

I couldn't get her opinion as to the "slight, delightful chill as from peppermint drops," because she had started for Europe.

Madame Glyn promised to write her opinion of the value of screen kisses. Here it is, in full, just as she wrote it:

"It depends on what kind they are. Blah kisses do not count, on the screen or off, but there are some kisses which thrill even to look at!

"So, that is that!"

I am still trying to figure it out. When she got Aileen Pringle into that mess with Conrad Nagel in "Three Weeks"—only a movie, you understand—she wrote a remarkable description of that kiss on the couch of roses. That probably was not one of the "blah" kisses she speaks of. She left Conrad when "his neck, fresh from the embrace of two soft-scented arms, seemed anointed with oil." But she doesn't tell about the "peppermint drops!"

Cecil De Mille says that kisses on the screen don't count—that it's the reaction of the audience to the suggestion of a kiss, which registers an effect in a picture play.

"The imagination of the theatergoer must fill in the absent emotion," he insists. "I always try to stop a kiss before it reaches the climax. For, when the climax is reached, there is nothing for the imagination of the audience to work upon. There is no single act which can express such a wide variety of emotion as a kiss can. But, for the best effect, the audience must mentally do the kissing themselves."

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How Beginners Survive Slack Times

Young players who are not supplied with ample means usually have some other trade to fall back on, or if not, they usually set about to learn one.

By William H. McKegg

IT would surprise many a movie fan to know how many young players in Hollywood are working at occupations far removed from the movies during the periods of idleness which most screen actors have to go through until they have definitely arrived.

It would be equally surprising to know how many of these young persons, lacking any other means of making a livelihood during such periods, are preparing themselves for other work, to help them through their apprenticeship.

It is best for all newcomers to be thus prepared, and it is best for those who have met with some success to have something else to fall back on. It keeps them from giving way to worry and depression when, for weeks or months, they can obtain no work at the casting offices.

There is a secretarial school in Hollywood that has helped more than one discouraged aspirant to come back, and which has been the starting point for many beginners.

One girl, well known in the film colony, having played leads for the last five years, to-day—after dropping out and taking a business course—gathers in her one hundred and fifty dollars per week as personal assistant and secretary to a foreign director.

The Movie Goddess certainly produces game youths!

If Jobyna Ralston had not become Harold Lloyd's leading lady she would have had no difficulty in earning money. Jobyna can type by the touch system and tell you all the rules for prefixes and the oo-hook in shorthand.

Lita Grey was another bright student. The greatest event in her life was when she was chosen with others to go on location with the Chaplin unit. Exteriors for "The Gold Rush" were being shot. Lita had never before been on a very long Pullman ride. The trip to San Francisco was exhilarating for her. She never came back to the school.

Buddy Messinger is at present enrolled in the school. Too big for child parts, too young for grown-up rôles, Buddy is forced to study until he is ready to make more pictures. Marie, his sister, also attends.

Janet Gaynor, Betty Collings, and Isabel Stewart are three young girls who know the advantage of knowing more professions than one.

Arthur Hammond, an eighteen-year-old six-footer, who does comedy relief in many productions, studies the intricacies of a business course in his spare time.

Friday is assembly day at the school. Many picture people of importance drop in and talk to the students. George Billings, who gave a masterpiece to the screen in his impersonation of *Lincoln,* gives his views on life. Another time, old Luke Cosgrave leaves the Lasky lot and entertains the pupils with his talks.

However, not all who have difficulty in breaking into pictures hover around the typewriter.

Hugh Roman, who plays parts in many productions and who is well known on every lot, can run a soda fountain with the best of them. During a slack time two summers ago, Hughie served me with innumerable chocolate malted milks at McComber's on Vine Street.

Chester Hughes, now at Del Monte, playing young Fairbanks' friend in a Henry King production, can always put in a slack week by returning to vaudeville from whence he came.

Bobby Montgomery, another young actor, has opened a dry cleaning and pressing establishment. He accepts picture offers only when he is paid his proper price. No five per day for him!

It is evident that young people, after graduating from the extra class, even when playing parts, cannot always depend on constant work. To be able to do something else proves rather lucrative in the long run.

The Movie Goddess is heartless. She will test you to the breaking point, though possibly there is no other domain of work that reveals to you your real talents better than the realm of this fascinating Circe. You might aspire to become a scenario writer and find yourself an actor; you might start out hoping to be a star and discover that your talents lie in the art department. A designer might become a director and a would-be director might remain as an expert cameraman.

The Movie Goddess has hard ways. In the end, however, she shows you what you are really worth. If you rise to the top, it is she who has aided you there; but if you drop out of sight, you know inwardly that you alone are to blame.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 60

fair play comes Señorita Dolores, of the soft-brown eyes. Educated in Paris, a social leader in Mexico City, wealthy, popular with the aristocratic class there, the señorita had no thought of a career. Her life pursued a somnolent course, untouched by the annoyances of our ambitious world.

Edwin Carewe, meeting her in Mexico City, broached the subject of film acting. The señorita mocked him with a gay little laugh. But Carewe insisted, and she became interested in the idea.

When she announced to the governmental circles in which she moved that she was considering becoming a motion-picture star, it's a wonder the noise wasn't heard in Boston. There was more excitement than if six of their before-breakfast revolutions had been rolled into one and served piping hot in tamale wrappings.

Carewe is something of a diplomat himself, however. The suggestion that the gracious and lovely señorita might be instrumental in paving the way for a more considerate treatment of Mexico on the American screen took root and eventually bore fruit. The disgrace of having their adored social queen and national pet cavorting in the movies they might endure for the greater good.

So to Hollywood came the limpid-eyed ambassadress. And with her trunks filled with rare old Spanish shawls, mantillas, combs, and a collection of laces valued at fifty thousand dollars. She gives us, in Carewe's "Joanna," the flower and charm of old Mexico. And he has other plans for her following that.

The first barrier is down. Hollywood is wild over her, for she has magnetism and charm. And, though she may not be familiar with English, she speaks Hollywoodese.

If John Gilbert Had His Way

Continued from page 34

much for the big things as long as they can have the little ones. Taxing our tea brought on the Revolution. And don't think that John Barrymore has always been an actor to his public. When I was in school, a girl in my class cried on the day he got married. There will always be the Lily Langtrys versus the Sarah Bernhardts, and even the Divine Sarah's age and health got to be a matter of public speculation. So let's begin this interview over again.

"Now, Mr. Gilbert, what is your favorite color?"

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The Sketchbook

Continued from page 26

Interviewed by Carmel.

I was on my way out to the Metro-Goldwyn studio to be interviewed by Carmel Myers. (Yes, that's right.) I wasn't going to interview her—she was going to interview me. It seems that Carmel had been commissioned by PICTURE-PLAY to write her impressions of PICTURE-PLAY'S West Coast staff.

On the way out, I figured what I ought to do and say. I have always appreciated it when people I have interviewed have been colorful. I thought I ought to be colorful for Carmel, but I didn't quite know how to go about it.

Carmel was waiting for me in the publicity department. Never before was there such a luscious interviewer. She wore a dress that had bits of red on it here and there, and her hat matched. Also she had a pencil and pad. She looked like Circe as a young business woman.

"I'm nervous about this," said Carmel.

"Good," said I. "So am I."

After that we got along famously.

"Now," Carmel began, moistening the tip of her pencil with her tongue, "where were you born?"

"Texas," I replied timidly, hoping that would do.

She made a note of it, so I guess it got over all right.

In a moment she came back with another one. "Do you fall in love easily?" she asked, with one of those radiant smiles of hers. I could see she was trying to make it as painless as possible.

I was so frightened I was truthful. "Yes," said I. "But not for publication."

"Oh, that's all right," Carmel assured me. "It's nice to find some one who is honest."

"How do you like interviewing?" I asked.

Carmel looked up from her notes long enough to say she thought it was a lot of fun—at first. "I was crazy about the idea, but when I began to put it into practice, it developed into a lot of work. I don't think I am as good as I thought I was." Her voice sank almost to a whisper. "Do you ever have any trouble in your writing?"

"Always," I replied.

"Good," said Carmel. "So do I."

We interviewers have our ups and downs, you bet.

The Surprising Miss Pringle.

One thing about this work, it never grows stale. Some one is always handing you a surprise, one way or another.

Aileen Pringle is my latest—I mean, my latest surprise.

On the screen she had always radiated a scintillating charm that was as fascinating as the glint of a diamond—and as cold. But off the screen, she is tiny, vivacious and witty, with a habit of doing thoughtful things.

After negotiations with several publicity attaches, I finally met her at her hilltop home in Hollywood. If I hadn't already labeled this thesis "The Surprising Miss Pringle," I'd call it "The Colorful Hour."

First, there is her home. You've never seen one quite like it, because it isn't a house at all, but a place of imagination. Poe might have written "Annabelle Lee" there. It has winding stairs, and crooks and crannies that should be explored and poked into. It even has a secret panel. Maybe you think the bedrooms are upstairs? They aren't, though. They are on a balcony effect over the living room.

It was from this balcony that a lady mandarin, who later proved to be Aileen, summoned me to tea. She wore short, impudent bobbed hair, and also a silk lounging suit.

"Did you read what Erté said about me in the paper this morning?" she laughed, as she led me into an upper room of lounges and easy-chairs. "He says I am 'difficult' to design for. And I am. I could have told him that long ago. Look at my shoulders. They are as square as a box. I'll never forgive my mother for letting me row up the Thames for exercise when I was a girl."

In my various comings and goings, I have met many cinema ladies. Some have had a sense of humor and some haven't. But never before had I met one whose sense of humor permitted her to kid her figure.

Our whole talk was like that. She kidded about her chauffeur, who, she said, "served dinner in a white jacket until it was time to put on his chauffeur's uniform." She kidded about the sacred passages of her contract. She took the high holies of Hollywood into one humorous anecdote after another that reduced them to rather ridiculous ladies and gentlemen. But most of all, she kidded about herself.

No one has told Aileen Pringle to take herself seriously. I don't think she would if they did. The surprising Miss Pringle is having too much fun being—just herself.

Every Move a Picture!

Continued from page 53

Her cheek bones are high, her face wide, her mouth curiously hungry-looking. She is not beautiful, but there is an exotic charm about her face, emanating chiefly from her eyes, gray-green, smoldering, penetrating.

When you look at her you are reminded of the Eternal Woman and other editorial subjects, but when you hear her talk you discover abruptly how naïve and childlike she really is. As is the case with Nita Naldi and other high-voltage ladies of cinemania, Gilda should be seen and not heard, if an illusion is to be preserved. Her voice is hoarse and throaty, her manner diffident, her conversation matter-of-fact.

It was not easy to lead Gilda into the bypaths of loquacity. She was wary, reticent, and cautious in her dicta. But a certain parlor manner faded with the passing minutes, and in due time she was, I believe, herself, honest in her bewilderment at assuming the mantle of Duse, Bernhardt, and the rest of the girls, frank in her amaze at the weekly stipend.

If she contributes two dances to the picture, she receives approximately one thousand five hundred dollars per wiggle. All things considered, she may well be thrilled.

Here was an interesting study in economics and psychology—a girl who had known the dregs of poverty now enjoying an income of well over a thousand dollars a day.

"How does it feel," I asked, "to make so much money after having once made so very little? Do you blow it in on ice-cream sodas or ermine muffs or private elevators or what?"

"When I first broke into the money," Gilda replied frankly, after considering, "in the night-club racket, I used to spend it as fast as I got it. In the 'Follies,' too, I bought necklaces, pearls, jewels of every description. You remember that armful of diamond bracelets I wore in the 'Follies?'" She paused for breath, and perhaps a contemplative backward glance. "But I learned my lesson, and cut out getting jewels after I'd been robbed a few times."

"For publicity purposes," I suggested.

"No, sir! Real robbed," Gilda assured me warmly. "Real jewelry, too. I can show you bills from Cartier's and those other Fifth Avenue shops to prove it. Now I save my money—put it away.

"Not long ago, Mr. Boag, formerly my manager, now also my husband, said, 'Dearest, do you know how much you made last week?' 'No, dearest, I don't,' I told him. That's when I was dancing on percentage in the movie theaters. 'Well,' he said, 'it was plenty!' And when he read me the figures, it took my breath away." Her face grew wistful; an unaccountable frown flitted vaguely across her brow. "I don't know, I think it's all wonderful, but it doesn't seem possible, that's all. Now I can take care of my boy, and my father and mother."

She is not at all the conventional trouper. She is not preposessing, not particularly sure of herself, not impressed with her own importance.

Behind the footlights, writhing prettily to some tom-tom tune, she is in her stride. When arrayed thus, doing her best work in the interests of the tired business man, Gilda is a memorable sight. Irv Cobb would be unable to determine whether she was dressed for opera or operation.

Although it has been long since excluded from her reportoire, her wailing of "Beale Street Blues" is worthy of a place alongside Fannie Brice's "Mon Homme," Al Jolson's "Avalon," and the incomparable Meller's "Violetera." The Gray reputation rests, however, upon her expert manipulation of seaweed skirt and adroitly hung *lei* of grass.

Because she was able to demolish previous attendance records all along the cross-country route, she obtained a glittering picture contract, as hereinbefore described. Now her employers are a trifle astonished to find her a striking screen subject—good, in all likelihood, for more than one picture exploiting her gelatinous gyrations. The advance rushes of "Aloma" caused the edict to come forth that it be booked as a special attraction extraordinary on Broadway, a procedure reserved only for such pictures as the gods deem exceptional.

Certainly you will all go to see Gilda's first picture, either because of pleasant memories of her graceful contortions and undulations "in the flesh," or because of what Uncle Leo had to report on the subject when he came back from that New York trip. Then, if Gilda proves to be as fetching as the Astoria prophets predict, you will see her again and again. After all, it shouldn't be difficult for a union scenarist to write in a shimmy here or there in "Mrs. Tanqueray" or "Cymbeline," or whatever is in store. And who knows but that Gilda may blossom forth as an actress, never to shake those lovely, restless shoulders again? That would be a pity!

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CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 61

Tashman Straits, for at that point Lily invariably becomes excruciatingly seasick, and turns pea green in the face.

At first, I used to make up my eyelashes before leaving the hotel, but after crying mascaro in streaks down my face two or three times, I learned the wisdom of waiting until I reached location to apply it.

The fox farm is very interesting. It is managed by a couple who lease it for fifty dollars a year and is on quite a large island. In winter they are marooned there for five months, living on canned goods. The tame foxes come down to the beach and eat our lunches right off our plates. Nor do they stop at the lunches. They chew our mackinaws or anything else they can get their sharp little teeth into.

For days we worked on Mendehall Glacier. I, being a native of the country in the picture, am supposed to guide John Bowers, a chechahco, over the treacherous icy trails, but in reality, he had to lead me. I thought a couple of times I was a goner when I slipped into crevices, but the rope about my waist saved me.

Despite the risk, the only accident we have had occurred when the cameraman fell into the water while stepping from the boat. His paraphernalia went with him. Director Melford grabbed the camera and film, while the boy yelled, "What about me? Hey, can't you see I'm drowning?" It was too funny for words.

The entire troupe show a spirit of good fellowship which makes a lark of discomforts. I wonder if we will all be so jolly and comradely when we get back to the studio?

We've had several parties to enliven otherwise dull evenings. "Handsome Harry," a Klondike character and a friend of Rex Beach's, gave a spaghetti party for us, at which we met all the leading lights of Sitka..

Another occasion was the bachelor supper which the boys got up for George Melford, who is to marry Diana Miller when we return.

A third event was my grand party. I invited the town and its aunts and uncles to the movie show one night. The picture was "The Man from Brodney's." I do not know in what archaic age it was made!

There's no more news—or have I told you any, in all this rambling? —so I will stop broadcasting.

Much love,

LILYAN TASHMAN.

P. S.—In case I have neglected to mention it, I rise to remark that I am *cold!*

What Their Hands Betray

Continued from page 29

He dots his i's—his concentration is good. But not always in the right place—orderliness is sadly lacking. The dots, being elongated rather than rounded, denote vivacity.

The little hooks at the end of certain letters, as in the e in the signature, show persistence.

Another sign of tenacity: the t bars are long and thin. They are, as a general rule, placed not across but over the t. We hate to say it, but this means Douglas is domineering.

Douglas has a typical man's mind, mostly analytical and deductive. He reasons things out rather than trusts to the little intuition that is there. It is there—the T in "The" and the W in "Walrus" are detached—but only a little of it, for the other letters are properly connected.

The hand is somewhat inclined to the right and rather rounded than angular—friendliness. The o's are mostly open, the sign of an open nature.

And now, Douglas, show us your fingers.

The third and fourth are of about the same length. Love of glory and love of money are evenly divided. Your fingers are of the so-called "square" type—your mind is positive and deductive, as we already learned from your handwriting. In all fingers, the third phalanx is somewhat longer than the others. We fear, we greatly fear that you are more of a materialist than an idealist.

I see a well-marked line starting from under the index finger and running across the hand—you are generous. And that other small line under your little finger confirms the fact that you do possess some intuition. Your life line—oh, well, we're not here to tell your fortune.

Keep your eye on these five young people. Watch them in their careers, and see if it turns out that these things are true of them.

And if any of you happen to have any personally written letters from other players, practice a little graphology on your own, and see what results you get.

If You're Letting Your Hair Grow

Continued from page 95

you never can be sure that, at some crucial moment, the false hair won't fall off, too.

"So the headband is the best expedient I've found. And it's becoming to nearly every type. But oh, I do love bobbed hair! It's so comfortable and so little bother. I love to be able after a swim to get dressed without waiting for yards of hair to dry. I love it for horseback riding, dancing, and all the other sports. I decided, though, that I'm not the bobbed-hair type."

Lillian Rich is relying upon hairpins and a high-powered hairdresser to carry her through the trying period. She has succeeded so well that the public and many of her friends do not know whether her hair is short or long. Most of her movie characterizations had been of flaxen-haired blondes for which she had worn wigs. But along came "Simon the Jester," in which Lillian had to be a sleek-haired circus queen. Hastily, she let her cropped tresses grow.

"I began brushing it one hundred times each night and morning," she says. "That's wonderful treatment for the hair—makes it grow faster and helps it to stay in place. Now I have a very tidy knot at the back of my neck."

Shannon Day also recommends brushing. "Keep it up!" she says. "All the time. It adds luster. First, use hair nets; then curl it under. And you'll have weeks of wrestling with pins—you can't avoid it. When the hair gets below the point where it was bobbed, you can get a very nice effect by rolling it around the curling iron. And you may improve even on that by wearing a net which reaches just to the 'point of bob.'"

Bebe Daniels finds that white camelias, worn at the side, tend to hide the effects of the struggle she is having with her growing locks. She has been appearing usually as a speedy, fast-stepping miss with tresses as short as her skirts. But for "Martinique," a quaint, old-fashioned story of hoop skirts and curls, she let her hair grow. Bebe isn't sure, though, that it's going to keep on growing. She is weary of pins and nets and curling irons, and she admits that, every time she passes a barber's pole, she wants to spend money.

"You'd better call me up before you write this story," she said. "Because, by the time you begin hammering that battered old typewriter, I may be minus some of this mop—and a few dollars. And then you'll be 'in bad.'"

Little Betty Bronson's hair is the envy of all the stars. It's so curly that she had no trouble with it at all when she let it grow after it had been cut for "Peter Pan." It's quite amenable at any length whatever.

So if you're having a hard time with an abandoned bob, try Evelyn Brent's headbands, Lillian Rich's course of combings, Shannon Day's curl "below the point of bob," Bebe Daniels' trick of wearing flowers on the side, or else steal Betty Bronson's natural curls.

How the Battle Scenes were Filmed for "The Big Parade"

Continued from page 19

battlefield, and sometimes swooping low to drop death-dealing bombs. Rifles spitting fire, Big Berthas booming. And through it all, the steady advance of men and guns into what appeared to be the jaws of death.

To make realistic the effect of bursting shells, professional powder men planted mines which, as they exploded, sent showers of dirt upon the soldiers.

The big guns seen in action had been used on the German front in France. The four hundred trucks which hauled the human targets to the film trenches, had also done their part in the real war. Some were battle-scarred. Some had been pierced by bullets. Some had not been in use since their motors were killed—"over there." The ambulances, too, were veterans of the war.

The buildings raked by shell fire and blown up, as seen in the picture, were constructed on the Metro lot in Culver City, where materials were more readily available. There, too, the comedy scenes were made, and some of the shell-hole close-ups. Only the fearfully realistic battle was filmed in Texas.

Of course, all the tricks of the trade were employed to safeguard the soldiers from injury during the mimic battle. The shells from the big guns were not murderous, and the mines were exploded when no man was over them, or near enough to be hurt.

Fox Trots
(Many with vocal choruses)
Sleepy Time Gal
Then I'll Be Happy
If I Had a Girl Like You
Sweet Man
Roll 'em Girls (Roll You Own)
Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley
That Certain Party *Head-in for Louisville*
Five Foot Two Eyes of Blues—Don't Wait Too Long

Peppy Charlestons
I'm Gonna Charleston Back to Charleston
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Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

Do Clothes Make the Picture?

Continued from page 21

takes place on floating barges, the reflections in the water giving a glamorous quality to the whole scene.

It was for "Mlle. Modiste," the film version of the famous comic opera in which Fritzi Scheff made her greatest success, that Corinne Griffith frantically sought exquisite clothes. Always noted for the splendor of her wardrobe, a real problem faced her when she set out to outdo all her previous displays.

She came to New York and spent several days looking at the advance models created by Madame Frances, trying them on and studying them. Then, while Madame Frances' designers made sketches for her, she made a few herself. Always adept at fashioning clothes for herself, she originated several models which inspired the designers to their best efforts. The resulting wardrobe was dazzling to behold.

Getting the dresses was only the beginning. Her hats were made especially for her by Peggy Hoyt. None of the shoes offered by the leading shops satisfied her. From Marilyn Miller, the star of "Sunny," she learned the name of a bootmaker who puts as much artistry into the making of shoes as Madame Frances puts into gowns, or Peggy Hoyt into hats. Days were spent in getting just the right evening slippers, walking shoes, and sandals for each costume.

Originally, it was planned to call Natacha Rambova's first F. B. O. picture "Do Clothes Make the Woman?" and I think that to many women that would have had greater appeal than the title finally used, "When Love Grows Cold." For, the people to whom the latter, the Laura Jean Libby title, is just so much trash, could not fail to be impressed by the word "Clothes" in the first title, especially as the magic name of Paul Poiret appears as author of Miss Rambova's clothes.

Wherever she appears in New York, wearing the stunning creations made for her by this great artist, Miss Rambova is the cynosure of all eyes. The gowns of others seem a little crude in design beside the stark simplicity of hers.

But the camera does tricky things, and the very simplicity that makes her gowns stunning in reality may detract from their emphasis on the screen.

To the woman whose only glimpses of the world of fashion are from magazines and motion pictures, these films are going to be a true delight.

A Veteran of Two Struggles

Continued from page 93

cause they knew he possessed the ability for a real, human portrayal, and also because he had been through the war. So they got him, the story got O'Brien, and lastly, the story and O'Brien got us. As the barkeeper whose regeneration through the war is accompanied by jovial good humor, Tom furnishes some of the best bits in the film.

Vidor calls him his title writer. If you remember, it's the Irishman who speaks nearly every title in the picture. These weren't provided by the scenario nor were they put in afterward. O'Brien, being Irish, a real actor, and a man who had known intimately the mud, fire, and shell of the front, spoke just those lines spontaneously during the filming of "The Big Parade." In his various scenes, he became so immersed in the spirit of the thing that he shouted out just as though he were actually fighting the war again. So realistic and expressive were the things he said that they were put into the subtitles.

At present, he is making three pictures for Universal—"Poker Faces," "The Old Soak," and "Big Guns." No one knows just what influence "The Big Parade" will have in the future shaping of his career. It should have much to do with it.

Tom O'Brien simply won't learn the value of the "What a big boy am I!" publicity. That he won't is his great weakness. And right now, let me state that he didn't seek this story about him. He was sent for, and at last, rather reluctantly, he came. He is a great man to talk to. He can sit before you and tell of setbacks and disappointments while his shining teeth are set in a glorious smile.

Well, that is Tom O'Brien, who makes you laugh and cry in "The Big Parade." However, his ability in that picture was fostered not only by his experiences as a soldier in the World War, but also by those as an actor in the war for recognition in the movies. He came out on top of one struggle, and now it looks as though he were well on the way to coming out on top in the other.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 91

had the thrill of their lives not long ago when they had the chance to behold the film of "Ben-Hur" before it was shown to the rest of the world.

Only two or three previews were given in California before the picture was shipped East for the New York première, and even these were shrouded in the deepest mystery and secrecy. The dread of the producers was that some "insiders" might get wise to what was going on. "Insiders" are people who work in a picture, and others about the studio, and whenever they hear of a test showing they make a wild rush for it. Naturally, the players are more interested in seeing how much of their footage was disposed of on the cutting-room floor than they are in the production as a whole, and occasionally, if their feelings are particularly hurt, a leading lady has been known to have hysterics, and a leading man to curse quite volubly, which, to say the least, is disturbing. Besides, with a large audience composed of directors, actors, and technicians, it becomes quite impossible to tell what the general public think of the picture, and that is the object of a preview.

We were fortunate enough to gain admittance to one of the "Ben-Hur" showings, which was held at a theater in Santa Monica, and it was an unforgetable experience. For the audience, who had had no inkling in advance that this was in store for them, gasped, cheered, and let out a wild burst of applause when they beheld the magical words "Ben-Hur" on the screen.

We have seldom, indeed, seen an audience at a preview that watched with more rapt attention the unfolding of a picture. Their enthusiasm crystallized, time and again, into exuberant hand-clapping, and as they left the theater, everybody was talking with heated excitement about having seen "Ben," as they called it.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

Just think what a disappointment that must have been! Of course, Dorothy isn't very well known, but she is so awfully ambitious that a blow like that hits her awfully hard.

"People who just struggle along in small parts don't have half the tragic disappointments that people who just miss big rôles do. Look at Orville Caldwell. He was laid up for months because of an accident during the making of a picture, so that afterwards, he could get engagements only in small companies, and then when he gave up in despair and went into a stage production, 'Androcles and the Lion,' he was sent for to play opposite Pola Negri. He couldn't leave the play without giving two weeks' notice, and Pola couldn't hold up the production of her picture that long for him.

"I've simply loads of other things to tell you, but I must run up to Miss Rambova's and borrow a dog to take shopping with me. She offered to lend me one any time I felt the need of good company."

And before I could impress on her how insulting she had been, before I could ask her if she had heard that Marjory Daw was going on the stage in a play with William Tilden, the tennis champion, before I could even point out to her that Raymond Griffith had just come in, she hurried away.

Have You Written a Gag

For the Johnny Hines $500 "Brown Derby" Contest?

In our last issue, we published a long article explaining that Johnny Hines, wishing to encourage the fans to help him in getting up "gags" for his comedies, was offering fifteen prizes, totaling $500, the largest being for $250, for the best suggestions for funny incidents which might be worked into his next picture, "The Brown Derby."

If you have not already submitted an entry in this contest, there may still be time for you to do so, in case you have received this magazine soon after its publication date, for the contest does not close until February 10, 1926, and all gags submitted previous to that date will be considered.

In case you missed the announcement of this contest, look up a February issue of PICTURE-PLAY, in which was printed a synopsis of "The Brown Derby," and a full explanation of just what constitutes a gag.

Some one is going to win each of those prizes. Why shouldn't you get one of them?

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 74

met on that common meeting ground, the screen, and unless I am very much mistaken, "Ben-Hur" should go on and on, as the nearest thing to a Passion Play that America is likely to produce.

Mae Murray Back to the Old Life.

"The Masked Bride" is a fantastic tale of that underworld of Paris of which we have so often been told. There is the Montmartre studio and the apache dance, with Mae Murray as the lady who gets the worst of this old argument. Miss Murray is indeed a beautiful dancer.

There is a big-hearted millionaire who hopes to take her away from her sordid surroundings, and he is none other than our old friend, Francis X. Bushman. Mr. Bushman seems a trifle wooden, but possibly that was just the depressing result of possessing so much money.

Roy d'Arcy, that steadily advancing young man, plays the part of a French prefect of police with engaging humor. Basil Rathbone is Miss Murray's dancing partner, and he very nearly takes the acting honors of the picture.

Miss Murray's acting has suffered a relapse since "The Merry Widow," which only goes to prove that there is more in directing than meets the eye.

Political Entanglements.

In the very first part of "The Golden Cocoon," a Warner Brothers picture, the heroine faints on the steps of a house of ill fame, to put it mildly, and is carried in and revived. Years later, this unfortunate incident pops up almost in time to ruin her husband's political career. Just why ladies in such predicaments do not speak up and tell what really happened, I have never been able to fathom. A prying taxi driver causes all the trouble, as he saw the lady in question come out of the house. Most taxi drivers do not even remember the number of a house for more than five blocks, and I have yet to find one who knows whether the even numbers are on the north or south side of the street, so it seems a little far fetched that this particular one should remember a face through many long years.

However, without the memory, there would have been no plot, and without the plot, no picture, and without the picture, I could not have had an opportunity of renewing an interest in Helene Chadwick. She is so seldom to be seen and so well worth seeing, that I would sit through

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B——, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile——," "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B——, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B——'s maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

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many bad pictures just to watch her take a part and humanize it.

More About the Gold Rush.

"The Splendid Road" is a story of early California life, dance halls, and gamblers, with Anna Q. Nilsson looking extremely pretty in boots and trousers, with a baby held carelessly on one hip.

As *Sandra Dehault*, a young woman of spunk and daring, she starts West to seek her fortune. On the way, three orphaned children arouse her sympathy and she adopts them all. Unable to travel with such a family, she gives up her dreams of adventure and settles down in a newly born town. The action from then on is fast and furious.

Lionel Barrymore is a handsome gambler and the proprietor of a dance hall. Robert Frazer is a young man seeking his fortune, and for me, the plot weakened and died when Miss Nilsson showed that she preferred Mr. Frazer to the fascinating Mr. Barrymore.

There is a pretty fair flood, as floods go, and plenty of good old dance-hall scenes, gals, gambling, and all.

Gladys Brockwell and Pauline Garon are in the cast, and George Bancroft, who was the main attraction of "The Pony Express."

William S. Hart Returns.

This seems to be the time a few old favorites have chosen for returning to the screen. Fortunately William S. Hart has been more successful than Theda Bara.

"Tumbleweeds" is a story of the homesteading land rush into the old Cherokee nation of Oklahoma. Mr. Hart is still an almost aggressively noble cowboy. He protects women, saves wolf cubs, saves rattlesnakes, saves small boys, and in fact, proves in every way that he is a hero, and no mistake. But I enjoyed him. There is something about him that is especially endearing to me. No other cowboy has ever seemed quite so real.

Norma Shearer in Disguise.

"His Secretary" is another one of those stories about beautiful stenographers and handsome employers. The plot is frothy and entertaining, and the audience seemed to enjoy it. Norma Shearer has delighted in showing how very ugly she can look, always with the end in view of shedding her spectacles and emerging as a lovely swan.

As she regains her beauty, the picture loses some of its vitality, but the first part of it is good enough entertainment for anybody.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 70

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

"Hogan's Alley"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue in fantastic tale of New York's slums with melodramatic finish in which train wrecks, motor wrecks, landslides, airplanes, and dare-devil feats are all mixed up together.

"Home Maker, The"—Universal. Story of efficient woman with husband who can't live up to her. Alice Joyce, in cold rôle, is as good as she ever has been; Clive Brook plays easy-going husband.

"How Baxter Butted In"—Warner. Matt Moore in an amusing farce about a clerk in a newspaper office.

"Irish Luck"—Paramount. Beautiful background of Ireland an outstanding feature of film in which Thomas Meighan plays dual rôle of New York policeman and Irish lord who between them foil the villains of the piece. Lois Wilson a personable heroine.

"King on Main Street, The"—Paramount. Crisp, refreshing light comedy. Adolphe Menjou perfect as an amusing king who comes to America, with mistress in tow, and falls in love with American girl. Greta Nissen is the foreign lady; Bessie Love, the American.

"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.

"Live Wire, The"—First National. Johnny Hines in a stunt film full of excitement, comedy, and unique situations.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Lucky Devil, The"—Paramount. Another chance for Richard Dix to look graceful and winning in an automobile. Good entertainment, with Esther Ralston as the pretty heroine.

"Lucky Horseshoe, The"—Fox. A Tom Mix Western, with Tony, as usual, playing an important part. Billie Dove is the beautiful heroine rescued from the wrong man, and Ann Pennington makes a brief but effective appearance.

"Man on the Box, The"—Warner. Syd Chaplin a hit in an entertaining burlesque which he handles to perfection, throwing in many a funny trick, and finishing off with an amusing impersonation of a maid.

"Midshipman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing film of life at Annapolis, with Ramon Novarro in rôle of a midshipman. Marred only by some impossible situations and too much sentiment.

"Mystic, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sister film to "The Unholy Three," showing the machinations of three fake spiritualists and a clever crook. Aileen Pringle is quite flashing in the title rôle, Conway Tearle good as the crook.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"—Metro-Goldwyn. The romance of an Hawaiian queen and a young American, featuring Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, and Huntley Gordon.

"Old Clothes"—Metro-Goldwyn. Jackie Coogan a little more grown up in a typical Coogan film full of hokum which his acting makes plausible and funny.

"Only Thing, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another of Elinor Glyn's royal romances. Conrad Nagel, as an English duke, and Eleanor Boardman, as a previously betrothed Northern princess, finally come together after many vicissitudes, including a gory revolution.

"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruesome story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as *Phantom*, pretty awful to look at, Norman Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Pretty Ladies"—Metro-Goldwyn. Mostly glorifying the Ziegfeld "Follies." Famous stage personages are represented, while Zasu Pitts gives a good performance as the plain and lonely comedienne of the show.

"Regular Fellow, A"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith delightful in an amusing picture satirizing the social life of a modern crown prince. Mary Brian opposite him.

"Road to Yesterday, The"—Producers Distributing. Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, and William Boyd play four modern young people who are carried by a train wreck back into the Middle Ages and are seen in their former incarnations.

"Satan in Sables"—Warner. Lowell Sherman as a rather dissipated but very attractive Russian prince who goes through life counting no costs, suffering for it in the end. Pauline Garon lively as a naughty but innocent little French girl.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"—Paramount. Hilarious version of the stage play; Douglas MacLean, the young author who tries to write a book in twenty-four hours, to win his publisher's daughter.

"Simon the Jester"—Producers Distributing. Rather sentimental adaptation of William J. Locke's novel of a young man who falls in love with a circus girl. Eugene O'Brien, whimsical and wry; Lillian Rich, tearful as the girl.

"Stage Struck"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson in slapstick comedy; tale of small-town waitress with stage aspirations who joins a cheap traveling show with amusing results.

"Sun Up"—Metro-Goldwyn. Drama of the Carolina mountaineers in which Conrad Nagel does some surprisingly good acting. Lucille La Verne is very fine as his mother, and Pauline Starke, as his wild little sweetheart, looks more like Gloria Swanson than ever.

"Trouble with Wives, The"—Paramount. Cheap matrimonial comedy

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handled so well that it is very amusing. Tom Moore, Florence Vidor, and Ford Sterling furnish the fun.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of prodigal son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"Wild Horse Mesa"—Paramount. Western melodrama, with good cast, including Jack Holt, who does some fine riding, Billie Dove, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a company of wild horses.

"Winds of Chance"—First National. The gold rush taken seriously. Complicated plot, with Ben Lyon as hero, and with Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana, both heroines.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Best People, The"—Paramount. Shopworn tale of wealthy, drinking, dancing family who make fuss when favorite daughter falls in love with model chauffeur. Warner Baxter and Esther Ralston head cast.

"Bright Lights"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rustic drama of a country boy and a chorus girl in which Charles Ray is made to look foolish in a type of rôle that he long ago outgrew. Pauline Starke is thoroughly suitable as the chorus girl.

"Circle, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A very bad picture of a good play, poorly adapted, poorly directed, and poorly acted. Eleanor Boardman, Malcolm MacGregor, and Creighton Hale in featured rôles.

"Coming of Amos, The"—Producers Distributing. A William J. Locke story done too elaborately, with Rod La Rocque playing uncouth but rich young Australian who lands at Riviera and falls under spell of scheming princess, Jetta Goudal.

"Compromise"—Warner. Badly done picture of supersensitive young girl who marries childhood playmate and soon afterward loses him to minxish half sister. Irene Rich, Clive Brook, and Pauline Garon.

"Everlasting Whisper, The"—Fox. Usual Tom Mix picture in which he makes all the villains look exceedingly foolish and helpless, and of course rescues a girl.

"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading rôles.

"Flower of Night"—Paramount. Loosely knit picture of fiery Spanish girl, Pola Negri, who goes to every extreme in attempt to rouse responsive warmth in the cold heart of a New Englander. Screen début of Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy.

"Golden Princess, The"—Paramount. A slow-moving gold-rush romance, ending in cheap melodrama. Betty Bronson her usual self; Neil Hamilton pleasing.

"Hell's Highroad"—Producers Distributing. Story of a girl who revenges herself on faithless husband

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by ruining him financially and starting an affair with another man. Leatrice Joy in the lead.

"His Majesty, Bunker Bean"—Warner. Another good book ruined. Matt Moore turns Harry Leon Wilson's eccentric *Bunker Bean* into slapstick comedian.

"In the Name of Love"—Paramount. Fairly good entertainment. Newly rich mother and daughter set out to capture titled husband for the latter. Greta Nissen is the beautiful spoiled girl, and Ricardo Cortez the handsome young man.

"Keeper of the Bees, The"—F. B. O. Gene Stratton-Porter's story; sentimental melodrama, that becomes ridiculous. Good cast, including Robert Frazer, Alyce Mills, and Clara Bow.

"Knock-out, The"—First National. Milton Sills in a film about a cultured prize fighter and a girl who owns a lumber camp. A log jam brings things to a crisis. Lorna Duveen is the girl.

"Lady Who Lied, The"—First National. One of those pictures where the hero discovers his heroine after she marries some one else. Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi play the principal rôles.

"Lights of Old Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slight, unamusing film of old New York, bringing together Marion Davies, as the actress daughter of a belligerent Irish squatter, and Conrad Nagel, as the wealthy son of a proud old aristocrat.

"Lord Jim"—Paramount. A poor attempt to transpose Conrad's book to the screen. Percy Marmont, unconvincing as a sailor with a complex of fear, who deserts his ship and suffers for it. Shirley Mason, the South Sea heroine.

"Love Hour, The"—Vitagraph.—A comedy that starts in Coney Island and ends in gilded palaces. Louise Fazenda, Willard Louis, Ruth Clifford, and Huntley Gordon all work themselves almost to death.

"Making of O'Malley, The"—First National. Milton Sills as the policeman who has to choose between love and duty. It is the usual hokum, but well done.

"Man Who Found Himself, The"—Paramount. Rather poor picture in which Thomas Meighan is supposed to be a crook but isn't. Ralph Morgan is real crook, and Virginia Valli the girl who misunderstands.

"New Brooms"—Paramount. A good comedy ruined by poor handling. Bessie Love's acting only bright spot. Neil Hamilton, handsome, but not funny.

"New Commandment, The"—First National. Jumbled, silly picture, involving a match-making aunt, a rebellious nephew, an aristocratic artist's model, and finally the war. A fine cast, however, with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon featured.

"Not So Long Ago"—Paramount. Rather tedious picture of old New York, with Betty Bronson not at her best, and Ricardo Cortez stilted.

"Pace That Thrills, The"—First National. False, silly story of life of a moving-picture star, with Ben Lyon miscast in the leading rôle.

"Ranger of the Big Pines, The"—Vitagraph.. Notable chiefly for the superb performance of Eulalie Jensen.

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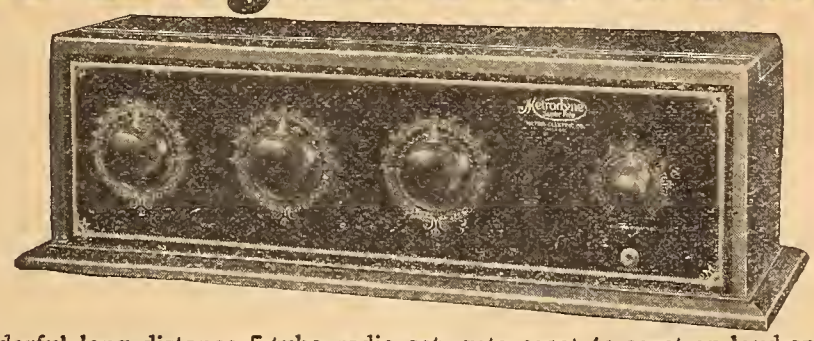

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"Red-hot Tires"—Warner. Intended for high-speed comedy, but the featured players, Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, aren't up to it. Full of automobiles and accidents.

"Son of His Father, A"—Paramount. Harold Bell Wright story of sister who visits brother on Western ranch and finds him tied up with band of smugglers. Bessie Love and Warner Baxter.

"Thank You"—Fox. Propaganda against the usual treatment of ministers in small towns, with Alec Francis playing a saintly old minister who has rather a bad time of it, and with George O'Brien and Jacqueline Logan furnishing the love element.

"Tower of Lies, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old story of mortgage on the farm. Mediocre picture with Lon Chaney good as old Swedish father who loses mind and imagines himself an emperor and his lost daughter, Norma Shearer, an empress.

"Tracked in the Snow Country"—Warner. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

"What Fools Men"—First National. Rather a silly film in which Shirley Mason is a spoiled daughter and Lewis Stone an unreasonable father who doesn't know how to handle her. Barbara Bedford also featured.

"White Desert"—Metro-Goldwyn. Claire Windsor roughing it in the snow country, with Pat O'Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

"Wild, Wild Susan"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a little hoyden chased about by Rod La Rocque. Dull going for a long picture.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

AN OLD OLIVE THOMAS FAN.—I've no idea where photos of Olive Thomas can be obtained now. Photos are sent out for publicity purposes, and obviously there would be no one interested in getting publicity for a star after her death. I doubt if Jack Pickford has any extra ones of her; he probably has only a few that he wishes to keep.

GORDON P. CORLISS.—You write such an entertaining letter, it's a great pleasure to hear from you. It's really too bad that The Oracle has to hide behind so much mystery, but that seems to be an answerman tradition. Carol Dempster was born in California, January 16, 1902. She was formerly a dancer on the stage, having studied under Ruth St. Denis and toured with the Denishawn troupe. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. She has never been married. Her new picture is "That Royle Girl." Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897, and educated in Los Angeles. He is six feet tall and is a blond, with gray eyes. He and Gloria Hope were married on June 30, 1921. Yes, your friend Nat Pendleton played in Irene Bordoni's show, "Naughty Cinderella," this past season, and has been giving an excellent performance, as a prize fighter. Did you see the play when you were in New York? Malcolm MacGregor has been working almost continuously in pictures. Of course, "The Vanishing American," in which he had a large rôle, was months in the making—that may account for your having seen him in so few films of late. Also, like most players who free-lance, he plays in many films, made by the smaller companies, which are not shown in first-run houses, but only in the little neighborhood theaters—the type of theater which plays serials. As this goes to press, Malcolm is finishing work in "Flaming Waters," an F. B. O. production. Incidentally, Malcolm is an alumnus of Yale. I don't know whether Lloyd Hughes is a college man or not. I haven't heard what Johnny Walker has been doing since he left F. B. O. How was your college production of "The Poor Nut?" I thought the show in New York was very amusing, and quite appropriate for a college dramatic club to produce.

THE GREEN IMP.—I don't see how you can still be green after all the questions I have answered for you in the past. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was made so long ago that I have no means of getting the cast; I do not even know who produced it. "Way Down East" was made about five years ago. Yes, it is unquestionably a better picture than "The Rejected Woman." Why that comparison? "Way Down East" was a D. W. Griffith superspecial, "The Rejected Woman" just an ordinary program picture like thousands of others. Virginia Lee Corbin freelances, and it is quite difficult to keep track of her. As this goes to press, she is working at Famous Players' Western studio in "Hands Up," a Raymond Griffith picture. Whether she will still be at that studio when this magazine goes on the newsstands is a question I am unable to answer. Madge Bellamy is under contract to Fox. Madge Evans plays only in an occasional picture. I don't know where she lives.

DICKIE OF PROVIDENCE.—Shall we call it providential that you should write to me? Ronald Colman is English; he doesn't give his birth date, and I do not know his exact age. He is about thirty-four, however. He was divorced about a year ago from Thelma Colman. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, in 1895; Richard Barthelmess in the same year, in New York City. That is Dick's real name, and so far as I know, John Gilbert uses his own name also. Agnes Ayres was born in Chicago, but doesn't say when. All these players, with the exception of Colman, are of course Americans, as you can tell by their birthplaces.

CURIOUS FANNY.—There's just one way to find out things, isn't there? That's to ask. The heroine in "The Marriage Circle" was Florence Vidor. Winifred Bryson is Mrs. Warner Baxter. Elaine Hammerstein played in "Ladies of Leisure." Yes, Ricardo Cortez would be considered one of the newer stars. Edith Storey has long since retired from the screen, but I don't know what she has been doing since.

T. M. WISE.—You evidently don't feel that you are wise enough or you wouldn't be asking questions. No, Mary Astor is not married; she is under contract to First National and works sometimes in the East at the Biograph studios, sometimes at the United studios in Hollywood. As this goes to press, she is in New York. I don't think she has any sisters.

Addresses of Players

Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Alice Joyce, Bessie Love, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Brouson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Billie Dove, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, William Collier, Jr., Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Kathlyn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Autonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Constance Bennett, May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Priugle, Sally O'Neil, Helene D'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Viola Dana, Dorothy Seastrom, Rudolph Valentino, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lloyd Hughes, and Eugene O'Brien, at the United Studios, Hollywood. California.

Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Margaret Livingston, Marc MacDermott, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, House Peters, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, and Mary McAllister, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Jacqueline Logan, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Marion Harlan, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Charles Mack, care of D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Clive Brook, Don Alvarez, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Roche, June Marlowe, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Alice Calhoun, Matt Moore, Huntley Gordon, and Dorothy Devore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Ben Lyon, Aun Pennington, at Biograph Studios, 807 One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Reed Howe, Wanda Hawley, at Rayart Productions, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Priscilla Dean, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 1771½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

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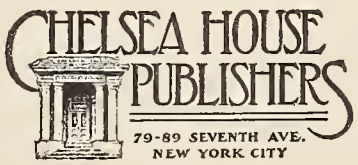

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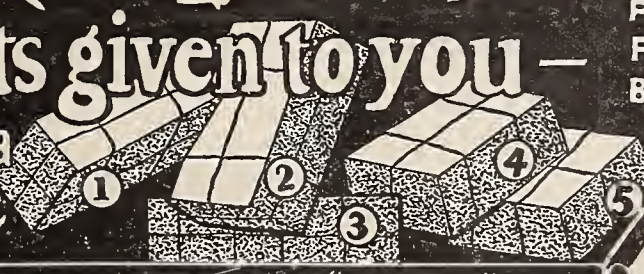

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1926, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1926, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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and PARAMOUNT

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A FEW YEARS AGO

a young director named King Vidor attracted some attention by turning out some homely pictures in which Zasu Pitts was the featured player. He was later given a chance to direct a film for a big company, and the result was "The Jackknife Man," which was hailed by the critics as a little masterpiece.

Unfortunately, the picture did not meet with popular approval, and King Vidor was obliged to lay aside his dreams of making the kind of films he wanted to. But he kept at work, doing the best he could under the conditions confronting him, and at last he made "The Big Parade," the story of which is now screen history. Thanks to that picture, King Vidor has emerged as one of the leading directors, a man whose work will be watched in the future, and from whom great things may be expected. Edwin Schallert has been writing a study of him, which will appear in our next issue, and which cannot fail to be of unusual interest to all picture lovers.

Helen Klumph is going to tell you, in the next issue, about the amusement life of New York—edition of 1926—which engages the interest of the stars whenever they have the good fortune to be in the metropolis. It will be like a personally conducted trip through New York's newest night clubs.

Milton Sills has been making one of the biggest productions in which he has appeared since "The Sea Hawk." It is to be an epic of the steel industry, and he recently talked about it to Frances Rule, a new member of PICTURE-PLAY's family of writers, who will tell you next month, what he told her about the production.

There will be in that issue several other new and interesting features on the varied phases of picture making, and of the lives of picture people. Don't fail to get a copy!

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What the Fans Think

Deploring Scant Attire

I DEPLORE the fact that some of the younger stars seem to consider it necessary to pose for so-called "art" pictures—dressed in a small scarf or something of the sort. I have heard a great many people speak of this. I am thinking of Esther Ralston in particular. I have always been fond of her until recently when I saw pictures of her in nearly every fan magazine, attired so scantily as to appear almost nude. My liking turned to disgust, and I don't care whether I ever see her again in pictures or not. I am in no way a prude, and living here near the center of the movie industry, I know that most of the girls in pictures aren't any different from girls in other lines of work, and that there is no more reason for an actress to pose in that fashion than for a clerk or milliner to do so. Practically every girl I know feels the same way about this.

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, California.

A Startling Discovery

I've made a startling discovery—PICTURE-PLAY is a mine of information! I have been away to school in the East for two and a half long months. Before that, I could recite all the latest contracts of the stars, their latest husbands—or wives—and even their favorite breakfast foods. But what a change! I found, when I got home for the Christmas vacation, that while I had been learning things of perhaps more importance, I was so rusty in my knowledge of movies that it wasn't even funny. Immediately, I started to get busy and brush up. I bought a new PICTURE-PLAY and actually digested everything, from cover to cover. Let me say that as a news collector, PICTURE-PLAY is a wonder! I never realized that it contained so much. I felt as though I almost knew as much as I did before.

A COLLEGE FAN.

Mansfield, Ohio.

A Word to Ben Lyon

I want to give a reassuring word to Ben Lyon and to Ben Lyon's fans. Don't take Trix MacKenzie's letters too seriously. I don't think she takes them so herself. She is a great little battler, and has always taken a keen enjoyment in starting something. I think her letter panning Ben Lyon was just a bid for another of those hot controversies in which her name is mentioned several times. Even I have gratified her, though I begrudge it to her.

LOUISE MORGAN.

449 West 123d Street,
New York City.

A Word to Ramon

Ramon, I have just seen "The Midshipman." It is the best work that you have done for some time.

I hope that you will be cast in more such comedy parts. I am sure that you will make many more fans. You have the profile of a sheik, but when you look at any one full in the face you have a very boyish face. You are not the sheik type. I hope that you will not be cast as such. It will be the downfall of our Ramon if you are.

If they *do* plan to cast you in sheik rôles after "Ben-Hur" has made a great success, please grow a mustache.

I am sure that you will be more handsome with a mustache.

226 East Mill Street,
Staunton, Illinois.

CHARLES MANK, JR.

Thoughts About the Stars

Ben Lyon—Oh, how I miss you to-night!

Lois Wilson—Before I die, please become a star.

Alice Joyce—She is back, but all I see is her new bob.

Corinne Griffith—Those lips, those eyes!

Dorothy Mackaill—Not so pretty, but she *can* act.

Mrs. Wallace Reid—I want to see more of her.

John Gilbert—I just can't get over it!

Leatrice Joy—Oh, *why* did you leave Famous Players?

Carmel Myers—My favorite.

Pola Negri—A great actress.

Vilma Banky—Has most of our American girls beaten.

Baby Peggy—Where is she?

Tom Moore—I just *adore* that man.

Mary Philbin—I just adore *her*.

Ricardo Cortez—It won't be long now!

Richard Dix—I shall never forget "The Vanishing American."

Reginald Denny—A second Wallace Reid.

Clive Brook—He's what I call a gentleman.

Robert Frazer—He is what I want my husband to look like.

Roy d'Arcy—I just *love* that villain!

Belle Bennett—The unforgetable.

Pauline Garon—Should be in Colleen Moore's place.

Helen Ferguson—I am glad she married Big Bill.

Wallace Reid—He should have his picture put in the Hall of Fame.

Dorothy Phillips—She came back at last.

BESSIE PAULINE EVRY.

1300 H Street, N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

[Continued on page 10]

MIKE

Mike!
She's a marvelous madcap—is Mike.
Sure she's a she—
Sally O'Neil herself—
Winsome, winning Sally
In a role that fits her better
Than her overalls!
William Haines, too, as a railroad Romeo
And Charles Murray and Ford Sterling.
Laugh those off! You will!
And gosh!
We nearly forgot The Pink Elephant
And Joe
The dapper Duck,
Another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer,
Record Release!
Marshall Neilan made it—and *wrote* it.
And maybe it doesn't *move*—
Every moment of it!
The Laugh of your life!
For the love of Mike
See it soon!

Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

Continued from page 8

Concerning Fan Critics

I read the fans' criticisms of various actresses and actors, and, as a rule, I get a great kick out of it, not by seeing how some are underrated and others overrated, but because I enjoy studying the characters of the critics themselves.

When I read a criticism flippantly approving the vamps, flirts, and the like, I say to myself, "I'll wager that critic is a vamp or a flirt." If, on the other hand, I read a criticism approving such characters as Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Mary Pickford, and a score of others, I think that the critic's mind and judgment are sound.

I have particularly in mind Bridget Hicks, of Topeka, Kansas, and her percentage rating of various actors and actresses in a recent issue. I believe I should have passed it up if she hadn't rated Lois Wilson at zero. Bridget Hicks rates Lois at zero, Thomas Meighan at fifty per cent, and Rudolph Valentino at ninety-nine per cent. What, may I ask, is Bridget Hicks' percentage rating as a critic?

I think that Lois Wilson is typical of the loveliness of American womanhood. Every time I see Lois play, I get the feeling of "Home, Sweet Home." She is to me the girl that I should like to see in every respectable American home, either as a wife, sister, mother, or sweetheart. She seems to create such an atmosphere in her acting as to persuade even the most confirmed bachelor to renounce his oath and marry. She seems to me to typify the woman who would smile even in sorrow, and she always portrays the woman who makes home a home instead of just a place to stay in. If those characteristics which Lois portrays to her fans amount to zero, then something must be wrong in Topeka, Kansas. I suppose Lois could roll her eyeballs as well as others do, but if she prefers to have part in films where she can be just what she is, hurrah for Lois! Whenever Lois comes to the Vermillion Theater, the house is full.

Thomas Meighan is an actor who also draws a large crowd, and I would sooner see him in a policeman's uniform than thousands of Valentinos in gold-braided tunics. Taking everything in consideration as to Lois' and Thomas' acting ability and the characters they portray, I rate them one hundred per cent plus.

J. U. Wysocki.

University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota.

A Bomb for a Brickbat

In "The Eagle" Rudy's motto was, "A tooth for a tooth, and a horse for a donkey." My motto is, "An eye for an eye, and a *bomb* for a brickbat." And this bomb is headed straight for Rosalind Rubelle, who, in a letter appearing in the February Picture-Play, speaks of Thomas Meighan as a swaggering has-been.

How any one could, or why he or she would, want to say anything so unkind and untrue about this splendid star is more than I can understand.

Jean Wilson.

Seattle, Washington.

A Defender for Doug

Why are the fans always hurling brickbats at Douglas Fairbanks? I rise as his defender!

At my school, Doug is the idol. My chums rave about him, and often wonder why I do not. I rave about lads like Novarro, Novello, Sills, Tearle, Beery, and Hughes, but I never speak of Doug to any one. My feelings for Doug are different. It is not the raving adoration and hero worship such as I have for Ramon or Ivor. It is not the worship I have for Wallace Beery. It is something deeper. My feelings for Ramon and the others are not deep. If ever I saw any of them in a bad picture, I dare say my adoration would go off like a rocket.

But no matter if I saw Doug in *fifty* bad pictures, my feelings for him would not change! It is something that burns inside me! And after seeing "The Thief of Bagdad," I think I know what it is.

It is—*love*.

After seeing Doug in "Robin Hood," I did not go out of the cinema and simply rave up and down the town, as I did after seeing Ramon in "Scaramouche." From the beginning of "Robin Hood"—the most delightful of all films—to the end, something was stealing over me. My chums raved over "Robin Hood" and Doug. But not Terry. I sat with tight lips and burning cheeks. I felt drawn, drawn toward that man who was so boyish, so madcap, and unboring! What drew me to Doug? His personality. It peeps at you from his mischievous eyes; it lurks in the corners of his roguish mouth; it is in everything he does; every action, every look in his dear eyes—personality. It got me in its grip. When I left the cinema, I knew I had met the man who would hold my heart forever. And he has. *For two years I have not said a word to my chums about Doug.* They still rave, and I guess this letter will surprise them.

My love for Douglas Fairbanks and his Mary Pickford will go on burning long after my adoration for Ramon has died out. I love Mary, too—dear little Mary. Mary and Doug will always have my heart, for they are my ideals.

Doug's True Fan,
Terry Winslow.

23 Firle Road, Eastbourne, England.

A Boost for George O'Brien

Most fans seem to write to Picture-Play to boost one or another of the stars; so why shouldn't I?

My vote goes to George O'Brien, for these reasons:

Because he has a charming personality and a shy, quiet manner which is irresistible. Because of a certain magnetic quality in his work, and a sincere understanding of every rôle he plays, which give a most satisfactory result.

Because he looks a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Because, in "The Man Who Came Back" and in "Havoc," he has given two of the outstanding screen performances of the last two years.

Also, he can "do" things, such as riding, swimming, and boxing, better than most. And—though this may annoy him frightfully—he has a wonderful face and figure!

Somehow, I think he will, in the near future, become a great screen idol; but there is a refreshing novelty about him and his work. Just an Ordinary Reader.

Hampstead, London, England.

A Disappointment

I have for months waited excitedly to see "The Merry Widow"—meanwhile reading marvelous criticisms as to the superbness of the acting and production. Well, fans, I have to-day *seen* it!

My disappointment is beyond expression—so I am writing to know if there are others who feel as I do about it.

John Gilbert is one of my very special favorites, but in this film he is *not* the great actor I knew him to be. I lost count of the elaborate suits he was arrayed in throughout the film. Any one—any ordinary actor—could have played his rôle equally well. In fact, I know of at least two who would perhaps have been better—more *real* in every way. It hurts me to have to say so, but I'm sure there must be others who agree with me and know what John Gilbert *can* do—and is going to do!

Mae Murray's tireless vivacity has never appealed to me, but I understood that a "different" Mae Murray had blossomed forth in this production. I didn't notice any change. I'm sorry to have to admit that in future I will not look forward so much to a film before seeing it. I do hope that the rôle of *Rodolphe* in "La Bohème" will be more suited to Mr. Gilbert. Having seen the opera many times, I should think it would be.

Gene MacKinnon.

Alma, Vicarage Road, Teddington, Middlesex, England.

More Praise for the Cowboys

Three cheers for the two girls in the January Picture-Play who like the cowboys best! I do, too. I wouldn't leave the house to see one of those so-called society sheiks. But just let the cowboys, like Tom Mix, "Buck" Jones, and "Hoot" Gibson, come along, and I would hike a mile or more, if necessary, to see them. N. G.

Wilson, Connecticut.

"Shore Leave" Makes a Hit

I feel like shouting *"Eureka!" "Caramba!"* or what have you? The cause of this uncontrolled joy is Richard Barthelmess.

In the picture "Shore Leave," Dick emerges as a tough and salty gob—quite a transition from his former wistful and forlorn rôles—and makes the leap successfully. He should have our undying gratitude if other stars follow his example.

Goldie Dresnick.

331 Olive Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

The King of Hearts

People can rave about Ronald Colman, Ben Lyon, Jack Gilbert, and all the rest, if they want to, but *Richard Dix for me!* I don't see how any one, after seeing him, could *ever* fall for any of the others! But I'll admit I like Huntley Gordon and Lloyd Hughes awfully well. I think they're both darling, and I think Huntley was wonderful in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," but still I don't think they quite measure up to Richard, for Richard is the King of Hearts! Barbara Royston.

186 Magnolia Avenue, St. Augustine, Florida.

Each day I grow more in love with *my* King of Hearts! He is wonderful, with his beautiful black hair and clear, bright eyes! If there were more like him on the screen to-day, the movies would be a better place for every one.

In a little kingdom by the sea, he dwells. He is noble, brave, good, kind, and handsome just like King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, long ago—"when knighthood was in flower!"

He is the ruler in many hearts and most certainly in mine, and shall forever reign supreme there, for his name is—Lloyd Hughes! June Minter.

43 Grove Avenue, St. Augustine, Florida.

A Fan Who Wants to Know

How easily American people can take to pictures featuring foreign actors and actresses, without knowing a thing about their lives. But let a poor, honest, hard-working, ambitious American studio extra get on the ladder to success, and the world has to know all about him. Who knows about Valentino, Negri, Nissen, Novarro, Menjou, Von Stroheim, Cortez? Where did they come from? Some brilliant fan, please tell me. Can they come over the ocean and jump right into pictures and get by with

it, while a certain movie school is teaching a few American boys and girls how it's done for enough money to keep up an orphan asylum for years? Why can't we all jump into pictures like that? Tell me!
No. 13.
El Dorado, Arkansas.

Still a Matinee Idol

In your November issue, N. Herman wrote that Mr. Valentino is the favorite screen star in Sweden. May I add that there is no sign of his popularity waning over here? I was among a crowd of thousands who waited yesterday to see him arrive for the premiere showing of his picture "The Eagle" at the Marble Arch Pavilion, London. He was simply *mobbed,* and had great difficulty in reaching the theater. If this crowd represented his movie admirers—well, he must be a favorite. Mr. Valentino, also in your magazine, writes that he does not know how to act when a crowd awaits him. May I, as one among a vast crowd who awaited him, suggest he need only *smile* as he did last night to satisfy at any rate, the feminine community at large! IRENE M. ALEXANDER.
11-A Upper Portchester Street, Hyde Park, London W. 2, England.

Six Reasons for Liking Gloria

For three years I have been following Gloria Swanson's career very closely. I have cheered, grieved, and laughed at the different happenings that have made up her life. For three years Gloria has been my favorite star, and I'll tell you why.

(1) I love her for her temper in her pictures.

(2) I truly think and believe her to be our most wonderful actress.

(3) She is so very different from the rest, so very interesting.

(4) She is so brave and works so hard.

(5) She can take *any* rôle and be a success!

(6) She reminds me of my mother, because of dealings and understanding of life. GERRY MCCREERY.
Torrington, Wyoming.

Poor Gloria!

I recently saw "Stage Struck," and all I can say is, "Poor Gloria!" Little wonder that she begged the producers not to release it! Please, Mr. Producer, do not cast Gloria Swanson as a laugh-provoker again. Better bring back the "clothes-horse" days than this. In "A Society Scandal" and "The Humming Bird" she was great. Let's have more like them.
HOWARD CUNNINGHAM.
2407 Concord Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A Hint for Lloyd Hughes

In your January issue you tell the world that Lloyd Hughes has arrived to stay. If it has only just dawned on you, you sure are slow. I've known it since I saw him in "The Turn in the Road," several years ago. King Vidor directed that. I've liked him ever since a night in Los Angeles when I dropped my hat in a mud puddle as he passed with another fellow. He grinned at me in a sympathetic way, while the other fellow guffawed derisively. It was a brand-new beaver, too, and I needed sympathy. Oh, well!

There is only one thing I have to find fault with, in him. He is too serious. In almost all his pictures, he rarely smiles. And he has such an engaging grin, too. A little more comedy in his characterizations would bring him even more to the front, because we all want to laugh and are grateful to any one who makes us. So laugh, Lloyd, laugh. JERRY FORSYTH.
221 South High Street, Salem, Oregon.

A Tip to Two Producers

Something really should be done about Maurice Flynn. F. B. O. doesn't seem to realize what a prize they have in this player; at any rate, they are very careless about distributing his pictures. They invariably give preference to Fred Thomson, who hasn't one tenth of the good looks and personality of the genial "Lefty." Undoubtedly, all Mr. Flynn needs is a chance; certainly, he is far more handsome than most of the big stars. He should be a De Mille leading man instead of a player in Westerns that very few people ever see. Blond men don't seem to get as much attention in motion pictures as the so-called Latin type, anyhow.

F. B. O. isn't the only company that doesn't recognize the merits of its own players; Warner Brothers belong in the same classification. Why on earth don't they stop giving us so much of Patsy Ruth Miller, stop fussing over their high-priced and high-hat John Barrymre, and, instead, *make Pauline Garon a star?* She is the prettiest girl in pictures. I could use about fifty other adjectives, like "cute" and "vivid," but I won't. Co-starred with the original and zippy John Patrick in up-to-date stories like Colleen Moore's, she'd be perfect!

I'm also hoping for the day when Gertrude Olmstead will be given rôles worthy of her beauty and talent, when Kenneth Gibson will appear in more pictures, and when Mary Miles Minter comes back to the screen. Oh, yes—and when the South sends us more girls like Corinne Griffith, Jobyna Ralston, and Olive Borden.
ARDITH GREENE.
2660 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Write for Photos? No!

I agree with Madeline Glass that it is an imposition on the stars to ask them for their photos, when pictures of them are published in so many magazines which are more than suitable for any frame.

I myself have been a Mary Pickford fan for the last twelve years, and although I have always wanted a picture of Mary autographed, have never written her for one, knowing that she must receive so many of these requests, and no doubt some of them only want to add this picture to their collection. However, this does not mean that I have no picture of her, for I most certainly have, and they grace my room. But they are only ones I have taken from magazines. GERTRUDE HOFFMAN.
Box 202, Arch Creek, Florida.

A Criticism of Flapper Pictures.

I am writing this to see if I can scare up any arguments about these so-called "flapper" pictures. I don't believe I've seen one picture that shows the flapper as she really is, except possibly "The Flirt." In the first place, in nearly every one of these pictures the heroine is played by a girl whom we know to be more than twenty years of age. Virginia Lee Corbin and one or two other youngsters are the only ones really qualified to play flapper parts.

Now, for my second knock. I don't know of any flapper who lives in a mansion with about forty-leven maids, who goes on midnight bathing parties or all-night drinking orgies. And I don't even know of any who smoke, or act like people who have taken a correspondence course in silliness. Maybe there are flappers who roll their stockings, chew gum, use rouge, and all that, but the ones *I* know have "a common-sense outlook on life" and *don't* go around acting like cute little babies just finding out what it's all about. MARY FOSTER.
102 Brooklyn Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

Continued on page 112

GIRLS! Be Successful In Art

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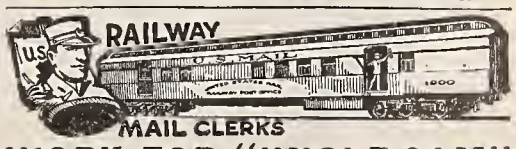

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She laughed her way out of a shanty into a mansion

—and sure! Ireland must be Heaven if "IRENE" came from there! She's had the world laughing with her—"IRENE," the musical comedy triumph—for two years the toast of Broadway, then of *all* the big towns, and London.

She's moved up to the movies! With the biggest, most gorgeous eye-feast of gowns ever spread—setting off a galaxy of Hollywood's queens. Filmed in actual COLORS—the famous Alice Blue Gown and all.

Never was lithesome, blithesome Colleen Moore so charming as in this new "IRENE."

Three great shows in one! Comedy to tickle you—Drama to grip you—and Clothes to thrill her who thrills you.

ROBERT KANE Presents
'The Dancer of Paris'
from the story by
Michael Arlen
Directed by Alfred A. Santell
GAYEST of the gay cafes was the Salle Mandragora. For there she danced—hair like a golden halo—eyes shot with violet laughter—lithe body throbbing with grace. Like moths about a flame, were men in the glamor of the dancer.
"But say, she's as hard as a diamond." For her heart had been torn on a thorn of love
Conway Tearle, and Dorothy Mackaill as you have never seen her before, will dazzle you in this colorful photodrama from one of the World's Best Short Stories of 1925, by the author of "The Green Hat" and "These Charming People."
Starring
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Pictures

METROPOLITAN PICTURES

Presented by JOHN C. FLINN

EUGENE O'BRIEN

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

SEENA OWEN

EDMUND BURNS

ROBERT AMES

LASKA WINTER

JOHN BOWERS

PRISCILLA DEAN

VERA REYNOLDS

LILYAN TASHMAN

WILLIAM BOYD

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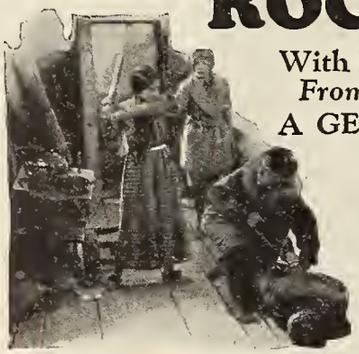
ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES

A spirited drama of Alaska— as fresh as the northern country from which it springs

"ROCKING MOON"

With Lilyan Tashman and John Bowers
From the Novel by Barrett Willoughby
A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION



Out on the fringes of the world lovely Sasha Larianoff, "the fox woman", is the center of a strange drama. Love—jealousy—and the theft of her precious blue foxes make a story of unusual fascination. "ROCKING MOON" is a splendid picture of the little known north country and the battle of woman's wits against man's greed. A treat you can't afford to miss. Ask your theatre man for it.

"STEEL PREFERRED"

There's a thrill in—

—The fiery furnace of a big steel plant
—The primitive battle of two strong men
—Young love that fights against tremendous obstacles.

And when you get all these thrills in one magnificent picture, you get entertainment that can't be beaten. Every minute of "STEEL PREFERRED" is breathlessly absorbing. *A stirring drama adapted by Elliott J. Clawson, from The Saturday Evening Post stories, "The Adventures of Wally Gay," by Hershel S. Hall.* WITH VERA REYNOLDS, WILLIAM BOYD, CHARLIE MURRAY, AND A FINE CAST.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XXIV APRIL, 1926 No. 2

Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

Estelle Taylor has a large following of fans who will look forward to seeing her play with John Barrymore in his forthcoming production of "Don Juan."

Above, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward, an English actor, in "Vaudeville." At the left, Lya de Putti in a tense moment of the same production.

Now Come the

Famous Players and Metro-Goldwyn have pledged at least ten German

By John

Emil Jannings, the leading German screen actor, will be seen in "Vaudeville" and other Ufa productions.

IN the past, European films have been shown only occasionally in America. The few attempts to distribute them have been largely experimental, and few of the films shown had been made with an eye to what American audiences wanted.

But the German producers, in particular, have long had their eyes on the American market. Of late they have made a more determined effort to appeal to the American public, and the American film magnates have decided that the time has come for the best of the German films to be given a real showing in this country. And so, a reciprocal trade arrangement has been made between Famous Players-Lasky, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Universal, on the one hand, and Ufa, the giant German film combine, on the other, by which Ufa agrees to distribute about fifty American films in Germany, while each of the two first-named American companies will release each year, beginning in the near future, at least five of Ufa's best productions, and as many more as they may

An underground scene from the big Ufa production, "Metropolis."

German Films

themselves to distribute throughout the United States productions a year.

Addison Elliott

wish. Universal is not pledged to show any definite number of German films, but they will probably distribute some of them.

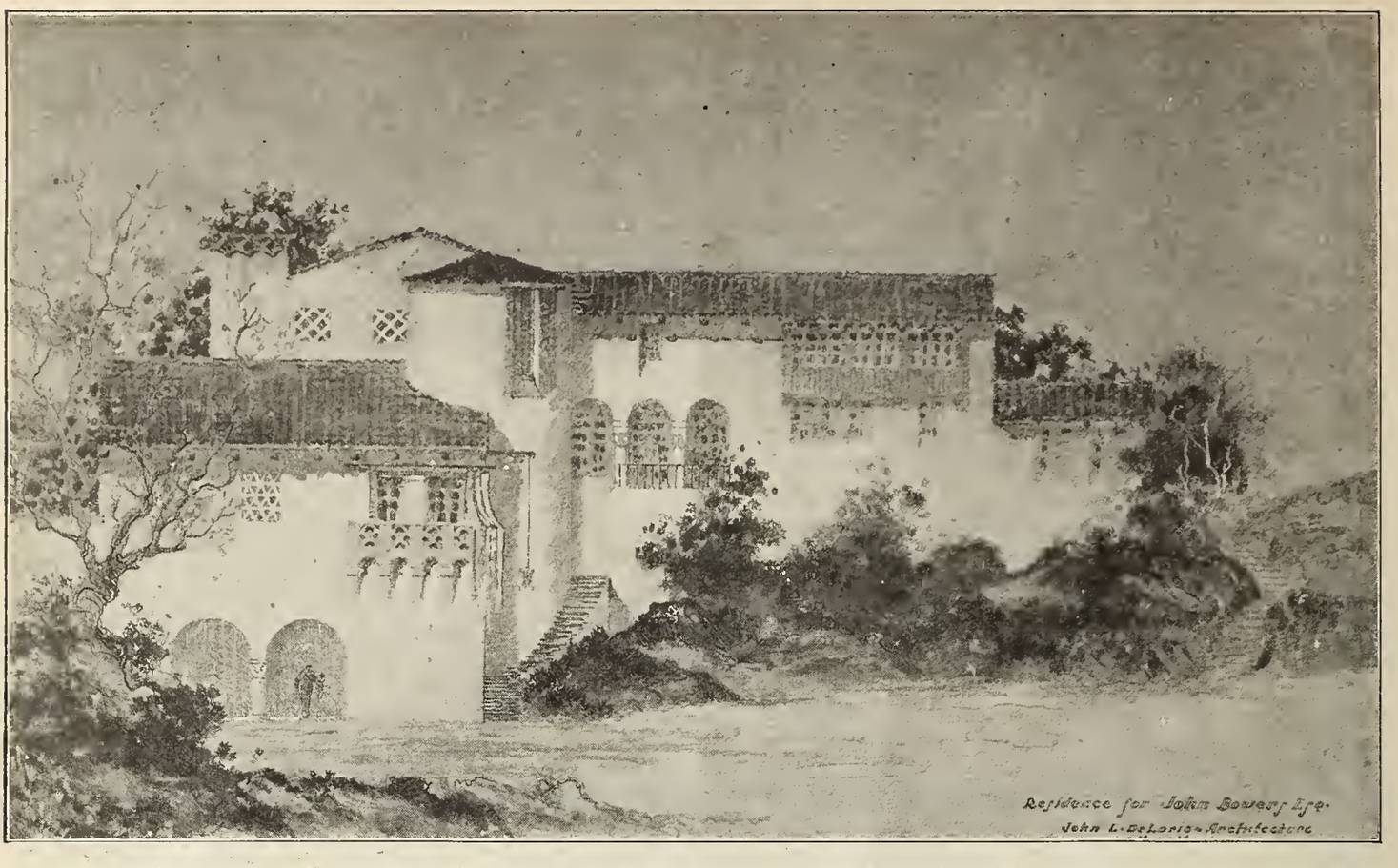
Four of Ufa's productions, characters and scenes from which are shown on these pages, have been definitely selected for the American market. They are: "Vaudeville," "Metropolis," "Faust," and "A Waltz Dream."

Gosta Ekman, the Swedish actor, in the title role of Ufa's "Faust."

Xenia Desni as the Viennese violinist in "A Waltz Dream."

Above, Mady Christians as the PRINCESS *and, at the left, Willy Fritsch as the* PRINCE CONSORT, *in "A Waltz Dream."*

"Vaudeville," as the name implies, is a story of the variety stage, the plot of which hinges upon the love affair of a famous trapeze performer, whose rôle is played by Emil Jannings. "Metropolis" is a fanciful story laid in the future, in a period in which, according to the imagination of the writer, toilers all live in huge underground cities where the work is done, while the ruling classes dwell above in the sunlight. The story tells of the conflict between these two classes, ending in a terrific flood which takes place when the giant water mains are turned loose underground, driving the workers out and causing terror and destruction. [Continued on page 111]



A Three-hundred-thousand-dollar Gamble

This is the sum of money that John Bowers is putting into a magnificent new home, in the hope that Marguerite de la Motte will consent to occupy it as his wife.

By Caroline Bell

JOHN BOWERS is staking three hundred thousand dollars on a gamble.

Hollywood is wondering if the beautiful dream palace that is rising, three stories high, plus towers, atop a hill, and that is costing such a large sum, will at last win Marguerite de la Motte for the faithful John.

For three and a half years he has laid siege to her heart.

It was his strength and protectiveness that were first appealed to, for he met her when she was unconscious.

Noticing the hubbub of an automobile accident, John tendered his services in extricating three forms from the tangled mass of wreckage, one of whom was a girl. As they were being placed in an ambulance, he asked the girl's name.

"Marguerite de la Motte," some one, looking at the name plate of the wrecked coupé, told him. "Probably a movie actress."

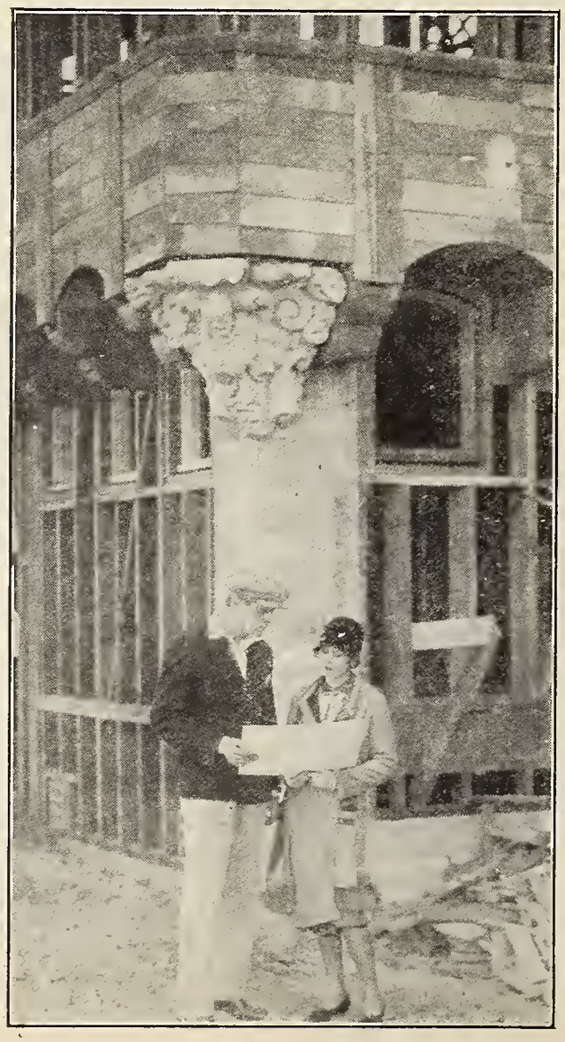
"Never heard of her," he said. "But the poor kid needs looking after. Must be her parents with her. They all look pretty badly hurt."

So John saw that they were properly cared for at the hospital, but did not leave his name, and the unconscious girl did not know until months later who had befriended her.

Their second meeting, at a party, was touched with humor. Seeing him standing in a doorway and thinking him Bryant Washburn, to whom he bears some resemblance and whom she knew slightly, Midge spoke. Perceiving by his surprised look that she had made a mistake, she became quite embarrassed.

Their friendship began when both were cast in an Ince film, and from then on John acquired a habit of looking after Midge.

Her mother had died three days after the motor accident, and her father a few months later—from injuries received in the crash. Midge and her brother, both minors, were left under



John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte looking over the plans of the new home.

the guardianship of a manager who placed his own financial interest above theirs. Marguerite's affairs were mismanaged, and she was permitted to run up huge bills, until her credit was exhausted.

At that point, John, seeing her helplessness and being gifted with practical business sense, took charge of her. He had the guardianship papers annulled, rearranged her expenditure allowance, and managed her earnings so competently that, within a year, every bill was paid. Her funds from then on were wisely invested. To his expert advice she owes, also, the motion-picture contracts which provided a steady increase in her salary.

There is a magnificent view from the balconies, and Hollywood may be seen in the distance.

He acted both as her personal protector and as manager of her career, and she feels, as she has often remarked to intimate friends, that everything she has or is she owes to his guidance.

No one knows the reason for her indecision about accepting his proposals of marriage. She has never seemed even momentarily interested in any one else, and there has certainly been for stubborn John no other girl.

A quiet, tenacious fellow, his work, though it lacks great fire, has been of sufficient merit to guarantee him steady appearances and to lead to his present contract with Metropolitan; and he has saved and shrewdly invested until he is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in pictures.

With equal perseverance, he set out to win the girl he wanted. Her whims and fancies, in jewelry trinkets and perfumes and flowers, he studied, that every gift might carry a particular appeal, and every thought be for her comfort or joy.

For John, there has never been any other girl than Marguerite.

Their romance differs from most of Hollywood's long love affairs in that it has held firm a thread so delicate and fragile. Usually, after the first glamour passes, a man's desire is clipped. At first, illusion clothes defects. There is that flirtatious byplay, that challenge of the eyes, which makes an inner flame leap up and turns heads just a little dizzy.

Then—either a sudden quarrel breaks the thing up, or there is the expected march to the altar, or else it drifts into one of those long-friendship lanes that so seldom lead to the matrimonial path.

When companionship and understanding come in the door, too often love flies out the window. There is such a thing, for lovers, as knowing each other too well, and romance drops from the peaks of ecstasy to the irritating, humdrum level of everyday, from blissful dreams to petty squabbles.

Curiously, the Bowers-De la Motte romance has never lost its glamour, even for Hollywood's skeptical eyes. He fairly adores her. To him she remains the frail little Midge—a Persian kitten, meant to be cuddled and spoiled.

Her childish helplessness is a tacit dependence upon his strength. She defers to his opinions; to her he is still the broad-shouldered, good-look-

Continued on page 109

The Sketch

A department of observations and im tacts in and around Hollywood, between player of distinction before abandoning

By Dorothy

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Lew Cody is in great demand as a master of ceremonies at premières and dinners.

WHENEVER they want a picture première or a dinner to be particularly successful, they ask Lew Cody to be master of ceremonies. Lew, you might say—if you knew him well enough to call him Lew—is a panic. They know, too, that nobody's feelings will be hurt with Lew Cody officiating. He can be funny without being caustic, and if you don't think that is a feat, try it. Lew is not only funny—he is tactful. Which is awfully important. Everybody in Hollywood is so—so sensitive.

Not long ago, introducing Norma Shearer at a première, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce the luckiest little girl in Hollywood——"

All the ingénues got stiff in the back.

"Lucky because she has had the good fortune to play with me in two pictures. If her luck holds out, she may play with me again."

The ingénues relaxed and laughed.

On another occasion, he and Donald Ogden Stewart presented a little skit that went something like this:

Donald Ogden Stewart steps onto the stage and in dignity states that he wants to introduce the Count of Monte Cristo, a Frenchman, who speaks little or no English. Mostly no.

Enter Lew, enthusiastically. He waits for the applause, which he does not get, then launches into a nerve-racking jargon of French.

Donald Ogden Stewart (translating): "He says 'Howdy!'"

Again Lew gestures on in seemingly endless enthusiasm.

Donald Ogden Stewart: "He says, 'The movies are still in their infancy, and wants to know if you have heard the one about the shoe salesman and the chorus girl?'"

Lew, at this, flies into a staccato back-firing effect that sounds like a sentence composed entirely of exclamation points.

Donald Ogden Stewart: "He says, 'Stop him if you have heard it.'"

The back-firing effect continues in gusto. There is a momentary silence, and then Lew chuckles boisterously to himself.

Donald Ogden Stewart (interrupting loudly and frantically): "In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, he wants to say that he loves this country, loves his work, loves you all, and wants you to call him Hank! Thank you!"

Blanche Sweet has, as an outstanding quality, the gift of conversation. Photo by Doolittle

book

pressions resulting from the casual con-
the stars and the author, who was a
the make-up box for the typewriter.

Manners

Donald Ogden Stewart leads Lew forcibly from the stage.

John Gilbert, Again.

A lady out in Utah wrote me a sassy letter the other day. She was sort of sassing things in general, and John Gilbert in particular.

A few months ago, I wrote an essay on John in this department, and described him as boyish, eager, and unassuming. The lady out in Utah said she didn't believe it. That, she wrote, was an old story. She had read the same thing about X and Y and Z, and look at the way they turned out. Why couldn't the truth be told?

It wouldn't surprise me in the least if some of the rest of you aren't wondering the same thing about Jack—as to how he is taking all this adulation, and what the people out here really think of him. Well, as nearly as I can make it out, some people like Jack, and some don't. That is only reasonable. Some are jealous of him. Some are jealous of any one's success. Some pride themselves on disapproving of any one or anything that achieves popularity. Others don't know him at all, but like to pretend they do.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

If people insist on writing in to argue about Jack Gilbert, the magazine writers have to keep on writing about him. And who, just now, is more interesting?

Personally, I think he is amazingly level-headed. And charming.

If he is slightly aloof at times, it is not because he is Jack Gilbert, king of the roost, at the moment. It is a quality he would exhibit if he were a coal dealer or a bill collector. He is delightful to people he likes and not so delightful to those he doesn't. But aren't you?

I almost said that he has an amazing sense of humor, but I realize, on thought, that he has little humor at all. He has a marked sense of irony. Things aren't funny to him. They are perfectly ridiculous.

Both orally and in print, he is very grateful to his employers for the remarkable opportunity they are extending, and swears allegiance to King Vidor, Irving Thalberg and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer triumvirate.

Soon after "Bardelys, the Magnificent," Jack is going to make "The Back Slapper." The title tells the story. It is all about a man who goes around slapping prominent people on the back and calling big men by their first names. This character is a hypocrite, a bluff, and a social climber. I could name a couple of young

Dorothy Manners tells a lot of reasons why she likes Virginia Valli.

Photo by Sasha

Photo by Hartsook

Priscilla Dean learned a great deal while making personal-appearance tours.

blades around that lot who would run a mile before they would touch such a rôle with prongs. But Jack is crazy to get started on it. You'll pardon him, please, if he doesn't always play the neat and nifty for you?

The other day, I heard him accused, by a very pretty young lady, of being superficial. Well, maybe so. He says nice things nicely, primarily because he has said them nicely so many times before. But if he is a little gallantly insincere with the world, what difference does it make, so long as he is honest with himself? And he is. He is as familiar and aboveboard with his vices as most people are with what they fondly believe to be their virtues. No one can tell more depreciative things about John Gilbert than John Gilbert himself. By turns he prides himself, humbles himself, and snickers at himself.

Would you like to know what I really think of him —lady out in Utah? Well, I think he is the most delightful, irrepressible, irresponsible, brilliant young rascal who was ever a motion-picture idol. And that is as near the truth as I can tell it.

A Brilliant Evening.

The caption on this squib is really a bad pun, because it refers to Mrs. Tom Mix's diamonds and not to conversational or social brilliance as you may have supposed. But the other night I met Mrs. Mix at Kathleen Clifford's house. And believe it or not, she let me wear her jewelry.

Have you heard about that watch, the face of which is a perfect diamond? Have you heard about that sapphire that is as big as a quarter and completely surrounded by diamonds? And that diamond bracelet that is two and a half inches wide? And that perfect, blue-diamond solitaire?

I had them all on at the same time.

Mrs. Mix is a charming woman. Even if she hadn't let me wear her jewelry I'd think she was charming, because when one of the girls said covetously, "I wish I could have wonderful things like those," she replied, "I didn't know *I* would have them, when I was a girl. You may yet."

Sweeter words of encouragement were never uttered.

Blanche Sweet, "The Green Hat," and Arlen.

Whenever I feel lazy about work and don't want to exert myself too much, I make an appointment to see Blanche Sweet, because:

She has the gift of conversation.

I believe it was Helen Klumph who said she hated people who used conversation as a means of imparting information. Helen should adore Blanche. For, never was there a lady who could with such charm toss topics back and forth in small chatter.

For instance, suppose it is a rainy day and you slush over to the studio to see Blanche.

Blanche says, "Have you had lunch?" Always a delightful topic, that.

You say "No," of course. And the only thing Blanche can do, after that is to invite you to lunch with her in her dressing room.

Once there, steaming things are set before you. Delicious things. Things that never saw the trays of a studio cafeteria. On inquiry, you learn that Blanche's grandmother prepares her lunch every day and sends it over. You enthuse that never in your life have you eaten such food. And believe me, you haven't.

"Michael Arlen," says Blanche, beginning with one of Hollywood's most popular subjects, "is charming. A delightful man. Mickey and I met him in England before his fame had spread over here. Mickey read the 'Hat' and was crazy about it. He wanted the Goldwyn people to buy the rights, but at that time, they couldn't see it.

"The other night, we met him again at dinner.

"I sat next to him. Of course we talked of 'The Green Hat.' I think he is really awfully fed up on the subject, but he bears it. We all have our crosses. Mine is my name. I am so sick of people making puns on my name. 'How sweet is Blanche Sweet?' and that sort of thing.

"Arlen and I got on the subject of the title of the book. He said that hat couldn't possibly have been any color but green. Had you thought of that? I argued at first. I said it might have been a red hat. Arlen said no—that gave the wrong mental picture. Red immedi-

ately suggests a cardinal's hat. Brown, of course, couldn't be anything but a derby. Blues and pinks are absurd. It just *couldn't* have been any color but green.

"Then we discussed the shape of it—or what the shape might have been. Arlen really didn't know himself. He never definitely describes anything. He creates an impression, from which you get a very vivid mental picture. Had you thought of the shape?"

I suggested a medium-sized felt, turned up in front rather courageously.

"I don't know," Blanche mused, "I had always thought it a small felt. Turned down over the eyes."

I said, "You are the only person to play that part if they screen it."

And she is. She is very remarkable, Blanche Sweet. Experienced. Seasoned. But she wears her experience gallantly, like decorations won in battle. I can't think of anything nicer than having Blanche for a friend. And then, as I mentioned, she is an awful help to me in my work. She talks so well.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Lilyan Tashman has become Hollywood's favorite guest.

Ode to Virginia Valli.

I like Virginia Valli.

She is a lady, without bothering you about it.

She talks softly.

And laughs gently.

And smells sweetly.

But not too sweetly.

We went to the theater together in a party, once.

She had seen the show before.

But she laughed in the right places.

And didn't forget and chuckle *before* the comedian told the story.

She is so clean.

She is the cleanest-looking person I ever saw.

Her hair is always slick and shiny. From shampoos. Not brilliantine.

When she was a little girl, some one must have told her, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

She hasn't forgotten it.

All her hats are becoming. Even the big ones.

She has a car. An expensive, conservative car.

And she hasn't a chauffeur.

For these things and many others:

I like Virginia Valli.

Priscilla Meets the Public.

This time last year, Priscilla Dean, ex-empress of Universal crook dramas, was touring this country and parts of Canada in a dramatic sketch.

This time a few weeks ago, Priscilla, newly signed on a Metropolitan contract, was at lunch telling me the adventures of that trip. Which was an amazing one.

"It was hard in a way," admitted the stunning Priscilla, who manages to be briskly staccato without losing a bit of her smart femininity, "but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Of course, I had to make a lot of appearances out of the theater, but most of them were so interesting I didn't mind a bit.

"I spoke before a deaf-and-dumb institute. Sounds odd, doesn't it? But an interpreter stood beside me who could translate faster than I could talk. It is wonderful what picture fans they are. They aren't interested so much in personalities as they are in technical effects. They were particularly curious about titles not corresponding to the lip movements of the players. I explained that titles were often inserted after the picture was completed.

"The very saddest call, though, was a visit to the hospital for wounded veterans, in Toronto. Some of those poor boys who can't move have mirrors above their beds so that they can see who enters the room. It is heartbreaking. But they are marvelous. One boy died while we were there. There wasn't any moaning or wailing. An attendant put a screen around his cot, and some other men at the end of the room went on playing bridge without even looking up. At first, I thought it was heartless. But it's really wonderful and courageous. Those men have learned one of the hardest lessons of life. Acceptance."

It seems that one boy in particular had asked to meet Priscilla. He was asleep when she arrived and she didn't want them to wake him, but they insisted. She said he was just a kid and the sweetest-looking boy she had ever seen. She told him she was sorry they had waked him. He said, "I'm not, Miss Dean. I can sleep

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Sterling makes one of his most recent appearances in "The Trouble with Wives."

Shifting from Low to High

Once a lowly bladder-bouncer of the Keystones, Ford Sterling is now doing high comedy, or at least what passes for high comedy in the cinema.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IN the days when there was no orchestra to make overtures to boredom, and a nickel was really worth five cents, it was pleasant to step into a nickelodeon where one might watch Charlie Murray hit Chester Conklin over the head with a majolica vase while Ford Sterling marshaled the Keystone cops, noble fellows, preparatory to effecting a last-minute rescue. Sometimes Mack Swain was hurling Charlie Chaplin into a pail of glue; sometimes the routine became so varied as to permit Mary Thurman to crown Mabel Normand, or even Gloria Swanson, then nothing like a duchess. There were, in fact, any number of variations—about three.

But of one thing you were assured: slapstick.

You were safe in anticipating riot and revelry, water chases and collapsible step ladders, apoplectic husbands, acrobatic messenger boys, rubber-legged policemen, symmetrically designed bathing girls, and breakaway sofas. You were safe in anticipating a grand mixture of all these elements. And when Ford Sterling lost his trousers in the excitement you almost fell off your seat. . . . Those were the days!

One must say *were,* for they are, alas, no longer. Slapstick is not what it used to be. All the good old rough-and-tumblers have reformed. They are now acting. Seriously. Something should be done about it.

Probably Gloria and Bebe and Betty Compson started it. De Mille elevated the first pair, and George Loane Tucker rescued Betty from the beach chorus. Then Phyllis Haver and Mae Busch and Harriet Hammond followed, growing dramatic overnight, it seemed. And almost before we knew it Charlie Murray had supported Nazimova, Chester Conklin had shaved his walrus mustache for the sake of art, and Lloyd Hamilton had tried a sober feature. . . . The comics all began to sober up. Ford Sterling aided in making "Wild Oranges" one of the fine things of the year. He played in smart comedy with Florence Vidor. He played in less smart comedy with *la Marquise de l'* et cetera Swanson.

As one of the most riotous of erstwhile merrymakers and at once one of the best in the new order, Sterling struck me as the man to ask concerning this casting off of slapstick and bladder.

"What makes a comedian yearn to be dramatic?" I inquired, once I had tracked my prey. "Why did you, among others, ditch the ha-ha school for the ah-ha school?"

Mr. Sterling had the answer on the tip, as they say, of his tongue.

"I saw the screen succumbing to subtlety. The obvious was getting the gate. So I decided not to be one of the victims. It was time to strike out in new pastures. . . . So I became a regular dramatic actor in King Vidor's picture of the Hergesheimer story, 'Wild Oranges.' "

Meeting Sterling, you would be surprised, I think. Not an egg stain marred his immaculately starched bosom; not so much as a rip flawed the posterior of his trousers. His old trade-mark, chin spinach, was nowhere to be seen; clean shaven he was, large of frame, and affable of manner. When we met, instead of jovially pasting me in the face with a pie, he shook my hand. And let it be anticipated, lest you fear for the happy ending, that at parting he vouchsafed me no boot in the pants. He may have been a low comedian once, but those days are over now!

"Is it hard to be serious?" an innocent bystander asked.

Mr. Sterling knew the answer to that one, too.

"There's only a hair line dividing comedy and tragedy," he pointed out. "Take the most tragic event imaginable, give it a perverse twist, and what have you? The veriest slapstick. Last night I saw 'The Garrick Gaieties.' One skit burlesques the dramatic climax of 'The Green Hat.' Yet little change has been made, few liberties taken. Leslie Howard himself said the other day that by overplaying the love scene just a trifle he

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The Boy Grows Older

And considerably wiser. A story about Charles Ray and the jinx he managed to conquer, at last.

By Margaret Reid

Photo by Witzel

Charlie Ray has not become embittered by his reverses.

THIS is a story of the gamest loser I have ever known. It is about a boy who staked everything he had for an ideal; about a valiant young gambler who cut the cards with a flourish—and lost. Lost completely, smilingly — like a gentleman. About Charlie Ray.

Of course, children, you all remember the time Charles Ray left the secure, but hampering confines of Thomas Ince's company. With a lot of money, amassed during the days of his early and greatest success, and a heart full of courage, he moved away. He bought a very unpretentious old studio on the shabbier outskirts of Hollywood and hung up a shiny sign, "Charles Ray Studio."

Here he fell to with gusto, trying to make into pictures all the ideas and dreams he had kept bottled up so long. It wasn't easy—there were a thousand added griefs and worries for one added joy—but he stuck to it. He was working toward doing the things he had longed to do, at last.

He made some good pictures—and some very poor ones. Yet, if the Demon Jinx had not been at his heels, all might have come out well. But Charlie sank deeper and deeper—debts rattling their chains on every side of him. Each picture, he thought, would be the one that would "clean up" and put him on his feet again. So he went on with the gambler's desperate persistence, working his brow into careworn furrows from dawn until midnight. Hollywood confrères pointed derisive fingers at him, for his foolhardiness and the seriousness with which they said he took himself. With the failure of his beloved "Courtship of Miles Standish" to ring the bell he gave up. Not because there was no fight left in him, but because his hands were tied behind his back. Grimly he set to work for other companies again, for money to pay the mountains of debts surrounding him.

A few months ago, the newsies along the Boulevard began a profitable day with cries of "Char-r-rles Ray Dee-clares Bankerpcy!" In Hollywood it had been expected for a long time. It would have been impossible for any one short of a financial genius to surmount the difficulties that faced Ray. And Charlie is not a financial genius. So he finally went bankrupt. But not without a fine struggle—one that has been given too little credit.

For twenty-two months, after his own company foundered on the rocks, Charles Ray fought against bankruptcy. He lived meagerly and cautiously, though still clinging to the lovely home in Beverly Hills that was the pride of his heart. Twenty-two months of working here and there, in pictures that didn't count for much and never reached the better theaters. An actor must keep up appearances, and this he struggled to do. But often there was scarcely enough to buy gas for the one remaining car—for Charlie was living on twenty per cent of his interest and applying eighty per cent on his debts. At the outset he had borrowed $750,000 from the banks—and with plucky determination and scrimping he got it down to $80,000. Bills here and bills there were gradually diminished, and never for an instant did the shoulder behind the stubborn, heavy wheel falter.

And then Fate injected what is called her irony—but what might better be named one of her scurvy tricks. At a meeting of Ray's creditors, most of whom were willing to wait a little longer and let things go on slowly, one man dissented. Shortly afterward the beautiful home that Charlie had built was empty and all its luxurious furnishings attached. On a hurried, desperate trip

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An Innocent Abroad

Mary Philbin, who for five years has been sheltered from all contacts outside of her home and her work, is at last beginning to enter a wider social life.

By Myrtle Gebhart

AN innocent is abroad in Hollywood.

For Mary Philbin has made her social début.

The shyest wallflower of Hollywood is on the verge of becoming a vogue. If she wanted to very much, and if her mother would let her, she might lead the popularity lists.

On the rare occasions when she used to appear at parties, she would shrink timidly into a corner. The boys were polite about asking her to dance, some even hinting that they would like to take her out. But two's company and three's a crowd. Besides, Mary had little appeal.

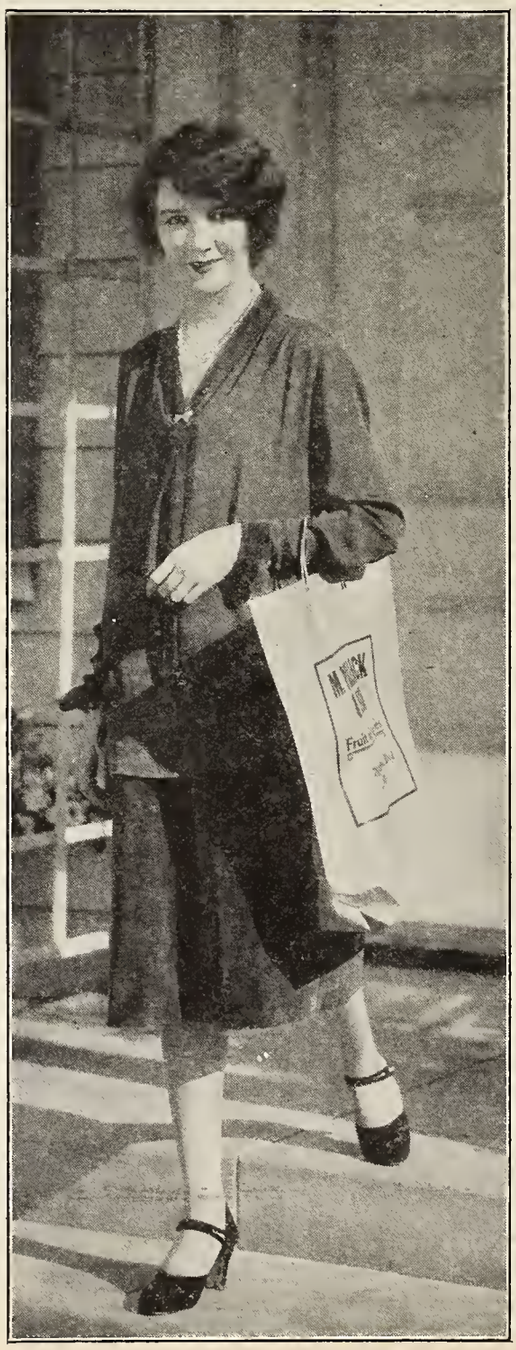
So she sat and watched other girls flattered with attentions without an atom of envy, grateful for being invited.

Now it is like a football rush, the way the boys crowd around her. She may unintentionally start a reform movement. One sheik has even given up smoking cigarettes in the hope of being thought nice enough to call on her! I expect the Charleston to be superseded by checkers any day now.

To take her, unchaperoned, to the theater is an honor which merits a boast. It is like a medal, this official stamp that one's character is impeccable.

The truth is that many of our men are getting bored with the flapper play girls who try so hard to be zippy and cynical. A wave of reaction has brought back appreciation of modesty and reserve.

"When I dance with Mary I feel I have something sacred in my arms," I heard a young actor, half abashed, say one evening. "She's spiritual. Not ethereal, because she's a real girl. But like girls used to be and aren't any more. She hasn't cheapened herself. And it's not the feeling of 'little sister' protection, for she has such a quaint dignity that you can't kid with her. She simply appeals to the best ideals in a man."



Mary's contact with Hollywood is restricted to its better elements. She attends the theater and concerts and the opera; she is present at the gala movie premières; she dines occasionally at the Montmartre. Unobtrusive still, she holds back, but how interest does radiate from and about her corner!

At a formal dinner party, she says little, but her every quick, eager gesture betrays a birdlike inquisitiveness, and her eyes, darting from one face to another, fearful of missing something, are so alive that they kindle enthusiasm. People smile tolerantly, and find themselves responding. Her naïveté is both amusing and refreshing. To what has become boresome to most of us, she brings a freshness, a curiosity, that stimulate.

She is like a child at her first party, prim, watchful of her manners, proud of her new frock, anxious to have a good time without quite knowing how.

Her first appearance in a café caused such a ripple of astonishment that the chatter ceased, a medley of voices clipped by the startled, breathless hush. It seemed uncanny, that sudden silence.

The writer used to catch herself wondering how long Mary Philbin could be held back from the life surging about her in Hollywood.

Filmtown had come to accept Mary's seclusion as a perennial situation. She would grow old and die without being seen, save in quick glimpses on her way to and from the studio—a vague, unreal little figure.

With the exception of Universal studio people, Hollywood had known her only on the screen. Until recently she was as much a quaint dream girl to filmtown as to her fans.

Living in the heart of Hollywood, she has followed not one path prescribed for its stars. She has never owned an automobile, or a fur coat, or jewelry, save for a string of tiny seed pearls and a turquoise ring which she wears, child fashion, on her middle finger.

Because her parents had and have still the Middle-Western, small-town fear of the theatrical influence, her life has been the most secluded of any motion-picture player's. Hollywood offered their little girl a glorious opportunity, but Hollywood was also an octopus, its claws sheathed in deceptive velvet and strung with bright gems, that might snatch her into an embrace which would strangle the quality they wanted her never to lose.

Hoping to keep her a child always, they determined to shelter her from any possibility of harm. This sweet, wholesome couple believe what they read in the newspapers, and the papers tell about such horrible things. And some of them are true. They thought that all of them were true.

The look of girlish freshness that Mary Philbin bears is genuine. Except for having put up her curls she is the same Mary Philbin that she was five years ago.

So Mary seldom went anywhere except to the movies and church and to interview-luncheons occasionally, which her mother chaperoned. She worked, she was driven home in a studio car, had her dinner, and went straight to bed. Always frail, her health must be guarded.

She read books selected for her that might entertain or amuse or instruct her, without revealing the sordidness of life from which her parents wished to shield her. It was not an unhappy life for her, as she knew no other.

And so, in tireless work at putting her vague feelings into the form of acting, in simple amusements, Mary has drifted into girlhood without losing her childish appeal.

Her salary has been small. A short time ago Universal, in a magnanimous mood, tore up her rather unfair contract and presented her with a nice new one at an increased figure. When it was agreed she might have more liberty, she promised her mother and Mr. Laemmle that she wouldn't think of a romance for years and years.

A number of events have conspired together to introduce Hollywood's dream girl to society.

The realization that she was growing up without the good times enjoyed by the youth of the community, the slight flare of independence with which she asked for a good time, her new contract, the success which is predicted for "Stella Maris," all have been influential in winning for her the measure of freedom now allowed.

Girls don't have débuts any more, I know. At sixteen they start jazzing around. The ceremonious panoply of an older-day convention is gone.

But I remember my elder sister's début: the rustling of the dowagers' silks, the pomp of it all. Crouching on the stair landing in my flannel nightie, I felt the oppressive solemnity of an instantaneous gulf separating me from that winsome, demure girl, so suddenly grown up.

I recall that scene now when I see Mary Philbin. Perhaps because of the suddenness of her emergence from the pages of a book where, to my mind, she has always seemed to belong, it strikes me as a jolt that she is officially "out" in society—or whatever you call social contact nowadays.

Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch sponsored her introduction. Charming, witty, clever, and—most important of all—a gentlewoman, Mrs. Lubitsch has [Continued on page 98]

On the Set with

With some specially posed pictures players imitate the mannerisms of di

By A. L.

Dolores Costello gives her impression of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton.

I HAD always had the impression that a motion-picture director was a cross between a mule skinner and concentrated TNT. I believed he went about with a rapier in one hand and a yucca stick in the other, prepared to inflict punishment upon any one who neglected to rise and shout, "Behold the king!" I thought that when he came upon the set, the company was supposed to turn on the electric lights and have a Caruso sing.

That was before I was permitted to enter the studios without scaling a fence.

Please excuse me for having had such thoughts. Since I have seen them work, I wonder why it is that they aren't paid five thousand dollars a week and given a license to murder. It's worth ten thousand a week to restrain the temper in some of the situations they have to face. Of all the nerve-racking tasks connected with the production of motion pictures, I believe there is nothing comparable with theirs. Carrying the full story in one's mind, trying to make players see themselves as others see them, working, worrying, driving till the last scene is finished, and being responsible for every foot of finished film—it's a soul-trying occupation.

Near the end of each of his pictures, Cecil De Mille hauls out a faded old overcoat bought in 1913, throws it as a cape over his shoulders, and begins getting nervous. The company knuckle down to business. Idle conversation is taboo. Carpenters' hammers are stilled. Unnecessary noise is avoided. In the producer-director's hands are five twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he slides top to bottom, top to bottom, top to bottom, unceasingly—like a poker player fingering his chips. He discards his chair and employs a stool, upon which he half stands, half sits. His keen eyes are focused directly upon his players. His voice, usually gentle, pleasant, is cold and hard, sometimes shooting with the ring of steel, sometimes acrimonious and burning with sarcasm. Occasionally, he bites the knuckle of his right thumb and his brow is wrinkled.

"Now, Miss Goudal," he says icily, "I'm not going to tell you how to go through with this scene. Just do it as you would under the circumstances. I want your best effort. Action!"

No pleading, no coaxing, no parleying. "Just be yourself and go ahead!" And wow! What results he gets! Ask Miss Goudal!

"It's wonderful!" she exclaims. "Mr. De Mille does all his talking before the camera starts. He explains the action, tells what it is about, and explains its relative importance in the play. He seems just like a father talking to his child. He makes you 'feel' what you are to do. *Then, he expects you to go in and do it!* The gold pieces come out of his purse. You see him throw one leg over his stool and turn his eyes upon you. You hear the call for action and you know that the time has arrived to give everything you have. And you know that if you don't give, you won't be signing any new contracts when your old one expires.

"If you go through the scene satisfactorily, he exclaims, 'All right, thank you!' That is the

A tense moment in a Lubitsch production, by Marie Prevost.

Kathleen Key shows how Fred Niblo looked while directing "Ben-Hur."

Great Directors

in which some of the prominent girl rectors under whom they have worked.

Wooldridge

way he tells the camera man to 'Cut!' Invariably he adds, 'Thank you!'

"But if the scene is not to his liking, he abruptly stops proceedings, points a finger straight at you and says, 'Let's see you do that over again. I think we'll have a little less heaving of the breast. Tone that down!' "

Slowly, carefully, painstakingly, De Mille drives each scene to what he believes to be the point of perfection. The whole story is in his mind. He visualizes the play in its entirety before he starts. He knows what he wants and sticks at it till he gets it.

Vera Reynolds once said to me, "When I was cast for the leading feminine rôle in 'Feet of Clay,' I had played only ingénue parts. Frankly, I was scared when I started as the lead. All I could see were those two eyes of Mr. De Mille staring at me as though from out of the darkness. Always looking! Always watching! I was upset by those eyes. I thought I would be thrown entirely off my balance. But I did my best, and each time a satisfactory scene was finished, Mr. De Mille said, 'Thank you!' It was that 'best' he wanted—and got."

However severe all this may seem, I happen to know that Thomas Meighan went to Mr. De Mille with moisture in his eyes and thanked him for the training he had given him. I know that Gloria Swanson sat at his feet and told him of her gratitude. I know that Leatrice Joy heard him tell her that she was "terrible" in "Saturday Night"—that she had exhibited no light nor warmth. And I know that once he called her in and told her that she was "fired," and that as an actress she was thoroughly impossible. And I know that she threw herself upon the floor and cried, beautifully, bitterly; and that Mr. De Mille helped her into a seat and said to her, softly, kindly, "Leatrice, *that's* what we want. That's what we try to put onto the screen. We want your soul in the things you do."

Olive Borden makes up to represent John Ford, of the Fox company.

Bebe Daniels, in a character study of William De Mille at work.

Jetta Goudal shows how Cecil De Mille appears in a tense moment.

Was it a lesson, a hard, severe lesson? Leatrice Joy is now under contract to De Mille and is being starred. All because he drove home to her the fact that she must get realism, heartfelt realism into her portrayals.

Making picture plays is a serious business. Extra girls, beginners, may get employment at first, because of their pretty faces or shapely figures, but when it comes to enacting rôles worth while, they must have "something to sell." They must exhibit real talent along some line. Hollywood is full of "beauty-contest winners" who know nothing of acting. They are still extras. Most of them always will be extras—at seven dollars and fifty cents a day instead of five thousand dollars a week. However, a great many of the present stars were taken from the ranks of the extras because, even in their lowly rôles, they gave flashes of latent talent. Valentino was discovered that way. Norma Talmadge was "found" that way. Mary Pickford was similarly singled out. Directors find much of this hidden talent.

A story often repeated in Hollywood, is this:

"Hello! How's everything?"

"I don't know everything. I'm not a director."

While there's irony in the remark, it reflects some of the esteem in which directors are held.

But the severity with which Cecil De Mille handles his chosen players is not accredited to other directors. His brother, William de Mille, for instance, enacts every scene himself, to show his players what he wants. Then he leaves it to them to "produce." He sits at the side of the set, watching from the corner of his eye. He seldom looks straight at his players.

"I think, Miss Daniels," he says, in his Southern drawl, "that you can improve on that action. Surely, in real life, you wouldn't do it that way."

A dreamy, retrospective look is in his eyes. The incense from his old brier pipe seems to fill his nostrils. His ancient, crush-felt hat is jammed down upon his head. He is thoroughly at ease.

"We will do that over again!" he says.

And Bebe knows that it is time to "get busy."

I was on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set in Culver City where Kathleen Key was doing an emotional scene under the direction of Fred Niblo. Suddenly, he rapped for a stop.

"Miss Key!" he said. "Please remember that you are *inviting* your lover to come, not *daring* him!"

She changed her invitation.

While the chariot races in "Ben-Hur" were being filmed in the great reproduction of the Circus Maximus, some interesting sidelights on production methods were revealed. First, the races were run amid a splendor which would have astounded even the Cæsars of Rome. Three weeks later, the action of the principals as they watched the spectacle, was filmed. These latter scenes were properly inserted—in the cutting room.

Carmel Myers, as *Iras,* was seated in the balcony with her retinue of attendants. Directly in front was Fred Niblo. But instead of looking at races, the company were focusing their eyes on a solitary horse in the arena, which was being ridden rapidly by. This served to make all individuals in the cast point their eyes at precisely the same spot instead of permitting some to look one hundred feet ahead or fifty feet behind. Carmel registered intense horror as the great spill of chariots was supposed to take place. But she kept crying, "Come back, *Messala!* Oh, please come back!"

"Did he come back?" Niblo asked, when the scene was finished.

"No-o-o!" replied Miss Myers, in plaintive voice.

"You're out of luck, Carmel," Mr. Niblo retorted.

Later, she explained that what she was trying to do was to tell Mr. Niblo, whose back was toward the arena, that the horse had kept on going past where the chariots were supposed to be piled up.

"I had no idea where we were all looking. That was my only way of telling him that the maverick had disappeared."

The scene was done over again. So, sometimes, the directors learn things from their players. During all the time Carmel was emoting, Mr. Niblo kept repeating, "Fine! Fine! Good work, Carmel!"

When it was over, he stepped forward and patted her hand.

Directors seldom "tear their hair" and rave and rant when a scene is not done to their liking. Rather, they explain in detail what is wrong and sometimes intersperse their remarks with bitter sarcasm, and demand something better. I have seen Erich von Stroheim get so tense that he snapped his walking stick in two with his fingers. I have seen Ernst Lubitsch crouching on the very tip of his chair, with his hands upraised and his fists clenched, and have seen the perspiration trickle from his forehead as he strove to get the action desired. I have seen him walking back and forth, back and forth in some secluded corner, a villainous-looking black cigar between his teeth, his head sunk low between his shoulders, looking like Napoleon Bonaparte treading the lonely paths of St. Helena. Thinking, planning, visualizing! Lubitsch seldom loses his temper, but——

While directing "Lady Windermere's Fan," he employed a German youth as his script carrier. And when he simply *had* to loosen his pent-up feelings, he turned to the young man and tore holes in the air *in German.* His players still are wondering just what he said. Or what he called them! He worked harder than any one on the set.

Always, it is eyes! The eyes of the director! The motion-picture actresses feel them focused in their direction. As Vera Reynolds said, they almost upset her in her work. Their portrayals must ring true. The little girl from Oshkosh or Kokomo or Kalamazoo who believes all she has to do when she gets a part is to "walk through it," gets the shock of her life when she stands before a director and is told that she "came here to act, not to pose." Then, suddenly, violently, she realizes that she must have something to sell besides beauty and a figure.

Charlie Chaplin has the reputation of being a hard master during the production of his plays. While "The Gold Rush" was being filmed, Georgia Hale, during an hour of idleness, put his decrepit derby upon her head, slipped into a pair of enormous shoes, pasted a bit of mustache on her lip and started twirling Chaplin's trick cane in an imitation of the comedian. As she turned to come back, she was horrified to see Chaplin staring at her. She wanted to fall through the floor. No one ever had made fun of the great comedian at his own studio.

"I was just kidding, Mr. Chaplin," Georgia said. "Really I—I didn't——"

But Charlie was only amused.

"Do it again, Miss Hale!" he exclaimed. "That's fine!"

All she could do was sit down.

John Ford, with Fox films, sticks an old pipe in his mouth when he is directing, puts on horn-rimmed glasses and then, according to Olive Borden, gets ready to "bark." On the other hand, J. Stuart Blackton, associated with Warner Brothers, lends a kindly word of encouragement now and then, and suggests subtle changes to his players. He carries a little blue eyeglass, through which he peers, figuring how each scene will look upon the screen. His unlighted cigar is gnawed viciously when things go wrong and, according to Dolores Costello, "You can feel his eyes. You know you must act your part or there will be trouble."

Does a director have a three-thousand-dollar-a-week grief upon his shoulders? Ask the stars. Ask the leading ladies. Ask the extras who have to be drilled under his supervision. They will tell you that this man who is responsible for production of the story earns his pay —every dollar of it.

Hollywood's Latest Adventures in Matrimony

A review of some of the most important marriages that took place in the film colony in the last year.

By Myrtle Gebhart

TO the loud applause of the world, Hollywood woos, weds, and wails.

Falling in—and out of—love has become a habit. For Filmtown breeds romance with each new day.

Romances sharp and staccato, the back fire of many little *amours*.

Romances slow and measured, that drag on indefinitely.

Romances of power and passion that, like the tides greedily snatching at the shore, roll back unsatisfied.

Romances, occasionally, so sweet and calm and gentle that you hold your breath for fear some tension will shatter their delicate threads.

Fervent romances that would tear the rafters off of more conventional towns.

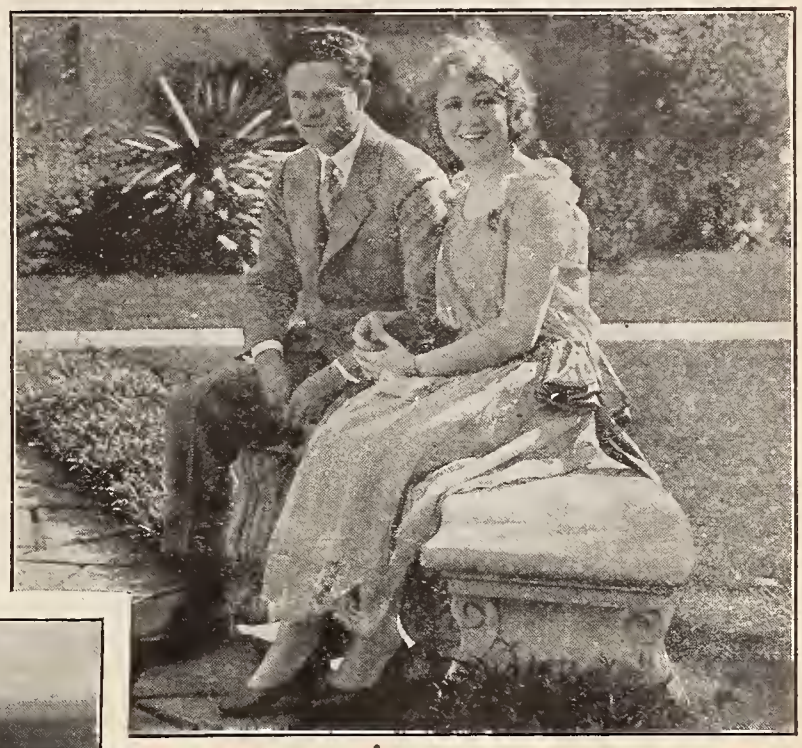
And, oh, how many of them go the same way: something snaps, and the duotone bursts into discord, and another flickering love goes out in a puff!

Why does Hollywood experiment so with love?

It would take a Solomon to solve that problem, and I am only a girl trying to do my share of chronicling, fairly and honestly, Filmtown's glitter and show, her heartthrobs, her sorrows and her work, and as much of her character and her thoughts as I can discern beneath the cosmetics of illusion with which she decorates herself.

All I can do is plunge in and give the theories that five years of living just behind the lines of Hollywood's front trenches have formed in my mind.

Wasn't it Will Carleton who said that we should not *fall* in love, but should *rise* to it? I wish Hollywood more often felt that beautiful exaltation of spirit which inspires the sweetest love. How welcome it is when one does find it!



Ruth Clifford's marriage to James A. Cornelius is one that promises to be enduring.

"Lefty" Flynn and Viola Dana waited a long time before they suddenly decided to get married.

Helen Ferguson and William Russell should remain happily married if they keep up the harmonious relation in which their marriage began.

Love seems to be a necessity to many whose business is acting. They flower, develop, live upon it.

It nourishes them artistically, it awakens and it answers personal vanity, it animates, it provides a thrill to carry on the make-believe which familiarity soon strips from their work. In some of its aspects it is a restful and calming influence to jangled nerves.

Romance in Hollywood is like frosting on a cake, made more ornamental still by wide publicity.

Occasionally, its rococo tinsel is washed away, and there is left only a skeleton of pitiful little human weaknesses, not a bit pretty. Usually, though, it manages to remain dressed up even for its funeral march.

Her precocity having been publicized, and herself polished up for display, should Hollywood crawl into a corner and bloom unseen? Ah, no; she revels in the spotlight and takes unto herself its prerogatives.

Partly she is to blame, and partly public curiosity.

There is a brash beauty, boldly sketched, about many of her love affairs. They flare so suddenly, seem such a fine mating of high spirit and glowing talent. Too often, they end in a clash of bitter words which give a sordid commonness to what had seemed profound emotion.

There is usually a dash of novelty—no plowing of her romances in furrows oft trodden before, no hand-me-down, shop-worn plots. Each day spools new chapters of her marital—or martial?—history.

Jacqueline Logan had known Ralph Gillespie but four weeks when she married him.

There is a certain fluid grace in the movement of romance here. It is enchanting, trying to keep up, and I am usually two laps behind on engagements, for the scenarios never operate in clockwork fashion nor creak from old age. When I am looking toward a corner from which I may reasonably expect a flourishing romance, lo! it sneaks up behind me and bursts from some other quarter.

Like phosphorescent fireflies, these loves shame in color the drabness of marriage elsewhere. They have a cardboard picturesqueness which lifts them out of the ordinary rut—for the moment.

Hollywood sits atop a flotilla of little balloons that soar this way and that and, punctured, fall in tattered bits of color. Some of her girls and men stand by the guns of their faith, and once in a blue moon realize their dreams, but disillusion is for the most part rampant.

We have cynics who have learned how to look at people indifferently, how to watch something dear go, with only a momentary shade of regret. As one caustic and brilliant girl mused one day, "To enjoy while it's here, and when it goes to whisper, 'Thank you for a good time . . . for a few precious hours,' and then to turn the next page to see what's written on it."

Life here is *not* like life elsewhere. In other towns, weeks progress with slow, monotonous tread. Here, the days fairly dance by, marked by those little flares which make the morrow constantly new and alluring.

Looking over the ambrosial placidity of Hollywood—its surface, small-town peace—I wonder that such tranquil calm can conceal so many flames that burn for a day and then crumble into embers. Many of those loves are from the outset inconsistent and incongruous and doomed not to last. Only in a town of such contradictory currents could they be possible at all.

Propinquity is both the cause and the death of much Hollywood love. Daily association strikes the spark of comradeship which quickens into a greater interest. But, often, it eventually bores; the monotony of hours together palls, and platitudes begin to grate, with the quenching of mystery.

The causes of our divorces might be tabulated:

Jealousy, when both are professionals and human ego asserts itself, each demanding the spotlight, the applause, the reins of leadership.

Absence of the material-dependence yoke—for self-supporting wives won't endure much domination. They don't have to. They can pay for their own ermine coats and pork chops.

Artistic discontent, which sometimes harries these children of make-believe who have yet to realize that life is a series of compromises and that imaginative work can't be mixed with practical home life.

Familiarity, which strips away glamour and mystery.

Temperament — impulsive tempers breaking forth in hot, unforgivable words.

Friends, of whom one of the couple does not approve. Relatives cause less discord than elsewhere, as families are usually provided for in separate homes.

I suppose it all simmers down to this: the instincts of Adam and Eve, dressed in fancy trimmings and spotlighted for the world's entertainment.

But statistics show that during 1925 "Miss Cupid" as they call the clerk at the city hall where marriage licenses are bought,

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman met some years ago in New York, became friends, and were finally married in Hollywood.

did a rushing business among film folks.

Maybe the position of the stars has had something to do with it. It may be just a phase, a wave, as we have epidemics of floods, airplane disasters, babies, and typhoid fever. But perhaps Hollywood has really gone seriously into this marriage thing, with which she has heretofore only played. All of last year's ceremonies were quiet ones, without fuss and with attempts to avoid publicity, a fact which augurs well. It is to be hoped by those who love dear, funny, delightful Hollywood that these bridal couples will regard their new ties as permanent bonds.

Let us look back in reminiscent mood over Cupid's record for 1925.

As lack of space prohibits this being a hymn to Hymen, I can mention but a few: Gloria Swanson's marriage to the likable and more-or-less-a-Marquis Henri; Viola Dana's acceptance of "Lefty" Flynn after a "she loves me, she loves me not" of several years' duration; Bob Edeson's sudden marriage; Jacqueline Logan's elopement; the successful courtship of Claire Windsor by Bert Lytell; Ruth Clifford's quiet marriage to Jimmy Cornelius; Helen Ferguson's to Bill Russell; Wanda Hawley's altar march with Jay Stuart ("Stew") Wilkinson, racing driver—a dark foil for her fluffy, blond charm; and Constance Bennett's elopement with Philip M. Plant.

Nor have the directors been ignored, for George Melford won Diana Miller, and Edwin Carewe persuaded Mary Akin to share his joys and tribulations.

The Russell-Ferguson romance has already been told about in PICTURE-PLAY. Believing in the old bromide, "Marry in haste; repent at leisure," Helen insisted upon a long engagement.

They are both so genuine, such real folks, that they seem more like the young couple setting up housekeeping next door than like actors. On Sundays, last summer, friends gathered at their beach place, a big, rambling, "regular" home. We all used to sprawl around on the sand after a quick swim. I always muse that nature must have been "caught in a poster mood" when evolving that particular scene. Everything conspired to Svengali me into a happy humor.

Ricardo Cortez was in love with Alma Rubens long before she knew him, and is now soon to marry her.

After a long courtship, Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell were married in Mexico.

All about, the flash of movement and color, toned down subtly at the close of day. Broad, clear hues: the peacock green of the ebbing tide, a sky of infinite blue irradiating melting fires at the horizon, where the setting sun seems to drip its blood into the sea. Children dancing around in rhythm, to the beat of the waves; parents reluctantly gathering up wraps and blankets, loath to leave.

And afterward, at dusk, we younger ones sat around a camp fire roasting wienies and humming old, old tunes.

If they keep the spirit they have now, Helen and Bill will never resort to the divorce court.

Exquisite Ruth Clifford, very much a home girl, had never been engaged and had dreamed only vaguely of romance. When, after four years of casual friendship, Jimmy Cornelius proposed, the gate to her imaginary garden of happiness opened. Fearing that it might be an

illusion, she submitted his love to an acid test. She let him call for her at the studio every day—and did not wait to remove her character make-up as an old woman. And no woman is at her best in the "grease" of such a make-up.

They, like all of the past year's bridal couples, were married quietly, with only a few intimate friends present. They are very devoted and lead a pleasant life rather aloof from the glamour of Hollywood. I always feel at their house something secure—there is something so tangible and permanent about their marriage, it is so surely founded on realities.

Not love, but admiration at first sight characterized the start of the Edmund Lowe-Lilyan Tashman romance which culminated last year in their marriage. By chance, each saw the other in New York shows and became interested. Meeting later, their friendship continued for several years and then was renewed in Hollywood.

Marriage has been beneficial to both. Eddie was restless and uncertain—marriage has stabilized him, has brought a certain definition. Lilyan remains the beautiful showgirl, with the quintessence of feminine allure in her gorgeous clothes and her jewels, but there is a new sweetness in her face nowadays, a gentleness that can come only from contentment.

At various times, the on-again-off-again Lefty Flynn-Viola Dana romance went into eclipse. And then, one day, they up and got married.

They undoubtedly make the oddest couple in ill-assorted Hollywood. It is a scream to watch them dance—big Lefty with his leonine physique, and demitasse Vi. It takes four of her steps to match one of his, so he just walks around and she hangs on, her tiny feet occasionally touching the floor.

On week-ends, they sally forth in his light yacht, Lefty at the helm, Vi pretending to be terribly in earnest about hauling in the sheets, and yelling, "Aye, aye, skipper!" until, of a sudden, she tires and plumps herself into the skipper's lap, leaving the sails to flop wildly. If those two ever start taking life seriously, there may be cause to fear for their marriage.

The romance which made Claire Windsor the bride of Bert Lytell began amidst the sand hillocks and the purple nights of the Sahara Desert, where Edwin Carewe had taken them on location. No directorial impetus was necessary to awaken Bert's ardor when the script demanded a fervent love scene. Indeed, scarcely had the company settled down for work than Bert made it plain to all the troupe that this go-getter was out to woo and win the lovely Claire.

They eloped to Mexico, and at the same time Edwin Carewe and Mary Akin, presumably accompanying them as best man and bridesmaid, were also wed, but managed to keep the fact a secret for half a year.

Claire and Bert form another contrasting pair, the one delicately lovely, the other big and bronzed. He has an infectious friendliness, an unquenchable activity; she, with her perfect poise and serenity, acts as his leavener. He talks and she listens. I never appreciated that art of listening until I began to watch Claire. Now, I am thinking seriously of cultivating it.

Another elopement was that of Jacqueline Logan and Ralph Gillespie. Its suddenness was a surprise, for Jackie had known her nice young man only four weeks. But those Texas fellows never let any grass grow under their feet.

Robert Edeson also stepped out one day and copped himself a bride—Señorita Aida de Martinez, of an old and aristocratic Buenos Aires family.

"She is the most intelligent woman I've ever known," our silver-haired Lothario, who has always been something of a sheik among the ladies, pays tribute to her charm. "And she sympathizes with me."

Probably not long after this appears in print, Alma Rubens will become Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, as her marriage is scheduled for the spring or early summer.

It took Rick five years to win his bride—five years of dreaming over a girl he had seen just once, of struggling to a position on a par with hers. Another fair charmer to whom he was attentive evidently did not solace him, for their rumored engagement never reached the announcement stage.

He first glimpsed the languorous Alma looking at a display in a shop window across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Though she didn't know it, and probably would have withered him with one superbly cool glance had she even seen him, he immediately presented her his heart. Her pale face, illumined with those dark eyes that are like black wells in the magnolia pallor of her skin, intrigued him, haunted him. The very thought of winning her seemed an impossible dream, but it has come true.

Their love affair was an ardent one. At first, Alma was very indifferent, but at their third meeting Rick made a favorable impression on her, and soon afterward he quite swept her off her feet. Theirs is that stirring, gorgeous emotion found only in souls capable of deep feeling and its frank expression. Even before a Hollywood candid enough to scoff at times at its own apple sauce, they successfully maintain an illusion of the unusual about their romance.

Dan Cupid, having engineered all these nuptial ceremonies, evidently did not consider himself entitled to a vacation, for the crop of new romances indicates that he has not had an idle moment.

I fancy that the despair of his life is Marguerite de la Motte. For several years, John Bowers has wooed the charming Peggy, only to be put off with an evasive "Maybe." Like the ivy, this romance is a hardy perennial, but never seems to reach the goal toward which it gently progresses. However, he is a faithful and a tenacious young man and quite likely will have his long siege rewarded this year.

Another Marguerite, of the Snow family—once the wife of Jimmy Cruze—has announced her engagement to the comedian, Neely Edwards.

Though these are the only actual admissions of heart attack, certain other couples are so often seen together, and are so devoted, that Hollywood would not be at all surprised if bells soon rang out their mating.

Constance Talmadge seems to have settled down to the escortship—or is it courtship?—of "Buster" Collier. May McAvoy and Bobby Agnew always go to parties together, and they do make the cutest couple—so naïvely young, so sweet, that you want to cuddle them both to your heart, bless them, and beg them to hurry and get married so that you can present them with a wee doll's house to live in.

The priestess of the Charleston, Kathleen Clifford, most likely will marry M. P. Illitch, a banker. Ethel Shannon's usual escort is Joe Jackson, publicist. Eleanor Boardman's is King Vidor, and Mae Busch almost admits her engagement to a nonprofessional. Michael Arlen has been very attentive to Bebe Daniels, leading one to muse upon a possible romance.

George O'Brien, who squired Dorothy Mackaill a while ago, is now rushing the diminutive brunette, Olive Borden, while Dorothy calls Johnny Harron "the dearest boy" and seems pleased with his attentions.

Of all the swains with whose names Patsy Ruth Miller's has been momentarily linked this past year—and they represent a choice selection of the scions of wealth

Continued on page 100

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

HAVE you seen Marie Prevost's slicked-back boyish bob? It makes her look cuter than ever. She has recently gone over from Warner Brothers to Metropolitan, and is to be starred by that company.

ANNA Q. NILSSON has such a lasting sort of beauty and charm that her popularity never wanes. She is soon to be seen in the long-awaited "Viennese Medley," in the making almost a year.

Photo by G. Maillard Kessiere

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

LOIS MORAN made such a delightful leading lady for Richard Barthelmess in "Just Suppose" that he chose her to play opposite him again in his next picture, "The Kid from Montana."

TO the delight of his Eastern fans, Monte Blue made a personal-appearance tour of Eastern movie theaters not long ago, finishing off with a gay holiday in New York.

Photo by W. F. Seely

Photo by W. F. Seely

NEARLY always seen as a powerful man of the great outdoors, John Bowers' latest boot-and-spur part is with H. B. Warner in a wild-West film called "Whispering Smith."

Photo by M. I. Boris

BETTY BRONSON enjoyed a long, well-earned vacation after the many fatiguing weeks spent in making "A Kiss for Cinderella," but is now at work again on the Coast.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

LOUISE BROOKS, recently snatched from the "Follies" by Paramount, starts as a beautiful manicure girl and rises to musical-comedy fame in Adolphe Menjou's "A Social Celebrity."

Photo by Curtis Bell

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN has an electric personality, says Malcolm Oettinger, that carries all before her, and makes you cease to wonder at her miraculous rise to success.

Alabama Joins the Union

Another State is heard from with the recent entry and sensational rise of Dorothy Sebastian in cinema circles.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

BROADWAY'S greatest operatic star, Mr. Al Jolson, once included in his repertoire of pert patter the following definition of a miracle. A thistle growing by the wayside, he said, was not a miracle. Nor was a cow, sleeping in a pasture. Nor was a sweet-singing thrush. "But," it was his pleasure to point out, "if a cow, sleeping on a thistle, sang like a thrush, *that* would be a miracle!"

There we have the text for our story of Dorothy Sebastian and how Alabama joined the Union.

For if a girl were to leave her home and come to New York, that would be no miracle. If she were to apply successfully for a job in a Ned Wayburn fashion show, that would be no miracle. If she were to wriggle into the front line of the "Scandals" chorus, that would be no miracle. If she were to go to Hollywood and find herself acting in the movies, that would be no miracle. . . . But when a girl leaves home for New York, bowls over Wayburn, dazzles George White, resigns from his "Scandals" to go to Hollywood, and lands a lead in a picture directed by Henry King, all inside of four months, *that,* children, is a miracle!

She and I had forgathered for tea, but in five minutes I was sure that the conventional cup-and-saucer juggling would not suffice. Theatre that evening, I suggested, and a stately schottische or polka to follow at one of the meeker dens *du danse.*

"I have an eight o'clock call for to-morrow," said La Sebastian, "but I *am* crazy to see 'The Vortex.'"

So we dined at her apartment, formally, to be sure, with the dinner trayed on a piano bench, and a portable Victrola crooning an accompaniment, then left to see what was left of "The Vortex."

"If you have an eight o'clock call," I said, after the theater, as we fought our way to a taxicab, "perhaps we shouldn't dance. But, of course, an hour wouldn't be missed much in the business of sleeping."

"No," said Sebastian, thoughtfully, "it wouldn't. And I *am* wild about the music at Ciro's."

So we went to Ciro's.

Dorothy Sebastian is her real name, she has appeared in four pictures, with the fifth threatening stardom, and she firmly insists that laziness is her favorite dissipation.

She has youth, a veritable Fisher body, and an engaging amount of irresponsibility. Add to this a Southern drawl, energy that is as unexpected as it is amazing, a sense of humor developed to meet all situations catch as catch can, and a smile that swings traffic on demand.

She reminds you of honey and waffles without the waffles.

She is exactly what the big nut-and-bolt man from Detroit expects when he meets a "Scandals" girl or a "Follies" beaut, for hers is a canny little line, a quick come-back, and a good working knowledge of the *genus homini.* Most "Scandals" queens and "Follies" pets are total losses without an Urban backdrop holding them up. There are, of course, exceptions. Helen Lee Worthing comes to mind—she *would.* And as we were just saying, Sebastian. . . . She knows her book, and as they say in the brighter parts of Broadway, struts her stuff pretty.

"When, as, and if you write me up," she said, "tell the truth. From what I can gather through extensive reading, all movie stars are beautiful or handsome, strong and noble, talented, artistic, and addicted to their hearths and firesides.

"Let's make this different from the usual thing.

"I was not reared in a dressing room, with Modjeska as a godmother. When I was six years old I did not run away from home. I haven't nursed a lifelong ambition to act ever since reciting 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' at a church bazaar, and I've never spent months and months, nor even a month, waiting on the extra bench. I wasn't discovered by D. W. Griffith, and I was never so much as runner-up in a beauty contest."

But when she proceeded, in the course of the evening, to unfold the real story, it sounded more like Rupert Hughes than any Goldwyn picture that eminent author ever wrote.

After high school and a year at "prep," Dorothy decided to have a look at New York. With the family's consent, she went, a course in music being the motivating idea.

"That palled, after a month or so," she said. "Then, one day, I read an advertisement calling for girls to be in a fashion show at Madison Square Garden. I went. There were swarms of girls there. A man in shirt sleeves was the center of attention. I milled around with the crowd until a boy came up and dragged me over to the big boss. 'Mr. Wayburn wants you,' he said. 'You're hired,' said Mr. Wayburn."

Two weeks of parading about the stage in the fashion show convinced the Southern girl that it shouldn't be so difficult to pick up a job in a big revue like the "Follies." She heard her colleagues discussing the new "Scandals," due to open in a few days.

"So I thought I'd get me a position instead of a job. The 'Scandals' had already been cast and the chorus was rehearsing when I reached the stage door, but I was so green I thought I was just in time.

"A little chap with a derby cocked over one eye was loafing near the door, and I asked him where the boss was. 'Why, I'm the boss,' he said. 'What do you want?' I told him to cut out the kidding. But I also explained I wanted a chorus job. 'What can you do?' he asked. 'Nothing,' I told him, 'but chorus girls don't have to do anything much. Just show me George White, and I'll get into his show.'"

At this dramatic point, the little man in the derby convinced her *he* was Mr. White by giving her a contract for the front line. Even the uninitiated should know that front-line girls get more salary, and also more attention from visiting firemen, out-of-town drummers, and perchance, dramatic critics.

"So I was a 'Scandals' girl for a while. I met butter-and-egg men, hobohemians who threw red-ink parties, Middle Western bankers whose wives misunderstood 'em, and college boys from Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard, New York, New Haven, and Hartford. It took me about two months to realize that this wining and dining was the bunk.

"But the chorus served my purpose. It brought me publicity in the Sunday roto sections and in a few magazines. Cheney Johnston took my picture and that helped, too. I figured that it all added to my chance of getting into pictures."

Retiring abruptly from the coruscating ranks of scandalous beauties, Dorothy left for [Continued on page 108]

Screen Heroes Pick

Some of the young bachelors of the movies were here are their answers, describing their screen

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

As long as I can remember back, Gloria Swanson has been my ideal heroine. I had always liked her as a screen actress, but after I met her, I came to admire her still more. She has such a level head for a famous woman, not a bit turned by flattery, and she gave me such sensible advice and has been a very kind friend. Well-established stars don't always take the time to encourage and help the youngsters coming on, but Miss Swanson is a *peach*.

Because I was born into the atmosphere, naturally the people I know best are professionals. Even at school, both here and abroad, my companions were mostly children of professional people. Several of the younger Paramount players and some of the children of directors pal around a lot.

We have great times, but our future is all ahead of us and we mustn't get serious about love and such things yet. We've plenty of time for that.

Raymond Keane

Raymond Keane

I see no difference between girls in real life and picture heroines. I consider the screen a much more accurate reflector of life than many do.

Jobyna Ralston is always the same, either on the screen or in her personal life—the sweetest and most fascinating girl I have ever known. She expresses feminine charm in capital letters. The musical cadence of that drawling Southern voice enchants me, and she is such a "regular" girl.

Never having met my second favorite player, Norma Shearer, I can only admire her on the screen and let my imagination picture myself in scenes with her—sauntering along an English country lane spattered with autumn leaves in the pale gold of sundown, talking quietly about things, and exchanging confidences.

Richard Arlen

Sometimes I see her sitting very erect in a Lancashire spindle-backed chair. She is gowned in delicate, silver-gray chiffony stuff, with a collar of fine old lace, and on the table beside her are fragile flowers in a tall cloisonné vase.

Richard Arlen

Pola Negri.

No words are strong enough, no type is large enough, to express my admiration for this consummate artist, which began the day that I saw "Passion."

She is the most definite artist we have. Such a wide range, such mental flexibility and elasticity of expression! I have stood on the side lines, watching her do emotional scenes, and felt myself profoundly stirred. I shall be most grateful if ever I am permitted to work with her.

Long may her art flourish!

George O'Brien

George O'Brien

Whatever else she is, my ideal girl must not be inquisitive.

I cannot tolerate women who hector a man into accounting for every moment, every thought. She who has tact enough not to question learns so much more in the long run.

Shaw claims that men have more sentiment than women, and I believe he is right. Certainly, we do "romance" in our imaginations and enshrine in our memories the girls of yesterday.

Whenever I go down to the beach, I think of Lois. She had a mass of hair, with the flame of a topaz, framing a sweet, thin face. How I hoped some day to see that pale face glowing with healthy color!

Lois had lung trouble. She used to come in from the sanitarium for a day at a time. We used to just sit and talk for a while. She had such keen intuition. Then I used to do athletic stunts to amuse her.

"George, you buoy me up so," she would say, "you're so strong. Just being with you does me more good than all their old tonics."

But she gave me, on those happy, tranquil days, in womanly sweetness and encouragement, more than I could ever repay.

Lois went on—but the memory of her is the most cherished thing in my heart.

My very best lady friend to-day is Baby Peggy. We have great times.

My ideal girl is essentially feminine, companionable, with understanding, good sportsmanship, tenderness, and a sense of humor. While clinging vines do not appeal to me—so often they are hard and selfish beneath their delicacy—neither do I approve of the too-self-assertive and domineering girl. On the screen, Norma Shearer best illustrates my dream heroine.

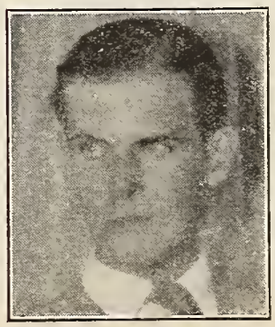
Where in real life, you ask, will I find this paragon? I have met her many times, in various guises.

Why haven't I married, then? Well, several times the girl didn't consider me *her* ideal.

And sometimes she proved to be—inquisitive!

Donald Keith

My ideal type of girl is a brunette, with dark-brown or black hair and dark eyes. She must like all things in moderation. I can't stand gushy enthusiasm. She must also be willing to let the past bury its own dead. I don't like "post mortems" in a poker game and I don't like a girl who is always "remembering when." I like a girl with full lips and a generous mouth, who is not afraid to smile. I like a slender girl, about five feet two inches tall, who is pretty. I hope, when I find her, that she likes me.



Donald Keith

Their Ideal Girls

asked what they like in a way of a girl, and favorites as well as their favorites in real life.

William Powell

William Powell

One's ideal heroine? What a delightful question to muse upon. And particularly if one be a screen bad man who loves and pursues and loses them all. Doomed to be beaten, bruised, and knifed, at the very moment of anticipated conquest.

For feminine fragility and ethereal charm, who can surpass, or even equal, Lillian Gish? Magnolia skin, hair of pale gold, shy eyes that would like to be merry if only they knew how, and sad little drooping mouth. You want to bring joy into her life to curve it into a smile, that hurt, rosebud mouth, instead of bruising it with your villainous kisses.

Her wistfulness breathes the spell of lavender and old lace. That delicacy appeals to man's protective instinct. And yet the hapless villain must make her life miserable on the screen.

She reminds me of an altar piece of Lorenzo Lotto's that I saw at Santa Spirito. He painted the rare good that whitened the licentious sixteenth-century Italy. Cool and lovely and pure, a spiritual inspiration.

In personal life? My ideal, if I could fashion her from nebulous dreaming, would be a bewitching composite of personality and fascination. Culled from the qualities of the lovely ladies whom I have lured and lost on stage and screen, and known as friends the while, she would combine Lillian Gish's wistful charm, Dorothy Gish's vivacity, Bebe Daniels' piquancy, Alma Rubens' stately beauty, and Elsie Ferguson's indefinable allure.

I must sigh and think of her no more to-day. She is too elusive, this ideal of mine, and not for the villain to win.

Leslie Fenton

I have five qualifications for my ideal girl.

A brunette. Brainy but not brilliant. Not under five feet two inches or over five feet five. I don't care for half portions, nor do I feel at ease with a girl taller than myself.

She must dress well but never showily. I want her to be attractive to other men, but I must know where I stand, because, though competition is interesting, too much of it is bad for one's peace of mind.

I consider Madge Bellamy and Betty Compson the prettiest girls in the movies. I have worked with Madge, and like her more the better I know her. She is good fun, but with reserve.

Leslie Fenton

I imagine that when she was quite small she used to sit on the front steps, all prim and starchy white, and smile little boys into fighting over the privilege of carrying her schoolbooks, probably giving them both a stern vamoose after the fray was over.

John Roche

John Roche

Choosing an ideal heroine in a business largely made up of heroes and heroines is a task as difficult as selecting the most beautiful woman of all time.

For Hollywood's beauties rival the charmers of history. And any woman who has arrived at success on the screen is a heroine, because the road is a long, hard one.

About four years ago, I met a very beautiful and cultured young lady just then embarking upon a picture career. When I realized that she also possessed pluck and common sense, I learned to admire her greatly. As I watched her fighting her way, yet always displaying perfect breeding, she became my ideal in real life.

She has that rare combination: a practical firmness under the gentle manner of the true aristocrat.

My screen ideal is lovely Norma Shearer.

Want to know something interesting?

Norma Shearer is that girl I watched start in pictures. So my screen and off-screen ideal are one and the same delightful young lady.

Gilbert Roland

Gilbert Roland

I like a girl who is sensitive and sensible. I would prefer her shy, with a spiritual understanding and appreciation of things, rather than a sophisticated slant at life. I have little preference between blondes and brunettes. I care more about disposition than I do about complexion. Above all things I admire sincerity in a girl. I like beauty, too, but I think that a girl may have great personal charm without being beautiful. I do not know either Mary Philbin or Mary Astor, but each is typical, in a way, of the girl that I like best.

Don Alvarado

What has become of the sweet, old-fashioned girl? Has she gone away, never to return, this tactfully witty, intelligent, but reserved lady?

Now she has gone and got herself a boy cut and short, flippant skirts and a jazzy manner. I wish some wizard would stand her in a corner and say "Hocus-pocus" over her and change her back into her *real* self.

Don Alvarado

Of screen charmers, I love most to see Nita Naldi, Aileen Pringle, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Alice Terry, for I have varied impulses which each, in her shadow reflection, answers.

I like to fancy in them incarnations of fiction heroines, typical of various authors.

Nita Naldi is *Sappho* in a gown from the Rue de la Paix. Explosive, quick to anger, deep of feeling, with force and power—the effective siren. She has vitality, a magnetism that stimulates you. You fancy that, were she to talk to you from the screen, her darts would fly with arrow speed—scintillant cuts of sharp verbal steel. And the next instant she would whisper [Continued on page 96]

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Marion Davies is a play girl, indifferent to her personal appearance, the friend of all the world, frank and outspoken.

A Study

An interesting and illu two of the best-loved

By Dorothy

THE richest young women in the film colony are Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge.

The young lady who gets the most fun out of life, in the film colony is—Marion Davies.

The young lady who, to all outward appearances, is the most indifferent to what fame and wealth have brought her is—Norma Talmadge.

They are both authentic, bona-fide young women of wealth. They have estates and properties and jewels and cars and clothes in superabundance—everything. But if some one were to ask them, "Is fame futile—money a snare—attainment a delusion?" I can't imagine Marion answering an honest "Yes," nor Norma a positive "No."

The exuberant Marion is a blonde. The unruffled Norma is a brunette. They are friends—very good friends. They partake of the same life, know the same people, practice the same craft. Yet never were two women more dissimilar, not only in type, but in their attitude toward life as well. To take them one at a time:

Marion Davies is a little gamin person—a play girl. When she is on a picture she entertains extras and the "crew" by the hour with funny stories and funnier dances. Dignity is her joyous target—anyone's dignity. Particularly her own. In fact, she makes a point of spoofing herself on all occasions.

Not long ago, she was called upon to acknowledge an ovation at one of her own premières. She stood in a spotlight on the stage, surrounded by baskets of gorgeous chrysanthemum — "offerings," as Lew Cody had previously explained, "of ardent admirers." Marion took one look at them and giggled: "I don't see why the Metro - Goldwyn people couldn't have sent me orchids" — mischievously—"they could have been charged to publicity."

On another occasion, with the aid of Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin (comedian), she burlesqued the famous tango of a famous tangoer and his highly dramatic partner, with such side-splitting antics that the Sixty Club was in a state of collapse. Another time, at another place, she insisted on leading the literary Donald Ogden Stewart through the intricacies of a Charleston that was part camel's walk, part polka, part schottische, with a dash of the waltz by way of dramatic relief.

She has one characteristic extraordinary in a movie star—in any woman, for that matter. To wit: While she seems to get an enormous "kick" out of designing fluffy, flouncy, luscious, pink and blue things for her screen wardrobe, she is utterly indifferent to her personal appearance. The very rich Miss Davies has been known to appear at the Ambassador on a Tuesday night in a shirt-waist effect. She never seems at all conscious of what she has on. If it is appropriate, all right—and if it isn't, all right, too. Marion's nose is often unpowdered. Her marcel is always on the verge of coming out. She has freckles that don't worry her a whoop. Out here they have a rather nice expression for that

in Contrasts

minating comparison of players in Hollywood.

Manners

sort of thing. They call it being a "real person."

I can't think of any phrase more descriptive of Marion than that. She is utterly without pose, and seems incapable of assuming one. She is so frank and outspoken about herself and her affairs that she positively takes your breath. She isn't trying to fool you and she wouldn't like for you to try to fool her.

If you are any good at all at putting two and two together, you must realize that she is immensely popular. Every one who knows her adores her. Her friends range from the Pasadena Blue Book élite to those who are classified only in the files of the Service Bureau. And these latter aren't just casual acquaintances, either. The other day, I heard Marion arguing with a man who had spent several nights in jail for speeding. He was employed in a minor capacity in her company, and Marion was all "put out" because he hadn't called on her to help him with his fine.

Her zest for life is enormous. Always, she seems ready for new experiences, ranging from an airplane ride to a trick Charleston step—even an interview. It took me only half an hour to make an appointment with Marion.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr *Norma Talmadge is always reserved, always immaculately groomed, rather aloof save to her friends, yet the idol of the film colony.*

It took two weeks to make an appointment with Norma Talmadge, and then I waited nearly three hours.

I think being interviewed bores Norma just a little bit, as fawning people bore her, and public appearances, and spotlights, and crowds. To the casual eye she has become a trifle satiated with the things of fame. She always seems to be detached, far away, impersonal. However, this may be merely on the surface, for every now and then the rumor breaks that Norma is a better Charleston dancer than Connie, and that her favorite dish is the hot dog. But only her intimates know her like that. To the world that is Biltmore at tea time, Mrs. Joseph Schenck is a lady of a limousine, *always* correctly groomed, *always* beautiful, *always* aloof.

This impression is not entirely absent from her sets. I have *read* that electricians and prop boys call her "Norma," but have not heard them; and I know it to be true that extra people are very much in awe of her.

I was scared to death of her when I worked with her in "The Eternal Flame." I remember complaining to another extra girl that Miss Talmadge hadn't said "Good morning" to me when we passed in a corridor. "Well, you didn't say 'Good morning' to her, either," philosophized my friend. Which was true enough, but I was used to being patronized by lady stars, and I resented Norma's lack of insincerity.

However, if that lady noticed any coolness on anyone's part, she didn't let on a bit. She came and went, totally indifferent to the verdict of the extra jury. Every night, when I went home, I used to unseat her from my affections, and every morning I used to reinstate her, because she was so beautiful, albeit indifferent.

I shall not be able to tell a hundred cute little anecdotes about Norma's charities and considerations, because they are something she keeps very much to herself, and of all the stars in Hollywood, Norma's private life is the most private.

She doesn't make personal appearances with her pictures.

She doesn't blow kisses to "her public" at charity bazaars.

She doesn't enthuse over tourists who gush up to her in adoration. No getting away from it, her indifference is amazing—until you get used to it. Even then it is

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California can furnish settings to represent almost any land or clime. Near Rio Vista, Mr. De Mille found a location which served for the Russian setting he needed.

A Letter from Location

Julia Faye writes about her experiences while making scenes for "The Volga Boatman."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Hotel Rio Vista,
Rio Vista, California.

DEAR MYRTLE:

You could not imagine a more gloomy, cold, uninteresting day than this one! It worries Mr. De Mille, takes all the pep out of the actors—the boatmen wear only rags—and delays our return home.

We have had just two days of beautiful sunshine. Isn't that a bad break for the beginning of a picture? Most every one has a bad cold. C. B., however, is his usual well, energetic self.

Of course, by this time you know that I am to play *Mariusha*. I am so thrilled. . . . I am all breaking out in dots! And a little apprehensive, because it is a hard part and a departure from anything I have done before—a comedy hoyden! The character was changed from a cruel, hard woman to a more youthful imp, devilish one minute, and sympathetic the next. So I have my labors cut out for me. The other character C. B. knew I could play but it took me several days to convince him that I was actress enough for this one. I'll need all the good thoughts of my friends to succeed, Myrtle. Have I yours?

Letters from home are always doubly interesting on location trips.

Enough of myself—I want to tell you about an Italian dinner given us by the man who seems to run the town as well as the flivver agency and the one airplane, and is also vice president of the bank. We left the hotel about seven o'clock, walking two blocks, then through a lumber yard to the river, across two oil barges tied up at the pier, onto a tug boat, the *Glencove*. Thirty-eight of us climbed in—cast, staff, and some townspeople.

It was pitch dark, which added to the adventure, so dark, in fact, that Elinor Fair confided to me the next day when she saw the size of the tug that she had thought it a huge steamer! She thought the barges and the tug were one!

But when we were out on the river it seemed lighter. Those of us who had on heavy fur coats—it is quite cold up here—stayed outside while the others piled into the one

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Photo by
William Davis Pearsall

Sally Rand is still much too young to have any wrinkles at all, but she knows that complete relaxation will most effectively keep them away.

The Oldest Beauty Secrets in the World

Screen stars have found that the most valuable methods they can use for preserving their beauty are founded on the oldest and simplest secrets in the world.

By Violet Dare

I'VE followed the beauty trail taken by a good many of your screen favorites, girls who wanted beauty insurance. When your face is your fortune, you aren't taking any chances of having its value diminish. And I've learned that it's the oldest beauty secrets in the world that are the most valuable. They're very simple, too; you may think that they're too simple to be much good. But if you were paying several hundred dollars for a course of treatment founded on them, you wouldn't think so.

For instance, here's a cure for wrinkles. A certain lovely lady of the screen found that her skin was beginning to wrinkle—not very much, but you know what happens when a wrinkle begins to show! She tried massage — massaging a wrinkle across its length with a good skin food is excellent treatment for breaking it down; Gloria Swanson once told me so, and the best of beauty specialists agree with her (not that she has any!).

But the girl of whom I speak found that massage didn't seem to do the work. So between pictures she went to a woman who is well known for her beauty treatments.

And—she found that beauty really is only skin deep, an old adage which most of us ignore. For the woman told her that she wasn't breathing right and wasn't resting as she should.

"You don't relax inside," she told the girl. "That wrinkle is the result of an inner tightness. Yes, I know that you have to concentrate on your work, that you don't dare let down — but you'll work twice as well if you'll learn to do what I'll teach you."

She told the girl to lie down flat on her back on the floor, and hold her arms up straight in the air, lifting them by lifting her shoulders, as if she were lifting a heavy weight. Then, to relax — first her shoulders, so that they rested on the floor, then her fingers, wrists, lower arms, upper arms, till her arms dropped flat. She did this

Helene Chadwick retains her youthful complexion by keeping herself in good health.

Photo by Richard Burke

To acquire a lovely white skin like Claire Windsor's there is nothing better than a tonic used by the ancient Romans.

three times. Then she lifted her legs from the hips, and relaxed them—at the ankles, knees, all the way. She then thought of her whole body, and relaxed it, till it was limp all over.

"Now, do that every night when you go to bed," was the order. "Don't go to sleep with your mind working hard, thinking of what you've done all day, and what you're going to do to-morrow. And don't go to sleep with your body tense. Relax your body, and it won't be so hard to let your mind go. During the day, at odd moments, stop and ask yourself if you're too tense. For instance, right now your jaw is set tight. That's what is making those little wrinkles at either corner of it, and massage can't rub them away, because the reason for them is way beneath the skin. Old, dry, undernourished skin will wrinkle, but yours shouldn't. Let your jaw drop, as if a weight were attached to it. Do that whenever you find that you're holding it too tightly; pretty soon you'll get out of the habit of holding your face wrong."

That was followed by a lesson in breathing. Now, we've all been told to breathe deep, and we know the importance of fresh air—but we don't know very much about breathing. If you have the money, you can learn to breathe; there are people who teach the science of the Yogi breathing exercises, which is thousands of years old. I'm not going to try to do that—I couldn't; it's much too advanced for any one who hasn't studied it very thoroughly. But I can tell you enough about it to help you a great deal.

This girl of whom I spoke had to learn to breathe, and she found that, by doing so, she not only learned to avoid fatigue—and when you're a motion-picture actress you think that no other profession in the world can tire one out quite so completely, day after day. Ask little Colleen Moore and some of the other girls who go to bed at seven o'clock every night when they're working hard on a picture!

The importance of correct breathing can't be overestimated, when you know that the stomach and other organs upon which digestion depends suffer from incorrect breathing. If they do not get enough oxygen they are undernourished, and before it can be digested the food must absorb oxygen from the blood. And you know what happens to people when their food is not correctly digested and assimilated!

The nervous system also suffers; both bodily energy and mental energy will decrease if one does not breathe correctly. So here's a little lesson in correct breathing, in what is known as "the complete breath:" Stand erect near an open window, or sit up very straight, if circumstances prevent your standing. Inhale slowly, first filling the lower lungs — the diaphragm will push the walls of the abdomen gently outward as you do this—then the middle lungs, pushing out the lower ribs and chest, and then the higher part of the lungs, so that the chest is lifted, as are the upper ribs. The abdomen will be drawn in a little, and the shoulders may be slightly lifted, when you finish. Do this slowly, breathing continuously, not in three separate movements, but in one long one.

Hold the breath a moment, then exhale slow-

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Photo by Richard Burke

Cleansing the eyes with boric acid is an old, old practice, but the regular use of it is perhaps partly responsible for Allene Ray's lustrous eyes.

"The Birth of a Nation" was the first picture to earn a million dollars. To date, that picture is estimated to have brought in earnings exceeding four million dollars.

The Movies Conquer New Worlds of Money

A review of picture conditions during the past five years which have made possible more big productions in the future than we have ever had before.

By
Edwin Schallert

IT may safely be predicted that the next five years will see a great gain in the profits from motion pictures.

The big money-making production, which a few years ago was a rarity, is becoming more and more a routine affair in the film industry. The stars and directors who can capture large profits with their talents are steadily increasing in numbers, and the possibility of clearing huge earnings through the lure of an outstanding attraction is becoming more and more an exact science rather than a game of mere chance and luck.

Up to five years ago, there had been scarcely half a dozen features which had yielded gross returns of more than $1,000,000. Really only one film had brought in a sum greatly exceeding that amount—that being "The Birth of a Nation." The yield from that picture to date is estimated to be in excess of $4,000,000.

That return has been equaled and exceeded now—or will be in the near future—by the profits from at least four or five different features. Notably, these are "The Four Horsemen," which has already brought in approximately $5,000,000; "The Covered Wagon," which is expected to gross nearly the same amount; "The Ten Commandments," generally regarded as the greatest moneymaker to date, which may yield all of $6,000,000; not to speak of "Ben-Hur," which is still to be heard from and will have to earn nearly $10,000,000 for its producers, before it will show any margin to the good. Chaplin's "The Gold Rush," which is also rather too new to comment on accurately, is heralded as another big financial winner.

The number of productions that have actually returned, or that are on the way to returning $1,000,000, have been multiplying surely and steadily. Even the list of those that have earned over $2,000,000 is imposing, including as it does the following array: "Way Down East," "Over the Hill," "Robin Hood," "Scaramouche," "The Sea Hawk," "Orphans of the Storm," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and "The Iron Horse."

To these may be added a number that are legitimately

WHAT DO THE MOVIE COMPANIES EARN?

Here are the figures, recently compiled for the Federal Trade Commission, showing the earnings of the larger companies for 1924:

Warner Brothers, with tangible assets of over $5,000,000, showed earnings of 21.5 per cent.

First National, with assets of more than $11,600,000, showed earnings of 16.1 per cent.

Famous Players-Lasky, with assets of more than $40,370,000, earned more than 13.5 per cent.

Loew-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with assets of more than $40,200,000, earned 13.4 per cent.

Universal with assets of nearly $11,000,000, earned 12.8 per cent.

Fox, with assets of nearly $16,500,000, earned 12.2 per cent.

The increase in earnings of some of these companies over the previous year was: Warner Brothers, $900,000; Famous Players, $1,200,000; Loew-Metro-Goldwin-Mayer, $2,400,000; First National, $900,000; Fox, $200,000.

"The Four Horsemen" has earned approximately $5,000,000.

"The Covered Wagon" is expected to equal the record of "The Four Horsemen."

"The Ten Commandments," the greatest money maker to date, may yield $6,000,000.

in the $1,000,000 class, including, among others, "The Mark of Zorro," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "The Old Nest," "The Three Musketeers," the Harold Lloyd pictures "Girl Shy" and "Hot Water," and his newer film "The Freshman," Gloria Swanson's "Manhandled" and "The Humming Bird," Syd Chaplin's "Charley's Aunt," and First National's "The Lost World."

Of the present season's attractions, "Stella Dallas," "The Big Parade," "Don Q," "The Sea Beast," "A Viennese Medley," "The Pony Express," "The Merry Widow," "Little Annie Rooney," and one or two others, are being hailed as probable million-dollar attractions; and judging from their reception where they have already been released, they will not disappoint their producers.

What explains this grip that the cinema has got on the more or less nimble dollar during the past several seasons? Wherein do the money-making possibilities of pictures, at least of big pictures, differ from what they were a few years ago?

Mere natural growth, of course, does not completely answer this. There are certain conditions which seemingly have brought about the amazing expansion.

A few years ago, when pictures were made at an average outlay of $50,000 to $100,000—this for the better class of films—a producer considered himself lucky if he could count on a definite return ranging from $100,000 to $200,000. The theaters in which pictures were shown were in most cases small, and many of the cheaper productions failed to return this figure, but at the same time, there was occasionally one that far surpassed these expectations.

Until five or six years ago, the pictures that had cost more than $100,000 could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands. D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" actually cost only $100,000, while "Intolerance," which barely returned enough money to cover expenses cost $350,000 and was considered a monumental extravagance.

To-day, the really big feature seldom costs less than $500,000. There are just as many pictures made for $100,000 as in the past, but there is also a greater percentage of "specials," so called, which must return close to a million dollars to show a clearance.

In the old days, practically every big feature was played as a road show. That is, theaters were especially engaged for the screening of the film, under the direct supervision of the producer, and he took his share of the profits after paying the rent, advertising charges, and so forth. All other pictures were released through the regular distribution channels so called—that is, they were rented to theaters for so much a week or a day, depending on the length of the run, and the theater owner, instead of the producer, took whatever share of the profits was left over after he had paid for the film, the upkeep of the theater, the salaries and the musicians and ushers, and the necessary splurge of advertising, provided he advertised at all.

"Ben-Hur" must bring in $10,000,000 to be really profitable.

"Way Down East" was one of the first pictures to exceed $2,000,000 in earning power.

"Over the Hill" was another picture said to have earned $2,000,000.

"Robin Hood," "Scaramouche" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" are included in the list of pictures that have earned $2,000,000.

Nowadays, pictures are divided into three different classes, instead of into two.

First, as in the past, there are the road-show pictures, which are made usually at the rate of one a year by the bigger companies. "Ben-Hur," "The Big Parade," probably "The Vanishing American," and "A Viennese Medley" will be released in this fashion in a great many places, as well as Douglas Fairbanks' "The Black Pirate."

Second—and this is a type of picture that seldom existed in former times—there is the film that may be booked for long engagements at regular picture theaters in the large cities, and shown in small towns for more than the usual two or three days. Such a picture frequently plays on a percentage basis—which means that both the producer and the exhibitor share in the box-office profits, and sometimes also in the expense of showing the picture. It is frequently shown at moderately advanced prices.

Third, there is the program film, so called, which is generally good for a week's run each in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and which is the regular fare of suburban and small-town theaters.

It is the second class of picture which chiefly interests producers now. It is recognizedly the happy medium. It is this type of film that has helped to swell the million-dollar list in the movies. Striking examples during the past season or two are features like "Charley's Aunt," "Manhandled," "The Humming Bird," "Girl Shy," and more recently, "Don Q," "The Freshman," "The Merry Widow," "Little Annie Rooney," and others.

Theaters suitable for this sort of picture entertainment will probably be developed in all sections of the country during the next few years. Mainly, of course, it is in the large cities that they exist now, but eventually, they will probably come into being also in certain of the lesser cities where movies are known to be genuinely popular. A picture that is shown in one of these houses will not, in certain cases, be seen in other theaters in the same community until months or perhaps a year later, as the admission price asked for first run of such a film is generally higher than that for the ordinary movie.

The longer life of the big feature under this new régime is adding very materially to its profits. This is true both for the road show, and for the picture that is exhibited at the regulation picture houses at advanced prices.

The case of "The Ten Commandments" in Los Angeles is an interesting example of the new tendency. In many cities, the film was, of course, shown as a road show, but in the Western film metropolis, it was exhibited at Grauman's Egyptian Theater—a playhouse already noted for the long engagements of its attractions—on a percentage basis.

At this theater, it was shown twice daily for all of eight months, and was thereafter not released anywhere else in the vicinity of Los Angeles for more than a year. The number of people who attended [Continued on page 110]

"Manhandled," "The Lost World" and Harold Lloyd's "Hot Water" are included in a long list of recent productions that have brought in $1,000,000.

Photo by Henry Waxman

With two big pictures spreading her fame on Broadway, May McAvoy arrived in New York to make "The Savage."

Over the

The passing show of old friends and and tumultuous personal appearances,

By The

NEW YORK is a hick town," Fanny announced disgustedly, although a glance at the tables around us at the Ritz should have given her cause to doubt that verdict, so far as clothes were concerned, at least.

"Nobody around here seems to know anything about who's who," she continued in a tone of utter dismay. "You would think that the news would have trickled to the very outposts of the world that there isn't a more amusing public speaker than Fred Niblo. But no. Evidently New Yorkers had never heard of it. They let him get away after the opening of 'Ben-Hur' without making a speech. I hate to think of this careless waste of wise cracks that might have been used at dinner parties all winter—or even as long as 'Ben-Hur' runs."

"Never mind," I sought to console her, "he might not have been very funny, anyway. You can hardly expect a man to be funny about a picture he has slaved over for a year and a half."

"You can expect Fred Niblo to be funny about anything," Fanny insisted. "Oh, well, I'll try to control my grief long enough to tell you all about it.

"The opening of 'Ben-Hur' was quite strange. I can't account for it, unless the audience was in a daze. Maybe they were all saying to themselves, 'It can't be possible that "Ben-Hur" is really opening, after all these years. I never expected to live to see it. I must be dreaming!' Anyway, they were strangely unresponsive until Betty Bronson's first appearance, when they applauded violently. Then they subsided into a sort of apathetic quiet until hours later when the chariot race came on. People quite forgot themselves then and cheered wildly. But the picture went on for reels and reels after that, so by the finish every one was quite quiet and composed again.

"Lots of people think it is a marvelous picture, but the fact remains that on the opening night the audience filed out with only a polite clatter of applause and without any of the usual cries for the director or the star. Ramon Novarro was there, too. He had come all the way from Los Angeles to be present at the opening. It must have been an awful shock.

"I don't pretend to understand the way that audience acted. You'll have to interpret it for yourself. Many of the same people were at 'The Big Parade.' There they just went crazy and all but mobbed Jack Gilbert. But in spite of the glorious performance that Ramon Novarro gave, they didn't make any fuss over him!

"Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett—or Mrs. Niblo, if you insist on

Photo by W. F. Seely

Greta Nissen is to realize the dream of every young picture player: she is going to be directed by Griffith.

Teacups

new idols, of long-awaited premières engages Fanny the Fan's interest.

Bystander

being formal—went abroad for a vacation a few days after the opening. They stayed here long enough to get the thrill of watching long lines at the box office. I saw them before they left, and Mrs. Niblo remarked on the difference between New York and Hollywood première audiences. Here, she said, every one looks sort of gray and middle-aged. That isn't altogether true, though. I'll match May Allison against any ingénue anywhere for youth and vivacity and glorious pink-and-gold coloring. But after you've named May it is hard to mention any one who can compete with the Hollywood beauties that turn out for every big film event.

"Every one who comes to New York, either for a vacation or to make a picture, tries to crowd all the plays, operas, hockey games, prize fights, and night clubs into a brief visit. Then they spend their days running from shop to shop, and the result is they look all fagged out and old in a week's time. But they have memories enough to tide them over a long exile in Hollywood.

"After being here for weeks and weeks and doing her shopping in a leisurely manner, Helen Ferguson started running around wildly the last few days. It suddenly occurred to her that she might as well do a thorough job of dazzling Patsy Ruth Miller on her return. So she got a new, tight hair cut, bought a lot of new dresses, and all the new kinds of slipper buckles and fancy slipper heels she could find. I hope Pat is properly impressed.

"In the midst of her most breathless shopping tour Lois Wilson sent word to her that May McAvoy was arriving, so Helen did take time enough out from her buying orgy to go to the train to meet her.

"May came East to make 'The Savage' for First National. That sort of evens up misfortunes between May and Dorothy Mackaill. Twice May has fallen heir to marvelous parts because Dorothy was busy making something much less interesting. But this time Dorothy got the marvelous title rôle of 'The Dancer from Paris' and May has to make 'The Savage' which Dorothy turned down.

"May can afford to make more than one program picture with 'Lady Windermere's Fan' and 'Ben-Hur' spreading her fame on Broadway. She wasn't here for the openings of either, incidentally. She did arrive, though, in time to attend the gala opening of 'The Sea Beast' at Warner's. I can tell you all about what she wore, even to the design of the seed-pearl embroidery on her dress, because she sat next to me and during the gruesome parts of the picture I turned away from the screen and looked at her.

"I like openings that are conducted with a grand ballyhoo. At 'The Sea Beast' the crowd in the lobby was so dense that two or

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Before the craze for color photography dies out, if ever, some one ought to film May Allison in her natural colors.

Photo by Richee

Aileen Pringle came to New York for a vacation and, as usual, several picture producers wanted to borrow her and put her to work.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Lois Wilson's greatest joy is making old friends say, "I'm surprised at you." And they certainly are when they see her do the Charleston.

three men got into fights with people who jostled them. There were lots of sunlight arcs, motion-picture cameras catching views of the celebrities as they arrived, and news photographers perched on ledges snapping photos. And after the picture a man with all the aplomb of a ringmaster introduced Millard Webb, the director, as a spotlight was flashed on him.

"It was awfully interesting to sit next to May and see how many girls came up to speak to her and congratulate her on her work. She was sweet and gracious to all of them, though it did make her feel awfully conspicuous. One of the ushers at Warner's simply adores May and it was she who tipped every one off to where she was sitting.

"That gave May a taste of what Irene Rich suffered when she was here. Irene was such a martyr to the cause of satisfying the public's curiosity that she made personal appearances in connection with 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' She even stood in the foyer of the theater and shook hands with hundreds of people, and all but got smothered in the rush. After two weeks of it she had a nervous breakdown and had to be sent back to Hollywood in the care of a nurse.

"Monte Blue was brought on to fill the rest of her personal-appearance engagements. He is a big, strong man and should be able to stand anything, but I noticed that he flinched when the crowd descended on him and all but tore him limb from limb.

"Something amusing happened one afternoon when Irene was appearing at the theater. Something tragic, too, but I'll tell the pleasant part first. As Irene walked out to the foyer to start the daily hand shaking, I noticed a stunning girl in the back of the crowd, applauding vociferously. The crowd pushed and shoved her and never noticed that it was Alice Joyce. 'Never mind, little girl,' I consoled her, 'I'll see that you don't go home without some memento of the occasion.' Then I dived through the crowd, grabbed a colored photograph of Irene—probably from the resisting hands of some nice old lady—and presented it to Alice.

"The oddest part of that was that later when I told Irene about it she exclaimed, 'Alice Joyce standing by while people made a fuss over *me!* And she has got almost every part that I really wanted to play in the last six months!' That's irony for you."

"But what was the tragic episode?" I reminded her, always a glutton for suffering when people are well paid for it.

"Oh, that; in her speech from the stage Irene asked the audience to tell her what sort of parts they preferred to have her play—the usual crying, neglected wife or sirens like *Mrs. Erlynne,* who are anything but neglected. She really gave them their cue by saying that she enjoyed doing the latter much more. And then they went and told her that they preferred the door-mat type. And since Irene had promised them she would abide by their

Photo by Maillard Kesslere

A martyr to personal appearances these many months, little Ann Dale is at last coming back to making pictures.

choice I suppose she will have to go back to meek and lachrymose resignation again.

"Thanks be to the kind Providence that keeps Aileen Pringle from making personal appearances and asking any such questions. Audiences might tell her to go on making Elinor Glyn pictures and I just couldn't bear it if she got wasted on another.

"Aileen came East for a vacation and as usual, several picture producers tried to borrow her from Metro-Goldwyn. Robert Kane got her to play 'Hello, New York' under Paul Bern's direction.

"Instead of dashing around from night club to night club Aileen has been rusticating since she came here. She stayed in town just long enough to buy all the loveliest blue sports clothes she could find and then she went up to Gloria Swanson's country home on the Hudson. Gloria's husband has been building a log cabin and Aileen had a lot of fun helping him. Then she got ambitious and sawed wood for the fireplace. As though that weren't enough, she took a ten-mile walk up and down hill through the slush, and as she didn't have any low-heeled shoes that would go in galoshes she wore brocade mules. Don't ever try it. The satin lining all wore off the mules and her heels were nearly frozen.

"Aileen shows a delightful unfamiliarity with practical things sometimes. A salesman didn't quite understand her when she asked him for 'goulashes,' but I wouldn't have corrected her for anything.

"Speaking of Aileen always reminds me of William Haines—he admires her so tremendously. He was here for a few days after a visit to his home town down in Virginia. It wasn't at all the sort of homecoming that young film heroes dream about. A local theater owner had pleaded with his father to have Billy make a personal appearance. So far, very good. But the man was called out of town suddenly and forgot to tell his theater employees about it so when Billy arrived, not only was there no brass band to meet him, but no one there had ever heard of him.

"About a year from now when he has had some big, featured parts, I hope they remember and hang their heads in shame.

Photo by Richard Burke

A little difference of opinion over the choice of a good screen story has kept Dorothy Gish off the screen these many months.

From comedies to Tom Mix Westerns to featured rôles in big productions, is Olive Borden's story of progress in the last few months.

I'm glad he will do 'Brown of Harvard.' Jack Pickford was considered, but will be the heavy. I never really appreciated Billy's charm on the screen until I saw 'Mike.' By that time he was on a westbound train so I sent him a foolish telegram telling him that I never realized how much I loved him until he was gone. I never got a reply so I am convinced Billy never got it. I probably sent it to the wrong train; there may even have been a porter on board by that name, in which case he may be cherishing my message of love."

Fanny can't expect me to take an interest in long-distance love affairs. I changed the subject abruptly.

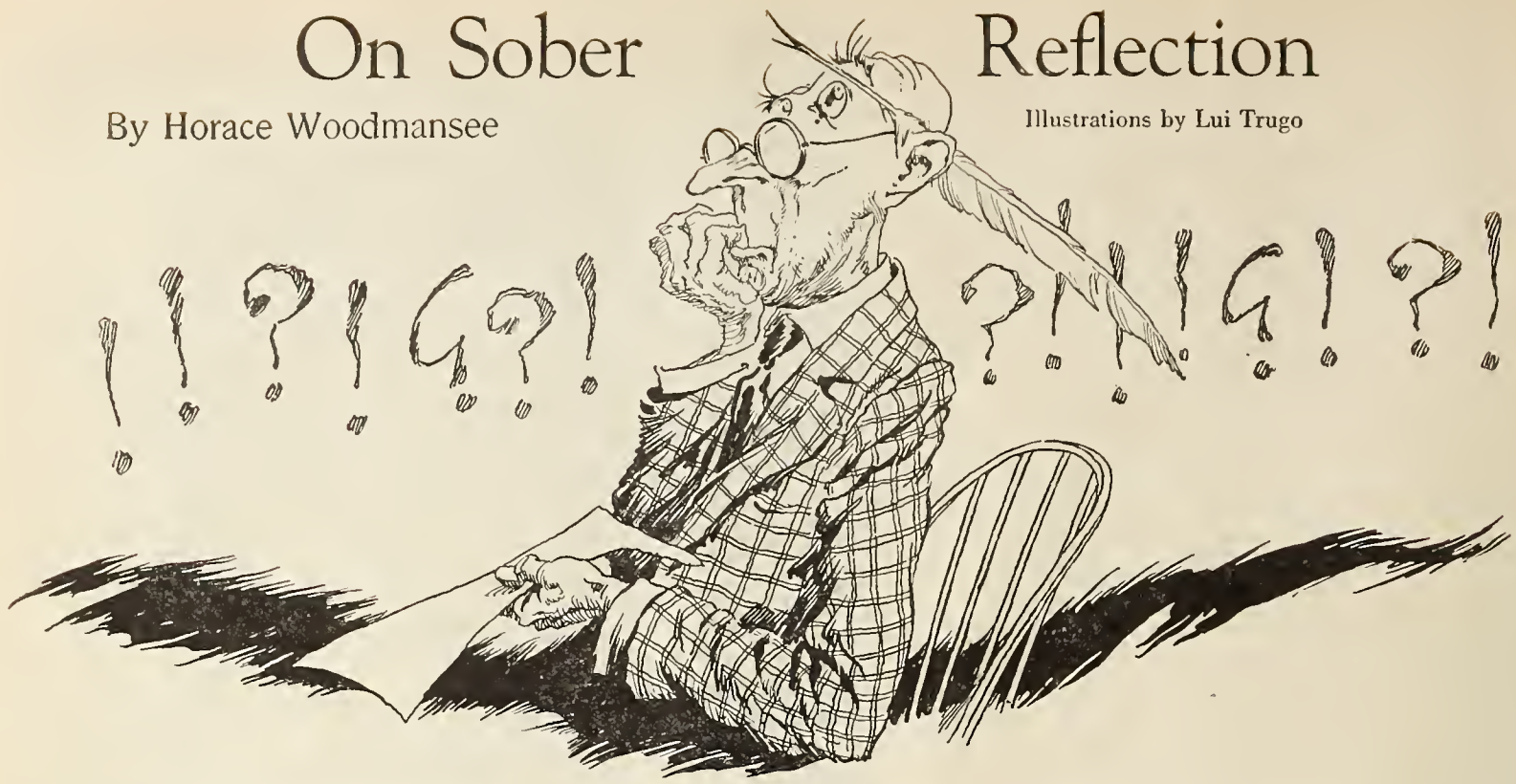
"That little girl," she told me, in answer to a question about the lovely young person I had seen her with a

Continued on page 95

On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



Too Many Authors

ACCORDING to an old saying, it takes nine tailors to make a man. It takes more than that, however, to cut and fit the 1926-model cinema narrative. Suppose you see Rodolfo Romeo in "Soulful Sinners" and don't like the story. Whom are you going to blame? You look at your theater program and see a line-up something like this:

"Soulful Sinners"

Based on the play by John Bilge and Al Blank.

Taken from the novel by Amy Cheese.

Adaptation by John Woof and Harold Hokum.

Screen play by John Reel.

Titles by William Wheeze.

Editorial supervision by Max Meddle.

Is it any wonder that it's a wise cinema brain child that knows its own father? In the animal kingdom, such a process would produce only mongrels, and yet in cinemaland, apparently, the more diverse strains that go into the making of a product, the better it is supposed to be.

* * *

According to an unauthenticated story, a certain studio was one day the scene of a terrific commotion. The noise proceeded from the editorial department, which was packed with a motley crowd.

"What is it, a gang fight?" queried a visitor.

"No," explained the cinema queen, "the authors of my next picture are just taking a vote about making a change in the story."

Impertinent Paragraphs

The manager of the largest motion-picture theater in the world says that the prologue is going out. It's about time that somebody wrote an epilogue to the average prologue.

A producer is making a picture called "The Cloud." The box-office reports will show whether or not it has a silver lining.

* * *

Speaking of the appropriateness of things, "Rainbow Riley," the Johnny Hines picture, will follow "Rain," the stage play, in a certain theater.

* * *

A press agent calls his hero "the actor with the Barrymore face and the Dempsey fists." Let's hope so. There are too many movie actors with the Barrymore fists and the Dempsey face.

* * *

Dorothy Mackaill, so the story goes, will lose her contract if she fattens up above the one-hundred-and-thirty-pound mark. Wonder if Walter Hiers is beginning to feel uneasy?

* * *

That chap Chaplin, who seems to make one picture a decade, has been dubbed "the father of motion-picture comedy." This recalls the old saying that everybody works but father.

* * *

Charlie's brother, Syd, came into his own as a comedian when he donned skirts in "Charlie's Aunt." He has continued to impersonate the unfair sex in "The Man on the Box" and "Oh, What a Nurse."* On the Chaplin set, every rehearsal seems to be a dress rehearsal.

* * *

For a really startling novelty, can you think of anything to equal a newly wed picture with Charlie Chaplin as the groom and Brother Syd as the blushing bride?

Bigger and Better Miniatures

It was only to be expected. The movie ideal of Bigger and Better, having pervaded every field of production, was bound eventually to reach even the use of miniatures. A producer announces that, to show a train wreck, he has constructed the *largest* miniature set ever made.

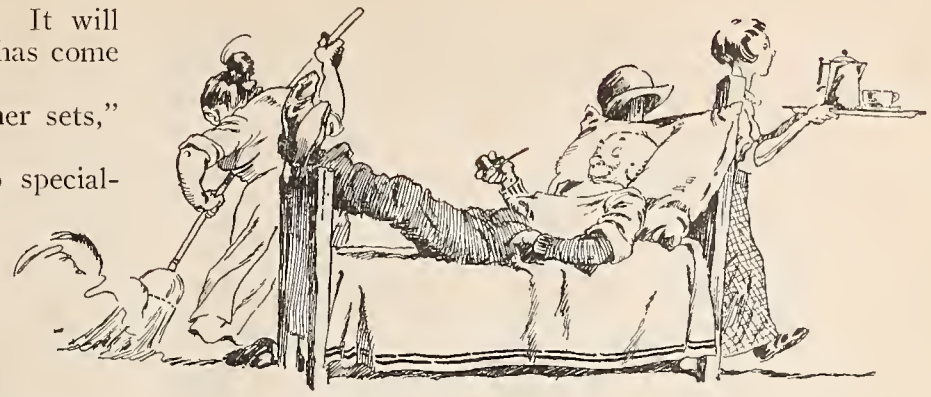
Of course, rival producers won't let him get away with that proud boast. Soon, another will announce a miniature set just *twice* as large. And then miniature

* Originally called "Nightie Night Nurse."

sets will grow bigger and bigger and bigger. It will be rather confusing for the studio visitor who has come to see miniatures made.

"But I can't tell the miniatures from the other sets," he will protest.

"That's easy," will retort the producer who specializes in superminiatures, "the miniatures are much bigger than the real sets."



Annual Statistics (Ho-Hum!)

During the past twelve months, according to an unofficial estimate, 43,937,654 persons, when seeing pictures of wriggling puppies and wide-eyed babies on the screen, exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that *cute!*" Of these, 99 44/100% were women.

A total of 3,792,135 fat men occupying aisle seats refused to budge an inch to let others get to their seats.

And 47 children out of a total of 47,000,000 remained quiet throughout the picture. They were asleep.

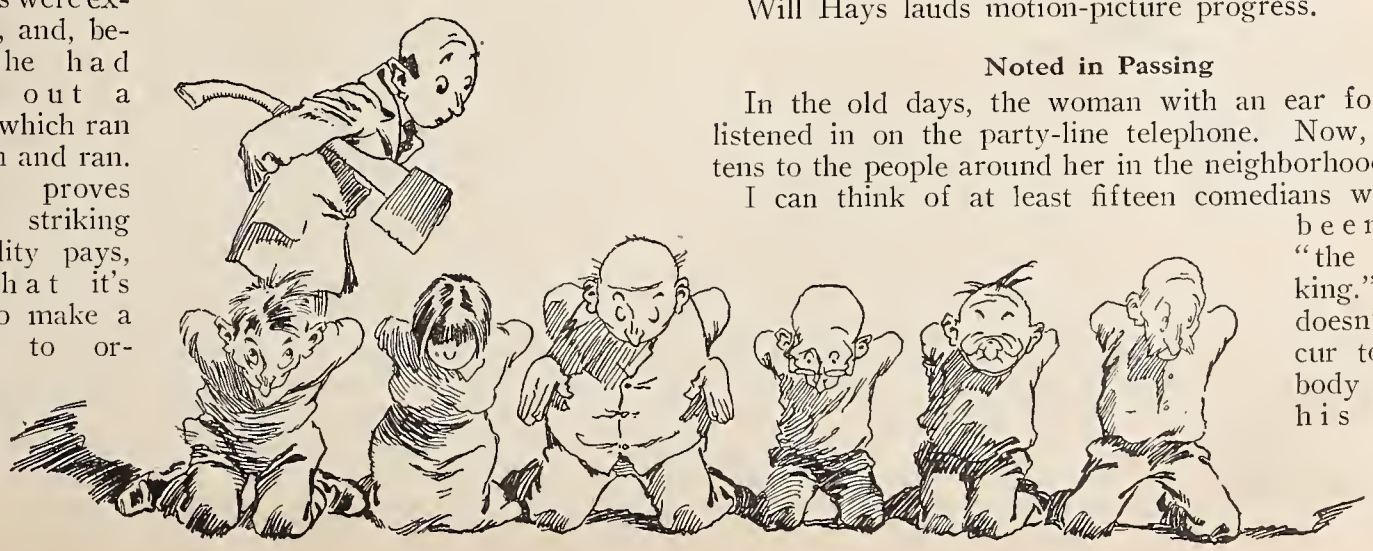
Motion-picture attendance for the past twelve months was divided as follows (figures subject to correction):

Those attending because they think Rudolph or Gloria or somebody else is just wonderful, 40%; those attending because they had nothing else to do, 40%; those attending because they got in free, 5%; those attending who asked themselves afterward why they did it, 5%; those attending because they are interested in pictures as pictures, 10%.

Sleepy-time Story

Once upon a time, boys and girls of the movie audience, there was a producer who decided to make the world's greatest superfilm—a choice bit in twenty reels that would run longer than "Abie's Irish Rose." He spent a mountain of cold cash. He built ninety-two sets, each seven miles long and half a mile high. He hired forty-two stars and one million extras. He tried to bring in every episode that had made previous superfilms profitable. He had covered wagons, a redskin raid, a buffalo stampede, the sacking of Troy, the Battle of Vicksburg, the crossing of the Red Sea, the World War, the campaigns of Napoleon, and the dynamiting of a big log jam in Sqedunk, Canada. He had everything. And yet the picture was a flop.

There was another producer who started out, armed with a bright idea but no large appropriation of cash, to make an ordinary picture. In the making, it was discovered that he had something big. Then certain episodes were expanded, and, behold! he had turned out a classic which ran and ran and ran. Which proves that striking originality pays, and that it's hard to make a classic to order.



Believe It or Not

Since making "The Vanishing American," Richard Dix has had the Indian sign on many fans.

* * *

Dumb Dora wants to know whether "The Vanishing American" is Thurston or Houdini!

* * *

A census of 110,000,000 fans has disclosed that four out of five get Hollywooditis, and that the average girl would rather screen right than be president.

* * *

"Yassuh," writes little Farina in a big, bold script, "Ah attributes mah success in de movies to keepin' dat schoolgirl complexion."

* * *

A girl who signs herself "Sweet Adeline" says she is just an old-fashioned girl who adores movie heroes and wants to marry one. But, she adds, she wants one who has never kissed another girl. And when she locates him, she is going to send him a nice rhubarb pie, with the crust cut into hearts and flowers, if he will promise not to throw it at any one.

Meow!

"Is it true that Miss High-hat had her face lifted?" inquired the curious fan.

"No," acidly retorted her chief rival for stellar honors, "nobody would steal a face like that."

Where Have I Heard That Before?

The movies are getting bigger and better.
Chaplin is a genius.
This is the greatest film ever produced.
It's a wow!
Here is an actor who is really modest and unassuming.
"I owe my success to my wife."
Will Hays lauds motion-picture progress.

Noted in Passing

In the old days, the woman with an ear for gossip listened in on the party-line telephone. Now, she listens to the people around her in the neighborhood movie.

I can think of at least fifteen comedians who have been called "the comedy king." Why doesn't it occur to anybody to call his favorite

Cont'd on page 108

Gay-colored Gowns for April

The wardrobes of the screen actresses are full of colorful suggestions for the first mild days.

By Betty Brown

The springtime costumes just below include, from left to right, a flame-colored georgette gown worn by Alice Joyce, a tan tweed coat-dress owned by Carol Dempster, a green poplin dress also worn by Miss Joyce, and a white-crape, red-satin gown brought from Paris by Natacha Rambova.

NEW frocks hold the first and most important place when the snows have finally melted and our imaginations begin to play with the idea that spring at last is with us.

The first fashions of spring, to my mind, hold an even greater fascination than the richer and more luxurious ones of the fall season. Most of us have been long since "fed up" with winter, and are enjoying to the full the general inconsequence and relaxation of the first warm days. This feeling seems this year more than ever to be embodied in the smart frocks and frills, sport clothes, street suits, and Easter bonnets that one sees on every hand. Certainly the colorings of these have never been gayer than they are this year—suggestive of growing leaves and flowers, especially leaves, for green in every imaginable shade seems to be the favorite of the moment, from the tender yellow-green of the daffodil leaf to the rich, hunter's green, more suggestive of holly leaves than of those of spring flowers. However, you may wear almost any shade this season and still be quite in the fashion, for no one color seems to hold the popular fancy to the exclusion of all others—rose is quite as popular as green, and so are pearl pink, light grays, and soft blues.

Thus far this season I have seen no radical change in silhouettes. The short skirt, with flaring godets and pleatings, still holds its own; perhaps, however, it boasts a bit more of fullness than heretofore, and that fullness seems to start a bit nearer the waistline. Most sleeves are long, even on the flimsiest of spring frocks, and the middy neckline, with its convertible collar that can be worn either high or low, is almost universal.

Some of the smartest gowns of the season were brought back from Paris by Natacha Rambova for wear in her picture, "When Love Grows Cold." This is not at all surprising when you consider the exquisite taste displayed in other lines by Miss Rambova, or Mrs. Valentino, as she prefers to be called. And no one can doubt that her artistry is quite as great in the matter of costuming as in that of screen settings. Two of her best costumes are sketched here. The first, at the right of the center group on this page, is of heavy white crape in combination with red satin, and the only trimming is the heavy gold braiding which

The coat at the left, embroidered in bright-colored worsted, is a sport model worn by Norma Shearer.

Above are sketched a lightweight, coral-pink evening wrap belonging to Alice Joyce, a youthful dance frock worn by Kathleen Key, and another of Natacha Rambova's Paris costumes—black velvet cloak over gray velvet dress.

edges the flaring tunic. Mrs. Valentino says that skirts are either very long or very short in Paris. And as long lines are particularly becoming to her slender height, she has chosen the long skirt in all of her gowns. Another of her costumes is sketched at the right of the trio above; this is a black velvet coat worn in combination with a dress of pale-gray velvet. Silver braid and buttons trim the dress, while a unique, shirred collar and sleeve-puffs, of silver brocade, are a feature of the flaring coat. A coat of this type could be very easily copied for wear in the afternoon or even in the evening, and the voluminous silver collar and the sleeve-puffs are a charming change from the usual trimming of fur.

Some very delightful and conservative gowns are worn by Alice Joyce in "Dancing Mothers." Miss Joyce is considered by many fans the best-dressed woman on the screen, and certain it is that her costumes, whether conservative or otherwise, are always in the best of taste. Two of her gowns are shown on the opposite page. The first, at the extreme left, has an overdress of flame-colored georgette worn over a slip of the same color. This gown introduces a charming style which I predict will be very popular this season—that of the wide, flowing sleeve held tight at the wrist with an ornament of gold. An antique-gold belt restrains the long tunic, of uneven hem line.

Another of Miss Joyce's gowns is the second one from the right, in the same group. This also exemplifies the wide sleeve, but in a modified form. It is of hunter's green-silk poplin, and like the other, has the new long-tunic overblouse. A scarf of the same material is worn, and gold embroidery appears at the belt and on the cuffs.

Many of us have already seen on the screen the jaunty coat dress sketched on the next figure to the left. It appears in the production of "That Royle Girl," and is worn by Carol Dempster. A gown of this character is almost indispensable in the spring, as it is warm enough to be worn minus a coat without giving the appearance of too great haste in donning summer attire. This one is of tan tweed of an unusual diagonal block pattern. One of its smartest features is the loosely draped, high-necked white vest which is worn with it.

The coat below it is worn by Norma Shearer, and though not especially unusual in style, is unique in that

Continued on page 98

A Star

The second installment of the contributors to

By Carmel

Carmel Myers interviewed Mona Gardner just before the latter set off for a trip around the world.

DO you think picture stars are the only ones who effect changes of personality and such?

No, sir; here is a living example, before our very eyes, in the person of Miss Myrtle Gebhart!

Take your bow, Myrtle, and step upon the platform—slowly, slowly, my dear—turn around that we may all witness the birth of the new!

Two years ago, when I last saw you, you sported a much-marceled head of hair. Your dress wasn't so spiffy, and you were overweight, Myrtle. Heaven help us, you *were*. What's that you say? You have been ill? Nervous breakdown? Overwork and therefore loss of weight?

Don't apologize, my dear, when loss of weight is mentioned. Boast, strut, brag, instead. And anyway, what about that tiny hat you have got tipped over one eye exposing a nude ear, and what about those two brazen sideburns? How do you account for them? Don't talk to *me*—that's a new personality! That flapperish black-velvet suit which makes you look even slimmer—don't tell me differently—that's a new personality!

Having thus proclaimed myself, we proceed to lamb chops and pineapple, Myrtle and I, in true interviewer and viewee fashion, at the Montmartre. I'll let her take all the quotation marks upon herself from now on.

"I was born in Texas, and studied to become a concert pianist. One fact has no bearing on the other, but the fact that my family met with reverses did have a bearing on my going to Chicago and taking a business course there. I edited a column in the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* called 'The Soldier's Friend,' which consisted of questions and answers. I supplied the answers. This lasted about six weeks. After I had gathered together my courage and one hundred dollars, I came to Los Angeles. The courage lasted, but I cannot say as much for the one hundred dollars. It simply melted away. Luckily, I got a job as a publicity writer at a small studio where they were producing Bible pictures. For three weeks I received fifty dollars weekly. Then I was again job-hunting. The Bible business wasn't going over so well.

"During this period of anxiety, I suffered horribly from an emotional complex. I used to burst into tears at the slightest

Carmel Myers is not a large person, though this picture makes her appear so, by comparison with Myrtle Gebhart.

Turns Reporter

of a star's impressions
"Picture-Play Magazine."

Myers

provocation, usually while interviewing some one for work. Once, after speaking to Mr. So-and-so at Lasky's, who was really very kind to me, I managed to hold back Niagara until I reached the gate, and then the poor doorman got the full benefit of my pent-up emotions. I never pass him now without stealthily looking out of the corner of my eye to see if he recognizes me.

"At last I landed a job at eighteen dollars a week as a typist, and sang 'Te Deums' of joy. A review I wrote on 'Man, Woman, and Marriage' was printed in a small magazine. But my goal was PICTURE-PLAY. Nothing else would satisfy me!

"For a year I bombarded that magazine with copy. For a year that copy was returned to me. It was like having checks returned, marked 'Not sufficient funds.' You can't draw on what you haven't got, so I kept adding 'knowledge' to my bank account. And lo! at last they accepted my check. But I'm getting my metaphors a bit mixed—I accepted their check. I suppose the editor was tired of returning my stuff, and he finally gave in."

The last sentence I discount entirely, as just a pretty speech. When Myrtle told me she had rewritten one story seven times before it was accepted, I understood why she finally found herself in print, why she has a firmly established place in the hearts of the movie fans as well as on the staff of the magazine, and why she gets more fan mail than any other magazine writer in the world.

Myrtle Gebhart smiles to-day to think how much she has accomplished since the days of her early struggles.

Once, in a weak moment, she told the fans she would tell them about Hollywood. Her mail got quite beyond her after that. She was simply deluged. To hear interesting bits and pieces about Hollywood is always a treat, but to have them recounted by Myrtle Gebhart—that is complete.

"And of future ambition?" I suggested. I did not have to do much suggesting though. Myrtle knew that a certain amount of information was necessary to every interview, and she volunteered admirably.

"Of course, there's an unfinished novel tucked away. I had never met Rupert Hughes, but I courageously sent it to him in hopes he might look it over and be kind enough to tell me of its merits, if any. He, bless his heart, rang me up and invited me to lunch, and went into a detailed criticism of it. He liked the first part, but said I should lay it aside before finishing it, to wait until my viewpont changed—so I am waiting."

Myrtle has had a struggle (haven't we all?). She is only now getting the thrill out of parties and smart clothes that she could not afford before. We were at a beach party together a few weeks ago, and Myrtle wore orchids! Her little gray-haired mother was with her, and Myrtle's constant worry was that Mrs. Gebhart might not be dressed warmly enough. Which reminds me, that once when my mother and myself met Myrtle and her mother at lunch somewhere or other, Mrs. Gebhart said to my mother, "Our daughters are good to us."

So you see why the heart interest in all of Myrtle's articles is there—because she dips her heart in ink and pens her story with it!

Now, how can you interview some one who is just starting out on a trip around the world? Particularly if that some one happens to be a decidedly attractive girl, who is about to journey with a girl chum to parts unknown to them—to the Orient, Paris, Berlin—and free as the wind, alight wherever fancy drops them.

Mona Gardner was in such a state of hectic excitement that I was entirely unable to pin her down to facts. Our conversation ran something like this:

"And where were you born?" Bravely enough I started out, holding her by force at the studio, where we had met by appointment. [Continued on page 105]

John Barrymore, in "The Sea Beast," goes through some bitter and gruesome experiences.

The Screen

Surveying with a critical eye the latest

By Sally

JOHN BARRYMORE and that great white whale of fiction, *Moby Dick,* pursue their vengeful ways in the Warner Brothers production, "The Sea Beast." Here is a picture built on a time-honored and thrilling story, but the story is sacrificed in order to display the star to the best possible advantage. The picture is Barrymore's, without a doubt. It is Barrymore who poses gracefully before the mast; Barrymore who loses his leg in an encounter with *Moby Dick,* and who suffers publicly and gruesomely for the better part of a reel; it is Barrymore who grows old and bitter and hard; it is Barrymore who kills *Moby Dick;* and it is Barrymore who wins the girl. A slight tap from this expensive actor and great, strong men fall to the decks unconscious, and I'll warrant it's not every one who can leap aboard a whale and stab it to death.

But in spite of the theatrical exploitation of the youngest Barrymore, "The Sea Beast" contains much that is genuinely swashbuckling and exciting. There is one of the finest storms at sea in it that I have ever seen, an impressive-looking waterspout, and a very thrilling scene in which an Oriental mystic foretells the fate of *Moby Dick,* as the driving rain and lashing waves drench the ship, tossing in the night. This part of the Oriental is taken by Sojin, that enigmatic and mysterious individual who brings such color to the parts he plays. There is also a big, very black cannibal on hand to lend an even more foreign spice to the setting. However, in the end, all these exotic people turn quite touchingly gentle, and as the ship lands at the home port of New Bedford there is quite an air of the old family servitor about them.

Dolores Costello is a beautiful but dispirited *Esther,* and George O'Hara, as the deceitful half brother, is a pleasant, mild-mannered villain.

I do not like to see a story centering around a star. John Barrymore has been acclaimed so long as a great and serious actor, that his younger and equally delightful musical-comedy days appear to have been forgotten. In "The Sea Beast" he seems a good deal of a *poseur,* and just a little bit old-fashioned. Now that "Stella Dallas" and "The Big Parade" have set new standards in acting, I think that you will find your illusions of Mr. Barrymore a trifle shattered, and, though he has almost become an institution, it is well to remember that, even though institutions remain, they may become tiresome.

"The Sea Beast," in spite of the fact that it is attracting large audiences of children and young people to its showing in New York, is not exactly a picture for children. There are a few unnecessarily horrible scenes in it which might prove a bit too much for an impressionable child, though the tougher or garden variety may live through them and have heart enough for an ice-cream cone afterward.

The whale is not real, but then neither is John Barrymore. Still, as one of the subtitles says, "Hate, desire for revenge, and bitterness had in five years changed *Ahab* to a man old before his time, but the village of New Bedford remained the same." Which, taking one consideration with another, is all any one could expect.

Splendid Mystery Meiodrama

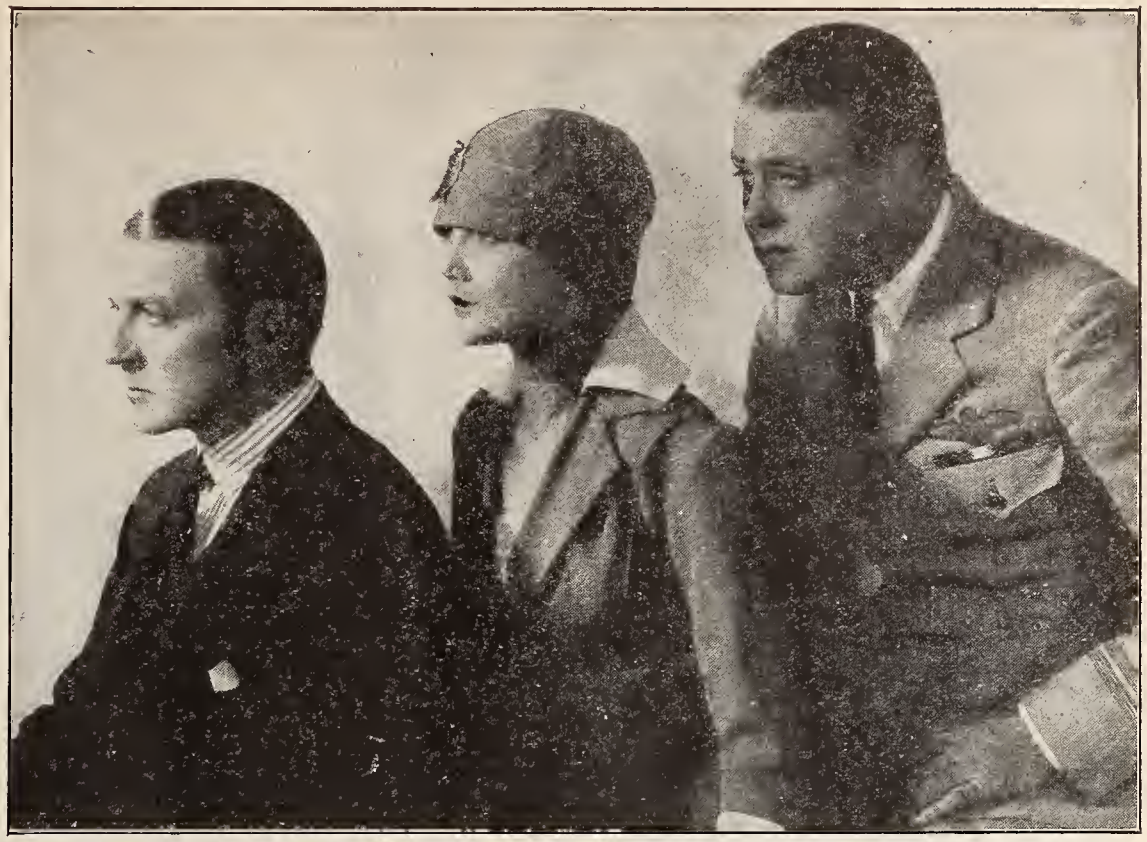
The film "Three Faces East" was adapted from Anthony Paul Kelly's stage play of the same name, is presented by Cecil De Mille, and was directed by Rupert Julian. For once, the greatly abused Mr. De Mille comes in for no criticism. This is the best mystery melodrama that I have seen on stage or screen, and it is as closely knit and as intriguingly detailed as Conan Doyle at his best.

At last the screen has proven that it is a better medium for portraying mystery and for working it out to a logical finish than the stage ever could be. The camera can call attention to its details; the spotlight cannot. In all the mystery plays I have ever seen, the climax came about in a hazy blur of involved explanations. I

in Review

additions to the movie fare.

Benson



Clive Brook, Jetta Goudal and Robert Ames in "Three Faces East," a World War spy picture.

have left the theater any number of times in total ignorance as to whether the murderer was the Japanese valet or the old gentleman with the white whiskers who apparently died in the first act.

But there can be no fault to find with the film "Three Faces East," either in its exquisitely ordered detail or in its plausible conclusion. I shall not tell the plot, of course, because the suspense is the thing, but I'll tell you that it is the story of the German and English spy systems during the war, with that best of all settings for intrigue and betrayal, an English country house, as a background. Show me a peaceful English countryside, with the butler and the gardener engaging in a friendly little chat, and I can tell you that the butler isn't really a butler, and that those dark stains on the flagging are blood.

Jetta Goudal is the beautifully dressed and lovely spy. She is at all times pictorially perfect. There is something about the scene in which Miss Goudal, dressed in a three-cornered, veiled hat, stands on a dark staircase holding a cocked revolver, that combines all the thrills in the world for me. Clive Brook is another deeply mysterious gentleman, and Robert Ames is a blithe young soldier with a cheerful, open face guaranteed to be spy-proof. Edythe Chapman and Henry Walthall are also in the cast. Henry Walthall is a fine actor, and I can't become reconciled just yet to seeing him as a father.

The director, Rupert Julian, evidently took time off to study out his details and photograph them logically. It does not seem possible that this picture could have been filmed in separate units—the whole presents such an extraordinary sequence of events. There is a remarkable air raid in it, and while I know that it couldn't have been a real one, it fooled me completely. "Three Faces East" should make the pulses of old and young beat a little faster.

Chicago Melodrama

"That Royle Girl," D. W. Griffith's latest production, is an out-and-out melodrama of the most obvious type. Buoyed up by the unquestionable talents of D. W. Griffith and Carol Dempster, the brassy ring to the story is almost stifled—almost, but not entirely. The capable Miss Dempster is given plenty of opportunity, during the first part of the film, to show how variously she can manage her emotions, ranging from splendid burlesque to pitiful tragedy. She starts her career as a flippant and hopeful newsgirl, later tries modeling as a profession, and eventually dances in a cabaret, where she meets and falls in love with the sleek, clever *Fred Ketlar,* a song writer. From there she is plunged into a somewhat hectic murder trial, and, of course, there is a prosecuting attorney, none other than James Kirkwood. Here the melodrama grows frankly tense, and credulity is stretched a trifle taut. However, I am not one to insist upon my realities, morning, noon, and night, so I have no complaint to offer.

The picture ends in a cyclone. Nowadays, when ordinary methods fail, the director, or the author, calls upon outside influence in the shape of fire, wind, or flood, and I *will* say that it usually works. What common sense cannot settle a good high wind will blow away, and it's more spectacular, besides.

W. C. Fields, that most flawless of all comedians, is in the picture, but there isn't nearly enough of him. To me, Mr. Fields is the funniest man in the world. If he lifts an eyebrow, the scene is his, and no matter how poor and ragged he gets, he is always a grand, worldly man-about-town. I hope Paramount will use him in every picture they decently can for the rest of the year.

Harrison Ford, another fine and not-much-lauded actor, plays the part of the sophisticated young song writer. The picture is adapted from the story by Edwin Balmer.

Kiddies and Animals

In "Mike," a production directed, written, and very nearly acted by Marshall Neilan, we have one of those old-fashioned, sure-fire tales about a lovable little ragamuffin, some endearing animals, engaging kiddies, and plenty of extra hokum thrown in for good measure. Do not mistake my falsely kind tone. I did not like "Mike," and I would not like any picture faintly resembling "Mike," but now that that is said I can go about my business impersonally.

Sally O'Neil, that cute little baggage who was so attractive in "Sally, Irene, and Mary," is the bright light of the picture. She lives with her assorted brothers in a box car, wears overalls, and seems pert and pretty, but the main fault of the whole picture is that it has no plot. A very small thing to cavil about, you will say, but an omission that becomes more and more noticeable as the film progresses. This discrepancy does not seem to have worried Mr. Neilan, however, and as the story gets thinner, the animals, kiddies, and quaint characters become more numerous, until, by the time the

"The Unguarded Hour."

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives."

"California Straight Ahead."

"Mike."

final train wreck is reached, the delinquency is almost entirely covered up.

I think that Mr. Neilan must be a sentimental Irishman who finds the world a whimsical place in which to live, and that, though Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who produced this picture, probably knew better all along, they decided to humor him, just for once, and let him have his own way. Ford Sterling lends a few humorous moments to the film.

Filming a Prize Story

"Mannequin" is the story that won the fifty-thousand-dollar prize offered by *Liberty Magazine* and Famous Players. The author is none other than Fannie Hurst, and as a clever artisan who knew what she was after when she submitted the story, she has crammed it full of every situation and every trick known to the literary and theatrical world.

A young baby is stolen by her nurse and grows up believing her to be her own mother. At eighteen, she is a *mannequin* in a fashionable dressmaking establishment, where she meets a young, enthusiastic newspaper reporter. He gives her a little uplift, and she, in return, furnishes him with an idea for an editorial, the idea being that beautiful women, when they stoop to murder, should be punished as relentlessly as men. But, unfortunately, she herself kills a man who has forced his way into her home, and the old theory of practicing as you preach is held up for debate.

The big kick in the story is when the lovely girl discovers that she is on trial before her own father. Nothing very new in this, you will admit, and yet it won fifty thousand dollars, which should inspire many of you to brush up a bit, though not too much, on plot and submit your ideas to the motion-picture companies.

The director was James Cruze and the cast is a splendid one. Alice Joyce is the lovely mother. Dolores Costello is the distressed *mannequin,* Warner Baxter is the father, and Walter Pidgeon is the reporter. This picture will undoubtedly make a lot of money, as it has all the old, familiar, and well-loved situations, well handled and capably acted. Maybe fifty thousand dollars isn't so much money, after all.

Somerset Maugham in Films

"Infatuation" is the name given to what was once a stage play called "Cæsar's Wife," by Somerset Maugham. It is a pleasant, slightly interesting, slow-moving picture starring beautiful Corinne Griffith.

The story is based on the saying that "Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion." The temptations that beset Miss Griffith as the lovely English wife of *Sir Arthur Little* are many but not varied. Malcolm MacGregor, the moon, music, and idleness do their best, but when her husband very nearly meets with death at the hands of his political enemies, she rises to the situation and meets it superbly.

There is an undertone of Oriental cunning running seductively through the plot, for when an Egyptian smells a rose and talks in conundrums no good can come of it.

Both Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont enter into the spirit of Somerset Maugham's play with understanding and intelligence. They cut down their emotional acting until the action is so repressed as to make a careless glance seem a vital, dramatic moment. I do not think I have ever seen Percy Marmont as fine as he is in this. Miss Griffith has a tendency to pull down the corners of her mouth too much. It makes her seem severe.

The Vanishing Cowboy

"Womanhandled," starring Richard Dix, is a delightful light comedy showing Texas as it is to-day. Gregory la Cava, a name unfamiliar to me, was the director, and he has filmed his story with cleverness and agility.

A young and beautiful girl, Esther Ralston, tells a polo-playing young Easterner, Richard Dix, that she loves men from the great open spaces—big, rough, manly men—so there is nothing for Mr. Dix to do but to become rough and manly as quickly as possible.

He finds that the West of fiction has vanished, and so, disgusted and disappointed, he is about to return to the East when

he learns that *Mollie* is on her way West to join him out there where life is raw in the rough. He sets to work to stage an entire Western show for her. At this point the picture becomes hilariously funny, and a large and delighted audience thought so, too.

Mr. la Cava uses slight O. Henry touches every now and then throughout the picture. He wasn't satisfied to shut off his camera when the hero and heroine cling together in that parting embrace. He carried his action on to a little bit, exceedingly well done, of two hobos reading the society columns of the daily newspaper, which some one has left on a park bench. Little things like these make a picture.

Mr. Dix actually grows better looking every day, and he plays with such unaffected humor that I don't wonder he is running away with most of the popularity contests throughout the country.

"Just Suppose."

"Infatuation."

"Mannequin."

Fans in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives."

Still More Royalty

America has never seen such an influx of visiting royalty as it has seen in the past year in pictures. Almost every movie theater in town can boast of having had one visiting king, or at least a crown prince. And now young Richard Barthelmess dons the uniforms of a prince of "Karonia," or possibly it is "Moronia"—these small principalities are so numerous and so nearly alike that it is hard to keep them in mind. He, too, visits this country and falls in love with a lovely American girl. Lately, the young people have been getting married to one another in spite of tradition. As I recall it, Raymond Griffith wed the lady of his choice in "A Regular Fellow," and in "Just Suppose" Mr. Barthelmess does also.

This picture was adapted from the play by A. E. Thomas, which was written shortly after the Prince of Wales visited this country. In the play, the *Prince* goes back to honor and duty and the beastly bore of princing it, but in the picture a slight change has been made, for the sake of a romantic ending. Richard Barthelmess wears his uniforms easily and naturally, and makes the most of the little acting required of him. Lois Moran, Mr. Goldwyn's lovely discovery, who played in "Stella Dallas," is the débutante responsible for the royal heartbeats. There is nothing for her to do but to look very pretty, but she does that well, and puts atmosphere into her prettiness besides. Geoffrey Kerr, a young Englishman, is *Count Anton Teschy,* friend and adviser to the prince. He took the leading part in the play when it was produced in New York.

The most enjoyable part of the picture is furnished by the beautiful interiors of an American estate. To those of you who may be interested in old houses and how to furnish them, "Just Suppose" will give more valuable information than most interior decorators could. There are some lovely reproductions of old wall papers, paneled walls, chintzes, and rugs. In fact, some one's good taste is very much in evidence.

The Mason and Dixon Line

"Hands Up," starring Raymond Griffith, that versatile comedian of the painless falls, is a comedy romance of the Civil War.

Mr. Griffith is pictured as a Confederate spy on his way to Utah, at the command of General Lee, to spy on the Northerners. The Northerners are about to move a supply of gold from a mining town. As the Northern general drives his carriage away, loaded down with ore, Mr. Griffith starts in pursuit. With amazing agility he changes place with the Union driver, while the action races along with him. In the end, he is about to be hanged when peace is declared, thereby saving Mr. Griffith for another picture.

There is a small slice of Mormon burlesque sandwiched in when Mr. Griffith, torn between the charms of two young ladies, makes the beautiful discovery that he might as well have them both.

This picture is not quite so funny as some of Mr. Griffith's former ones, but it is funny enough. The two young girls are Marian Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin. Mack Swain is a mine owner, and Montague Love a Union general.

Some Wild Young Folk

"California Straight Ahead" is a fast-moving comedy with a unique episode near the end that borders on the improbable.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the *Zorro* type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's "latest and best." College football from an uproarious angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charlie Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"Little Annie Rooney"—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York's lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines makes attractive hero.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus hoyden and W. C. Fields' screen début as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

"Siege"—Universal. A simple picture of New England prejudices, remarkable principally for its finely suggestive direction by Svend Gade and the poignant, human performances of Mary Alden, Marc McDermott, and Virginia Valli.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Ancient Highway, The"—Paramount. Jack Holt and Billie Dove in a decidedly pleasing picture full of action and gorgeous scenery.

"Beautiful City, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an Italian boy in a melodrama of New York's East Side. Dorothy Gish, delightful as his Irish sweetheart.

"Beggar on Horseback"—Paramount. James Cruze let loose on the fantastic stage play. Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

"Bobbed Hair"—Warner. Thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, one of the best. Marie Prevost excellent in lead, Louise Fazenda a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan a young man with money and a car.

"Clash of the Wolves, The"—Warner. Rin-tin-tin at his very best in typical rôle of a wolf tamed by a man's kindness. Film itself and human actors could be better.

"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl in a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as young mechanic.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—First National. An entertaining film of a henpecked tailor of Colonial days who unwittingly becomes a pirate chief overnight. Leon Errol's unique comedy gifts given full play; Dorothy Gish is the shrewish wife.

"Coast of Folly, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two rôles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both mother and daughter in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.

"Dark Angel, The"—First National. Old story of blinded soldier. Ronald Colman at his best. Vilma Banky makes first appearance on American screen—a very beautiful woman and fine actress.

"Eagle, The"—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino, as Russian lieutenant who turns bandit, gives a better performance than he has in a long while. Pleasant picture with complicated plot; Vilma Banky beautiful and natural as heroine.

"Exchange of Wives"—Metro-Goldwyn. Light, amusing comedy in which two young married couples become involved with one another, trying an exchange of husbands and wives for two weeks. Made very funny by Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Creighton Hale, and Lew Cody.

"Fine Clothes"—First National. Percy Marmont, Alma Rubens, Raymond Griffith, and Lewis Stone in adaptation of Molnar's "Fashions for Men." Story of mild-mannered haberdasher whose wife elopes with head clerk, and whose cashier, whom he loves, is beset by ill-meaning earl.

"Golden Cocoon, The"—Warner. Helene Chadwick very charming and human as wife of a man whose political career is almost ruined by a trivial but misconstrued incident in her past.

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Louise Dresser excellent as degraded former opera singer who is reformed in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good son.

"Go Straight"—Schulberg. Entertaining crook melodrama with Gladys Hulette, Owen Moore, and Robert Edeson.

"Go West"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton and a Jersey cow called Brown Eyes, who follows him like a dog, are the center of attraction in an amusing comedy of the Western plains.

"Graustark"—First National. Norma Talmadge in film of George Barr McCutcheon's novel. Great box-office hit, but may be disappointing to any one inclined to be critical.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with locale supposedly in Vienna. Constance Talmadge in dual rôle. Ronald Colman not so good as husband. George K. Arthur also in cast.

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

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An American Gentleman

Tony Moreno, born a Spaniard, has become, in every sense, a United States citizen.

By Margaret Reid

HE was born in Algeciras—pronounced quite differently—a tiny hill town in the south of Spain, was reared to be a priest, and grew into an excellent movie actor. He now has a charming wife and many pesetas, and has hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a mansion to which Hollywood points with pride—his home.

If, at some unfortunate dinner, Antonio Moreno were to be cursed with one of those garrulous hostesses we all shudder away from, she would love to present him in some such manner as the foregoing, for seldom are guests so accommodating in the matter of biography. If, however, she were as endowed with charm as is his aforementioned wife, she would probably whisper to the breathless lady guests, "He is handsome and utterly delightful, but I beg of you not to let it be seen that you think so, for that would terrorize him." While I know his host would say, "You must meet this Moreno. He's a prince." All of which definitely excludes him from the sheik class, and makes him that admirable thing—a good scout.

Perhaps it will hurt to know that our choicest fiery Spaniard is more interested in American business than in American women—other than the twice-mentioned wife—prefers horses to cafés, and progress to passion. I have a gnawing belief that he can't even play a guitar.

"Spain," he says, "is still dear to me, of course. It is the country of my birth, and is bound up in memories and in beauty—for you've no idea how beautiful a country it is. My mother is there, and as long as she lives, part of me still remains in Algeciras. But, for the rest

Moreno's long absence abroad, during the making of Rex Ingram's "Mare Nostrum," has kept him from appearing in many new productions of late. He will soon be seen, as he appears above, in the Rex Ingram film, and also, as shown in the picture on the left, in "Beverly of Graustark," with Marion Davies.

—America is my own land. I adore it! I love its ideas and ideals. I love the bustle, the business, the feeling of continually going forward. I am not a Spaniard in temperament. Their ways are slow and soft and dreamy, while I go crazy without always something to do—something to be accomplished—no matter how little."

We were talking in the dim blue light on the edge of the set where he was working opposite Marion Davies in "Beverly of Graustark"—his first picture since the European filming of "Mare Nostrum." In his trim, green uniform, his close mustache topping a flashing smile, he assured me, with the most Latin vehemence, that he was a real Yankee—he looked as thoroughly American as a still-life study of King Victor Emanuel's crown on the Spanish flag. But one does not say so when a pair of very superior black eyes insist on one's assent.

Moreno's is the enduring handsomeness of regular, rugged features, and a candid gaze. He has a quick, contagious laugh that will forever brand him foreign. Have you noticed the sort of laugh—usually in people

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Hollywood High Lights

Glimpses of what's happening in the realm of the stars and the studios.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

REUNITED!

For the first time since they played in "Peter Pan," Betty Bronson, Esther Ralston, and Mary Brian have all been together on the Coast, and quite naturally they held a reunion party in token of this event. Tiny replicas of their characters in the Barrie picture served as place cards, while *Captain Hook,* the crocodile, and the nurse dog, *Nana,* were represented in the ice-cream molds.

Miss Ralston also celebrated her first anniversary as a leading woman of the first magnitude by becoming the wife of a film business man, George W. Frey. The wedding took place on Christmas Day at the Riverside Mission Inn, with Mary Brian acting as bridesmaid and Neil Hamilton as best man. Miss Ralston is the first of the trio to be married. The other two girls are several years younger than she, and "entirely engrossed in their art."

Miss Ralston, though, is just about "equally engrossed" as she intends to go right on with her career, and proved it by starting work, a few days after her wedding, on a new production, "The Blind Goddess."

Betty and Esther and Mary have been linked together through their appearance together in the famous fantasy, and have had a very devoted sentiment for one another ever since. Mary and Betty, in particular, are great chums and are constantly together when they are working at the same studio. Until lately, they have been separated much of the time, as one or the other of them has been working in the East at intervals.

Betty has had the biggest opportunities of the trio, and has won the greatest amount of popularity through the charm of her personality. She is now doing a semi-grown-up rôle in a picture from the pen of the Hungarian dramatist Ernest Vadja (pronounced Voida), playing a little working girl with whom an opera tenor falls in love.

Little Mary Brian, of whom much has been expected, is said to realize the hopes of her boosters in her performance in "Behind the Front," the big war comedy in which Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton have the leads. She will probably also be seen in either "Old Ironsides" or "Rough Riders," two of Paramount's most important forthcoming pictures.

Miss Ralston has her chance at prominence in "The American Venus."

Which all goes to indicate that "Peter Pan" was a lucky picture indeed for the three of them.

"As man to man, what do you think of it?" says the midget Charles Becker to the giant Karl Dane, pals together in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Devilkin."

Can't Forget the Past.

Just when nearly everybody had agreed that the movie sheik had finally been throttled, gagged, choked, and otherwise permanently disposed of, along comes Rudolph Valentino with the idea of resuscitating the character. His next picture, as announced, will be "The Son of the Sheik," the widely known newspaper serial written by E. M. Hull, who was also responsible for "The Sheik," in which Rudy achieved such a vogue that he almost caused the youth of the nation to don turbans, harem skirts and other Oriental paraphernalia.

We don't know whether it is Rudy's own personal hope not, as it would be one of several recent instances hope not as it would be one of several recent instances of his bad judgment. What we had sincerely wished he might do was to keep on the course which he started in "The Eagle," defective though that picture was, and to continue to specialize in a mingling of comedy and adventure.

Not long ago, we saw "Blood and Sand" again, and though the picture is now some seasons old, it was vigorously applauded by the audience at the revival showing. Rudy had a chance to show his talent for comedy in the earlier scenes, and these were greeted with genuine laughter. And his portrayal of the tragedy of the ill-fated toreador is still by all odds his biggest achievement. It is striking proof of Rudy's qualifications as an actor.

New Contracts—New Smiles.

Smiles are in order on the faces of many of the feminine fair in Hollywood just now. And the reason is that a number of them have recently signed brand-new contracts, or have had salary advances that will enable them to invest in a much bigger assortment of Easter hats and frocks than they had anticipated.

Vilma Banky has so successfully survived her period of apprenticeship in American films, that her first contract, signed in Europe, was torn up by Samuel Gold-

wyn, and replaced with a new one that made her dizzy for days.

Betty Bronson is also reported recently to have secured a substantial increase for herself, and to have demonstrated, while doing so, that she was an excellent business woman. Betty hasn't invested in a Rolls-Royce yet, but she may soon be able to do so. For a youngster, however, who is suddenly coming into wealth, she is not lured in the least by ostentatious glitter. For one thing, she is still one of the simplest and most girlish dressers in the colony.

Marie Prevost left Warner Brothers recently and joined Metropolitan Pictures, and is now said to be getting about twenty-five hundred dollars a week for her services instead of two thousand dollars as heretofore. She is to be starred in a series of productions.

Marion Davies disguises herself as a boy in "Beverly of Graustark," but she can't resist snatching one or two flirtations.

Louise Fazenda renewed with Warner Brothers at a higher figure than she has been getting. Willard Louis signed up again at the same time, while Jane Winton joined the same organization. Charles de Roche and June Marlowe, formerly with Warners, are now free lancing. And that very promising girl Georgia Hale, who played the lead in "The Gold Rush" opposite Chaplin, has been signed up by Paramount, and will be featured by them.

Chaplin was really desirous of retaining her as his leading woman, but as the offer from Paramount meant so much for Miss Hale's future, both in money and opportunity, he exhibited his good sportsmanship by granting her a release from her contract with him. Opposite Charlie in his forthcoming picture, "The Circus," will be seen Merna Kennedy, a newcomer, whom Charlie first discovered in the Coast production of the musical comedy, "All for You," in which she appeared as a cigar-stand girl. Miss Kennedy is unlike either Edna Purviance or Georgia Hale. She has auburn hair and dark eyes, and is decidedly an animated type.

An Old Favorite Progresses.

Henry Walthall is going to have a chance for a big comeback in "The Unknown Soldier," in which he will be featured by Renaud Hoffman. For a long time, Walthall has been doing supporting parts, but this production means a chance for the renewal of his stardom, and he may also win one of the big Warfield plays later on. He is considered a very likely candidate for "The Grand Army Man."

Walthall has had an exceptionally good year in pictures. "The Barrier," in which he recently completed work, gives him a fine opportunity for a character interpretation. He also figured quite importantly in the plot of "Three Faces East," the war mystery feature.

"On the mark! Get set!" and Joan Crawford is off for a quick, after-swim sprint.

Though for a long time he has had few consequential parts to play, Walthall's acting has always been of the finest.

A Reel Romance.

The matter of falling in love with an actor while seeing him on the screen can't be taken as a joke any more.

And the recent marriage of Roy d'Arcy to Mrs. Laura Rhinock Duffy goes to prove it.

D'Arcy, as you know, played the *Crown Prince* of the inevitable smile and gleaming white teeth in "The Merry Widow."

Mrs. Duffy's first glimpse of him was when she saw the picture some months ago at the New York première. She was attracted to him and made up her mind to become acquainted with him. She was introduced by mutual friends, as her father is prominently identified with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, when she came to California a short time ago, and the two were married on New Year's Eve during the festivities at the Biltmore Hotel.

D'Arcy's entrance into pictures was very recent. He was a discovery of Erich von Stroheim.

A Celestial Comedy.

Tired of the earth and its customs and conventions, our comedians are now turning their eyes heavenward for an inspiration. One of them, at least, Raymond Griffith, proposes a film voyage extraordinary, the title of which will be "The Ship That Sailed to Mars." Yes, it's really the name of a picture, and you can readily guess that it will be something wildly fantastic.

Griffith is to have the assistance of Magician Roy C. Pomeroy, who contrived the Red Sea opening in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments," to assist him in making his journey to the neighboring planet; and no doubt, in the process of the filming of the picture, he will settle, to the satisfaction of the fans at any rate, the moot question as to whether or not Mars is inhabited, and by what.

Shades of Robin Hood.

Instead of the question being, "Who will have the finest home in Beverly Hills?" the one now before the stars who are contemplating building residences there, seems to be, "Who will have the most elaborate waterfall?"

A home without a beautiful series of cascades rambling down the hillside is now considered worse than no home at all.

Harold Lloyd's plans for his new place comprise the creating of a waterfall with a one-hundred-foot drop, and Buster Keaton plans a somewhat similar feature. The Keaton waterfall will empty into a swimming pool, and should add considerably to the excitement of aquatic parties held on his es-

tate, for all of those who are brave enough to venture near its splashing.

Keaton is adding something new to the diversions provided by stars for their guests—he will have an archery course on his place.

Miss Barbara Worth.

There is one newcomer who considers herself exceedingly fortunate, and that is Marceline Day, who has been awarded a chance to make herself popularly celebrated by being given the title rôle in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," the film being made from Harold Bell Wright's novel. The rôle is considered one of the plums of the season, and was coveted by many film stars.

Harold Bell Wright's novels on the screen don't mean very much to some of us, but then there are a lot of people who like 'em.

Honors for Colleen.

If "Sally" meant a whole lot for Colleen Moore's growing fame, her latest musical-comedy adaptation, "Irene," is going to mean even more for this amazingly successful star's future. This new film of hers may not be as uproariously funny as "Sally," because it misses the presence of Leon Errol with his collapsible legs, but it is funny enough, and what with a fashion show marvelously done in colors, is far more classy and pretentious. Some of Colleen's comedy, particularly her pantomime in imitation of a mouse, is as clever as anything she has ever done, while Charlie Murray and Kate Price, as her Irish father and mother, are a riot.

We saw "Irene" not long ago at a preview, and enjoyed every minute of it. Every seat in the theater was taken, and the audience even filled up as much of the aisles as the fire ordinance would permit and perhaps even broke a few of the stricter civic rules. They applauded, too, frequently, especially during the color portion showing the fashion revue, which is as exquisitely photographed, with a delicacy of pastel shading, as anything we have looked at, outside of the rushes of Fairbanks' production of "The Black Pirate."

Because of the expense of this fashion revue, "Irene" is to be released for a run in a great many cities, and will probably show at higher prices than the usual Colleen Moore starring pictures. This, of course, means another step forward for a girl whose progress during the past few years, following as it did a long apprenticeship, has won as much attention as anything that has happened of late in Hollywood.

La Tragique Lillian.

Another picture that we have looked at lately is "La Bohème," with Lillian Gish and Jack Gilbert. King Vidor, who made "The Big Parade," was the director. It looks as though he will make nothing but the bigger type of feature from now on.

"La Bohème" we liked, because of the acting of Miss Gish, particularly in the death scene, and because of its remarkable pictorial beauty. There are many scenes in this film that are so like paintings that they are delightful. It is incidentally the kind of picture that necessitates the borrowing of an extra large handkerchief from dad—the kind of picture, in fact, that makes for a fine, weepy afternoon or evening, and that may be rendered magical through the further emotion stirred up by a musical accompaniment arranged from the opera.

It is not exactly the sort of film, however, that will appeal to the male contingent of the family, unless they happen to be of a very artistic frame of mind, and capable of appreciating beauty in the abstract. "La Bohème" cannot be said to possess sturdy entertainment values, but its high qualities of beauty make it a production well worth every fan's time.

Gilbert's portrayal is not one of his most striking, but he is, as always, a flashing personality, and some of his acting, as when during the celebration of his success he longs for the return of *Mimi*, is very effective.

The story has been properly purified to pass the censors, but manages to follow with very fair loyalty the original opera.

We meant to mention, in speaking of these two pictures, that George K. Arthur does a characterization of almost unrivaled sincerity as the celebrated modiste, *Madame Lucy*—yes, she's a man—in "Irene," and that Renee Adoree, in her very brief opportunity as *Musetta* in "La Bohème," is truly fascinating. This girl has a great chance to be the one and only favorite in rôles that are French-accented.

Arthur, who was *The Boy* of the now historic, but not to be forgotten, five-thousand-dollar "Salvation Hunters," is rapidly coming to be one of the film's most efficient young character players. He could have made a wretched burlesque of *Madame Lucy* in "Irene," but he plays this rôle so much as if he believed in it that he does not run the least risk—and there was a danger of that—of giving offense to those who happen to be a little discriminating about the sort of types that they see in pictures.

Would you recognize the quiet and reserved Norma Talmadge in her bizarre KIKI *costume?*

A Right Smart Boy.

We have discovered a title writer who deserves a nice diamond-studded typewriter case for his courage in being original. His name is George Marion, Jr., the son of the chap who played the hard-boiled old skipper in "Anna Christie" and who did the first mate of the pirate ship in "Clothes Make the Pirate."

Young Marion was an assistant dramatic critic on one of the Los Angeles papers until two or three years ago, and then he found employment with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the scenario department, making translations of foreign books and plays. He not only speaks several European languages, but can converse also in Chinese, and has acted as interpreter at court trials in which Orientals were involved.

Nobody would have suspected that all these accomplishments would have qualified him also to be a film humorist. But such appears to be the case, as any one can see with half an eye, or even a quarter of one, who happens to read his smart, gay, sparkling line of repartee as printed on the screen in "Irene."

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An Actress Talks about Men

Lilyan Tashman gives her impressions of the foibles of the opposite sex, and tells what characteristics a girl should have in order to attract certain well-known male stars.

By Dorothy Manners

Photo by Seeley

Lilyan Tashman's sense of humor permits her to laugh with, not at, life.

MEN," said Lilyan Tashman, "should be taken as they are—or left alone. They can't be changed or made over. They are," she chuckled with that huskiness that is part of Lilyan's charm, "too darn proud of their faults to be remodeled. Rob a man of his mistakes, or the experience of his errors and he is as undecorated as a soldier without buttons."

Somewhere in the hilltop home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe a clock struck nine. We were alone, Lilyan and I, in a room that was gay with chintz and orange flowers and pillows and footstools and books. Outside it was crisp and cold. At such an hour under such circumstances women invariably talk of men. Not all women, however, talk of men with the keen observation of Lilyan; but then all women haven't had the colorful experience of the "Follies," Broadway, and the movies.

Perhaps I had better have said that Lilyan talked of men while I ate exotic candy and congratulated myself on being alive. In the immediate past was a dinner that would have tempted a king. For the present I was enjoying the hospitality of a cheerful room on a cold night. In the immediate future Lilyan would talk of men. My life, you see, is not without its moments.

Lilyan went on to say, "They can hardly finish saying 'I love you' before they want to tell about their escapades. In retrospect these become very charming experiences. 'Living life' they love to call it. That is a woman's cue to be very mellow and forgiving. Men," she said, "adore being forgiven."

I said, wasn't it the truth! Men were certainly funny, all right. And then suddenly inspired I sprang a tricky one. I said, "Lilyan, suppose you were the heroine of a book or anything abstract like that and you wanted the hero to fall in love with you how would you go about it?"

"Heavens!" said Lilyan, for which I could not blame her. But I had my mind made up.

"How would you go about it?"

She countered, "Why, I don't know," and then proved she did by adding, "First I'd make sure he *could* love me."

"What do you mean, *could?*"

"You can love a certain man devotedly and he could never love you. I would never try to win such a man. Unrequited love may be romantic in poetry, but it's a nuisance to every one concerned in life."

"But if all you needed was to arouse his interest?"

"Then I would try to be the type of woman he most admired."

I thought back through Lilyan's screen loves—a brigade which numbered Ian Keith, Tom and Owen Moore, Monte Blue, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Ray, Reggy Denny, Rockcliffe Fellows and others. Picking one at random I said, "Suppose he were the type of man Rockcliffe Fellows is."

Lilyan curled her feet under her on the divan and locked her fingers around her knees. "Why, Cliffe—you see Eddie and I have known him so long—it's hard to say. But I think if I wanted to win Cliffe I would be as beautiful as I possibly could. He adores beautiful women almost abstractly. Cliffe would admire me as

Continued on page 111

Renee Adoree Explains the French Girl

The leading exponent of French-girl types on the American screen contrasts the characteristics of her countrywomen with those of the land of her adoption.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE French spirit, it is subtlety. The American, go and get it."

Several of us, lunching at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, were talking, as every one is now, of "The Big Parade," and some one remarked we were making the usual comments on the psychological differences between the French and the Americans. Renee Adoree, hailing from France and being a young lady of intelligence, had done considerable thinking on the subject. Her work in "The Big Parade" has done much to arouse the interest in the differences between the two nationalities.

"The American gets there first because all the time he hustles and rushes," she said. "In France, life is more quiet and leisurely. We take our time when we are young, because we think we have years ahead, so why not enjoy what is along the way? And when we reach old age, we have acquire' the habit.

"Here, the girl tires out the man. It is odd, her endurance. All day she works, and dances half the night. Her gayety bubbles. It is like a balloon. The Frenchwoman, more delicate, is more easily fatigue', though the war proved that her spirit is strong when there is need.

"An amazing revelation, America." Renee's big eyes became as eloquent as her expressive hands and her shoulders, whose range of articulation is really marvelous. They have subtleties, those shoulders. Others merely shrug; hers say: anger, joy, surprise, annoyance, and a hundred fascinations.

"Such a freedom is allow' girls here. They dominate their men. *Ma foi,* they get what they want! And in such a straightforward way, is it not so? They say, 'Gimme, gimme, gimme; do this; do that, quick-lee!'" She gave an animated illustration.

Her slim fingers snapped, her eyes commanded.

"See, I now know how. Oh, Renee is not so dumb!" Her laugh rippled. "At first, I am bewilder'. I attend a party. I see the girls order the men around, and I wonder that the men stand for it.

"In France, it is not so. The man leads; the girl follows. True, she gets her own way, but with a delicacy. She has bred in her, through generations, the art of appeal. She fascinates. This is how you phrase here the idea that she observes: she 'sells' the man her thought and makes him believe it is his own. To please her, he would give her the world. But he must *give,* and she *accept.* Were she to demand, the shock most likely would be fatal to him.

"For an instance: In France, a gentleman is to take a lady to the theater. He is detain'. She waits. If she feel very certain of him, she may let him see her displeasure by a slight coolness of manner.

"Here, when the tardy gentleman arrives, he finds that the lady has gone out with another man. Voilà!

Renee Adoree appears once more as a French girl in "The Mocking Bird."

"When I come here, I stand back. I wait to be serv', and I get nothing. I am not popular; I am unhappy. I feel strange. Mamma — she is shrewd, my mamma—she say: 'Renee, you are a leetle fool. In America they do things a different way. You must learn how. You like this country; there is much here for you. To get it, you must watch and study and do as American girls.'

"So I learn to say, just a leetle"—her eyes sparkled and the slim fingers crinkled — " 'Gimme, gimme, gimme.' And I get.

"But, mind you, I am French, and that is, I see, in my favor, so not too much American do I become," she continued when the laughter at her antic had died down. "I notice that the foreign woman is an attraction here, as in France an American girl is a queen. It is the interest of novelty. It is—how you say?—an asset.

"So now Renee" — the big eyes had a merry-go-round of twinkles in them —"she is a leetle bit of each. And Renee is happy.

"Frenchwomen are more feminine than American girls," she pointed out, "and yet, curiously, more elemental in some ways. They follow instincts, not what you call inhibitions; and conventions are different. What is quite proper in one country would scandalize the other.

"Do you recall the scene in 'The Big Parade' where the peasant girl looks on laughingly, without feeling immodest, while the American soldiers take a shower bath? Here, only a bad girl could do such a thing. The French heart is simple and direct, with no false modesty.

"The American girl is much more frank in some ways. Her friendly comradeship with men I like. She actually is allow' to give them ad- [Continued on page 94]

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

A Daughter of Franc

Reared in the quiet, leisurely atmosphere of France, wi
typical French girl's attitude toward life and men
Adoree was surprised at first by the strange ways of
girls, but says she is now almost American herself
ture at the left shows her as *Musetta* in "La

Redskin Rod

Rod La Rocque turns Indian in "Braveheart" and fights for the rights of his people. Lillian Rich, to be seen in the picture at the upper right, is the girl in the story, and Tyrone Power, shown below, with Rod, plays his father.

Thwarted Lovers

Laid in Paris and Venice, with Blanche Sweet and Jack Mulhall making an attractive pair of lovers, whose meddling parents cause complications, "The Far Cry" proves once again the old saying about the course of true love.

Photos by Melbourne Spurr

A Maid of the Sixties

Anne Cornwall, who has been adding to the beauty of the screen for some time, was wisely chosen by Universal to play the feminine lead in "The Flaming Frontier," their big historical picture built round the career of Colonel Custer and his warfare with the Indians.

Georgia, Unlimited

Of the younger actresses, Georgia Hale is one who really has omething to her and whose future possibilities seem unbounded.

By Dorothy Manners

DO you remember the scene in "The Gold Rush" where Chaplin, as the little tramp, stood staring wistfully at the dance-hall girl, known to the Alaskan saloons as "Georgia?" He was in love with her—which was pitiful, because she didn't know he was on earth. He just watched her and wondered if she would possibly look at him when she turned around. Well, she turned around finally, but she didn't look at him—just moved indifferently away. The little tramp sighed, for he was very much in love with that lovely lady named "Georgia."

In real life that lady's name is Georgia Hale.

She is a comparatively new "discovery." Which doesn't mean anything. What is more important is that she is a young actress of such charm and beauty and dramatic power that I am going to make a personal opinion into a prophecy about her that can be taken for what it is worth.

With the grace of Fortune, and barring accidents, this girl is going to know fame in such a way as only a handful of other screen women have known it. You know the one about some people being born to fame, others acquiring it, and others having it thrust upon them? Well, Georgia was born to it. She is a marked girl. Unless all the good guessers in Hollywood have guessed wrong, she is to be a vital feminine figure before the camera. Not to-day, nor the day after, but in the years to come, that are necessary for any real achievement, will this girl be seen somewhere near the head of her very glamorous profession.

Photo by Paralta

I sound like a press agent and I know it. But I like to get enthused about people and I really *am* enthused about Georgia. She is so unlimited. You can usually see where most of the girls who are hailed as "big bets" are going to stop. For instance, there is a very talented little girl whose gift for acting is close to genius, but she is being made into an imitator of Lillian Gish. There isn't room for the two of them. Another lady is limited by her vampy exoticism. She is too Oriental, too caviar, for our national palate. A certain recent find, hailed to the skies in a flare of publicity fireworks, bears too close a resemblance to Anna Q. Nilsson to be really distinctive.

These can go just so far—but no further. They may have adaptability to featured rôles, but Georgia has a flair for stardom. You aren't being constantly reminded of another personality when you see her. She has a dark, interesting type of beauty that is as understandable as—say—Norma Talmadge's. And she can act. Glowingly, smolderingly, she can act.

When I met her I was conscious of meeting a distinct person. Such a thing is not so common in Hollywood as you may have been led to believe. These débutantes are usually just nice girls, with a nice talent, nice homes, and nice parents. You can count on one hand the really vital people. But I was impressed by Georgia. I don't mean that she dazzled me with her brilliance, or her philosophical squibs, or her priceless wit, but she had depth. Already she was rebelling against sugar-coated philosophy and the stereotyping of her individuality.

We sat in a picture show, sunk deeply, comfortably, into the leather loge seats, and Georgia was all in white. Incidentally, every time I have seen her, she has been wearing white, either white sport clothes or evening clothes, seldom relieved by any touch of color except that of her dark hair under a close-fitting hat. Because there was no one near us to be disturbed and because we shouldn't have cared if there *had* been, we whispered through the gloom.

Georgia told me of how she had been criticized for an interview recently published. In that story she had described the meanness of the poverty of her childhood, the penny-pinching, and her rebellion against it. The youngest daughter of a large family, she had been the dreamer, the ambitious one, and she had wanted something better for herself than the routine life of a shop clerk or a stenographer. She had wanted a career.

A Chicago beauty contest that had also paved the way to films for Gertrude Olmstead, had been her big opportunity. She had won the contest and also the prize of fifteen hundred dollars. Instead of turning the money over to her family to be trekked out in the pinch of daily living, she had come to Hollywood on it. The story of how she was discovered by Josef von Sternberg and drafted for the rôle of *The Girl* in his sensational photoplay, "The Salvation Hunters," has been told too often to need retelling here. But it was the beginning of the realization of her dreams, and "The Gold Rush" and the subsequent contract with Chaplin, the culmination.

All of this had been told frankly in that criticized interview, without any effort to glorify her experiences, and I had thought, when I read it, how sincere it was.

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Harry Carey has a great weakness for white, and has never been known to own a car of any other hue.

Behind the Windshield

Individuality above all things, is Hollywood's eternal cry, and from Colleen Moore's bright-green, little toy roadster to Pat O'Malley's old 1912 Packard, the cars of the players are different from others.

By Helen Ogden

HOLLYWOOD is a city of individuality and expresses this flair for being different in its homes, its loves, its neckties—even in its automobiles!

Motor cars have, in general, become so conventionalized that they would seem to offer little opportunity for the individualist. But if the stars in the film capital were to hold a private automobile show, I doubt there would be more than two or three stock models in the entire display!

The one and only Boulevard is noted for its gleaming, costly motors that glide by so silently. Dashing in among these is a long, low-slung roadster of pure white. You can see it for blocks away, it's so striking. This is Harry Carey's car, and if ever a man was known by his car, it is Harry. You can tell at a moment's glance whether he's buying shoes, candy, or perfumes to-day simply by noting where the white car is parked.

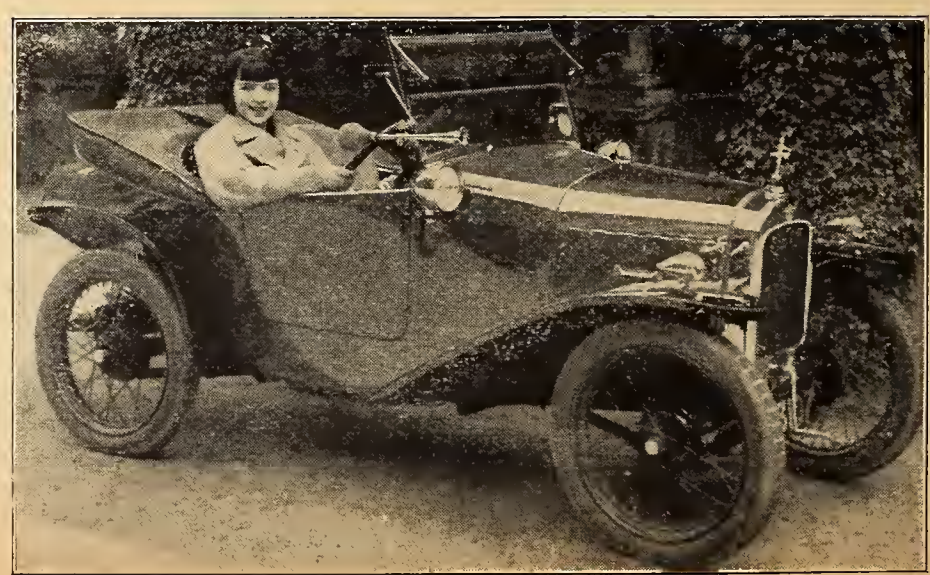
Carey claims he has no particular excuse or reason for this taste for white other than the mere fact that "it's different." Those among his friends suggest that there may be some sentiment on his part for this color due to the fact that one of his favorite ponies was white. Perhaps so. A tenacious sentiment, in truth, for no matter what the make or what the original color, year after year he has each successive car repainted in white.

With a fleet of the fastest foreign and American cars in his garage, and known as one of the fastest directors in the business, it comes as a distinct surprise to know that Jimmy Cruze won't permit his own or studio chauffeurs to drive him at a speed of more than seventeen miles an hour. It seems he has made this an inviolable rule, and time and again he has discharged chauffeurs who press the gas pedal too hard.

If it's a wheezing, asthmatic old car, moaning for a new coat of paint, that coughs its way toward you, you can wager your luckiest coin piece that it's Pat O'Malley and his 1912 Packard. No one else in his family will deign to ride with him, and although his wife may sweep around in grand style in a trim, ultramodern limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur, Pat unconcernedly chugs about, happy and utterly contented, in his old car.

Residents of Hollywood have become quite used to the sight of the impeccably groomed Adolphe Menjou dashing about in a Ford coupé. Two or three expensive cars stand idle in his garage during the day simply because Adolphe prefers to go to and from the studio in his little lizzie. He says that it is easy to dodge around in traffic with it, and that while it stands under the gum-dripping pepper trees he never worries whether its paint is being ruined or whether people are crumpling his fenders or not. It is said that only very recently he has abandoned the rattling coupé in favor of a chauffeur-driven car.

William Russell maintains the same attitude. At night, for carrying himself



This is the little toy that Colleen Moore picked up in London—it just fits her, doesn't it?

Reginald Denny's airplane is a familiar sight in the skies above Hollywood, and he has a perfect mania for doing stunts.

and his wife, Helen Ferguson, to any dress function, his Rolls-Royce does the honors, but for the practical purposes of running back and forth to the studio, a Ford coupé is his choice.

Little May McAvoy has some sort of an inherent dislike for closed cars and always drives a roadster. She has provided a big limousine for her mother, and when Mrs. McAvoy and May attend the theater or any affair together, either the mother must needs ride with May, or else May tags along behind the big car.

Colleen Moore has probably the most unique car in Hollywood. It's just big enough for the fair little actress—and everybody knows that Colleen is not a giantess. The car, an Austin, was brought back from London, where it played a part in Colleen's picture, "We Moderns." It is painted a bright green, and stands about three feet from the ground, and Colleen vouches that it will do thirty-five miles on a gallon of ga—pardon us, petrol. Colleen never has her initials painted on her car, but instead hangs a little green silk flag in the rear plate-glass window.

Not for the finest car in the world would Pat O'Malley part with his 1912 Packard—it does require a lot of tinkering, but then that's where all the fun comes in.

There are two others of these small, low, foreign cars in Hollywood. One is owned by Mickey Neilan and the other by John Dillon. Neilan keeps his newly painted and shined, while to look at Dillon's car the average observer wouldn't place a valuation on it of more than five hundred dolars. In reality its worth is considerably more than five thousand dollars. Dillon says he can get this "freak" car up to a speed of one hundred and thirteen miles an hour, but he doesn't say just where he lets the car out.

Betty Bronson claims the unique distinction of employing the only woman chauffeur in the city. In the roomy big limousine Betty stores her brothers and sisters and away they go, piloted by the woman driver.

Transcontinental Tessie is the name Neil Hamilton has given his specially built car in which he and Mrs. Hamilton recently traveled from New York to the Pacific coast. The seats are collapsible and it can be converted into a sleeping car at will. From one section a miniature dining table springs out, and another com-

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Many happy, lazy hours has Raymond Griffith spent on his racing yacht, and it has won him many trophies.

Chorus girls are always dropping in at Burke's studio, before or after a matinée.

A Bit of Real Bohemia

It is located in the studio of Richard Burke, who takes pictures of the stars for this and other magazines.

By Tom Weatherly

BURIED in the heart of New York's amusement center is a small studio, frequented by the movie stars, which the average fan would find more interesting than a studio where motion pictures are made. For, unlike most studios of the kind, it lacks all pretense of an atmosphere of business; in place of that it has the real air of the Bohemia that O. Henry knew and wrote about.

For thither, to the tall, noncommittal picture maker, named Richard Burke, in his shabby little shop tucked away on the roof of a building, just a step from the roar of Longacre Square, come all Broadway. Chorus girls—to rest, and to powder their noses before starting out afresh on the eternal hunt for jobs. Stars—for a little chat before going on to rehearsal. Youngsters, with their feet on the first rungs of the ladder—to see if there is any news as to who is casting that day. Press agents—to swap yarns about the days when——

And so it goes—a steady stream of those who inhabit the tinsel world. High and low, star and extra girl, they all are welcome, all perfectly at home. So much so, in fact, that one wonders when their host ever gets time for work. But he does, as the pages of PICTURE-PLAY and the other monthlies so eloquently testify, with their striking studies of stage and screen favorites, under many of which this legend runs, "Photograph by Richard Burke."

But why has this man, who is not really of the theater, become host and father confessor to the children of Broadway? Why has this musty little studio, bare and uncomfortable, become the rendezvous for all that glittering array of beauty and talent? Surely there are other studios, far more luxurious, whose owners would welcome the opportunity of presiding over this colorful and ever-interesting company—places where refreshments and cigarettes might even be forthcoming gratis if such an amazing coterie could be gathered there daily. But if there are, Broadway never heard of them. Burke reigns supreme. Even though his only refreshment is water, and the cigarettes you smoke are the ones you bring

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Dorothy Gish called to have some photographs made a few weeks ago.

Polo in the Film Colony

IS polo becoming the latest popular sport in America? It surely looks that way. Interest in it has been steadily increasing, and the contagion seems to be spreading as rapidly as the newborn craze for golf did, a few years ago. It wouldn't be at all surprising to see as many polo fields spring up in this country within the next two decades as there are golf courses now.

Of course it's too expensive a game to be played by as many persons as are able to play golf, but if you can acquire a pony, some riding togs, and a mallet—*and* if you know how to ride—that's all you need to start with. Anyway, more and more people are taking it up.

And members of the film colony, always quick to try anything new, are turning to it with particular enthusiasm. Margaret Livingston, the Fox star, and Agnes Christine Johnstone, the scenarist, are two of the latest and most ardent recruits. They have been learning how from Miss Johnstone's husband, Frank Dazey, who is a seasoned player and knows all the tricks. The three of them are a familiar trio on a polo field near Hollywood—are to be seen there almost every afternoon.

The picture above shows Margaret after she had got her horse under control and had started on her first lesson. Mr. Dazey is showing her just how she should hold her mallet.

In the picture on the left, Margaret and her companion, Miss Johnstone, have just finished an afternoon's practice.

Dressing

How some players can get what by a skillful choice of clothes,

By Mona

Nita Naldi is of an Oriental type anyway, but she has made her identification with vamp rôles even more certain by always wearing sophisticated gowns and bizarre ornaments.

Photo by Witzel

On the other hand, Adrienne Dore purposely keeps her long, brown curls and wears fluffy, bouffant dresses, so that she may be picked as an ingénue.

Jimmy Quinn, portrayer of hard-boiled characters, is scarcely ever to be seen in anything but a tight-fitting, flashily striped suit and a brown derby.

An Oriental vamp was wanted. Before the somewhat skeptical casting director, a blondine, peaches-and-cream, Dresden-china doll was throwing a large flock of Hollywood hysterics.

"But I *can* play that vamp part! What does it matter what I look like? It's all a matter of acting. I *feel* it—I *know* I could play it!" she tearfully insisted.

"What! with that canary mop and that baby stare? You're not the type at all! This part calls for a heartless gold digger. Ten years from now, you may look like a regular gimme girl, but *now*——" With a scoffing laugh, the casting director bowed the tearful youngster out of his office.

Every young girl who comes to Hollywood must face this sort of scene sooner or later; she finds that types are distinct and that casting directors follow the line of least resistance. Their files catalogue people as rigidly and cruelly as any public-library index lists books as fiction or nonfiction. So despite all this palaver about art and careers, the girl who comes to Hollywood as a type, will find herself as doomed to a life of routine as when, at home, she was balancing the books of the Fifth National Bank, or clerking in one of Mr. Woolworth's nickelodeons. And this in spite of the fact that, theoretically, versatility should be the supreme accomplishment of any actor.

And so our heroine, who is inspired to depart from her usual mode of screen expression, will probably smother her ambitions after an experience of this kind, or else change her type *off* the screen before she tries to change it on.

Be it known, in short, that Hollywood judges from appearances. Thus, if for some reason there comes an increased demand for a certain type, the wise player changes his or her type to suit. It's a relatively simple affair, demanding only adroitness and ingenuity. Our little ingénue, if she wants to take the sporting chance, can select a modiste—whose skill and reputation will depend largely upon the relative elasticity of the ingénue's bank account—and trick herself out in strikingly colored gowns which are maturely sophisticated in line. Corresponding jewelry, of bizarre and unusual note, will likewise become a permanent accessory to her wardrobe.

Before many weeks, an elongated, exotically carved cigarette holder will become an indispensable feature of her effects. Her bob, by artful aid of bandoline, will assume a strange, temperamental appearance, as the curls dissolve into sleek simplicity.

She'll dispense with that childish, naïve stare, and in its place will be born a slow, knowing smile, tinged with a dash of bitter-

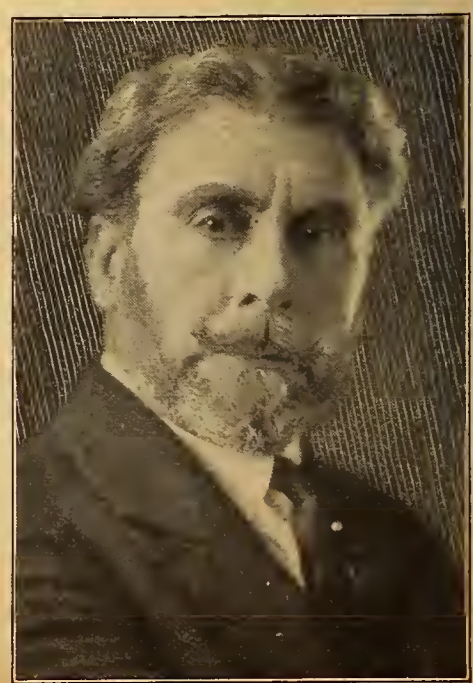

Photo by Witzel

Eric Mayne, because of the senatorial aspect that he maintains in his beard and mustache, is in constant demand for such parts as lawyers, doctors, bank presidents, and generals.

the Part

they want from casting directors
make-up, and mannerisms.

Gardner

Photo by Witzel

Alice Da
ingénue

ness which hints at hidden sorrow and mystery, both irresistible attributes. Her conversation will center about free verse, with frequent quotations from Michael Arlen and others of the group of young modernists.

She'll make it an especial point to be seen at most of the worthwhile first nights both of stage and screen. The consequence will be that this same casting director may offer her a dotted line for the vampiest rôle of the season. People will hint at a hidden love affair, or speak of this change as a "comeback to the screen with a new and deeper sympathy in her characterizations, learned from the school of hard knocks," and so forth and so on.

So it is that the taking off of make-up no longer means the death of the screen personality. It may persist beyond the studio gates until, in some cases, the characteristics and mannerisms of the assumed personality may become so fixed, through long and arduous adoption, as to completely eradicate all vestige of the former, supposedly real one.

This is not anything particularly new. It has long been known to be an almost inevitable psychological reaction for any one portraying the same type of character again and again unconsciously to carry the mannerisms of this type into private life. Perhaps the best example of this can be taken from the records of insane asylums of two or three decades ago, when more actors were insane from the effects of enacting the mad scene from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" than from all other causes together.

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will see swinging along through the crowd. is given to sweaters and golf knickers, and ment, he's liable to vault into a car without ing the door. At the studios you never know he will do next—it may be a handspring; or king sedately down the stairs, he may sud- d on his hands and continue his progress l in this fashion.

e, ever since Malcolm has been in pictures, en trying to make a drawing-room ornament , but *he* wants to play he-man parts and use his athletic ability he perfected at Yale.

adornment is another valuable adjunct in g a certain type. In fact, very few out- lize just how important beards and mus- e to the character actors. There is Eric or instance. He has one of those precisely gray-white Vandykes which, topped by a sely cropped mustache, gives him a senatorial enatorial, because it represents our popular of what a senator should look like. True, quite a number of real senators who don't to these physical standards we set for them, reen variety must. Mayne is in constant de- such parts as lawyers, doctors, bank presi- d generals—all because of this atmospheric l mustache of his.

other hand, Charles, better known as Post periodically raises a shaggy brush which in good stead for all uncouth, lumberjack, rôles. It may interfere with Buddy's sar- ndor when, in private life, he dons a tuxedo er party, but his friends have gradually be- to it. Nevertheless, there are many curious d not a few wild conjectures, that follow him when he saunters into the lobby of the Biltmore, or into the Cocoanut Grove out at the Ambas- sador.

Gibson Gowland, who will be remembered for many a year by all who saw him as *McTeague* in "Greed," follows along the same line. He usually has a shock of uncut curls and a stubby beard. Josef Swickard is more of the artistic type. He allows his hair, almost pure white, to grow back in a long pompadour. This, with a soft, black Windsor tie which he affects, gives the impression of an artist, a poet, or a musician; and invariably, it will be found he plays such parts as these.

Since the advent of bobs, the ranks of ingénues with long curls have been somewhat depleted. Priscilla Bonner still keeps hers, as do Mary Akin, Mary Philbin, and Adrienne Dore. The latter is a newcomer to films, and is still quite young. As a relic of her school days,

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When it's evening—and your little home resounds with the joys of hospitality—when it suddenly seems that no other happiness compares with receiving and welcoming friends

—have a Camel!

WHEN friends come in. And you are busy making them know their welcome. When friendship and hospitality are the brightest joys in all the world—*have a Camel!*

For no other good thing is so widely shared. Camels make every true friendship truer. There never was a cigarette made that put as much pleasure into smoking and giving smoking pleasure to others as Camels. Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty aftertaste. Millions of experienced smokers just wouldn't buy or offer to others any other cigarette but Camels.

So, this night when friends come in to share the warmth of your fire and your friendship—taste then the smoke that is friendly to millions. You may know you are smoking and serving the world's finest cigarette.

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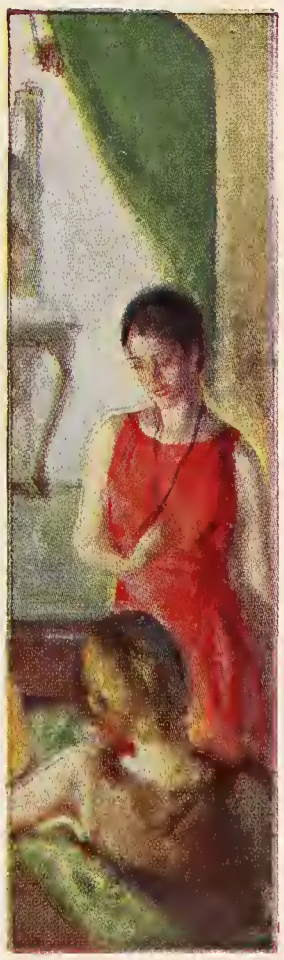

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The Latest Style in Bridal Attire

What the short-haired, short-skirted modern girl should wear on her wedding day.

By Cora Carlson

The shingled head is enclosed, not in a fluffy veil, but in a close-fitting, silver-mesh skull cap, and the train, of the same material, is hung from the shoulders.

WITH hair and skirts getting shorter and shorter, the problem of what the well-dressed bride should wear is really getting serious. The age-old formula of veil and train is not so easy to follow as it used to be, for a fluffy veil doesn't go very well with the mannish clip of the modern girl. Yet she *must* hide her shingle behind some sort of frillery, for her wedding is the one time above all others in a woman's life when she wants to look feminine.

Gwen Lee, Metro-Goldwyn player, whose photos are shown on this page, is not getting married—at least, not that we know of—but she has some ideas about what she will wear when her wedding day does come. The shingled bride, she thinks, should wear, in place of a veil, something like the lovely, silver-mesh skull cap that she has on. It's much more in keeping with the severe styles of to-day, and really quite becoming, if you have a well-shaped face.

But a bride must have a train, of course, and so, as she has done away with her flowing veil, the best thing to do, in this age of short skirts, is to let the train hang from her shoulders. Gwen Lee's is of the same silver mesh that makes such a pretty covering for her head.

Add a bouquet of flowers to your simple white dress, and your costume as an up-to-date bride is complete.

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ly, holding the chest firm. Then relax the chest and abdomen an instant, and breathe again.

Practice this before a mirror, with the hands over the abdomen, till you see how it works. And make it a habit to breathe in this way. It really exercises the organs of the body, and when you are tired you will find that a few minutes' breathing in this way will rest you wonderfully.

From the Ancient Romans.

Another beauty secret that is as old as the hills is the beauty bath, of which a good deal has been written.

If your skin is not soft and white, or if you are troubled with insomnia, try filling a cheesecloth bag with three cups of bran and soaking it in very hot water; then fill the tub with cooler water, so that your bath is just comfortably warm, and remain in the bath for fifteen minutes. No high-priced pine-needle lotion for the bath will have a more soothing effect on tired nerves—and no lotion will whiten the skin more satisfactorily.

In ancient Rome the value of using a skin tonic after the bath was appreciated. Here's a formula for one that may have been used by Cleopatra, for it dates back to that time. Take one ounce each of mint, sage, rosemary, lavender, mixed spices, verbena, and camphor gum. Soak the camphor in one pint of alcohol for two weeks. Soak the herbs in one quart of strong white vinegar. Mix the alcohol and vinegar, and add a wine glass of tincture of myrrh and one of benzoin. Rub this over the body with a soft brush—a camel's-hair complexion brush is best. It will make the skin firm and white.

While we're speaking of tonics, here is a formula for one that has found favor with many a girl who must keep her face perfectly clean, but feels that cleansing it morning and evening with cold cream is often enough for that sort of process, and wants something different to use during the day. One pint of rose-water, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin—an excellent bleach—and ten drops each of tincture of myrrh and of glycerin. Put the rose-water in a bowl and stir while slowly adding the other ingredients. If glycerin does not agree with your skin, omit it.

Another beauty secret that cannot be given too much emphasis is this—use plenty of ice on your skin! There's a story to the effect that some one who knew Fanny Ward quite well decided to find out the real secret of Fanny's famous youthfulness—for never was there a younger or prettier skin than Fanny's. So she mustered up all her courage and said, "Fanny, do tell me, how have you kept your skin so young?"

And Fanny calmly replied, "I've always used plenty of ice, my dear!"

Curiosity certainly deserved no better reply. But, while we can't quite give ice all the credit in this case, it merits a good deal.

After you've cleaned your face and neck thoroughly with cold cream—or with mild soap and warm water and a complexion brush—rub it well with a small piece of ice. Don't rub any one part too long; go over the whole face a number of times, however, and if you're inclined to have a double chin, use the ice thoroughly right there to remove it. Do this night and morning.

When It Comes to the Hands.

With cold weather upon us, it is even more necessary than in warmer days to give the hands proper care. In the first place, don't let your hands get too dry. Use plenty of oil on them. When they are manicured, try rubbing this oil into them, after the nails have been filed and the cuticle pushed back, and before any polishing is done. Take equal parts of olive oil and cod-liver oil and add a few drops of oil of lavender, just enough to scent the mixture. Rub the oil in well, then scrub the hands with brush and soap and hot water.

If your hands need bleaching, make a cream of two ounces each of oil of sweet almonds, cocoa butter, and refined white wax. Melt them together in a porcelain saucepan, and pour into a small jar to cool. Rub this cream into your hands at night and put on a pair of old, clean gloves over them.

Always, after washing your hands, rub a very little of a softening lotion into them; glycerin and rose-water make a very good mixture.

When the Eyes Have It.

Some of the best beauty secrets are the most inexpensive and the easiest to make use of. Nowadays we still make up our eyes—not quite so much as the famous ladies of historical times did, but still we use mascara on the lashes and tinted powder or kohl on the lids. They do far less to make the eyes bright, however, than does cleanliness. If you haven't an eyecup, get one immediately, and use it twice a day, morning and night, also when your eyes are tired during the day, or when you've just come in from outdoors and they're likely to have dust in them. Boric acid, lukewarm, is the best thing to cleanse them with; many of the much-advertised lotions for the eyes are nothing but tinted boric acid. You can make the boric acid yourself. To one half pint of boiling water add as much boric acid as the water will absorb; put it in a bottle, and use it with an eyecup.

A Letter from Location

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cabin with the captain or into the engine room. I have never had a more beautiful trip than going up the Sacramento River by starlight—there were many shooting stars—in among the little islands, through the seven-mile slough into the San Joaquin River.

We landed in a cove, or rather we walked a plank about four inches wide which had been laid from the top of the boat to the bank of the river, and walked to what had once been a gay hotel when the Sacramento was the means of transportation for the gold seekers but which is now the ranch house of the mayor of Rio Vista.

The first room we went into was the barroom where there were about thirty Italians—the river workers and vineyards men—playing cards, then into the kitchen, which was as clean as a new pin. Here we were greeted by the cooks, Vurokini and his wife, who showed us into a large room which they said had been the ballroom, where we ate.

The high point of the evening was the dinner. Any hotel that could serve such a meal would have a world-wide reputation. Wild duck cut up small, cooked with curry and mushrooms.

Spaghetti also, salads, lamb's feet, and many dishes that were unfamiliar but tasted—*ummm!*

We had taken Yaconelli along to play the accordion, and three of the boys played the ukelele, violin, and guitar, so you may guess that there were some dances that would have done credit to a Broadway show.

We left early because Mr. De Mille wanted us back by twelve. The evening was not without its casualty, however, for Hans Joby fell into the river when he walked that narrow plank and lost his violin in the water.

Having lots of fun but won't be sorry to return to the studio.

Sincerely, JULIA FAYE.

Milady's Sideburns

Her latest imitation of mannish styles.

"Side curls" is what the girls call them, but they are really just feminine variations of the man's sideburns. Marie Prevost, above, and Bebe Daniels, at the right, are among the many who have adopted them.

Photo by Muray

Though sideburns were at first adopted because they seemed to belong with boyish shingles, they are now being worn with long hair as well. Norma Talmadge, above, makes very effective use of the style.

Photo by Richee

The main point is to reveal the ear in all its bareness—the curl in front is added merely as a decorative touch. Madeline Hurlock is the girl in the picture below.

Photo by Cannons

Olive Borden, below, is another long-haired lady with a curl down the side of her cheek, but you may notice that she only partly exposes her ear.

Photo by Autrey

THE side curl, sister to the sideburn, is a little ornament which lends attractiveness to the face, according to the feminine picture stars. And they're all adopting it. While the male stars are growing stubble in front of their ears and gracing the product with a name, the young women have discovered something which they believe to be somewhat more artistic.

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vice! She discusses her feelings with a candor that would shock a French mamma. The French peasant might watch a man take a shower bath without thought of wrongdoing or shame, but she would never think to talk 'sex' with him."

"You'll have to admit we hustling Americans have it all over your French sheiks," Billy Haines taunted her. "Come on—diagnose us."

"All right, I take you apart like a clock and see what makes you go.

"The Frenchman is impulsive. He spills out all that he feels. Mademoiselle takes that for granted; a dozen proposals an evening if he finds her charming.

"But this strange American boy, you do not know what he feel'. He acts the clown to cover up his deep feelings. Once a boy here is quite the crazy thing, and I think him a fool, but I come to find out, when at last he lay bare his heart, he loves me and is too embarrassed to tell me, so he act the cut-up!

"The Frenchman commands, but with a gallantry," she continued. "An imperious note under the flowery phrase.

"The American orders, but brusquely, and half the time without hope of being obeyed. He is often impolite, but I learn that is just his way. When a man here first say to me, 'Come on, keed,' I am insult'. Then I see that is only his way."

Since she has been appearing in American films, Renee has been cast, with one exception, in French rôles. "The Big Parade," "La Bohème," and "The Mocking Bird" all present her as a Frenchwoman.

Of these, of course, "The Big Parade" lies nearest to her heart.

"*Mélisande,* she is France: impetuous, quick to laughter and to tears, loyal, fine.

"The film is a most faithful reproduction of French life. You see her impulsiveness, her frankness sometimes, again her delicacy. She wait, you notice, to be told to go down cellar for the wine. In the French household, mamma is boss.

"America is a paradise for the girl ambitious to earn her living and to accomplish." Renee pointed out an advantage which we are too apt to take for granted. "In France, before the war, only in the theatrical profession could a girl earn her way. Now young women are in industry, but mostly in shops or as private secretaries.

"Why, will you tell me, is the Frenchwoman always portray' on the American screen as the vamp?" Renee asked, a bit later.

"*Regardez-vous:* The Frenchman is less tolerant than any other nationality toward immorality in his own womenfolks. Madame and mademoiselle are models of virtue, most always. Yet in your movies the Frenchwoman must be bad. That is unfair, not to picture the best womanhood of a nation.

"Perhaps, in their hearts, American and French girls feel alike about marriage. I have not yet fathom' enough the American heart to say.

"To the French girl, I know, marriage is the most important thing in life. All her training is to prepare for it. Divorce, for the well-bred woman, is rare. Why? Because more serious thought is given to selecting a husband for her.

"He must pay his respects to the family before she is allow' to accept his attentions. In that way, the undesirables are cull' out, and she has less opportunity to let her head be turn' by infatuations. And after marriage her husband, her children, and her home are her world."

"On the set, Miss Adoree," an assistant director interrupted.

"*Mon ami,* you are a nice boy, but such a bother!"

Shoulders, hands, and eyes were a crescendo of exasperation.

"Twenty minutes for lunch! Gobble, gobble, gobble, and rush back to work. You dine in an hour. In France, dinner is leisurely, lasting all the evening, and two hours for luncheon, always.

"I like America. So very much I like it. But I have the one great fear. I know, if I remain here, I shall have the most terrible indigestion!"

The Sketchbook

Continued from page 23

any time, but I can't see a real star every day." She said they were great friends by the time she left.

Tea for Leatrice and Leatrice's for Tea.

These Hollywood teas are getting to be such swanky affairs that they can hardly pass under that unpretentious title any longer. If they keep on getting any swankier, they'll have to be called afternoon cabarets.

Which reminds me of the lovely tea Ona Brown, wife of Clarence Brown, the director, gave in honor of Leatrice Joy. Ona is Hollywood's hostess-in-chief.

Among others present, I saw Norma and Constance Talmadge, and Mildred Harris and her surprising black hair. Norma, with her usual frankness, told Mildred she didn't care for it.

About a week later, Leatrice entertained for Ona. There was, for entertainment, a jazz orchestra, two little negroes who Charlestoned as that dance has never been done before, and a fortune teller. Priscilla Dean and Patsy Ruth Miller also Charlestoned. They were both so good that they had to draw for the prize. Priscilla won.

Patsy Ruth Miller has an adorable new hair cut, and is one of the few girls I have seen who can Charleston and look dainty at the same time.

Virginia Valli looked extraordinarily smart in gray sport clothes. You can't go wrong on gray.

Lilyan Tashman as usual looked as though she had just stepped round the corner from Fifth Avenue. Speaking of Lilyan, she is invited everywhere. She is getting to be Hollywood's favorite guest. If people give parties and Lilyan can't come, they always say, apologetically, "I'm so sorry, but Lilyan couldn't be here."

Those Talmadge girls are simply devoted to each other. Connie got there before Norma, as Norma had to work. But later, when Norma arrived, *Kiki* make-up and all, Connie was the first to greet her, and they were together for the rest of the afternoon.

Mildred Davis Lloyd, looking cuter than ever, confided that her latest screen crush is Vilma Banky. She and Vilma are quite good friends. All the girls seem to like Vilma. Certainly there isn't anything in the report that they are jealous of her.

Carmel and the Lion.

Whenever Carmel Myers shows up with a strange man in tow, it is always best to make inquiries, because dollars to doughnuts he is some one you don't want to miss. Last Wednesday, she dropped into Montmartre with a gentleman who looked as all statesmen, bankers, and authors should—and don't. It was no less a person than John Drinkwater, author of "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Drinkwater was a sensation, and Montmartre is not a stranger to sensations—Michael Arlen, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Donald Ogden Stewart are all devotees of the place.

P. S. I forgot to say that he is not in Hollywood to write an original story for either Pola Negri or Tom Mix. He is only lecturing.

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few days before, "is Ann Dale. She reminds me a lot of Lois Moran, though she doesn't look at all like her. She has been a martyr to personal-appearance tours ever since she played the little crippled girl in 'The Fool.' But now she has come back to go into pictures again.

"But have you heard the latest about Lois Wilson? You know she takes a delight in making people say, 'I'm surprised at you!' She made me do it the other day when she started doing the Charleston just outside the lunch room at the Famous Players studio. She does it awfully well with a real, careless, negro shamble.

"Our blondest blonde is going to desert us and go to England for a while. Greta Nissen is about to realize the ambition of every young player and work with Griffith. He has selected her for 'The Sorrows of Satan.' Adolphe Menjou will be *Satan* and I suppose Miss Nissen and Carol Dempster will be the *Sorrows*.

"There are hopes of seeing 'Nell Gwynne' in this country soon. Dorothy Gish made it in England. She may soon start a picture here. You can't tell. She spends all her time trying to find a story that will satisfy her company and the releasing company. It is pretty hard. She wanted to do 'The Constant Nymph' but the Hays organization banned it on the grounds of its being immoral. But they were perfectly willing to let her do a story about a cheap little scheming trickster who lied and cheated and flirted. That didn't agree with Dorothy's idea of morality so she turned it down. The last I heard of her all parties concerned had agreed on a primitive, mountain story.

"Here I sit without a word about the most exciting thing that has happened in ages. You've heard about people becoming great public favorites overnight, haven't you?

"Well, every one is simply maudlin about Dolores Costello. She is the loveliest, most beautiful, most appealing girl. Every one simply raves about her after seeing her once. Unfortunately the great surprise of seeing how marvelous she was opposite Barrymore was spoiled by the fact that 'Mannequin' was shown earlier in that same week. Every one knew after seeing that that she was going to be great in the other.

"I'm prepared for anything to happen after seeing that girl's triumph. I have a new interest in all young players who suddenly forge ahead. So when 'The Yankee Señor' is shown, you'll find me there when the box-office opens. Olive Borden plays opposite Tom Mix in that, and the Fox officials think she is so good they have given her a long-term contract and featured rôles in some of their most important productions.

"Maybe you remember her; I don't. It seems she used to play in Hal Roach comedies.

"All the girls over at the Famous Players studio are trying their best to distinguish themselves in the hope of getting a trip abroad," Fanny remarked idly.

"First 'The Sorrows of Satan' company is going over; then Herbert Brenon will sail with a troupe to make 'Peau Geste.'

"The Brenon company expected to go before this so as to make scenes at the Foreign Legion headquarters in Algeria. They had to make them here at the studio though, owing to the lack of consideration on the part of the Foreign Legion. It seems that the *légionnaires* went and got interested in some war or other against the Riffs in Morocco and with no regard for Mr. Brenon's feelings went off to fight."

"People are inconsiderate toward movie people, aren't they?" I commented, "Always thinking of their own interests first."

"Yes," Fanny agreed. "And just by way of proving it I am going up to May McAvoy's rooms this instant and ruin a perfectly good afternoon that she expected to spend studying her script."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

Reginald Denny plays a well-to-do young man-about-town who, on the night before his marriage, becomes entangled with flying fists and is pretty well smashed up as a result. The girl's parents object to his appearance, strangely enough, and the wedding is postponed. He is disinherited but optimistic, and starts out to win the girl all over again.

He invents a cross-country motor, electrically lighted and steam-heated, with all modern conveniences, even including a dance floor. In this, for a substantial fee, he transports pleasure parties from coast to coast. On one of his trips across the continent, he meets the young lady of his choice with her parents. They are in motor difficulties. Mr. Denny helps them out, and eventually wins his way again into their good graces.

Not Enough Story

"Too Much Money" is a long, involved slapstick comedy in which Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone are made to act in a very silly manner which doesn't suit them.

It is the story of a wealthy man who seeks to cure his wife of her passion for society by pretending that he has lost his entire fortune.

The husband seeks work alternately as a clerk in a delicatessen store and as a janitor in an apartment house. There are funny fat ladies, funny hats, and innumerable falls; all of which, you will agree, is not meant for Lewis Stone.

British Society Drama

"Soul Mates" was adapted from an Elinor Glyn novel.

A beautiful American heiress is forced into marriage with a young British peer. He loves her but she does not think so, so with coldness and quarrels the young couple start their married life. This then is the picture. At the end, a few cave-man tactics on the part of the young Englishman bring the young lady around in good shape.

Aileen Pringle is the very scornful lady, and Edmund Lowe is the prankish husband.

Fantastic Melodrama

"The Unguarded Hour," although I do not like to seem too harsh, presents the very zero of entertainment. With Milton Sills as an Italian count, and a radio fiend in addition, and with Doris Kenyon using childish wiles to an embarrassing extent, there is nothing much for an audience to do about it but to stay away.

The *Count,* we are told, "is besieged by women, but remains indifferent to them," until the sprightly Miss Kenyon falls from an airplane into his front yard. Just to be waggish, she throws a little well-aimed mud at his face, but he doesn't seem to mind, and when later she pretends she is drowning and makes him jump to save her, with all his best clothes on, admiration changes to love.

A Story of Hollywood

Associated Exhibitors present Peggy Joyce in "The Skyrocket" for those who would like to see this greatly discussed young woman. This is a story of the rise and fall of a motion-picture star.

Miss Joyce photographs prettily and has a certain appeal. I thought she did remarkably well in a rather badly directed picture.

Continued from page 69

of southern countries—that seems to spring dazzling to the surface from some secret well of unconquerable amusement?

If it had not been for that laugh, I should have said that Mr. Moreno was quite a serious gentleman. This, because of his earnestness—in speech, in opinions, in manner. He is a good conversationalist, because he gives the most trifling topic his entire attention and study. He has not idle speculations, but actual convictions. I think a psychoanalyst would see in this an indication of uncompromising honesty. He talks with his hands—simple, forceful gestures—with his straightforward eyes, and with concentration. He talks briskly, with no trace of accent, except when an occasional past tense is omitted, as: "Ibáñez was very reserve when I met him first."

He had only recently returned from nine months in Europe, where he had wandered across the Continent making "Mare Nostrum" under Rex Ingram's direction. As soon as he landed in Europe he had hurried down to the little Spanish village to visit his mother, for the first time in many years. As he spoke of this, his expression softened.

"Does your mother see all your pictures?"

"Oh, yes, she has seen every one, several times. She was so happy when I stopped those serials I used to do for Pathé. She used to see those wild acrobatics on the screen and think that my life was really in constant danger. In one episode I was bound and locked into a trunk, and the trunk was driven to the sea and dropped over a cliff. Friends told me that when my mother saw that she jumped up and screamed, 'No, no, they can't do that! That's my boy—my Antonio!'

"The last time I had been home—fifteen years ago—when my mother first saw me, she just gave a little cry and fainted. So this time I didn't let her know which train I was arriving on, because I knew what her emotion at the station would be. And I wrote her that when I did come, my wife would be with me, so that I wanted her to be dignified and brave, like an American woman. But I had to make reservations at the hotel, and although I asked them not to let it be known, it got out somehow and my mother heard about it. When our train pulled in at the station, it looked as though twice the town's population had turned out. I peeked out at that crowd and saw my little black-haired mother in the front, and my crazy heart thumped until I thought it would jump right out.

"It seemed as though the whole world was shouting 'Viva Antonio!'

"And my mother! I wish you could have seen her. She was crying, but she tried so hard to hide it from me. Every now and then she squeezed out a teary smile. 'See, Tony, how I am laughing and gay—just like an American woman.'"

He was leaning forward, his dark face eloquent of that past delight.

"All afternoon, till long past twilight, a reception was held in the little house, outside the town, that I had bought for my mother years ago. All the citizens filed in, shook hands with my mother, my wife and me, were given some cake and liqueur, talked a bit, and departed.

"When I was a very little boy, I used to work for the town baker, running errands and delivering loaves and cakes. And the baker's interest in my return was almost paternal. Excited into incoherence, he greeted me at the station, was the first to enter my mother's house that afternoon and the last to leave. And late in the evening, when we were driving back to town, to the little hotel, he rushed up as we were crossing a wooden bridge, and welcomed me again with unabated fervor.

"Late at night, when the town was asleep and we could go unrecognized, I used to take my wife through all the familiar old streets. And among those old streets that had stood still for so long, my life since I had left them seemed like a dream. I was one with my old comrades again—quite unchanged. It was a curious feeling, and it made me and what success I may have had, feel very small and unimportant.

"There is no more ridiculous sight in the world," he continued, "than an actor whose puny achievements have gone to his head. And how quickly that sort of thing kills them! One reason why Jack Gilbert will last indefinitely is because he hasn't any of that about him. Isn't that boy a marvelous actor, though? And the great part about it is that he is still as humble about his work as when I knew him years ago, before he hit his stride."

"Speaking of strides," I put in, "people say that you have hit yours in 'Mare Nostrum.'"

Mr. Moreno stirred uncomfortably and changed the subject.

"I do think the picture will be liked. The story is such a magnificent piece of writing—and, of course, there's Ingram's direction!"

"You're in this shot, Tony," Sidney Franklin called. "Close-up of you and Marion."

He walked into the white light flooding the set—a brisk, clever gentleman going to work.

Don't regret, children, the guitars and things. It is an easy sacrifice when you get instead such a delightful example of—see title.

Screen Heroes Pick Their Ideal Girls

Continued from page 45

soft words that would lure you into her court of worshipers.

John Galsworthy and George Meredith, collaborating, might have fashioned an Aileen Pringle. The intellectual, superbly confident, and imperiously scornful lady, strongly mentalized but suggesting a vein of warmth beneath her cool poise. She is the modern woman, brushed and polished to a careful nicety, with orderly, well-kept mind.

Patsy Ruth Miller's spontaneity is refreshing. She is an F. Scott Fitzgerald flapper whom the boys would call "a panic." She is lively good fun, running on high voltage as though animated by invisible sparks.

Alice Terry is incarnate womanhood. She has been the sweet *raison d'être* for countless stirring tales. Harmony is her key. She is serene, meditative, restful—the calm and devoted type.

Bobby Agnew

My ideal heroine must be generous, simple of manner, truthful, and sympathetic—besides being pretty.

May McAvoy symbolizes my idea of what a screen heroine should be, and she is just about perfect personally, too.

I like tiny, vest-pocket girls.

Know what I call May, just to myself? "Watch charm!"

Youcca Troubetzkoy

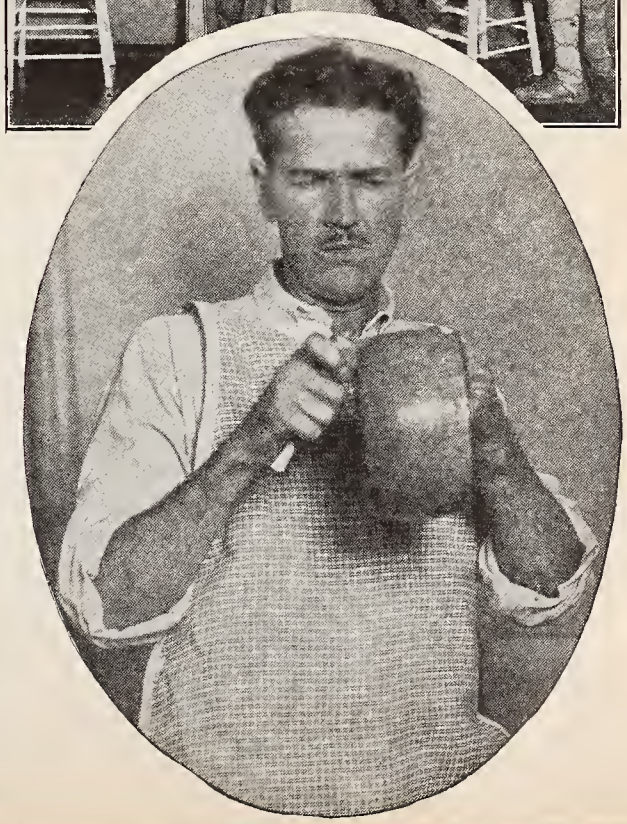
Pola Negri to me is the flaming embodiment of womanhood. A great actress and a greater woman. Though charged with some strain bordering on the feline, her charms cannot be denied.

In Russia and France, where I was reared, I admired slender, tall girls, very fair. They now seem colorless compared to the vibrant Pola.

Stars Decorated His Home for Him

That's what comes of being a popular young actor like John Roche.

Norma Shearer helped John select his china, and stowed it neatly away for him. She and Huntley Gordon, his two most faithful assistants, hung curtains for him, placed pictures, and even descended to such menial tasks as scrubbing, mopping, sweeping and dusting. But they drew the line at pots and pans, and John had to struggle with those himself.



JOHN ROCHE thought it a great idea to invite his friends to help him decorate his new home. The younger Hollywood set rallied to the cause.

Norma Shearer and Huntley Gordon reported for duty every day when not at the studio, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman gave advice by the carload, and Patsy Ruth Miller, Eugene O'Brien, and Jobyna Ralston dropped in during spare hours to oversee the job.

And when the job was completed, they smilingly shrugged his "Thank you!" aside and presented a bill for one million dollars for services rendered. However, they agreed to accept a buffet supper instead, as payment—but vanished as if by magic when the time came to wash the dishes!

Continued from page 27

carefully evaded the unwholesome strata. She has surrounded Mary with the artistic things to which the child's untutored instincts have blindly reached out.

It is nice that one of the most genuine and worth-while sets of Hollywood has taken up little Mary, and that by no accident has she fallen in with the riffraff. At the Lubitsch home on Sunday afternoons a cosmopolitan crowd gather, people who find their pleasure in cultural enjoyments.

After a swim in the backyard pool, they talk over their teacups of art and music and drama, and bashful Mary absorbs it, seldom venturing an opinion and then only when asked.

Only two young men are permitted regular attendance upon her. One is a sweet, gentle boy who is something of a dreamer himself.

The other is a young studio executive, heartily indorsed by Carl Laemmle.

Many Sunday afternoons at the Philbin home, under surveyal, preceded the permission, at first grudgingly granted, to take Mary out unchaperoned.

Perceiving his error in first suggesting the theater, the studio executive, being a man of brains, said tentatively: "The concerts at the Bowl are very fine. And there are good art galleries in Los Angeles. It is necessary for Mary's development that she familiarize herself with these arts."

And gradually maternal vigilance relaxed into trust.

Much criticism was directed at Mrs. Philbin a couple of years ago, because of her strict supervision and the denials with which she hedged Mary in.

"The poor child isn't allowed a thought of her own," Hollywood used to pity her.

But Mary has read books that the jazz girls have no time for; she has remembered what she read. And now that her timidity is giving place to a trifle of self-confidence, upon occasion she talks, quite well, revealing a mind that has not been idle in storing up knowledge.

She is the only girl in Hollywood whom five years have not changed to some extent. Her talent is developing, but photographically and in personality she is the Mary of yesterday, except that her curls are done up.

It happened that our luncheon together celebrated the fifth anniversary of her arrival in Hollywood. With us were a publicity boy and the nice young studio executive.

"There's Norma Talmadge." Mary's eyes picked stars from the crowd, and she sat on the very edge of her chair, an inconspicuous little brown sparrow, happy at being in the aviary with the fashionable peacocks and the golden canaries, admiring their plumage without a trace of envy. "And Enid Bennett, in green! Ooh, the orchestra's going to play!"

Her eyes dropped demurely, but the quick tattoo of her little feet set us all aquiver. And when the young man rose, she whispered, "I was afraid he wouldn't ask me for a long time, and I do so love to dance."

She flicked a powder puff from her vanity case. Instantly alert, the gallant swain chided: "Now, now, Mary—oh, only powder. That's all right." And, to me, "Once in a while she fools me, but I can always tell rouge and lipstick."

Such instances, coupled with her innate innocence, make it difficult for me to realize that I am but three years older. Mary twenty-one? Impossible!

I used to sit and look at her with my fingers crossed, musing, "Clever little Mary, to keep up your pose!" Then I stopped that, and, admitting the sincerity of the innocent, I wondered how long she would remain untouched by the life surging about her.

Five years is a long, long time to rub elbows with life without becoming too well acquainted with it.

The simple facts of life, of course, her mother has told her. She knows there isn't any Santa Claus—and a few other things.

"Innocent, not ignorant," one boy described her. "She knows—but she instinctively sees through glasses of beauty and purity instead of the smoky spectacles that most of us wear."

Between dances and ordering wondrous dishes in a spirit of curiosity, she chatted brightly that day at luncheon of all the exciting things now happening to her. She's to have her first real fur coat, if you please, and is in an ecstasy of choice, hovering between the more practical squirrel and the luxurious ermine. She—the family, rather, for she would be too timid to drive—is to have her, or their first car.

"Five years ago to-day, I rode down Hollywood Boulevard for the first time. I was so thrilled! It was like paradise, I thought, and I still do.

"The next day I reported at Universal."

In five years she has not had a vacation, excepting the weeks between films, occupied with publicity pictures, costume fittings, and the like.

A child of many talents, her few spare hours have not dragged. There was her music, and her French and German, engrossing languages to study, and the fun of drawing figures and thinking up ways to color them. And trips downtown on the bus with mother, happy hours looking at all the lovelies in the shops and visioning herself in them.

I cannot begin to hazard the influence—or perhaps there will not be any, noticeably—of Mary's social début upon her personality and her work. Her future depends upon the directorial guidance given her, and upon her own reactions to the new life that is opening so interestingly before her.

Gay-colored Gowns for April

Continued from page 61

it is made of worsted embroidery in a conventional pattern of gay colors. Martin fur bands the collar and cuffs and the lower edge of its three-quarter length. The brilliant colors of this coat make it a charming one for wear over sport dresses, and as it is absolutely simple in cut and style, it could be readily copied in any gay-figured material, with or without the fur, as one prefers.

The coat at the left of the top of page 61 offers an excellent suggestion of a lightweight wrap for a spring evening. The scarf neck is an interesting change from the usual fur collar, and the use of fur on the cuffs only is also a different touch. It belongs to the wardrobe of Alice Joyce, and is of coral pink, embroidered in pearls and crystals.

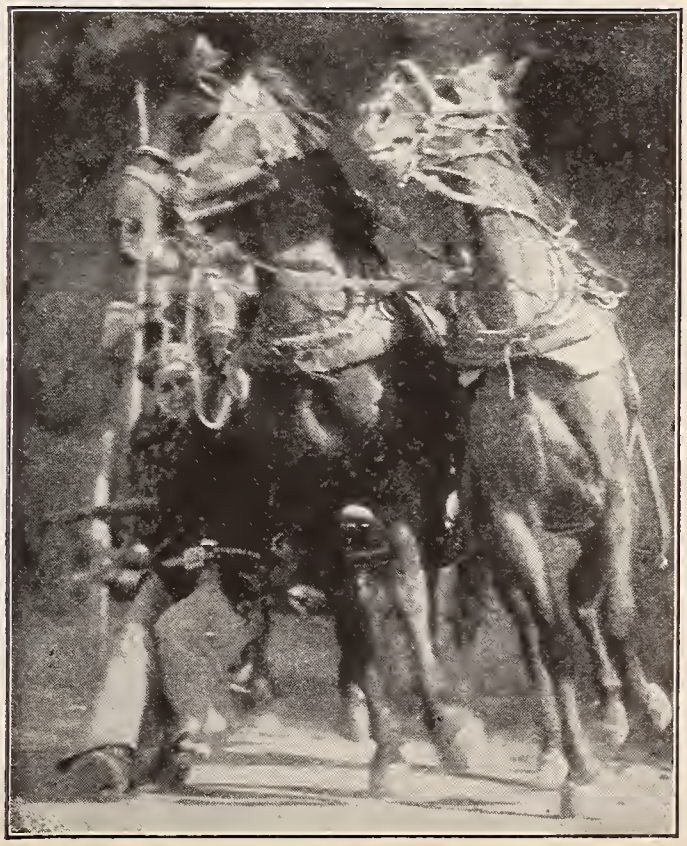
The dainty dance frock in the center of the trio on page 61 seems to me to be particularly designed for a youthful wearer, and would be a charming gown for any of the numerous affairs which finish up the school year. With its wide bertha and its fluffy trimming of ostrich feathers, it is a simple party gown which would be lovely in any color; this one is peach color, and is worn by Kathleen Key, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

Thrills!

Real thrills these, not just the result of trick photography. We don't see so many of them in the movies now as in the old days, but there are still plenty of dare-devils to furnish us with excitement from time to time. The picture at the top of the page is a scene from "The Radio Detective," in which Jack Daugherty

leaps from his pony to stop a runaway team. In the picture just above, it is William Desmond who is being thrown head foremost over the edge of a cliff, while at the right, Art Acord is shown just after he has thrown himself at the heads of a pair of runaway horses in "The Plotters."

Joe Bonomo, strong man of the movies, having a tussle with an alligator. One snap of the reptile's enormous jaws, or one whack of his powerful tail, and Bonomo might have been done for.



Continued from page 25

to New York he had to stop at the cheapest hotel he could find, one in a side street. Four years before he had stopped in state at the Ritz. This time he awoke in the mornings looking out to a brick wall and the too-near clatter of garbage cans.

From beginning to end, a distressing tale. In studio parlance, "a rotten break." More than enough to sour the stanchest of hearts. More than enough to excuse a truculent outlook on what was left of the world.

I met him between scenes of "The Auction Block," his second picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A tall young man with a boyish smile—not exactly shy, but deferential, nice. He drew up chairs and we speculated on the weather and such, after the manner of polite people.

I was curious to know if he had become bitter, so when the conversation turned into more salient channels I watched his attitude carefully. And no matter what was mentioned, from the latest gossip to his own hard luck, he was most of all tolerant, kind in his judgments, no trace of rancor in his opinions. I spoke of this to him, that he apparently harbored no hard feelings.

He looked shocked.

"I should say not," he assured me vehemently. "Why, everybody has been marvelous to me. Of course, if people, as well as circumstances, had gone entirely against me, I suppose I should feel different. But the people here at home—so decent! And my creditors—they were splendid.

"While, as for the fans—I know it sounds like apple sauce to declaim about how much their faith means. But it happens to be true. I'd be a rotter if I didn't appreciate their kindness. The letters they have written—and especially at Christmas. Some of them had bits of poetry—about 'Be of good cheer.' Gee!"

He laughed and turned away, but I had seen that his eyes were moist.

After all, he seems so young. He isn't really a boy any longer, of course. Not in years. But he has the quality of youth. It is not alone in his boyish face and manner—in his rather high-pitched, slow voice. It is something more definite—a simplicity that is rarely found after the adolescent years. He has not the sophisticate's fear of the simple emotions—emotions that are dubbed sentimental to-day. It is out of this clarity of vision that the best of his pictures have grown. Homely stories, simply told—like "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "The Girl I Loved." He is the perfect portrayer of James Whitcomb Riley whom he reveres.

"Riley hasn't been dead long enough to be properly appreciated." It is apparently a favorite topic. He pulled his chair closer and emphasized his argument by bending suddenly forward in his earnest, confidential manner.

"Why," he beseeched, "are people so afraid to admit they have hearts? They laugh at things that are the fundamental emotions of life. Laugh and call them sentimental. According to people like that, of course, Riley is a sentimentalist. But only the other day I saw proof that he did not sugar coat human feelings.

"Last Sunday we dropped in to see Norma Talmadge. She met us in the drawing-room with tears in her eyes. We hadn't known until then that her father had died the day before. She couldn't talk much, but she said: 'You know, I can't seem to realize that he is really dead. I keep thinking he will come back, that he's only away.'

"Norma didn't know it, but that is practically a line from one of Riley's poems. Remember? 'I cannot say, and I will not say, that he is dead—he is just away.' You see, when those things are brought home to us, they are not 'sentimental.' They are real—*real!*"

"The Girl I Loved" brought us to the unfortunate "Courtship of Miles Standish." I think it still requires an effort for him to talk of this picture that met so much adverse criticism. For years he had planned it and worked toward it.

"I suppose I went about it wrong," he says. "I didn't try to make it essentially entertainment. I thought they would rather have the story done in authentic atmosphere. And I *was* authentic—so it hurt! But they didn't like it. And, oh, how the critics can hurt in a case like that. They seem to overlook the effort and labor and love that goes into the making of a picture like that. One reviewer dismissed it by saying I had only done it to see myself in costume. Oh, well——" He smiled a little ruefully.

"We're ready for you, Charlie," Hobart Henley called. Mr. Ray excused himself and took his place before the camera. He was playing a youth-about-town, a contrast to his first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Bright Lights." It is fairly certain that M.-G.-M. will retain his services from now on. This picture, "The Auction Block," should definitely reëstablish him.

Eleanor Boardman—the lovely lady who is, I take it, auctioned off—sank into her chair after weeping into the camera for half an hour. We watched Charlie as he and Mr. Henley planned the mechanics of the scene.

"He is a charming actor," Eleanor said. "Watch this scene now. It might be so trivial—but he makes it mean volumes. And without being obvious—that's the trick!"

When he came back and I prepared to leave, I asked him about his plans for the future.

"Well, I hope I'll be staying here. I love this lot—it's easy to work your very best here.

"All that other," he added haltingly, "has been a good lesson to me. I deserved it, or it wouldn't have happened."

You've been a big help to him so far, boys and girls. And he is deeply grateful for your aid. So now—keep it up! Not only because he is an excellent actor, but also because he's such a darn good sport.

Hollywood's Latest Adventures in Matrimony

Continued from page 34

—none made quite so deep an impression as has the current one, Harrison Post, son of a rich Los Angeles clubman.

Little Betty Bronson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are believed to have had quite a case on each other, which worried parents nipped in the bud, but they are still permitted to go riding together on Sunday afternoons in Doug's snappy roadster.

About Pola Negri, you just can't tell. Pola has simply got the habit of falling in love. She thrives on it, calling love "one of the crosses a woman has to bear."

Bill Tilden, tennis champ, Billy Haines, Michael Arlen, Valentino—all have figured in Pola's life this past year.

To be sure, Rod La Rocque pops up every now and then, and only recently Pola stated that she admired him more than any other. So this year may see her buoyant heart firmly anchored.

I wish Hollywood would sift out her worth from her tinsel, find herself, make up her mind what she wants to marry for keeps, wed it, and forever after hold her peace.

As though she would! Anyway, she has more marriages to her credit during this past year than ever before. Will they last?

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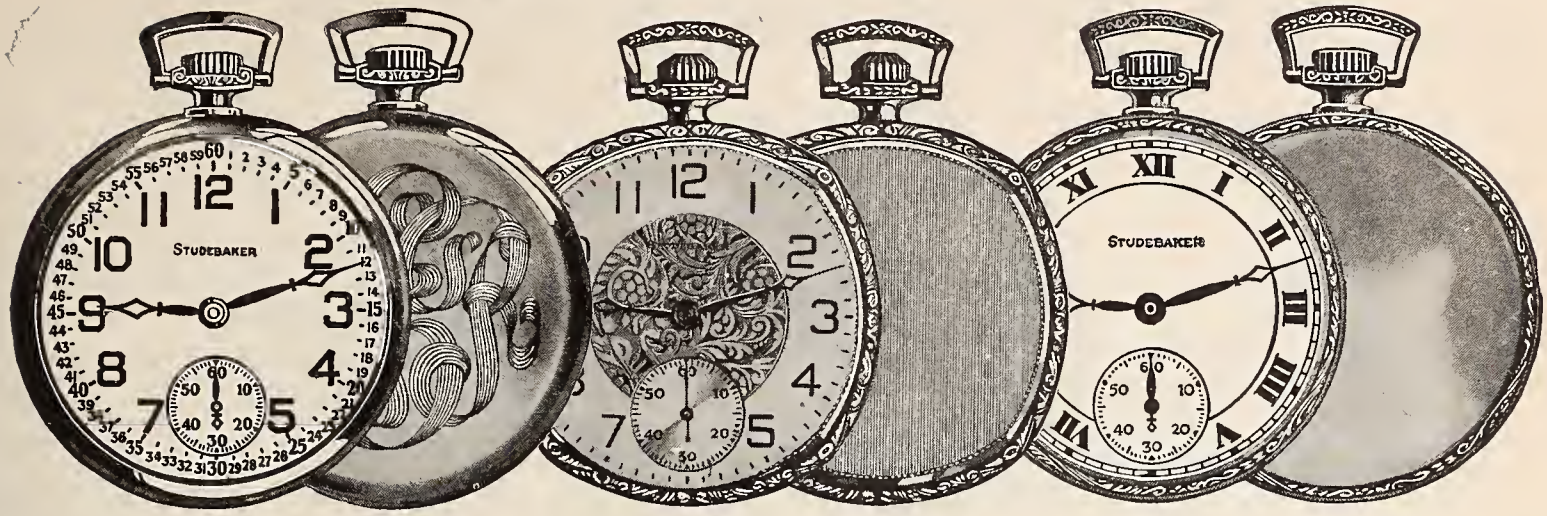

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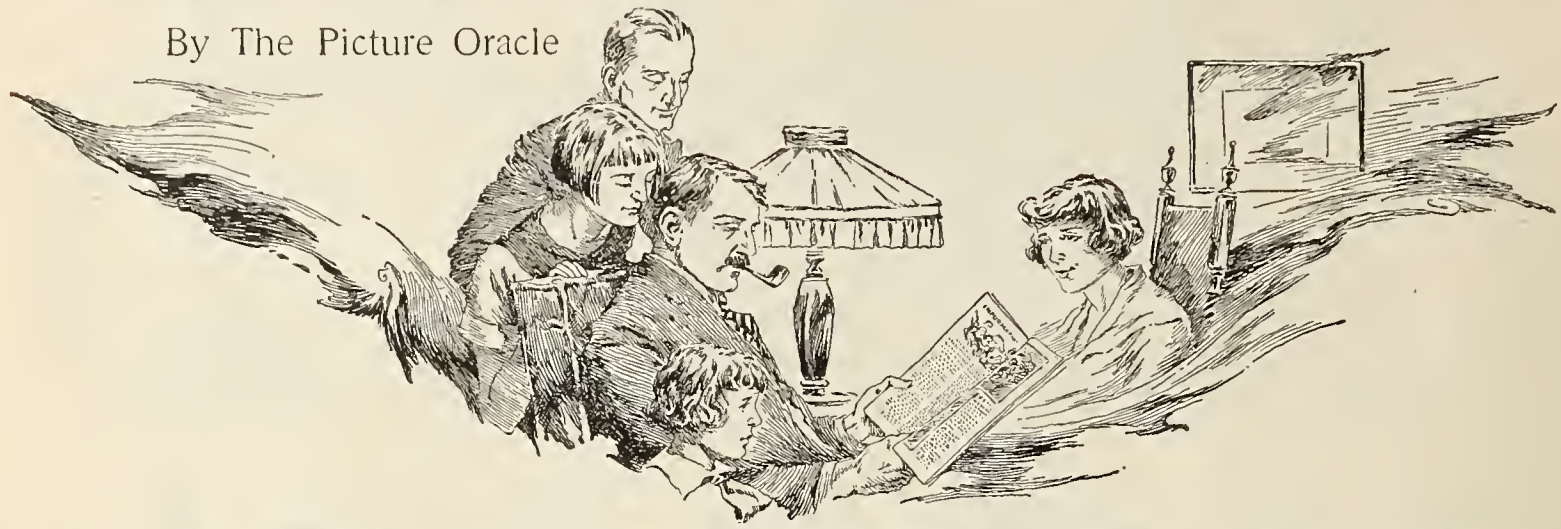
Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



MARCH.—Wallace MacDonald is married to Doris May, who used to play in those delightful light comedies with Douglas MacLean. She gave up her film career when she was married. Eileen Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. I don't know whether Mary Alden is married or not. Natalie Talmadge Keaton has two children. The leading players in "Winner Take All" were Buck Jones, Peggy Shaw, Edward Hearn, and Lilyan Tashman.

LA QUESTIONNAIRE.—Even if it should get tiresome having so many people ask me the same questions over and over, at least I get to know the answers by heart and don't have to work so hard. I'd rather have the old familiar questions than those which require a lot of research to answer. Ronald Colman is English; he doesn't give his birth date, and I do not know his exact age. He is about thirty-four, however. He was divorced about a year ago from Thelma Colman. He is about five feet ten inches, I believe. I have met him and found him thoroughly charming and highly intelligent. Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago—which seems to be the birthplace of many of our best-known stars—Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Rod La Rocque, Myrtle Stedman, were all born there. Miss Sweet is five feet four inches tall; I don't know how old she is. I suppose you know she is Mrs. Marshall Neilan. As to whether she speaks French or not, I am unable to say. I should think Ronald Colman probably does, however, as he is typically Continental. Yes, the United studios in Hollywood were formerly the Brunton studios; the name was changed about three or four years ago. Ben Lyon is about twenty-six. You're a very lucky girl to have been offered a rôle in a picture, though I don't know of any career which involves more hard work. My conclusion from watching films made has been that the work is extremely dull, with many weary hours of just standing around while electricians fix lights, or carpenters build things—always something to wait for. I am ever so sorry, but I have no record at all of Florence Cameron.

MARY YATTONI.—There really aren't so very many Italian stars in American pictures. Of course your most famous countryman on the screen in Rudolph Valentino. He is the only one I can think of who would qualify as a star. Other Italian film players are "Bull" Montana, Hector Sarno, Mario Carillo, Fred Malatesta, and—well, that's about all I can think of.

YOU KNOW ME.—I don't, of course, but it might be nice if I did. Bert Lytell, after playing in "Lady Windermere's Fan," played in a Fox picture, "The Golden Butterfly," and then went on the stage in the Los Angeles production of "Silence."

EMILY M.—I'm not sure whether you wanted your full name used in the magazine, so I'm using only your last initial. Of course I'll excuse your writing in pencil; you can write with anything you like except a pin. I refuse to read pin holes. It was Lillian Rich who played opposite Reginald Denny in the old version of "The Kentucky Derby." I don't know what has happened to Vivian Rich; quite frequently screen players just drop out and you just don't hear of them any more. Yes, Barbara La Marr was a scenario writer before Rex Ingram discovered her screen possibilities. Zasu Pitts was born in 1898; perhaps she was made up to look older in "Pretty Ladies." Gladys Walton was married several years ago to Henry Herbert and had a daughter, Mary Jane, in May, 1924. So, other interests have superseded her film career at the moment; however, she did play in one picture that I know of, "A Little Girl in a Big City." Anna May Wong recently played in "Fifth Avenue." Of course only a special type of film is likely to have a rôle for a little Chinese actress. Joseph Schildkraut is now under contract to Cecil De Mille; his most recent picture was "The Road to Yesterday." He is a Hungarian Jew, the son of Rudolph Schildkraut, a well-known actor in the Yiddish theater. Joseph has played on the stage since he was a boy; his first picture was D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." He is about twenty-nine and is married to Elise Bartlett—who also plays on the stage—though they are separated now. I can tell you practically nothing about Skeet Gallagher or Jack Buchanan, as I do not know either of them personally, and my files include information only about players who appear in pictures. Skeet Gallagher appeared on Broadway this season in "The City Chap," a musical-comedy version of "The Fortune Hunter." Jack Buchanan, as you probably know, is one of the stars in Charlot's annual revue. He is English, about six feet tall, has dark wavy hair, and is probably one of the three best-dressed men in the world. That's the extent of my knowledge concerning him.

S. V. E.—Of course you dare correct me! Much as I should like to, I've discovered that I just can't know everything. And I'm glad to learn, for the benefit of Bud, whose answer appeared in the December issue, that Sheldon Lewis played the title rôle in "The Iron Claw." It's impossible to get the casts of some of those old pictures; frequently the companies which produced them have since gone out of business. I thank you for giving me the information.

SLEEPY.—Why don't you get yourself a nice roomy sleeper and curl up in it? Barbara La Marr was the only woman in the cast of "Trifling Women." Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morosco; yes, she played in "The Marriage Whirl." Ian Keith was formerly the husband of Blanche Yurka. Elaine Hammerstein was the heroine in "Ladies of Leisure," Aileen Pringle in "His Hour." Alice Joyce, Mary Brian, and Esther Ralston all had important parts in "The Little French Girl"—Mary Brian in the title rôle. Florence Vidor and Marie Prevost had the two leading feminine rôles in "The Marriage Circle." Next to the word "youth," "marriage" seems to be the favorite among our movie title writers, doesn't it? "Flaming Youth," "Restless Youth," "Marriage Circle," "Marriage Whirl."

LAZYBONES.—I wonder why it's always the bones that get the blame when one is lazy. Though, after all, it's better to have lazy bones than a lazy brain. Natacha Rambova, as Mrs. Valentino calls herself professionally, made one picture for F. B. O., called "When Love Grows Cold," from a Laura Jean Libby story. As to whether she will continue her film career, that depends largely, no doubt, on how her first picture is received by the public. Marion Davies has been working on "Beverly of Graustark." Antonio Moreno is the leading man; Creighton Hale is playing the rôle of *Prince Oscar*. Niles Welch's current pictures are "Ermine and Rhinestones" and "Borrowed Plumes."

DO TELL.—Sometimes I do, but not if you ask me not to. As the Oracle it's my business to tell almost everything I know. Marie Prevost's new pictures are "The Cave Man" and "Other Women's Husbands."

Continued on page 118

Dressing the Part

Continued from page 90

she still wears long, brown curls and fluffy, bouffant dresses; but as she is a little large for the ingénue type, it is quite safe to predict that, in a relatively short time, the ringlets will find their way into a more mature coiffure.

May McAvoy has recently bobbed her hair, but she hasn't joined the files of the flappers. Instead, she still maintains the ingénue effect in her clothes.

Heading the flapper list, we find Clara Bow and Virginia Lee Corbin. They can always be depended upon to introduce the latest fad, either in clothes or accessories, into Hollywood. One might almost call them extremists. If a vague rumor drifts into Hollywood that skirts that have been trailing about the ankles are about to be shortened somewhat, one can be pretty certain that, in a day or so, Clara will trip through the studio gates with the most abbreviated of skirts. By the same token, when other girls are just getting used to displaying the calves, Clara or Virginia begin to hide theirs.

When it comes to the actual cost of maintaining this stock in trade, probably there is no one actor in the business who spends as much on wardrobe as Adolphe Menjou—although Bobby Agnew runs him a close second. Menjou, in maintaining the title of the best-dressed man on the screen, has everything made to order. His shoes never cost less than sixty dollars a pair, and in one or two cases, they have run nearly to the one-hundred mark. His shirts range in price from fifteen dollars to fifty dollars. His ties, gloves, and handkerchiefs, all made to his measurement and with his name woven inside, come from a shop in England.

In this business of "dressing the part," there are countless, less important requirements. For instance, early in Norma Shearer's career, she was told she had small eyes. On the screen, with proper lighting and skillful make-up, they appeared quite large. Casting directors who hadn't seen her work, but saw her only without make-up, told her she couldn't photograph well on account of her small eyes.

From that time on, she never appeared in public before painstakingly applying a bit of make-up to those eyes. All of this was, of course, long before she came into the prominence which she now enjoys, but it illustrates what many other girls do daily to secure "bigger and better" screen rôles.

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Georgia, Unlimited

Continued from page 83

But Georgia told me other people had thought differently.

"A lot of them came to me," whispered Georgia, "and said what a mistake I had made in telling things like that. They seemed to think that I must keep myself diluted for the public—but I don't feel that way. I told those things because they were true. They were part of my experiences and I am not ashamed of them. If I had tried to tell some other story of what *might* have happened to me, just to make it prettier for the fans, I should have lost something of myself. If I didn't have a particularly happy childhood, why should I pretend that I did, just because it makes a nicer story?"

Some one came in, at that point, and sat down in front of us, and we had to quiet down for a moment. But just for a moment, because the appearance of the leading lady reminded Georgia of something.

"That girl"—referring to the dark-eyed heroine who was engaged in looking ga-ga—"is one of the tragedies of this business. I know her off screen. She is a perfect beauty, with a lot of dash and magnetism, but look what happens to her when she steps before the camera. She hasn't any charm at all. It's a pity to be really vital yourself, and then have the camera fail to pick it up."

I nodded my head and said, "Some perfectly charming people are awfully insipid before the camera, and some awfully insipid ones are perfectly charming."

The occupant of the seat in front of us wiggled restlessly, so Georgia leaned closer to whisper:

"Well, I'd rather be one of the perfectly insipid ones who look awfully charming!"

We giggled and got a dirty look, so we had to drop that, but since Georgia has "it" coming and going, she should worry. You say to yourself, "Here is a career in the making. Here is a space between steps. Anything can happen to this girl—and probably will!"

Yes, it probably will. Only recently she has been signed by Famous Players on a long-term contract which, if all goes well, may lead to stardom.

A Bit of Real Bohemia

Continued from page 86

yourself, his sway is undisputed. And the reason? Ah, that, like so many other things in this life, seems a little hard to explain.

Some say it is because they can do as they please. Others give Burke all the credit, maintaining that, without his quiet geniality and uncanny gift for making and holding friends, such an institution could never be. He himself avows that the convenient situation of the place is the one and only reason for his and its popularity. More likely the reason is a combination of all three. But whatever it is, they do come, always and in ever-increasing numbers.

No one is ever introduced—that is, hardly ever. Half the time, Burke himself is not there, or if he is, he's out of sight in the dark room. You raise your voice in an interrogative "Hello!" or two on entering, and if he doesn't appear, you choose a book or magazine, or talk to whoever happens to be there at the moment. The conversation is hardly ever brilliant—mostly shop talk, about this play or that, when so and so will start casting for his new farce, or have you heard that whosis has signed with Belasco. Once in a while, a discussion arises over the merits of a current novel or a well-known performer's latest vehicle, but not often. Mainly, gossip and good-natured banter, with an occasional outburst against some particularly obstreperous criticism in a daily paper. A radio set in the far corner comes in for its share of attention, and is now and then pressed into service to supply music for some exuberant lady of the ensemble or some dancing star who has a new step to try out.

Matinée days, between the afternoon and evening performances, are the real gala hours, though. Then you are likely to see five or six stars from as many different plays, together with a handful of screen luminaries, and maybe a critic and a star reporter thrown in for good measure. Those are the times when the talk takes on a new luster. For these are the successful ones. Their thoughts are not taken up with where the money for next week's food and lodging is coming from. They can afford to be gay. Then the little shop, for all its dingy dustiness, takes on a new aspect. Here is wit, color, and successful genius in abundance. A worthy rival for even the most scintillating gathering that a Park or Fifth Avenue drawing-room could boast.

A Star Turns Reporter

Continued from page 63

"You know, I think China will fascinate me most of all. It's so——"

"Yes—yes—but what schools did you attend?"

"And if our money holds out until we get to Berlin I want to——"

I never found out what she wanted. I became very emphatic.

"Mona, child, *will* you talk about something besides that trip? I know, oh! I know that you and this friend of yours are going to photograph and write as you go. It will be a thrill—a million thrills rolled into one. It couldn't help but be. Two young things going off to the other end of the world as though they were going a-teeing. It will be an extraordinary experience for you. You will store up enough actual knowledge and experience to last many lifetimes, but Mona—*I* am trying to write an interview with you. Won't you please concentrate on me for just a moment? When did you first start writing for PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE?" I allowed my voice to become metallic in order to add an impressive touch to the question.

"And I'll send you a card or two so that your mouth will water, and your heart will break."

I gave up in despair. She was beyond me. While she rambled on, I looked her over. She is a live creature, is Mona. Hair—tawny; eyes—like a San Francisco sky on a clear day. Her mouth—perhaps the most attractive thing about her—is in a continual baby pout, because of a slight irregularity of teeth behind it. A suggestion of a lisp escapes her unexpectedly at times. When I was making "The Magic Skin" for Goldwyn, Mona Gardner was script girl on that picture.

Then I lost track of her, until one day her name stared out at me from the Los Angeles *Times*. She had written an interview!

Some months later, when I was working on "Babbitt," I noted that Mona Gardner had written the continuity! She worked on that picture with us, going away with us on location to a funny little desert town of three streets, where the only thing to do at night was to reminisce. Which we did, Mona and I. While we were curled up in our negligees, she confided her ambitions to me. Since I have known her, she has developed from a shy young thing to a confident, successful writer, going a-sailing to romantic shores.

Bon voyage, Mona, and don't forget the post cards!

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Next month, Carmel Myers will tell you about Helen Klumph.]

A Study in Contrasts

Continued from page 47

amazing. In this little town where things are done very much for effect and a good impression, Norma's refusal to play to the grand stand is a thing apart. I think that if she had a motto, it would be: "Take it or leave it."

You've heard about stars—haven't you?—who insist that they hate to be recognized in public. Well, Norma *really* does hate it. She'll go out of her way to dodge incense. Like this:

There is a street in Hollywood called Franklin Avenue. It runs parallel to Hollywood Boulevard and is known as "the back way." It is quiet, and so very shady that even at noon it is almost dusklike from the shadows of huge pepper trees, and for blocks and blocks you don't meet any one. I always sneak down Franklin when I am not dressed for the Boulevard and have to hurry into Hollywood. One morning I was hurrying along when I saw a girl in a bright dress, bareheaded, coming toward me. I was a little startled at seeing her, and evidently, she was startled at seeing me. At first I thought she was going to cross the street to avoid an encounter, but instead, she put her handkerchief to her face as though she were suffering from a very bad cold, and held it there as she came toward me. As we passed, I looked into the eyes of Mrs. Joseph Schenck, who has more cars than she knows what to do with, but who prefers, on a pretty morning, to walk into Hollywood without being recognized.

Now what do you think of that? Certainly, you must grant her her courage in defying saccharine starry traditions. Certainly you must respect her privacy. Norma entitles you to her magnificent art, her lovely face, her glowing screen personality, but her life is her own.

Ask any one in Hollywood who knows Marion Davies what they think of her and they'll tell you they are crazy about her.

Ask that question to any one who knows Norma *well,* and they'll tell you the same thing.

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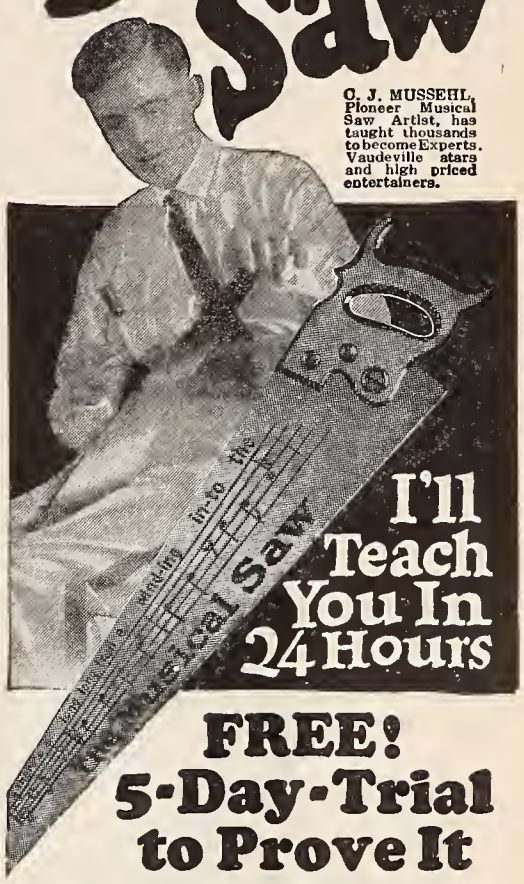

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AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

C. C. Burr, producer, and Johnny Hines, the star, discussing some of the gags in the "Brown Derby" contest.

The "Brown Derby" Gag Contest

Is now being decided, and next month the names of the prize winners will be announced.

THE unusual response to the "Brown Derby" gag contest, which was announced in the February issue of PICTURE-PLAY, is most heartening to all concerned.

This contest, in which several prizes, totaling five hundred dollars in all, were offered to fans sending in the best suggestions for comic situations for Johnny Hines' forthcoming comedy, entitled "The Brown Derby," has brought in so many suggestions that the C. C. Burr office—the headquarters for the Johnny Hines comedies—is having to lay aside other work in order to classify and grade the contributions, preparatory to making the final award after the contest closes on February 10th.

From every part of the United States, and from several foreign countries, contributions have come. More than three thousand gags have been received at the time this is written, and others are arriving in every mail.

The job of selecting the winning gags is not an easy one, since each gag, in the process of elimination, must be read at least twice, and in some cases as many as twelve times. No gag is thrown away after the first reading. If it does not meet the approval of the first reader, it is passed to another. If the second reader agrees that it has no chance, only then is it laid aside. But before final rejection, these contributions are gone over by a third expert, to make sure that no possible prize winner should be overlooked. In this manner, each gag is submitted to an inspection so thorough that there is no chance of one being rejected if it has photographic merit.

At present, the list of gags from which the prize winners are likely to be chosen has been reduced to about two hundred. But as each mail is bringing in scores of new entries, the list of possible prize winners will continue to grow until the contest closes. Out of each day's mail, several possible winners are selected, and the making of these selections is a task that involves some discussion at times, since each gag that lands in the selected list has to be approved by a majority of the staff of experts who are classifying the gags.

Johnny Hines believes that "The Brown Derby" is going to be one of the best comedies he has ever made. And to the fans who, by entering this contest, have contributed to the making of the picture, he wishes to extend his appreciation. His one regret is that there could not have been a prize for every one of the contestants.

Behind the Windshield

Continued from page 85

partment reveals a dressing table and mirror. While Hamilton was making his personal appearances throughout the country, he used this table and mirror constantly, as it was often necessary for him to apply make-up.

Dorothy Mackaill is a stickler for lights. The more she can get on her car, the happier she is. In addition to the regulation headlights, Dorothy has a pair of unusual red and green dashlights, her radiator carries a green light, and her running boards each carry two red lights. Beside the rear light, she has a red and green safety signal and an extra green light at the edge of each rear fender.

It might be expected that Rudolph Valentino would ensconse himself in a car of a very foreign flavor, and sure enough, when he's not ambling about in a French Voisin sport roadster, he's sitting in state in his big Isotta-Franchini. Although he employs two chauffeurs, it is said Rudy never allows either of them to drive him, always taking the wheel himself.

Probably the most changeable car owner in Hollywood is Rod La Rocque. Friends have stopped trying to count the number of cars he's had during the past two years.

Several dozen motor boats belonging to the film colony fill the yacht harbor down at Wilmington. Lewis Stone is one of the most ardent water cruisers, for not only has he a boat at the harbor but another speedboat up at Lake Arrowhead, where he has a summer home. The Christie brothers, Al and Charles, both have speedboats which are constant competitors with all other craft in this vicinity. Raymond Griffith, with his *Donna Bertha,* has garnered unto himself more than a dozen trophies.

The *Mix-it,* Tom Mix's yacht, is probably the most pretentious boat in these waters, with the one owned by Marion Davies running it a close second.

Recently there has been a decided impetus in the sport of airplaning, and as a result two directors, Robert Vignola and Victor Fleming, have both purchased planes. Fleming is said to be the mildest-mannered director on the Paramount lot, yet when it came to getting back and forth to locations, he decided on an airship.

Reginald Denny recently startled his friends and neighbors with his stunts in the air, with his plane. The Universal officials are becoming so uneasy at the risk their popular star is taking that it is rumored they are seeking to put a clause in his contract prohibiting him from stunt flying.

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Alabama Joins the Union

Continued from page 43

Hollywood. Arrived there, she allowed herself a week to look the ground over, find out what companies offered the best possibilities.

"I heard that Henry King was casting a picture starring Alice Terry," she said. "He had always been my idea of a really intelligent director. I had loved 'Tol'able David' and 'The White Sister.' And Alice Terry was one of my favorites, too. So I went in to see Mr. King."

It occurred to me that she might have experienced some trouble in crashing the gate. But no, she assured me. They had allowed her to go in to see Mr. King.

And King took tests of her with the result that again Sebastian got the job.

And if you think it was amazing that she should have crashed the gate in Hollywood, think back on how unbelievable it was that she had walked into the front row of New York's second largest revue after the chorus had already been selected from hundreds of the most alluring unemployed in all New York; how extraordinary it was that she had found a place in a fashion show without experience, without trouble, and with a thousand other girls battling around her for recognition!

In addition to beauty, then, you will realize that this girl possesses electric personality. When she enters a room, you know that some one has arrived. And when she dances on the floor of a night club, eyes follow her because her darkling, Spanish charm demands attention.

Regarding Sebastian as an actress, or *artiste* if you will, it is difficult to speak, as I've seen only one of her films, "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

"Winds of Chance" followed, with "Why Women Love" next.

More recently, she has done "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," occupying a conspicuous place as one-seventh of the title rôle.

"Money," she admitted, "is the doggonedest stuff! In the Wayburn show I didn't get much. In the White show I got more. And, of course, pictures are even better. But no matter how much you make, it goes just the same. But we're only here temporarily, so why spend life makin' the old check book balance?"

From what I gathered, Sebastian prefers making pictures in Hollywood, but she favors New York for making merry.

As the picture accompanying this affidavit may or may not indicate, there is a strong resemblance to Gloria Swanson. The Sebastian features are darker, however, and of a distinctly Spanish type. Technically, perhaps, she is not beautiful. As a matter of personal opinion (the worthlessness of which is bulwarked by the opinions of Ned Wayburn and George White), she is.

And if some director—Monta Bell or Ernst Lubitsch or Erich von Stroheim, for example—ever transfers all her real-life magnetism to the screen, the event will be cause for star-gazing.

The official, state meaning of the word Alabama is "Here we rest." But Dorothy Sebastian refused to take it seriously.

On Sober Reflection

Continued from page 59

"the prime minister of comedy." In these democratic days, it means more.

Our Own Movie Pictorial

The movies have been criticized for not stimulating the imagination. What is needed is a little impressionistic art in the pictures. Realizing this, I present the first impressionistic movie pictorial.

Here is a panoramic view of the celebrated great open spaces:

Isn't that horizon inspiring? Especially as Jack Holt and Noah Beery are engaged in mortal combat just below it. The camera man wanted to get that scrap with his special periscopic attachment for photographing what is happening over the horizon, but it seemed better to leave it to your imagination.

An exploring party braved the perils of the jungle to get the next picture. Doesn't this exclusive view of beastly eyes shining in the darkness make you shudder? 00 00 00

The next scene is taken from a Russian revue and shows a row of wooden soldiers falling down. Hear the clatter? ////////////

Doesn't this picture appeal to your æsthetic sense? You can see that it shows a group of society belles indulging in a back-to-nature dance in the park. & & & & & & & & & &

The imaginative picture has a great future. It will save thousands for producers.

Shifting from Low to High

Continued from page 24

could make it into capital travesty. Comedy is based on two sure-fire recipes—making fun of other people, or having other people make fun of you. I have been a goat comedian for years. So is Keaton. So is Chaplin. Ray Griffith is an excellent example of a comic who gets his laughs at the expense of others. But Chaplin and Keaton suffer."

Sterling further proved his contention that serious acting and comedy were of a kidney by pointing out the fact that such dramatic stars as Mansfield, Sothern, and Barrymore all started as comedians, and retained the comic spark in many of their characterizations.

Even in his Sennett days Ford Sterling was enthusiastically engaged in amateur photography. He has kept up this hobby, and captured highest honors in this country, and abroad, at international exhibitions.

"Why don't you commercialize your fine talent for photography?" he was asked.

"Because it's my favorite hobby, and as soon as I made it a business proposition it would cease to be a hobby. I enjoy it sheerly for its own sake, photograph whom I choose, and putter around the developing room as long as I choose. There's no order to fill, no patron to suit, no hurry about the finishing. Doing it for money would rob the thing of its beauty and spoil it for me entirely."

In "The American Venus" Sterling has done work that is said to equal his excellent performances in "Stage Struck" and "The Trouble with Wives."

"Now that I've signed a long-term contract with Paramount, I guess I'm slated to do legitimate comedy for keeps," he said. "I'm not sorry, either. Slapstick is all right. It's great training, and a pie in the eye is a wonderful teacher. But there's a bigger kick in doing a neat bit, and getting it across neatly, than in taking a plaster statue on the nose. Both bring laughs, and, after all, that's what the object of the game is, but the wise chuckle is harder to get than the hollow howl. And when you hear it, it sounds better, if you've tried your hand at getting both.

"I'm shifting from low to high, and I hope the going will continue to be State road all the way!"

A Three-hundred-thousand-dollar Gamble

Continued from page 19

ing hero who is apparently dedicated to the pleasant cause of serving her.

Midge's lassitude is a contrast to the jazz spirit of the day. She seems always to be a little apart, studying the passing show with languorous appraisal.

Her charm lies as much in her restraint as in her beauty. Occasionally the kindling of a little flame in those sleepy, magnetic, topaz eyes is permitted; but shades are drawn that they may not give too much.

She has that rare and charming grace of listening, a delicate art which so few women bother to cultivate and which so enslaves a man.

So a certain delicacy has held taut John Bowers' love.

His home that will so grandly crown its hill will incorporate Marguerite's every material desire, and Hollywood is wondering if she will capitulate before this magnificent expression of a man's undaunted love.

For months, John has had art dealers buying lovely and odd furnishings. As Marguerite's fancy leans toward old things of quaint charm, treasures of a mellow beauty will embellish this medieval castle of fifteen rooms. Antique lamps of amber glass—one is eight feet high and weighs four hundred pounds—will hang from heavy iron chains, dimly to light the long rooms. A spiral staircase leads to a turret.

From the balconies there is a splendid view of the San Fernando Valley, with Hollywood a cluster of tiny, colored pebbles far below.

The dining-room furniture will be massive peasant pieces. But the suite which John hopes Marguerite will occupy as his bride will be a dream of beauty, decorated in gold and Napoleon green, with white polar-bear rugs on the floor. It will contain two "grand couches," as they are called, of the fourteenth century, of gold leaf intricately carved, through the interstices of which is glimpsed a network of tiny, inlaid mirrors. There will be a sunken bath, of green tile, four feet deep and eight feet long.

The decorations of one room will conform with a seventeenth-century bed and clock that were among Sarah Bernhardt's prized treasures; and another suite will contain a perfect Louis Quinze collection.

A fit setting, indeed, for Midge. Can't you easily imagine her there, purring like a contented kitten, her golden fur so smoothly glossed?

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The Movies Conquer New Worlds of Money

Continued from page 53

the showing, not only from Los Angeles itself, but from all parts of Southern California, was enormous.

It might have been expected that, after so long a first run, the attendance at later showings would be deminished.

However, approximately a year later, "The Ten Commandments" was revived at another theater at reduced prices, with five or six showings a day, and during its engagement of five weeks, fairly packed the audiences into the theater. This De Mille picture has only lately been given more general showings in suburban and small towns.

There, is an example of a picture that has run through several different phases during its life before the public. Starting as a road-show attraction, it was then released for secondary runs, where these were possible, and also has eventually become a regular program picture.

One finds the same thing applying to many other big pictures—notably, "The Sea Hawk," "The Thief of Bagdad, "Scaramouche," "The Covered Wagon," "The Iron Horse," and others that have been made during the past few years. Their life is not completely exhausted until four or five years after they are made. With "Ben-Hur," it is anticipated it may take from five to ten years for the film to run its full course.

Many motion-picture fans are probably not aware, either, of the fact that large returns are now also reaped from pictures sent to Europe.

Producers estimate that approximately one fourth of the money that they get in, particularly on big pictures, is received from this foreign trade.

Motion pictures are recognizedly in better shape than they have ever been before, from a business standpoint. With the bigger pictures, particularly, a success can be very closely prophesied. The unexpected still happens occasionally, but as a rule the bigger companies are able to keep a constant check on what is popular, which enables them to display greater foresight as to what the public will want in the future.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 72

Samuel Pepys in Hollywood.

Saturday.—Up by eleven o'clock and after two hours' argument with my wife, did finally consent to take her to the Coliseum where, with seventy thousand other sharpshooters, we did passively view the expensive football bout between "Red" Grange and George Wilson, mighty heroes of the pigskin. Douglas Fairbanks, Chaplin, Anna Q. Nilsson, Reg Denny, and many thousands of other film celebs all there devouring hot dogs and barking occasionally.

Sunday.—To church with Ray Griffith where during prayers he fell to discussing plans for his comedy feature entitled "Fresh Paint." Methought it not the proper time nor place for such discourse and, noticing also the reproachful looks of Conrad Nagel, Louis B. Mayer and Wallace Beery, did ignore his twattle. After service I took him to task for his last comedy called "Hands Up," upon which filmgoers have not placed their highest approval.

Monday.—Up very betimes and to the parlor to play my lute, where was singing and playing, when my wife did come in great excitement, news being come that Katherine MacDonald is to replace Nita Naldi as the vamp in "The Desert Healer," which may give wisecrackers a chance to say 'twould be better to present the "fiery" Kate in "The Desert Cooler."

Tuesday.—Comes report of a duel Valentino was to have fought with a titled suitor of the fair Vilma Banky, somewhere in France, because of his jealousy at seeing his beloved in Valentino's arms in "The Eagle," but think some press agents to have been at the root of the matter, so did attach little importance to it.

Wednesday.—My indigestion being better, did attend a big feast given for Reginald Denny and his director, Bill Seiter, in honor of the première at a large theater of his comedy, "What Happened to Jones." I view his success with great content as Denny is a good boy with a smart business head, since he now has a contract which nets him over two thousand dollars per week.

Thursday.—Much discourse of Jesse Lasky having a difficult time finding the right type of actor to impersonate Theodore Roosevelt in the historic film, "The Rough Riders," but since horsemanship means so much to the rôle, can think of no one better than the Prince of Wales.

An Actress Talks about Men

Continued from page 73

he would a rare tapestry. He would love taking me places——"

"And having other men admire you?"

"Yes. He would like me soft voiced, and well groomed and conversant on things that beautiful women talk of—plays and fashions and fads. You see what I mean? Almost abstract adoration. In turn, he would be very faithful and gentle and loyal to me."

"As long as you remained beautiful?"

"Oh, no! I didn't mean to convey just a pretty face housing a jibbering tongue. Perhaps I should have said a *lovely* woman, as charming mentally as physically."

I don't know Rockcliffe Fellows, but from his easy-going shadow I had never thought of him as admiring a woman of this type. I had thought more the domestic type—a good biscuit baker. But Lilyan said "No," and she and Eddie have known him a long, long time. Anyway, you can't tell about men. When I asked her about the Byronic Ian Keith I was prepared to hear he liked a woman of sound business ability. But Ian remained more in character.

"I think," Lilyan mused aloud, "that only a cosmopolitan woman would appeal to Ian. A woman brilliant, frank, and satirical. To bring Ian to my heroine's feet I would have to employ all the charm of Arlen's ladies combined with Nita Naldi's frankness."

"Something snappy in repartee?" I interrupted.

"Rather. Ian, I think, would be interested only in a companion who could share his own quizzical, half-ironical philosophy of life."

I could imagine that. Off the screen Ian Keith is always rather moodily preoccupied. It is an intriguing pose a little reminiscent of John Barrymore's, which is not a pose.

But Lilyan, who had warmed to her subject was talking about Tom Moore.

"It would be rather fun winning, or being won, by the sort of man Tom is," she was saying. "You wouldn't have to care if your nose was a little shiny, you wouldn't have to care whether your conversation was hitting on high either. The biscuits could burn and the fire go out—for all he would care—just so long as you were ready to go loping around with him when he was ready to go loping around. Tom would take you to the places he went—prize fights, and funny Spanish kitchens and out-of-the-way oddities like Pat's for Irish stew and Heinie's for sauerkraut. You could slam on a slouch hat, push your hands down in your pockets and just *set out* with Tom.

"It is just the opposite with Lionel Barrymore, though. He would adore a very feminine woman who was dependent on him. Not only for her daily bread but for her happiness."

"The sturdy oak to the clinging vine," I put in.

"And what sort of a woman," I queried, just for the fun of it, "would Eddie Lowe like?"

Somewhere in the hilltop home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe a clock struck ten. It was time for me to go and without her answer. But I really didn't need it.

To win Eddie she would have to be above everything else—a good scout. A lady whose sense of humor permitted her to laugh with life, not at it.

She would be always smartly groomed. She would know books and tapestries and period furniture and books like a connoisseur; yet she would enjoy talking about whether beads were going to be worn down the back or not.

She would be cosmopolitan but there would be a strong leaning toward the domestic. (Lilyan gets more enthused over new candlesticks than over a new contract.)

In short, the sort of man that Eddie is would like the sort of a girl that Lilyan is, which is to say—an all-around good scout.

Now Come the German Films

Continued from page 17

"Faust" is too well known to require any description. The character of *Faust* is played by Gosta Ekman, a renowned Swedish character actor.

"A Waltz Dream" was originally a light opera, which was popular the world over a few years ago. It has a highly romantic story, dealing with the love of a European prince for a Viennese violinist.

It is not likely that any foreign films, no matter how well done they may be, will supplant in the home market the most popular American productions. But variety being the spice of life, we should be glad to see an occasional German film.

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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. KOBI CO., 678 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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A CHANGE OF PLANS

Circumstances which have arisen since our last issue went to press have changed the original plans of Famous Players regarding "The Sorrows of Satan." The production is not to be made on the huge scale at first decided upon, and Richard Dix will not take part in it, as was announced last month. Dix will undoubtedly be cast in the leading rôle of some other big production within the next few months, but for the present he will continue in comedies.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 11

Eight Favorites.

Here are my favorite stars, all nicely listed, and the reasons why I like them:

Rudolph Valentino.

The perfect Borgia; Casanova in a "straight-eight;" all the gorgeousness and subtlety that was the Italy of Machiavelli. He is the screen's most attractive man, and never acts as if he knew it.

Norma Shearer.

The typical American society girl—the way she ought to be. She is much more womanly than the majority of the movie stars, and unbobbed. (Hurrah!) Although she is very modern, one can picture her as one of the ladies those old troubadours of France sung of in their *chansons.*

Lew Cody.

Why don't we see more of him, and hear more about him? He is *Jurgen* come to life—the eternal trifler with love and life—the connoisseur of thistledown loves. He is the only man on the screen that one can call *cute* without implying a lack of manliness. He's just a little boy playing grown up, for all of that devilish mustache!

Esther Ralston.

The original blue-and-gold fairy princess; the Lady of Shallott; the unattainable dream girl; Psycho—poetry, starlight, and fairy rings. Well, I am becoming incoherent! Anyway, you can judge for yourself whether or not I am wild about her!

Wallace Beery.

Bluff King Hal himself. He has mastered the art of lovable villainy—or has he tried to *master* it at all? I doubt it. I think he acts as if it were perfectly natural for him to be just as he is. And praise be unto Allah that he is—just that! What a personage he is!—a half-comic, half-heroic figure—*Falstaff,* and the third Plantagenet.

Aileen Pringle.

She is aristocratic without being frigid; beautiful without being dumb; alluring without being vampish, and she possesses a sense of humor without indulging in it all over the set, or trying to be cute.

Douglas Fairbanks.

Every gallant and roistering cavalier that ever swashbuckled his way around Whitehall or Versailles; the spirit of old romance. I think that he realizes and regrets that he was born several hundred years too late. What a figure he would have cut at Poitiers!

Mary Pickford.

I know it is the fashion nowadays for the sophisticated to belittle our Mary, but I, for one, will never think of her but as the most absolutely perfect thing God ever made. Why attempt to describe the indescribable? Any adjectives that I could use would be inadequate.

LEAH B. DRAKE.
Waverly Apartments, Hampton Court, Lexington, Ky.

Concerning Wallace Reid's Pictures.

I would like to say a few words about the reissuing of Wallace Reid's old pictures.

If the Paramount organization cannot see its way clear to reissue these pictures, it is because they have too many new pictures. Well, if they don't want to place the Wallace Reid pictures in competition with these, why not cut the Reid pictures down? Many a five-reel picture could be cut to advantage. I firmly believe that some of his pictures reissued and released in two reels would make a bigger hit than if they were released in their original form. In addition to the regular program, we would be granted twenty-five minutes of reunion with Wallace Reid's shadow self. I don't see why this could not be done.

I find this department the best thing in the magazine. It surely is different from two years ago. It has become a place where one may gain helpful, constructive ideas, instead of those horrible brickbats that used to be published a while back. I always enjoy reading Trix MacKenzie's letters and only wish she would write to the department oftener.

MARTIN BOYER.
80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

Thoughts in Rhyme.

DEAR EDITOR: Have you the space
To grant me just a little place?
First—off must come my hat, complete
To throw right down at Gloria's feet.
There was a time not long ago
When I seldom saw a picture show
If Gloria was shown that day,
For she was just a clothes display.
But something strange has come about.
She's *human* now, without a doubt.
She struts no more, but acts—'tis true,
I loved her in "Manhandled," too.
Charles Ray we need, in rustic garb,
But I can spare the stunning "Barb."
Too much she loves to pose, I fear,
Just gorgeous gowns and gems to wear.
Mae M. should wear a thing or two,
And throw away her paint pot—*phew!*
Dear Dick Barthelmess! There's a boy
Who gives his fans their fill of joy!
Of Mary, dear, and Lillian Gish
We never get enough. I wish
Ben Lyon need no older grow,
A jolly youngster, he, to know,
Chock full of charm and simply great!
Marmont is dear, his work first-rate.
But Dorothy Mackaill—oh, well!
She may improve—it's hard to tell.

J. M. LAIRD.
Montgomery, Ala.

Continued on page 114

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AGENTS: $8.00 to $16.00 Daily Easy, Introducing "Chieftain" fine Quality, Guaranteed Tailored Shirts. Just show samples, write orders. We deliver and collect. Your Pay Every Day. No capital or experience necessary. Spare time pays you big. Send today for Free Samples. Cincinnati Shirt Company, Secy. 1924, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Send for this Free Book

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

Concerning Letters from Stars.

Julia David certainly is fortunate in receiving letters from so many stars. I consider myself no less so, for haven't I received 'steen letters from the one and only Bebe Daniels? Every fan who has had a missive from Bebe will understand my enthusiasm. It's a grand and glorious feeling hearing from a player you adore. And when that player writes in the chummy and intimate vein that Bebe does—well, I just haunt the mail box! I consider it an honor to receive an epistle from any star, for I realize the mental and physical strain of screen acting. I'm sure writing and dictating letters is no one's idea of recreation, least of all a picture player whose fan mail is in the hundreds—or thousands. Yet, a star of Bebe Daniels' magnitude manages to answer many of her fans' letters. Do you wonder few stars have as enthusiastic a following? Bebe is ever praising her fellow players, and lauding the good work of some beginner. And I do wish the fans could read her humorous description of the day she worked as a telephone operator to get color for her rôle in "The Crowded Hour." I can readily understand why Bebe is the best-liked star in the studios. She is *real.*

Another star of equal charm as a correspondent is Helen Ferguson. Helen is ever so friendly and sincere. Incidentally, Helen wrote me she is a faithful reader of "What the Fans Think" department, and finds the fans' opinions very helpful. Imagine a star sending a fan an announcement of her marriage and an "at home" card! Helen did that—need I say more? I am very proud of that proof of Helen's friendship.

I have also received a three-page letter from Lillian Rich, who is no less sweet than Bebe and Helen.

Gertrude Short is another player who is not too busy to answer a fan letter.

Don't condemn a star when you fail to receive a reply to your letter. Players do appreciate fan mail. Whether or no they answer you, your praise or honest criticism, your helpful encouraging note may mean more than you realize in bolstering up their enthusiasm when that "Oh, what's the use?" feeling comes over them.

Keep on writing to your favorites—you can take it from Bebe and Helen that your letters are welcome.

DOROTHY LUBON.
2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City.

I had always thought that if one were really sincere when writing the stars, the latter would at least send a personal autographed photograph, if not a letter. Accordingly I wrote a letter to my favorite, Anita Stewart, who since 1917, when I first saw her in "A Million Bid," has held first place in my heart over all other stars. To me she is the most beautiful, the daintiest, the most adorable, and one of the best actresses on the screen, and I had imagined she was among the sweetest and most charming in real life. And so, as I said before, I wrote her a most eulogistic letter, and composed a verse about her—not real poetry at all, for I am not that brilliant. I did not ask for a photograph, for I have a beautiful one of her which she sent upon request about five years ago; but I did think—and hoped—that she would send me a personally autographed photo and perhaps—but only in my wildest dreams did this thought persist—a letter from her.

There was no response from her. None whatever. Imagine my keen disappointment. Am I to believe that Miss Stewart is not the gracious, charming, sweet, democratic person off the screen which I had always thought her to be?

On the other hand, I found Irene Rich all that I had thought Miss Stewart to be: she sent me a lovely personally autographed photo, and even addressed the envelope.

I am wondering how Mary Brian regards her fan mail. I have written her a most sincere letter of appreciation of her work and I am wondering if I will receive a letter, photograph, or no response whatever—but somehow I expect the last named—for if Miss Stewart would disappoint me, why not Miss Brian?

A DISAPPOINTED AND DISILLUSIONED FAN.
Dallas, Texas.

A Bouquet for Clive Brook.

Here is a bouquet for Clive Brook. He is the one actor, outside of Lewis Stone, whose name in the cast will pull me in to a picture, but I don't see any of the fans mentioning him or giving him credit for his work. If those of us who like him do not wake up and let the public and producers know about it, we will wake up some day to find out we haven't got any Clive Brook any more.

MURIEL YOUNG.
3522 Michigan Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Praise for Meighan.

If Thomas Meighan was under water with only his head emerged, we would go to see his pictures just to see him smile. We would like to see him in a dressed-up affair, but he looks good to us in a coal mine, prison cell, or any old thing. His pictures are always clean and wholesome.

FROM A BUNCH OF MEIGHAN FANS, FROM OLD VERMONT.
Burlington, Vt.

From An Eleven-year-old Fan.

I am eleven years old and have read PICTURE-PLAY for some time. Of all the actresses I consider Colleen Moore the best. I see all of her pictures. I saw "Sally" twice.

I think Lloyd Hughes is the best actor and the handsomest on the screen.

The following are my favorite actors and actresses: Lloyd Hughes, Richard Barthelmess, Antonio Moreno, Ramon Novarro, Neil Hamilton, Ben Lyon, Thomas Meighan, Colleen Moore, Mary Brian, Esther Ralston, Constance Talmadge, Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill.

I like PICTURE-PLAY best of all.

LAURA EDWARDS.
5107 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

Not to be Compared.

Quite a few controversies have come to my attention concerning the "perfect lover"—Valentino. Poof! Will any one tell me any picture in which he didn't dance the tango? In which he wasn't sheikish, and didn't "hog" the whole film? If his is an exhibition of perfect loving, all I wish to say is, I'd rather stay unloved than be perfectly loved.

Some fans, in their letters, compare him with Richard Barthelmess, while another says they are both her favorites. Neither is mine, yet may I say this: It is an insult to Barthelmess to compare Valentino with him. Barthelmess is incomparable.

THE PROPHET.
33 Salem Street, Worcester, Mass.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 68

"His Secretary" — Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer shows how plain she can look in entertaining picture of homely stenographer who startles and fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

"Hogan's Alley"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue in fantastic tale of New York's slums with melodramatic finish in which train wrecks, motor wrecks, landslides, airplanes, and dare-devil feats are all mixed up together.

"How Baxter Butted In"—Warner. Matt Moore in an amusing farce about a clerk in a newspaper office.

"Irish Luck"—Paramount. Beautiful background of Ireland an outstanding feature of film in which Thomas Meighan plays dual rôle of New York policeman and Irish lord who between them foil the villains of the piece. Lois Wilson a personable heroine.

"King on Main Street, The"—Paramount. Crisp, refreshing light comedy. Adolphe Menjou perfect as an amusing king who comes to America, with mistress in tow, and falls in love with American girl. Greta Nissen is the foreign lady; Bessie Love, the American.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the screen of Barrie's delightful tale of starved London waif whose vivid imagination finds expression in her fantastic dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as *Cinderella;* Tom Moore a delight as London bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar Wilde's story of a mother of doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from same mistake. Well done. May McAvoy in title rôle; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.

"Live Wire, The"—First National. Johnny Hines in a stunt film full of excitement, comedy, and unique situations.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Lucky Horseshoe, The"—Fox. A Tom Mix Western, with Tony, as usual, playing an important part. Billie Dove is the beautiful heroine rescued from the wrong man, and Ann Pennington makes a brief but effective appearance.

"Man on the Box, The"—Warner. Syd Chaplin a hit in an entertaining burlesque which he handles to perfection, throwing in many a funny trick, and finishing off with an amusing impersonation of a maid.

"Masked Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fantastic tale of the Paris underworld, with Mae Murray in her usual dancing rôle. Francis X. Bushman plays big-hearted millionaire who lifts her from her sordid surroundings.

As it should be

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The Amusement Calendar
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7

BETTY COMPSON

HOUSE PETERS
and
JAY HUNT

"Counsel for the Defense"
Directed by Burton King
From Leroy Scott's Famous Novel
Personally Supervised by Edward Silton

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

GLENN HUNTER
with
CONSTANCE BENNETT
as another of those "lovable boob" characters

"The PINCH HITTER"

Directed by Joseph Henabery from the Story by C. Gardner Sullivan

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

STRONGHEART
The most natural actor on the screen in a smashing picturization of the widely read Novel by Rufus King

"NORTH STAR"
Presented by
HOWARD ESTABROOK
Directed by
Paul Powell

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

"Midshipman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing film of life at Annapolis, with Ramon Novarro in rôle of a midshipman. Marred only by some impossible situations and too much sentiment.

"Mystic, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sister film to "The Unholy Three," showing the machinations of three fake spiritualists and a clever crook. Aileen Pringle is quite flashing in the title rôle, Conway Tearle good as the crook.

"Old Clothes"—Metro-Goldwyn. Jackie Coogan a little more grown up in a typical Coogan film full of hokum which his acting makes plausible and funny.

"Only Thing, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another of Elinor Glyn's royal romances. Conrad Nagel, as an English duke, and Eleanor Boardman, as a previously betrothed Northern princess, finally come together after many vicissitudes, including a gory revolution.

"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruesome story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as *Phantom*, pretty awful to look at, Norman Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Regular Fellow, A"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith delightful in an amusing picture satirizing the social life of a modern crown prince. Mary Brian opposite him.

"Road to Yesterday, The"—Producers Distributing. Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, and William Boyd play four modern young people who are carried by a train wreck back into the Middle Ages and are seen in their former incarnations.

"Sally, Irene, and Mary"—Metro-Goldwyn. A light, amusing comedy concerned with the evils and dangers of Broadway. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Sally O'Neill are three musical-comedy girls. William Haines is the hero.

"Satan in Sables"—Warner. Lowell Sherman as a rather dissipated but very attractive Russian prince who goes through life counting no costs, suffering for it in the end. Pauline Garon lively as a naughty but innocent little French girl.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"—Paramount. Hilarious version of the stage play; Douglas MacLean, the young author who tries to write a book in twenty-four hours, to win his publisher's daughter.

"Seven Sinners"—Warner. Marie Prevost, John Patrick, and Clive Brook are the three most important of seven crooks who simultaneously attempt to rob the same country house and all get locked in together. Good comedy.

"Simon the Jester"—Producers Distributing. Rather sentimental adaptation of William J. Locke's novel of a young man who falls in love with a circus girl. Eugene O'Brien, whimsical and wry; Lillian Rich, tearful as the girl.

"Skinner's Dress Suit"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy of young clerk whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dares not tell her he has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.

"Splendid Crime, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a lady crook who falls in love with a handsome young man, played by Neil Hamilton, and straightway reforms. Not an unusually exciting film, but worth seeing.

"Splendid Road, The"—First National. A fast and furious film of the California gold-rush days, with Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Frazer in the foreground.

"Stage Struck"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson in slapstick comedy; tale of small-town waitress with stage aspirations who joins a cheap traveling show with amusing results.

"Sun Up"—Metro-Goldwyn. Drama of the Carolina mountaineers in which Conrad Nagel does some surprisingly good acting. Lucille la Verne is very fine as his mother, and Pauline Starke, as his wild little sweetheart, looks more like Gloria Swanson than ever

"Tumbleweeds"—United Artists. Return of William S. Hart as noble cowboy in film of homesteading land rush.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of prodigal son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"We Moderns"—First National. Colleen Moore very much alive as English flapper who loses heart to drawing-room poet and does some rather startling things in process of getting him.

"Wild Horse Mesa"—Paramount. Western melodrama, with good cast, including Jack Holt, who does some fine riding, Billie Dove, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a company of wild horses.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Best People, The"—Paramount. Shopworn tale of wealthy, drinking, dancing family who make fuss when favorite daughter falls in love with model chauffeur. Warner Baxter and Esther Ralston head cast.

"Bright Lights"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rustic drama of a country boy and a chorus girl in which Charles Ray is made to look foolish in a type of rôle that he long ago outgrew. Pauline Starke is thoroughly suitable as the chorus girl.

"Circle, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A very bad picture of a good play, poorly adapted, poorly directed, and poorly acted. Eleanor Boardman, Malcolm MacGregor, and Creighton Hale in featured rôles.

"Cobra"—Paramount. A lethargic melodrama in which Rudolph Valentino, always impeccably dressed, comes under the spell of the serpentine Nita Naldi, who eventually meets with a dreadful end in a hotel fire.

"Coming of Amos, The"—Producers Distributing. A William J. Locke story done too elaborately, with Rod La Rocque playing uncouth but rich young Australian who lands at Riviera and falls under spell of scheming princess, Jetta Goudal.

"Compromise"—Warner. Badly done picture of supersensitive young girl who marries childhood playmate and

soon afterward loses him to minxish half sister. Irene Rich, Clive Brook, and Pauline Garon appear.

"Everlasting Whisper, The"—Fox. Usual Tom Mix picture in which he makes all the villains look exceedingly foolish and helpless, and of course rescues a girl.

"Flower of Night"—Paramount. Loosely knit picture of fiery Spanish girl, Pola Negri, who goes to every extreme in attempt to rouse responsive warmth in the cold heart of a New Englander. Screen début of Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy.

"Golden Princess, The"—Paramount. A slow-moving gold-rush romance, ending in cheap melodrama. Betty Bronson her usual self; Neil Hamilton pleasing.

"Hell's Highroad"—Producers Distributing. Story of a girl who revenges herself on faithless husband by ruining him financially and starting an affair with another man. Leatrice Joy in the lead.

"His Majesty, Bunker Bean"—Warner. Another good book ruined. Matt Moore turns Harry Leon Wilson's eccentric *Bunker Bean* into slapstick comedian.

"In the Name of Love"—Paramount. Fairly good entertainment. Newly rich mother and daughter set out to capture titled husband for the latter. Greta Nissen is the beautiful spoiled girl, and Ricardo Cortez the handsome young man.

"Joanna"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill, a comedienne of the first order, in badly directed picture of poor shopgirl who is suddenly thrust into a life of luxury by being given a million dollars to use as she pleases.

"Keeper of the Bees, The"—F. B. O. Gene Stratton-Porter's story; sentimental melodrama, that becomes ridiculous. Good cast, including Robert Frazer, Alyce Mills, and Clara Bow.

"Knock-out, The"—First National. Milton Sills in a film about a cultured prize fighter and a girl who owns a lumber camp. A log jam brings things to a crisis. Lorna Duveen is the girl.

"Lights of Old Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slight, unamusing film of old New York, bringing together Marion Davies, as the actress daughter of a belligerent Irish squatter, and Conrad Nagel, as the wealthy son of a proud old aristocrat.

"Lord Jim"—Paramount. A poor attempt to transpose Conrad's book to the screen. Percy Marmont, unconvincing as a sailor with a complex of fear, who deserts his ship and suffers for it. Shirley Mason, the South Sea heroine.

"Love Hour, The"—Vitagraph. A comedy that starts in Coney Island and ends in gilded palaces. Louise Fazenda, Willard Louis, Ruth Clifford, and Huntley Gordon all work themselves almost to death.

"Man Who Found Himself, The"—Paramount. Rather poor picture in which Thomas Meighan is supposed to be a crook but isn't. Ralph Morgan is real crook, and Virginia Valli the girl who misunderstands.

"New Brooms"—Paramount. A good comedy ruined by poor handling. Bessie Love's acting only bright spot. Neil Hamilton, handsome, but not funny.

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Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

"New Commandment, The"—First National. Jumbled, silly picture, involving a match-making aunt, a rebellious nephew, an aristocratic artist's model, and finally the war. A fine cast, however, with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon featured.

"Pace That Thrills, The"—First National. False, silly story of life of a moving-picture star, with Ben Lyon miscast in the leading rôle.

"Red-hot Tires"—Warner. Intended for high-speed comedy, but the featured players, Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, aren't up to it. Full of automobiles and accidents.

"Son of His Father, A"—Paramount. Harold Bell Wright story of sister who visits brother on Western ranch and finds him tied up with band of smugglers. Bessie Love and Warner Baxter.

"Thank You"—Fox. Propaganda against the usual treatment of ministers in small towns, with Alec Francis playing a saintly old minister who has rather a bad time of it, and with George O'Brien and Jacqueline Logan furnishing the love element.

"Tower of Lies, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old story of mortgage on the farm. Mediocre picture with Lon Chaney good as old Swedish father who loses mind and imagines himself an emperor and his lost daughter, Norma Shearer, an empress.

"Unchastened Woman, The"—Chadwick. Badly directed and badly acted film in which Theda Bara makes unworthy return to screen.

"What Fools Men"—First National. Rather a silly film in which Shirley Mason is a spoiled daughter and Lewis Stone an unreasonable father who doesn't know how to handle her. Barbara Bedford also featured.

"Woman of the World, A"—Paramount. Clowning and drama hopelessly mingled in clumsy film of a bejeweled countess, played by Pola Negri, who comes from Riviera to small United States town and falls in love with strait-laced district attorney.

Information Please

Continued from page 102

A BUCK JONES FAN.—I don't need to ask what your hobby is—I know you approve of athletics! Buck Jones weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds; he doesn't give his age. Yes, he is an excellent boxer. George O'Brien was born in San Francisco in 1900; he is five feet eleven inches and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds. As to whether he or Buck is the "better-built man," that probably depends on one's standards in physique. Buck is three-fourths of an inch taller, and weighs three pounds less. Fred Thomson is about thirty-five; he is six feet three inches, but I don't know his weight. Edith Johnson was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. She is five feet four inches, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Lois Wilson is about twenty-five, I should think, but she doesn't give her age. She is five feet five and a half inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her address is below. I don't know where William Duncan can be reached. However, I remember that he was a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, so perhaps you could reach him in care of the club. As to who is the best rider on the screen, that is unquestionably merely a matter of opinion.

SHORTEE.—I'm glad you like my pages; bouquets hit the spot, on a bleak day. Anna May Wong was born and educated in Los Angeles; she has played in pictures about five years. She isn't married. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Of course her hair is black, and her eyes are brown. Yes, it is too bad we don't see her on the screen oftener, but the reason is obvious, as only certain types of films have rôles that would suit a little Chinese girl. Her recent pictures are "Fifth Avenue" and a Fox special, "A Trip to Chinatown."

A JONES FAN.—I couldn't get your answer in the magazine for the date you asked; this is the earliest possible moment. Most of the information you wish is given in the reply to a Buck Jones Fan. I have included his address in the list at the end of the department. He is married and has a little daughter, but I don't know his wife's name. I suppose he will send you his photo if you ask him for it. Buck's hobby is police dogs, and I understand that he has a great kennel of them. I will tell the editor you wish a picture of him to be published in PICTURE-PLAY.

SKEEZIX.—Well, I certainly won't scold you for calling me "genius," even if it isn't a "pet" name. I'd rather have that than petting any time! Old films, after they have been shown all around, are stored, I suppose, by the producers, and frequently revived years later. I don't know just what is done with negatives that are completely worn out. The addresses you ask for have been included in the list at the end of this department—except that of William Otis; I don't know where he can be reached. No, I don't think Marion MacDonald is any relation to Katherine; I suppose you know that Mary MacLaren is Katherine's sister. Don Alvarez has only recently come before the public, and I don't know a great deal about him. I think he is Spanish, however. No, he did not play in "Argentine Love." The leads in "The Purple Riders" were played by Joe Ryan and Carol Halloway. Well, you have part of my description right, but I won't tell you which part. "Keep 'em guessing" is my motto.

GEE.—So you think my address is long? Then you ought to see my whiskers! All my whiskers, if laid end to end, would reach from—oh, I don't know, I don't feel just like laying whiskers end to end today. Besides, it's such a silly thing to do, don't you think? Jack Pickford is married to Marilyn Miller, a musical-comedy star. Yes, Walter Miller is married; his wife is a professional dancer, I believe, whose name I can't recall. He doesn't give his age. I should write to Fred Thomson, if I were you, to get a picture of Silver King. The girl in "Parisian Nights" was Elaine Hammerstein. She has been making "The Checkered Flag," a Henry Ginsberg production. I don't know where she can be reached, as many of the small independent companies do not have studios of their own, but merely rent studio space for the making of each picture. Yes, William Boyd was the player you mention in "The Road to Yesterday." I have added the addresses you wish to the list at the end of the department—at least, all of them that I know.

A CLAIRE WINDSOR FAN.—Leslie Fenton seems to be coming along very well; a number of readers have asked me for his address this month, so I am adding it to the list. Ramon Novarro is twenty-seven. Claire Windsor's hair is blond; both Elaine Hammerstein and Corinne Griffith have brown hair. Yes, Katherine MacDonald is returning to the screen in the title rôle of "The Unnamed Woman."

PHYLLIS HAIGHT.—What a nice letter you write! Mary Brian is not married, nor is Larry Gray, nor Pola Negri. Yes, Colleen Moore's eyes don't match—one is brown and one blue. Baby Peggy's last name is Montgomery; she is eight years old. Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan have never played in a film together.

MISS FITT.—I hope you weren't having one when you wrote me that letter all full of nonsense, were you? The crocheted red bathing suit seems quite unusual, but aren't there holes in crocheted things. And might not the threads between the holes shrink when worn in swimming? Really, I shudder to think! The answer to that one, of course, is, "Do you?" I'm afraid that answers to Colleen Moore's fan letters are limited to those her secretary sends out. She does send her photograph free, though; she even sent me one when I wrote her a business-personal letter about something altogether different! As to how she spends her home life, she wouldn't get far spending that; it takes money these days. Colleen weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Yes, she can probably ride horseback; it's almost necessary for any screen star to know how to ride, because they are frequently called upon to do so in making pictures. No, you can't have a "tress of my beard;" you must be thinking of "Tess of the Storm Country."

G. B. MANSKI, CONTEST EDITOR, RICHARD DIX FAN CLUB.—Inasmuch as your contest closes at midnight of March 5th, it is too late to announce it in the columns of PICTURE-PLAY; you failed to allow sufficient time for printing. Also, when a magazine announces a contest, there are certain post-office regulations concerning the conditions which must be complied with. I am not sure whether this would also include a contest not conducted by the magazine itself or not—but you can see that it might be very complicated for this department to announce contests by the various fan correspondence clubs.

O'HENRY.—Virginia Lee Corbin gives her birth date as 1912, which would make her, of course, only fourteen. As to her height and weight, she is still growing, and it's impossible to keep track. She was about five feet tall the last time I saw her, and she weighed probably about a hundred and ten or so. I do not know whether Lila Lee has a sister named Mrs. Bennett—just imagine what a job it would be for me if I kept track of screen players' relatives as well as of the players themselves! Whew! It makes me so tired even to think of it that I'm afraid I shall have to go right to bed.

ROWDIE.—Perhaps if I were to publish my picture, you wouldn't like me so much. Besides, I see that you like 'em young, and I assure you I'm more than twenty-one; I've been voting for years—though you can't always tell by that, can you? Yes, it is true that Ben Lyon is about twenty-six; he told me several years ago, himself, just how old he was. He was twenty-three then, but I can't remember just how long ago that was. Ben is five feet eleven. Yes, John Gilbert is one of the most charming and popular of all the men players on the screen. Shirley Mason's beau

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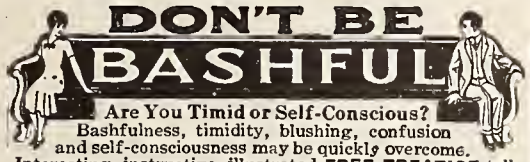

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in "What Fools Men" was Hugh Allen. Lewis Stone, of course, was the male lead. I'm afraid I can't settle the argument about Mae Murray's age; she is discreetly silent on the subject herself, and I can only respect a lady's wishes.

THE CHARLES DE ROCHE CLUB OF FRIENDS wishes to extend its greetings to readers of PICTURE-PLAY. The club is now two years old and has a membership of seven hundred and forty. Any one desiring further information may write the club's corresponding secretary, Annie Laurie Buttrey, 724 East Maine Street, Enid, Oklahoma.

MARY W. SPROUL.—No, you haven't written for some time, have you? But I never forget old friends. Doug Fairbanks is five feet ten inches, and has dark-brown eyes. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, eyes are gray. Yes, Mary Pickford's curls are natural; what a strain it would have been on the poor little screen star if she had had to get her hair curled like that all the time. I'm not sure whether Betty Bronson wore a wig in "Not So Long Ago" and "The Golden Princess," but the chances are that she did, since they both required an old-fashioned style of hairdress with lots of hair piled up high. Even if an actress has lots of long hair, it is usually easier and quicker, when playing that sort of rôle, to put a wig on in the morning, than it is to get up in time to have such an elaborate coiffure concocted every day before starting to work. The players in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" were Mary Pickford, Allan Forrest, Anders Randolf, Marc McDermott, Madame Daumery, Wilfred Lucas, Clare Eames, Estelle Taylor, Courtenay Foote, Colin Kent, and Lottie Pickford Forrest.

THE GEORGE O'BRIEN CLUB wishes to make its début in these columns. It now has about seventy members, and is looking for more among George's admirers. Any one interested may obtain further information by writing to the club's secretary, Miss Mary Knapp, 94 East Fifth Street, Corning, New York.

AN O'BRIEN FAN.—You should be interested in the item just above. I am sorry you were unable to get George O'Brien's photo from him at the Fox studio, as that is the only address I know. He doesn't give his home address.

TWO FILM FANS.—What is this, a conspiracy in honor of George O'Brien? This is the third consecutive letter I have opened which asks about George. A new fan club organized by his admirers is announced elsewhere in this department. See also An O'Brien Fan. George's new pictures are, "Thank You," "The Fighting Heart," "Havoc," "As No Man Has Loved," and "The Silver Treasure"—adapted from Joseph Conrad's "Nostromo." I do not know of any Ian Keith and Syd Chaplin fan clubs.

MISS HERMAN.—Yes, indeed, I will answer your questions in PICTURE-PLAY. I'm just as eager to fill up this space as fast as I can as you could possibly be to get your questions answered. Eva Novak is Mrs. Richard Reed, and has a little daughter born last July. Betty Blythe is married to Paul Scardon. No, I don't think Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman have any children. Neither Dorothy Devore nor Agnes Ayres give their ages.

DODO.—There, I knew you couldn't believe everything you hear—I've always been told that dodoes were extinct. Colleen Moore is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Shirley Mason is free lancing and has no permanent address—she doesn't give her home address. As this goes to press, she is working in a picture at the Famous Players studio in Hollywood. Hugh Allen played the chauffeur in "What Fools Men."

H. L.—You do flatter me—or at least my memorizing powers—by describing the plot of a film you saw seven or eight years ago and expecting me to remember what it was! I may be good—I try to be, at least—but to remember that, I'd have to be simply "swell." The only way I can look up a picture in the files is by its title. There is no training school for directors to my knowledge; the only way to become a director is to get any kind of a job possible in a motion-picture studio and work up. Directors are all trained by experience in the studios; some of them are former actors, camera men, prop men, script or continuity writers. Even a stenographic job at a studio might give one a start. Yes, I'm afraid it's rather an impossibility to get a hand-written letter from a star, as they can't very well play favorites. "The House of the Tolling Bell" is such an old picture that I haven't the cast for it, and I don't even know who produced it.

STATION O. H. S.—Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, November 1, 1904. John Bowers is engaged to Marguerite de la Motte. I have included Eileen Percy's address in the list at the end of the department. Lois Moran is an American girl, seventeen years old. She went to school in Paris, and danced in a ballet there. The story of how she got into pictures is told in the January PICTURE-PLAY. Samuel Goldwyn was so impressed with her that he gave her a contract, under the terms of which she must remain thoroughly unsophisticated. So far, she has! Lois is blond, with blue eyes, and is, as you probably know, very young and fresh looking.

BILLIE DOVE FAN.—So you hope my whiskers keep me warm this winter? Something does, but perhaps it's high blood pressure. Whiskers are a great help when you can't find your muffler, but they are rather a bother as well, now that New York is using soft coal—everything gets so dirty. Billie Dove was born and educated in New York; I don't know just how old she was when she left school and went into the Ziegfeld "Follies." She married Irwin Willat in California, I believe, in 1923. Billie has dark-brown hair and eyes; I do not know the age or height of Mr. Willat. In fact, there is no occasion for my keeping a record of the personal descriptions of the various directors, since fans almost never inquire about that. I don't know exactly what the population of Hollywood is, but it is about ten thousand, I believe.

Addresses of Players

Buster Collier, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Alice Joyce, Bessie Love, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Billie Dove, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Kathlyn Williams. at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Constance Bennett, May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sally

O'Neil, Helene d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman Paulette Duval, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Lois Moran, Viola Dana, Dorothy Seastrom, Rudolph Valentino, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lloyd Hughes, and Eugene O'Brien, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Marc McDermott, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, House Peters, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, and Mary McAllister, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Jacqueline Logan, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Marion Harlan, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Charles Mack, care of D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Clive Brook, Don Alvarez, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Roche, June Marlowe, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Alice Calhoun, Matt Moore, Huntley Gordon, and Dorothy Devore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Ben Lyon, at Biograph Studios, 807 One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Reed Howe, Wanda Hawley, at Rayart Productions, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Walter Miller, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 1771½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1926

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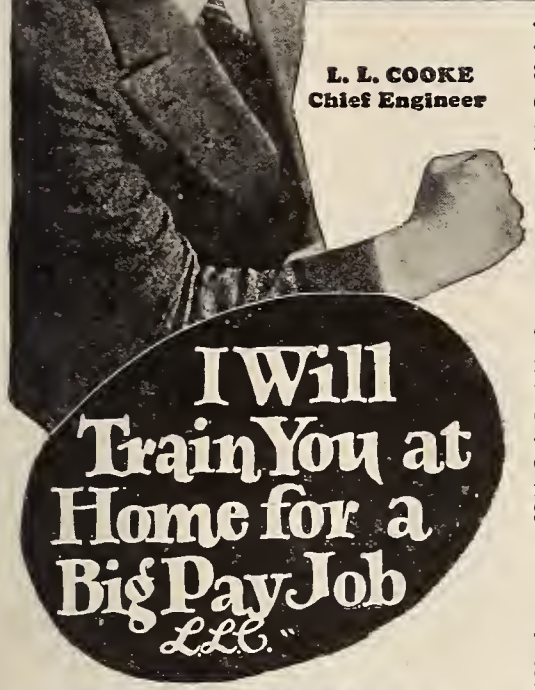

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When you know what Paramount has You seek what Paramount shows

Anyone who enjoys great motion pictures and checks up where they come from, keeps a sharp eye on Paramount's production program.

Seeing great entertainment is merely a question of knowing what is being released and "when will it reach my theatre?" Here are six current Paramount Pictures you will enjoy to the last fade-out:

Harold Lloyd in "For Heaven's Sake"
Directed by Sam Taylor

Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! Go to the theatre as gloomy as a mummy and stay that way if you can! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
A Malcolm St. Clair Production

with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor. From the play by Alfred Savoir. An aristocratic love-comedy set in the midst of the brilliant carnival of Paris night life. Here's a trip to Paris that gives you more of the gay city than many a traveller gets.

Zane Grey's
"The Vanishing American"

with RICHARD DIX, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery and Malcolm McGregor. Directed by George B. Seitz. Zane Grey's epic of the Indian ranks with The Covered Wagon in fateful power and excitement. Don't miss the mighty duel of Copperskin and White Man!

"The Song and Dance Man"
A Herbert Brenon Production

with Tom Moore, Bessie Love and Harrison Ford. From George M. Cohan's famous comedy success. Real romance lives and throbs within the make-believe of stage life, human beings loving and fighting and hoping behind the grease-paint.

"DANCING MOTHERS"

A Herbert Brenon Production. Starring Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce and Clara Bow. This is the Paramount picturization of the famous stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding which set all New York talking about the neglected wife who dances her way to freedom and love. Mere material prosperity divorced from happy, human comradeship will never chain any real woman, and "Dancing Mothers" shows you why in a show worthy of Paramount's greatest traditions.

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Paramount Pictures

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When the Players Come to New York

they like to get as many glimpses as they can of Broadway's night life. Not all of us can follow them to the different night clubs and similar places of amusement, and for that reason, we are going to offer the next best thing—an article by Helen Klumph about the places of amusement where, just now, the players in New York are likely to be seen.

Some very unusual personality stories are being prepared for our next issue. William H. McKegg has written his "Uncensored Observations" of Pola Negri, which will throw a good deal of light on the complex nature of that most enigmatic star. Malcolm H. Oettinger has written a story about Aileen Pringle, which is one of the most sparkling pieces of writing we have ever had from him. Helen Klumph has had a most interesting talk with Pauline Frederick, whose sensational season on the stage in Australia and New Zealand has become a matter of theatrical history, and who promises to be more successful than ever on her return to the screen.

These are only a few of the features which we will offer next month. There will be a great many others, and we hope that every motion-picture fan will be sure to procure a copy.

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Sweeping us on—ever on—breathless . . .
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Scenario by Dorothy Farnum, from the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Titles by Katherine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

What the Fans Think

A Pointed Note from Mexico.

THIS letter coming from Mexico, many are there who will expect a bomb to explode. Well, far be it from me to disappoint them.

First, I award a medal of courage to the brave barber who dares give Jackie Coogan a manly hair cut. Another to the brave person who dares tell Mary Pickford to stop making kid pictures. A laurel wreath to the brave director who for once ends up a picture without the final kiss, hug, or walking along a moonlit lane holding hands. And last, another wreath for the brave one who cans all comedians and comedies except those of Lloyd and Chaplin.

I said it.

GENE GARCIA.

Apartado 46 Bis, Mexico, D. F.

On the Stroke of Midnight.

I awoke one night on the stroke of twelve to find myself in a state of terror—such terror as I had never believed possible. I seemed to be walking up a narrow path in an unknown wood, all alone. Strange noises were abroad that night, and at every turn in the path, shadowy figures seemed to slump away.

Just when I was about to give up hope of ever getting out of the wood, a strange man appeared in front of me. Of course this added to my terror and I started to flee. I did not get very far, for the strange man caught up with me and, laying a hand on my arm, told me in a weird voice that he would show me how to get out of the wood. I consented, for I believe I was half crazy at the time.

For what seemed endless hours, we trudged through the wood, the strange man in the lead. Finally we came out by a big, open space near a deep, dark pool. Suddenly the man seemed to vanish in a mist, and once again I was alone.

Standing still for a few moments, I felt that some one was behind my back. Wheeling around, expecting to see the strange man, I was horrified to see a grinning, leering hunchback. No one will ever realize the agony of those few seconds! I tried to back away from him, only to find myself surrounded by countless, weird creatures.

At the back of them, accompanied by a hooded phantom with the face of Death, stood the strange man with a wild, insane look in his eyes. In his smooth, inhuman voice he told me he was the "great doctor" of the age, and that these creatures were the work of his master hand. Fascinated by those cruel eyes and the wicked, leering mouth, I could only stand still. As the doctor came close to me, I screamed with horror, falling to the ground in a dead faint.

This, fans, is all I remember of my nightmare of a few nights ago. Through it all, Lon Chaney's face was predominant. I am convinced that there is no greater living artist. There are those who call him the "great master of make-up." Yes, he is all that and more. Chaney has that uncanny but fascinating light in his eyes that is given to but few in this world. We all know deep down in our hearts that he is a genius. *N'est-ce pas?*

ROMA HOLLINGSWORTH.

Curtiss Field, Garden City,
Long Island, New York.

Misrepresenting the West.

May I say a few words in protest against the Western pictures depicting the supposedly "wild and woolly" West? I had always lived in the West until eight years ago, when I moved for a while to Connecticut, and it was after my move there that I realized the unfortunate effect that the false film representation of the West of the country has on the Eastern people, many of whom have never been outside their own States.

When I first heard their views of the West, I was utterly amazed. The reason for these misconceptions, I've learned, lies in their believing that the Western life, as shown in the Western "thrillers" which they see on the screen, is based on reality. They believe there are cowboys who shoot when they are angry, that there are saloons where drinking and fighting and shooting predominate, that all the land is either a vast range, or an unsettled desert of sand and sagebrush. Several people back in Connecticut asked me if there were any electric lights, trolley cars, and autos out here, and they hardly believed me when I told them that the West is far ahead of the East in modern improvements of that sort. One of my schoolmates asked me if I rode bucking bronchos, and was quite astonished when I told her I had never even ridden a horse. I've been corresponding with fans in other countries, too, and they also believe the West to be wild and unsettled, all due to the wrong impression these Western films give. It seems to me too bad that this should be so, and I wish that all such misleading films could be banned.

Last summer I had the privilege of crossing the continent by auto to return to the Pacific coast, and I assure you I didn't see *one* cowboy or any shooting whatsoever, and I came right through the "wildest" of the Western States.

ELINOR GARRISON.

112 Union Avenue, West,
Olympia, Washington.

An English Fan's Selections.

Which were the best films of 1925?

As a lot of the bigger films have not yet come my way, I am giving what a big English Sunday paper, *The Weekly Dispatch*, considers the best.

1. "Ypres." The most inspired production. (This is an English film, probably unknown to Americans.)
2. "Charley's Aunt." The most successful.
3. "Greed." Strongest drama.
4. "Don Q." Finest romance.
5. "The Gold Rush." Funniest film.
6. "Forbidden Paradise." Wittiest film.
7. "The Last Laugh." Most original.
8. "Beggar on Horseback." Cleverest.
9. "The Unholy Three." Best melodrama.
10. "The Lost World." Best adventure film.
11. "Romola." Grandest.
12. "Quo Vadis." Grandest.
13. "Peter Pan." The prettiest fantasy.
14. "Little Dorrit." The best adaptation of a novel.

It will be noticed that there are ten American films to one English, one German, one Italian, and one Swedish. What do Americans think of this list?

LAPIS LAZULI.

"The Green," Fairfield, Buxton, Derbyshire, England.

No Such Luck.

Oh, say, you "Former Extra Girl" of Colmas, California, thanks for passing over that thrill! I really mean that kiss you so unexpectedly got from Richard Dix. I assure you that I was just about as thrilled by reading about that kiss as you were in receiving it. Dog-gone it, I ain't ever had such luck!

TEDDY KUNKEL.

1009 East One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Street, New York City.

Enough to Make Them Gasp!

There have been many interesting articles in your magazine, and I, for one, have been enjoying them for several years. But the article about what the players read, in the February issue, is worth more to the players and to the industry, and to the country in general, than a dozen of the others. Why? Because thousands of misguided people think that all the movie folk are silly and shallow. I hear it every day. And to tell them that movie folk go to church and read solid books is to be called—silently if not out loud—a liar.

That article ought to be run in the leading dailies of the country and in a number of the popular magazines. The people need to know some things about our movie folk that are really worth while. We all know now that they have legs, pretty legs; that they wear underwear; that they love, marry, and divorce. The country has had enough of that. And I hope the publicity men will concoct some better method to advertise their stars.

I was particularly interested in the statements by Milton Sills and by Pola Negri. Think of a movie star, a foreigner at that, having five thousand books! That is quite enough to make some of our conservative intellectuals who make addresses on Washington's Birthday, and at the Parents and Teachers Association, and at the Book Club, gasp!

JOSEPH J. ENLOE.

Rock Hill, S. C.

Gloria on Location.

Every one realizes that the beautiful Gloria Swanson is a versatile actress, but how many know that she is expert at rifle shooting? Recently, while at Pinehurst, North Carolina, making scenes for a new picture, she won the ladies' weekly rifle-shooting contest with lots of stiff competition, and even the marquis—her husband—could not beat her in a match.

I failed to see Lawrence Gray, who was her leading man, but when I saw the much-photographed husband of Miss Swanson in the barber shop, I wondered why he did not accept the job of leading man for his wife. He is certainly handsome enough.

HELEN OF TROY.

Box 85, Bessemer City, N. C.

Praise for an Extra.

While everybody is writing words of praise about the stars, I want to send a wee bouquet to Rosalind Byrnne. She is only an extra girl, but I always look for her in every picture! Her name is never mentioned in casts, and I only found out her name by accident when King Vidor selected eight types of flappers for a certain magazine.

Rosalind was the tall girl with the sleek bob who grabbed Harold Lloyd's suspenders in "The Freshman," thinking her garter had broken. Remember the dance scenes?

This is my only chance to get a few words to Rosalind, and I want her to know that I think she is beautiful. I like her youthfulness and grave sincerity combined. To me she is always adorable and very charming. I wish her much success!

LUCILE CARLSON.

206 East Main Street, Detroit, Minn.

Two Opinions on "The Midshipman."

May I, as a hardened critic, claim some of your valuable space for a few words about Ramon Novarro's much-condemned film, "The Midshipman?" I hastened to the first performance at the Tivoli—London's largest cinema—to see for myself if Novarro really *had* gone the way of most stars nowadays, the way that goes down with a bump. I am afraid that I agree with all the nasty things the critics said about the production and the supporting cast, but as to Novarro, no.

I do not say that his performance was up to his usual standard, but I do say that he's the gamest little sport that ever appeared on the screen.

Am I the first one to realize that he was about as comfortably cast as would have been Percy Marmont as *Scaramouche* or Thomas Meighan as *Motauri?* Yet Ramon went right in and, as always, gave us of his best and one more proof of his never-ending versatility.

I regret the fact that the story gave him no opportunity to display his dramatic genius—but then we've all seen what he *can* do, in that direction—and yet it was rather fun to see the "naughty schoolboy" quality—always thinly veiled until now—come out into the light, and the "kid" Novarro enjoy himself, as did the audience, which laughed far more at his comedy than at Buster Keaton in "Go West," showing on the same bill.

Stick it, Ramon, even if the critics did have a "down" on you! *Some* people understand. We don't want any more films like "The Midshipman," because we agree with you that you should never need to set up as a serious rival to Harold Lloyd. But we cannot feel sorry at having been given the opportunity of seeing, that if you ever *did* want to, you darn well could.

MARY LYTTON.

Care of Wyndham's Theater, Leicester Square, London, W. C., England.

Ramon Novarro did his finest work in "The Midshipman," and I would like to see him on the screen more frequently in pictures as good as that. Novarro would fit fine in a good snappy college picture, and I hope his producers will put him in pictures of this nature and *keep him there.*

HERBERT JURGENS.

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Addressed to Intolerant Fans.

For many years I have attended movies and have passed through all stages of interest, adoration, and extreme idealization of my various favorites.

I can, therefore, look back with dispassionate interest on my former wild enthusiasms and also have an understanding heart for all of the enthusiasts—particularly the young ones—who are passing through the same wild hero worship for their Rudy, Ramon, Ronald, and John Gilbert.

But why is it that they can see only *one*, and must regard all others as imitators and impostors?

Why not admit their infatuation, and the possibility of other rival heroes being gifted actors and almost as charming as their ideal?

I have read and enjoyed PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE for years, and have particularly liked the "What the Fans Think," but I cannot get over being puzzled by this intense intolerance on the part of the majority of fans.

I have seen, studied, and almost lived movies. If I had devoted as much time to the study of any other subject, I would be considered an authority on it. I think I am in a position, at least, to say that we need and want all the different types on the screen—the marvelous dash of Doug, the sweet sensible goodness of Mary Pickford, the romantic appeal of gypsy John Gilbert, Spanish Ramon, Italian Rudy, and English Ronald—not to mention scores of others—some rising in one rôle to great heights and others perhaps plodding along with little chance of ever reaching the heights. But whether they reach the heights or not, each and every one, at some time, brings joy and pleasure to us.

I am through with my Pollyannalike sermon—which I do not expect to be printed or read—but, fans, try to be reasonable and tolerate all of them and not show your extreme youthfulness by denouncing all but your own personal ideals.

TWENTY-THREE.

2811 Twenty-sixth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

This Fan is Movie Mad.

I must tell PICTURE-PLAY readers of my one and only favorite—William Haines. I used to be so bored at movies, but since I have seen him, I am movie mad. I never thought a screen player could affect me like this. I hope to see many pictures of him as he is the most wonderful, adorable man on earth to me. M. E.

New York City.

What's Wrong with the Movies?

The only thing wrong with the movies that I can see is that the producers are releasing so many good pictures I can't get time—or money—to see them all.

For those knockers who are continually finding fault with the movies, I suggest taking a quiet evening off and seeing "The Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," or "The Wild Bull's Lair." Yes, sir! I think the last a good picture, and, what's more, the best Western I've seen in many a day.

BEATRICE HOOKS.

Granbury, Texas.

For Accuracy in the Movies.

Will you permit an old business man to offer a suggestion for the betterment of pictures? If it seems I am full of ego, it is only because I have traveled considerably and observed a good deal in my experiences as a game warden and ranger, fireman, police officer, bronco buster, sailor, soldier, trapper, woodsman, and finally as an executive and official in a million-dollar corporation.

Pictures can be made the greatest educators of the world, but not until they present life as it really is.

Take, for example, a scene in which a board of directors of a corporation meets to elect an officer. The movies will show the directors with clenched fists, glaring eyes, every muscle and nerve taut. In real life, the directors, at such a time, are relaxed, apparently doing anything but giving the attention to the matter before them, yet with their ears open all the time. Such a scene as the movies make it can spoil an entire picture for me, and for those who also are or have been in business.

I recently saw a much-advertised picture of Alaska of the gold-rush time. The first few feet of that film spoiled the whole thing. Any "sourdough" could have told the directors of that picture that the gold seekers did not all pack the same kind of duffel. They had bundles of all sorts and sizes, tied with rope, string, wire, or anything else. Yet, in the picture, the bundles all looked as though they came out of a department store, so identical were they in every respect. Worse than that, there was not a shovel or pick in sight, though the men were going to dig for gold!

A few feet more of film and we saw the hero struggling up old Chilloot pass with a heavy pack and wearing an overcoat, while one of the other actors had a fur collar. The whole thing was absurd. A man would not last fifteen minutes dressed like that carrying a pack up that mountain, summer or winter. And this was supposed to be in summer, with the heroine wearing a white waist!

Also, in the name of accuracy, at what time do you need lanterns at night in the summer in Alaska, where there is almost perpetual daylight?

But more important than this—just tell the directors that when a man is shot, he does not reel *back* and clutch his heart. He falls *face* down *in every mortal wound.* Tell them that trappers do not trap in summer. Tell them that women of the desert do not paint their lips or pluck their eyebrows. Tell them that real men do not go through battles or suffer imprisonment for months, and come out with clean shaves and hair cuts. Tell them that when the covered wagons crossed the plains, buffalo chips were the fuel on the prairie and that there were no immense camp fires. Tell them that the owners of those covered wagons came from every part of the country and that they did not bear the look of being made by the same maker, like so many Ford cars. Tell them that on a trip like that the oxen were not sleek and fat as though stable fed, nor could the hero's horse have looked as though he was in a box stall every night—as I presume he was, in reality. Those who have seen that life would know that every rib of the animals would be showing and that the covers would be torn and dirty and patched.

Tell them that history is supposed to be accurate and that the movies should at least make some attempt along that line.

OLD-TIMER.

Seattle, Wash.

An Outspoken Fan.

I've just seen "The Road to Yesterday," and want to give three rousing cheers for William Boyd and Vera Reynolds. But Jetta Goudal and Joseph Schildkraut were n. g.

Raymond Griffith is one we can't see enough of. So is Alberta Vaughn and also Gladys Hulette. Wasn't she a knockout in "Go Straight?" Why, she was even better in this poor picture than Pola Negri or Mary Pickford could possibly be at their best.

Greta Nissen is also an "eye opener." Norma Shearer is the most beautiful person on the screen. That's a fact, and I defy any one to contradict me—and, what's more, she can act.

I say, give us more of Norma Shearer, Richard Dix, Virginia Valli, Greta Nissen, Alberta Vaughn, Alice Ardell, Betty Bronson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Florence Vidor, Laura La Plante, and Gloria Swanson.

Less of House Peters, Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez, Thomas Meighan, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin.

ROBERT RUFFING.

156 King Street, Dunkirk, New York.

The Power to Attract Sympathy.

It has been my habit, when attending a movie, to observe the effect on the audience as well as to enjoy the show, and as a result of my observations, I honestly believe Corinne Griffith has the greatest power of awakening sympathy of any star.

When McCormack sings "O Genevieve," the great depth of feeling in his tones creates a sympathetic response that his hearers simply *must* feel; so with Corinne Griffith, this depth of feeling compels an intelligent audience to respond sympathetically to the heroine she portrays.

CLOYD M. FLUKE.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

A Sight Worth Seeing.

Not long ago, as I slowly made my way homeward, I noticed on Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street a very large crowd at the Apthorp Restaurant, near the uptown subway. Being a woman, I had to go over and see what it was, thinking all the while that it was perhaps another holdup, never dreaming that they were taking pictures!

After I had battled my way through the crowd to the first ranks, whom did I see but Lois Wilson, dressed as a waitress, flipping pancakes in the window—she's an expert at it—and outside, Ben Lyon!

The only way to describe Lois Wilson is to use the word "beautiful," and even then one can't do her justice. I believe that on the screen much of her beauty is lost, because never before had I thought her exceptionally attractive.

I stood right next to Ben Lyon's chauffeur and when, between scenes, Mr. Lyon came for his overcoat, I got a good look at him. Even some men near me were forced to admit, and envy, his good looks.

F. M. I.

319 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York City.

A Hint for Cecil.

May I call the attention of those Rod La Rocque fans, who are constant readers of "What the Fans Think" like myself, to a recent interview with Emil Jannings, the great German actor, in which he said: "Of your young men I like best Rod La Rocque. There's a fellow who always plays a believable man, no matter how the story ties him, no matter how the director hinders him!"

That is a fine compliment from a great actor to a promising young one May Cecil B. De Mille see it and take the hint about stories and directors for his star.

MARY WORTH.

Charlottesville, Va.

From a Valentino Fan.

I saw "The Sheik" five or six times, and if it were shown again, I would see it once more.

Last night I saw Rudolph in "The Eagle," and I am going to see it again tonight. The house was so crowded that the people were still looking for seats around ten o'clock. EDNA WALL.

152 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

What Do the Players Read?

Some more of the film people express their literary preferences.

Reginald Denny.

Trautwine, Wright, Auchincloss, and Bell may mean little to the average reader, for they are authorities on engineering and mathematics. I am nutty about aviation and am planning a plane of my own design with a new tilt to the wings which I believe will add to the engine's power, so I direct all my reading toward things that have a bearing on engineering problems and airplane design.

Virginia Valli.

Modern fiction occupies most of my reading time. The best that I have read during the past year is "The Wife of the Centaur." I think it presents a phase of life very frankly and effectively, and the characters are human beings whom we might easily find among those we know.

I demand realism and human character drawing, in any novel. It may be because of this that I find biographies attractive. Perhaps for its contrast to the even tenor of my own rather sheltered life, but more, I think, for its brutal realities, I find Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life" gripping.

I maintain no system in reading, but watch the reviews and buy books that I believe will interest me, and I have never been able to read a continued story in a periodical. I simply have not the patience to wait for the next installment, so have never contracted the habit.

Corinne Griffith.

The mysticism of Hindu philosophers, the deep-seated logic and psychological development of the German writers, the scalpellike words of the mercilessly incisive Russian school headed by Gorky—these real intellectual contributions hold appeal for me. What does modern fiction, as a whole, add to literature? It appears to me that the writing art is stagnating.

The wonderfully symbolical works of Rabindranath Tagore, Hindu poet and seer, hold me spellbound, and the shrewd analysis of Arthur Schnitzler. The vibrant cross-sections of Russian life given us by Gorky, Tolstoy, and Andreyev have an earthly smell, almost, a primitive quality, that is saved from grossness by being tinged with a quite simple light of spirituality. There is nothing superfluous in them, no line penned for effect. Nonessentials are stripped from the kernel and I get something with each reading.

The present day is not a literary era for America. What modern work is there to compare with that masterpiece of mood, Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor?" And yet when I mentioned the author's name, a certain motion-picture executive, who is comparatively well read, thought I was referring to a prize-ring gladiator!

For distinctive style and unique powers Lord Dunsany, O. Henry, and Tom Burke, among the realists, interest me, and Laurence Hope, Arthur Symonds, and in his earlier phases, Robert W. Service, among the poets.

Lois Wilson.

Let all who wish lionize these new sophisticated literati, these smart young highbrows who analyze and confute and write with pens dipped in acid. For me the sweet, old-fashioned charm of the historical novel. "Ivanhoe" was a childhood favorite and in spite of the regiment of books that I have read since none has replaced Sir Walter Scott's quaint gem in my heart.

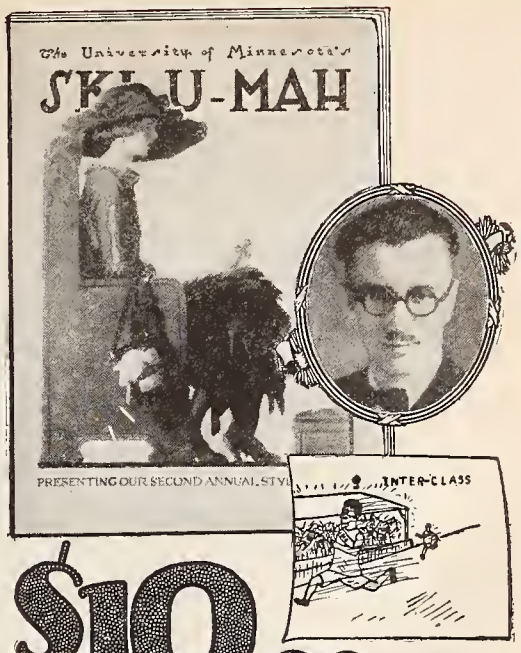
I have a leaning toward English literature—why, I don't know, unless it is that I appreciate conservatism. Walter Pater, the essayist, takes much of my leisure time, and a little pamphlet that is not long enough to be dignified by the title of "book" is a great inspiration to me. It is called "Courage" and is a printing of an address given by a little-known English Episcopalian rector at St. Andrew's University.

But always I go back to "Ivanhoe," to revel in those colorful days of old, emblematic of the adventurous spirit that ruled then, when men were knights and women were ladies and chivalry reigned supreme. To-day men are automobile salesmen, ladies are flappers, and chivalry is mostly found in the dictionary.

I forget our excitable life and transport myself to that tournament of love and beauty wherein, with banners waving, knights fight for the favor of beauteous damsels, and everything is a gorgeous, dazzling panoply of color and magnificence. And that old baronial hall with benigh *Cedric* holding forth, leg of mutton clutched in one huge hand and mug of ale in the other! Those were the days in which people lived.

Ben Alexander.

What do I like to read? Well, I'm not much good at writing stuff but you said to tell it in my own words, so here goes. I'm only twelve but I've read a lot. I love Stevenson's "Treasure Island." I've read that



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book about fifty times, I guess, or pretty near.

I'm crazy about stories that tell all about things that happen on the sea and adventure tales where they go to the South Seas and there's a lot doing. I know some of it's made up, but it must be pretty exciting down there and I guess when I grow up I'll go traveling and maybe be an author. That's the kind of authors I like, the ones that go and have adventures, not the ones that just sit and write.

I like O. Henry, excepting one thing. His titles never seem to match his stories. Still, that makes it more exciting, because you have to read it all through and can't figure out beforehand what it's going to be about. I think Sherlock Holmes is the smartest man that ever lived. I try to guess what he's going to do next but hardly ever hit it right.

I have a nice set, the Books of Knowledge, that tell all about everything, but they're not dull. They help me with my lessons, and I read them every day. I like "The Sea Hawk" because it's got lots of thrills in it, and the "Tarzan" stories and Boy Scout books and I guess that's all.

Colleen Moore.

Though I read some fiction, the greatest appeal for me lies in those minds that seem to be reaching out for facts and truths and philosophical deductions which are applicable to life to-day, and to our problems.

I dote on history of all periods but am especially fond of ancient and medieval happenings, and I delight in travel stories. I have no more predilection toward poetry than I have toward fiction, but I wade through Tolstoy, Haeckel, Kant, Freud, and Swedenborg.

Some of it I confess I don't understand, but as I grow older and have more real problems to face it gradually becomes clearer to me. And besides, these men show more of themselves in their philosophy than perhaps they realized. It's fascinating, to delve beneath the theories and ideals they present and discuss, and see the human nature of the author. Gentle, sublime Swedenborg, for instance, or poor, misshapen little Kant with his big brain and unhappy heart that are revealed in his critical speculation.

I have made many attempts to read Dickens but never cared much for him. Though his characterizations of types are undoubtedly fine, his work bristles too much with minute and detailed description that always reminds me of the "shop talk" of a continuity.

Patsy Ruth Miller.

There are so many wonderful books to choose from that it seems unfair to wed yourself to a few favorites. Though, to be sure, I always come back to Voltaire and Anatole France.

It hurts to have to confess this, when I am supposed to be an ultra-modern product with flapperistic tendencies, but let the truth out: I have a weakness for poetry—but for the versifiers who reflect the moods of our own day, the trend of our frank thought. Carl Sandberg is redolent with vigor and truth and an individual style, and the lyrics of Johnny V. A. Weaver intrigue me. I also like the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" by Robert Service.

Donald Ogden Stewart's humor never fails to amuse me, and I have a crush on Arlen. He flings words around with a superb carelessness, a light flippancy through which I seem to see, or fancy I do, something hurt. I wonder if he has a tragedy? I love authors with tragedies—they are *so* interesting!

Sometimes Arlen annoys me because he gives me but half a laugh, half a tear, feelings that flicker out with a sigh. I have a curious hunch that he is slyly winking at himself for fear of revealing too much of what his heart holds. I mean, I have a vague feeling that there is depth in him, beneath his light surface, a pathos that is suggested but escapes me in most tantalizing fashion when I look for it. Am I right? Some day I am going to meet that man. And maybe I shall find out if he has a tragedy.

Claire Windsor.

Stories of a romantic theme have always intrigued me. Tennyson is romance, matchless in cadence, and adds to my pleasure with each successive reading.

Sabatini's books I read as soon as they are out. My life is rather tranquil, and my personality inactive; the law of contrast may account for the way Sabatini draws me. Just now I feel a slight prejudice in favor of "Bardelys the Magnificent." His work, while suggested by history, does not have that moth-eaten quality which invests so many of the swashbuckling tales of other ages. His people are real and human, though they lived long ago.

Robert Frazer.

Modern fiction does not appeal to me. I believe the only novel I have read in the past six months is "The Wife of the Centaur." What time I find for reading I spend in studying books of science. Anything pertaining to radio helps me with my very engrossing hobby.

When I am asked to discuss books I have a guilty feeling. Inevitably some one remarks that the actor who scorns fiction is making a pretense at being highbrow. As a matter of fact, I am very lowbrow, confining my assemblage of authors to those like Millikan, who is not a literary master but a writer of very plain, dry, scientific facts.

When I was younger I had an avid appetite for the Greek plays and the old classics but that period lasted only a few years.

Norma Shearer.

An actress' time is so occupied with duties that are absolutely necessary to her career that she seldom reads anything without considering its possible screen utility, either as a vehicle for a film or as a means of studying the art of acting and the drama. When I occasionally have time for my own amusement, I read Byron, with whose work I have been familiar for years, but of whom I never tire.

Of the modern authors, I indulge in two very violent extremes—George Bernard Shaw and Donald Ogden Stewart. Anything that I could say of Shaw must necessarily be superfluous, as one either likes or dislikes him strongly. Stewart, I think, writes the most cleverly satirical studies I have ever read. They are gems. Any man who can turn out such continuously humorous stuff must be a genius.

Lew Cody.

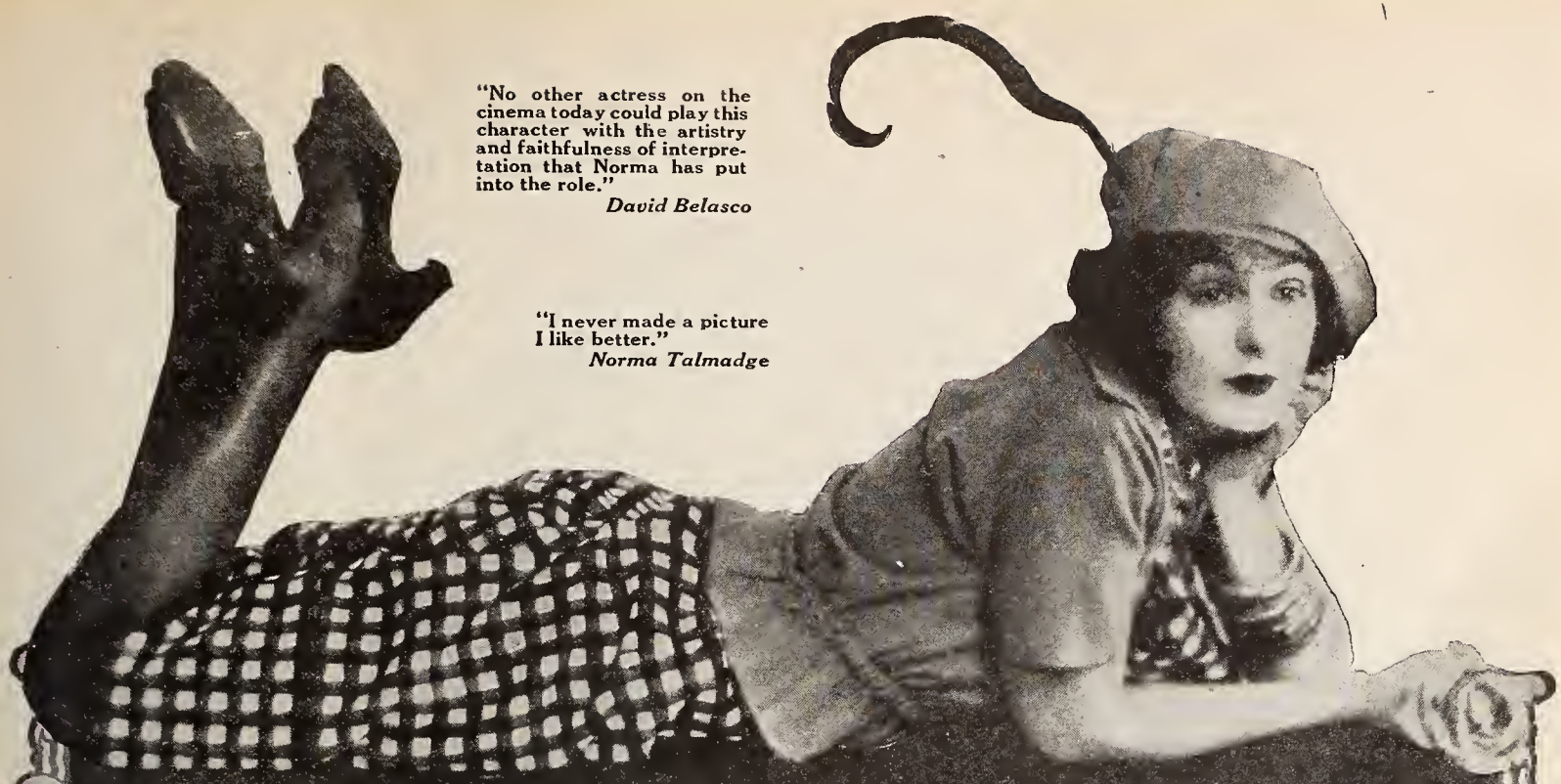
My taste in authors is not original, for I have several million to back up my judgment which votes honors to Dumas, père, and Joseph Conrad. Dumas' tales take the place of the romance and intrigue so sadly missing from our boresome, everyday life. They make us almost regret being born in this age of cross-word puzzles, radios, and screamingly sensational and crude headlines. In the old days even a murder was done with a certain finesse!

Conrad is at his apex in his "Nigger of the Narcissus," though "Lord Jim" runs a close second. His "Nigger" is the greatest example of the strength of the weak ever penned. An event so improbable could be made possible only by a man of Conrad's genius, which is perhaps best summed up in these words, "the power of simplicity." It is the only book that I have ever read twice.

Pat O'Malley.

What's better to read aloud, as the missus and I do of an evening—meaning she reads and I listen—than Rupert Hughes, who knows more about our life to-day than we do ourselves?

Continued on page 121



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David Belasco

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By
Percy Heath

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Another Priscilla Dean feature coming is

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Directed by EDWARD DILLON

Here is a spectacular drama worthy of the extraordinary talents of Priscilla Dean. A daring jewelry robbery leads to a desperate situation in which suspicion falls on everyone. Rapid-fire action, quick laughs and tender romance follow one another as Miss Dean winds in and out the tangled thread of the story and proves herself more captivating than ever.

A delightful film which nobody can afford to miss!

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MAR 29 '26
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, May, 1926, VOLUME XXIV NUMBER 3

Photo by Walter Frederick Seely.

Here are the two persons who make home a pleasant place for Harold Lloyd—his baby daughter, Gloria, who by the way is fast growing up, and her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd.

New Feats of

Technical inventions, devel
enabling producers to create
have never before

By John

TWO inventions, developed in Germany, are about to revolutionize the making of motion pictures, not only abroad, but in America as well.

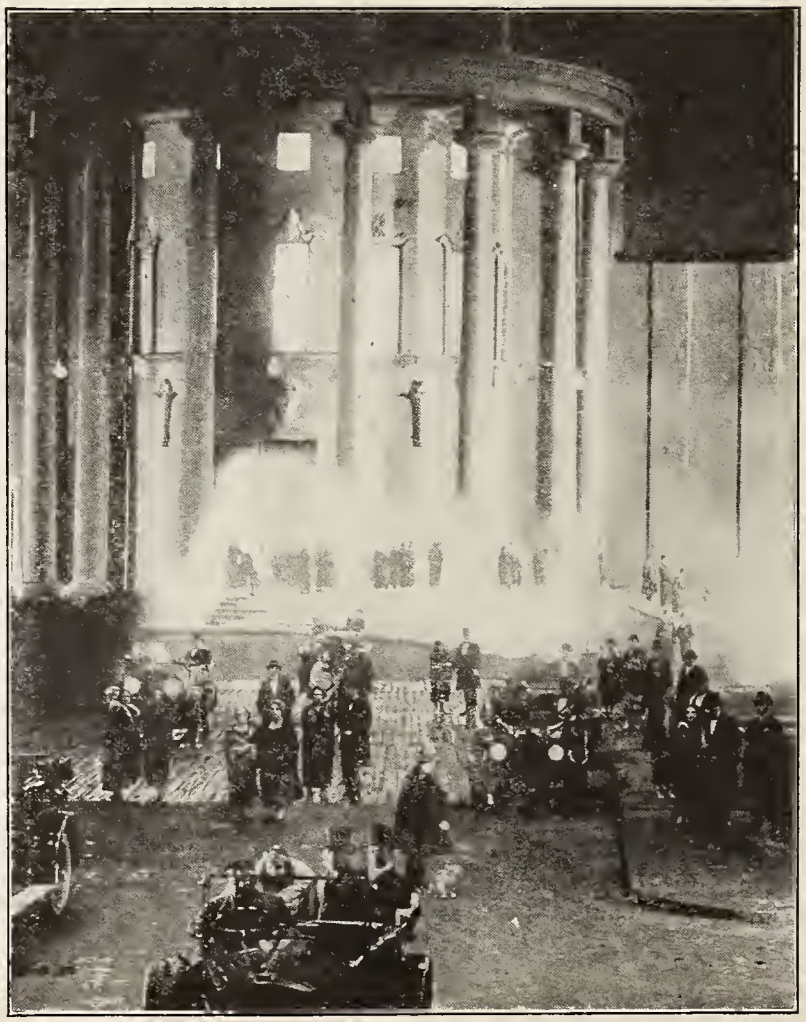
One, the Schuefftan process, has made possible the substitution of miniature sets for the huge structures that now have to be built, and enables a director to achieve fantastic and supernatural effects such as never could have been realized by any previously known technical methods.

The other process promises to substitute radio-controlled automatons for huge mobs of extras, with action so lifelike that they cannot be distinguished from great crowds of human beings.

The use of these two processes will have two important results. It will mean the saving of huge sums of money in making big spectacular pictures, and it will tend to remove all limitations which, in the past, have been placed upon the imagination of the scenario writer. Now, whatever the mind can conceive, the camera will be able to record for the screen.

Already, marvelous things have been done along fantastic lines. "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Lost World" have been perhaps the most notable efforts of that sort. But these pictures were made only by the expenditure of great sums of money, and despite the ingenuity of the technical efforts, there were moments in which the illusion was imperfect. Effects of that sort, it is believed, will be greatly improved by the new German inventions.

The pictures on this page are from the German production, "Jealousy." The one above shows how the Schuefftan process replaces double exposure; the one below illustrates the use of a miniature set in connection with the actors. In this picture, though people appear to be pouring out of a huge structure, the building is, in fact, a small model.



The Schuefftan process, though delicate and complicated in practice, is simple in principle. It consists of the use of a series of reflecting mirrors, by which the reflections of two or more objects, reduced or magnified to any size desired, may be photographed *simultaneously* onto a single film.

For instance, the rough walls of a huge courtyard are built in, with a flight of steps and a huge doorway, where the actors perform. Up on a platform, to the left of the camera, is a model of a castle, two or three feet high. By means of duplicate lenses and a mirror, the picture on the finder shows the castle in the courtyard magnified to the right proportions with the actors in front of it.

A night scene in "Jealousy," a new German production, showing a crowd leaving a theater, was made in this way, with a model a yard high, though people seem to be pouring out of the building!

In another scene, where a wife is tortured by the thought of her husband's unfaithfulness, the words of a book that she is reading are blurred by a love scene which she imagines her husband to be enacting with her rival. In the past, such scenes have been photographed separately, and later combined. This

Movie Magic

oped by the Germans, are effects on the screen which been possible.

Addison Elliott

has entailed long, painstaking work, often with inadequate results, because of differences in timing, lighting, and the like.

Miniatures have long been used in making motion pictures, but mainly for scenes in which no figures are shown, such as a ship rolling in a storm at sea, or for the tops of tall buildings. The towers of the cathedral set in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" were enlarged miniatures. But the lower part of the cathedral, in front of which the actors performed, had to be built in life size. But Schuefftan can make any kind of combination of miniature and reality; he can project a photograph of clouds moving over a mountain on a model of a landscape before which there is a real waterfall!

The pictures on this page, which are taken from Ufa's "The Wonders of the Universe," give some hint of the immense possibilities of this invention in removing all limitations upon the imagination of man in devising stories for the screen. In this film, a group of scientists invent a gyroscopic flying machine which is able to leave the earth and travel to other planets. Here they find huge giants, and the sequences in which the earth dwellers and giants appear together are made with a single exposure, the giant being an ordinary man, whose reflection is enlarged by mirrors, and the others, being men whose reflections are diminished in size by other mirrors.

Eugen Schuefftan, the inventor of the process, worked upon the invention for four years before considering it to be sufficiently perfected to show to producers. It was at once taken over by Ufa, and as soon as they had demonstrated its value, the American rights were purchased by Carl Laemmle for Universal. It will soon be in operation in Universal City, and it is not unlikely that the use of the process will be rented out to other American producers.

"The Wonders of the Universe" still further illustrate the Schuefftan process. In the scene above, where the earth dwellers have come upon a giant on another planet, the action was filmed in a single operation, giving a much better result than double exposure. The scene below, showing the gyroscopic airship leaving the earth, is another example of the use of a small model for the setting.

The other process, which Laemmle also procured in Germany, and which is being developed in Universal City, is quite as remarkable in its possibilities, if in actual use it comes up to expectations. Briefly, as stated before, it consists of the use of automatons representing human figures, much smaller than life size, which will be operated by electricity so as to move their arms, legs, and heads in lifelike manner. These movements will be controlled by radio, so that no wires will be needed, and as the different ones will have different controls, they will not all work together. For huge mobs, it will be readily seen how valuable this device will be, for only a few of these figures will be needed, as, by the Schuefftan process, they can be multiplied indefinitely.

Continued on page 115

What I Admire

Leading film actresses express themselves that it is really the small things about a

By Dorothy

Vera Reynolds likes small attentions from a man, while Constance Talmadge insists on gentlemanliness.

I'VE heard that a favorite topic of conversation at gatherings of men is "women" and "how hard they are to please," and it occurred to me—"Isn't it just a case of men not realizing how really and truly easy it is to make a woman happy?"

With this in mind, I selected twenty-seven of the most widely known motion-picture actresses, and asked them about it. Woman has been likened to everything in the feline species, from plain cat to "hell cat." I once read a platitude from some author which said:

"A woman is like a cat; she can purr contentedly by *any* fireside where she is warm and well fed, and as long as her fur is being stroked the right way."

Norma Talmadge likes a cheerful, tolerant man.

To a certain extent, this is true of many women, but the present generation go so far as to demand equal rights and added attentions, as well as that warm fireside and food and stroking of the fur the right way. Attentiveness, unselfishness, perseverance, honor, good manners, and adherence to the Golden Rule, are some of the things included in the list of qualities required of men by movie actresses.

Simple, oh, so simple! If you men-folks would just take the trouble to stop and ponder on these things! Women and young girls of to-day find themselves flattered, followed, sought, and won, and the road to their affections follows many and devious ways, but a short cut would be just as effectual.

"Why," says little Vera Reynolds, "it's the little teeny-weeny, apparently insignificant attentions from a man that count. They are what make a woman happiest. But men, who as a rule are not so easily pleased, simply can't get this into their heads."

Miss Reynolds says that men are painfully unobservant, and that a lot of them are so engrossed in themselves that they overlook little compliments that women expect.

"And by that I don't mean flattery," she added, with a note of warning. "For instance, suppose I expect a gentleman caller, one who has come on numerous previous occasions. I plan to surprise him by dressing my hair some new way—and then he *doesn't even notice it!* But just let him appear in a brand-new overcoat, of latest cut, and if a compliment isn't forthcoming from me, he's terribly offended. Another thing—a little remembrance delivered in person is worth, in a woman's eyes, a dozen boxes of expensive roses handed through the front door by a messenger boy, who asks her to sign for them. The man who singles out the things a woman most likes to do—and it is true enough, no two women have the same likes—is sure to make her happy. As for me, I'd rather go to one good football game than to ten dances. But with many women, I'm sure, the reverse is true.

Greta Nissen requires good manners.

"And how much easier it is for a man to take me to a football game on a Saturday afternoon, than to trot me out to a high-hat, dressy affair."

Constance Talmadge likes most for a man to have that something about his manner which marks the gentleman—not manners of the exaggerated kind, not clothes, not so-called swank, but the little acts of everyday life that stamp a man for what he really is.

"He may wear overalls or the finest of custom-made garments," Constance says. "He may ride in a street car, a 'flivver,' or an imported automobile—or he may walk. But he must be a man who respects old age, loves children, takes the side of the weak against the strong, is kind to animals, loyal to his friends, and quick to forgive his foes—if he has any of the latter. I like the Boy Scouts, because above all else, they are little gentlemen. And men who are like them have the qualities that I believe most women like in a man."

Pola Negri admires a man of strong character and good principles.

Leatrice Joy stresses thoughtfulness.

Most in a Man

variously on this subject, but nearly all agree man that make a woman like or dislike him.

Wooldridge

Aileen Pringle prefers a daring man; Florence Vidor wants her favorite to have a sense of humor.

The qualities Norma Talmadge likes best could be summed up in the Golden Rule. "Cheerfulness at all times and tolerance toward others," she says. "Life has its happiness and its sorrows," she continued, "and the man who is kindly under the most trying conditions commands the respect of the opposite sex. Sometimes, when things seem to go wrong, it is easy to lose that cheerfulness. It is then that character has its biggest test."

Greta Nissen says that, to her mind, there are four deadly sins of etiquette. These, small and insignificant though they may seem, set off the real gentleman from the commonplace.

"I could never admire a man who does not remove his hat when he speaks to a woman," Miss Nissen says. "All men, I believe, know it is the proper thing to do, yet many do not remember. It is surprising to notice how many men, cultured and kind though they seem, are too careless or thoughtless to remove their hats when speaking to women.

"Nor can I respect a man who talks with a cigarette, cigar, or pipe in the corner of his mouth. Not to remove it shows the utmost discourtesy. And any man who neglects to pull out a chair for a lady at table stamps himself as lacking in politeness. He may be the kindest person in the world, yet this little inattention indicates thoughtlessness. The same is true of a man who fails to assist a lady with her coat or wrap.

"Last of all, I could *never* admire a man who does not rise when a lady enters the room. This, to me, is the greatest crime of all. It is so small a courtesy, and requires so little effort. Yet, few men realize the tremendous feeling of gratitude and pleasure a woman derives from it."

Eleanor Boardman likes perfect frankness.

Carmel Myers wants admiration.

Pola Negri declares that she has no respect for an adventurer or for any one of his ilk.

She says, "Strong character and good principles are the chief attributes that attract me to a man and command my interest in him. I notice a man's eyes first. They indicate what he is. Beauty has nothing to do with it, but I look at them to see if I can discern intelligence, kindliness, and fineness. Mentality and quality are above everything. Handsomeness counts for nothing without these, although from an æsthetic point of view, I look for cleanliness, neatness, and good taste in apparel. I prize sincere courtesy very highly. I'd far rather have a man speak pleasantly to me than send me gorgeous flowers. It is the spirit behind small courtesies and little gentle acts that wins my regard—never lavish gifts."

This from Bebe Daniels: "His eyes, first of all! They really can't fool much, if you look at them closely. I know that the greatest crooks can present the most guileless countenances, and look you squarely in the eye while they lie like Arab guides. Still, I believe that eyes do offer an index to character. I do not attempt, however, to catalogue *every* one I meet, and I hope others do not always mentally attempt to classify me.

"I notice it if a man has ambition—if he is trying to achieve a worth-while goal. That makes him much more interesting. I notice whether he is narrow or broad-minded—that is important. I notice if he is interested in things that interest others. And sometimes, if he isn't interesting, the thing I'm most apt to notice is some other man!"

Leatrice Joy stresses thoughtfulness. "A man who is thoughtful is essentially unselfish," she says. "I don't mean the sort of person that sprains his imagination trying to anticipate every wish of the woman he is trying to please. I refer to the type of man who is considerate of others because it is his nature to be that way, and not because he is trying to gain the favor of some particular person."

Continued on page 100

Marie Prevost admires dependability.

Dorothy Mackaill likes a kindly man.

Virginia Lee Corbin is quite excited over being cofeatured with Edward Everett Horton in his first picture under his new contract with Universal.

The

Vignettes of players around Holly
lady of the screen, who is one of
of the chroniclers of the say

By Dorothy

THIS pleasant industry of art, née the movies, is youth's business. From the chair holders in executive offices down to Coogan, it is a profession of junior attainments. Irving Thalberg, that young capitalistic genius out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is twenty-six years old, with six years of active leadership behind him. Baby Peggy, at four, drew a weekly stipend that would have staggered a bank officer, and at the age of seven, finds herself in a position to retire for life on her own earnings. But all these things considered and admitted, I must confess that I was a bit taken back when a Cunningham limousine drove up before my house the other day and the lady who owned it leaned out to greet me.

It wasn't the Cunningham limousine that startled me. You couldn't exactly say that I personally was used to Cunningham limousines, but I do recognize them as part of the natural equipment of certain other persons. The shock was the *jeune fille* who owned the floating palace. She smiled and, believe it or not, she was such a kid that she wore braces on her teeth. It was Virginia Lee Corbin. Her teeth, Virginia told me slightly apologetically, were being straightened.

Instead of knocking me over with a feather, which would have been a feat quite possible, Virginia's press agent assisted me to the soft cushions of the car, where I sank down perfectly speechless, and I was revived only in time to partake of luncheon at the Athletic Club, wherein Virginia holds a membership.

She is an awfully sweet little girl—unaffected. She is sixteen and, except for the fact that she is prettier than the average girl and that her clothes are smarter, she might be the young daughter of any one you know.

Virginia was quite "hepped" over the idea that she was to be cofeatured with Edward Everett Horton in his first picture under his new contract with Universal. She was looking forward to the engagement with high glee, although she wasn't yet acquainted with the details of her rôle. She hoped it wouldn't be another flapper part. Although she had played dozens of them, she felt that flappers weren't quite her sort of thing. Now, in Raymond Griffith's picture, "Hands Up," she had worn feminine, flouncy things and had acted the way one does act when one wears feminine, flouncy things. That had been much nicer. But no matter what you played, contracts were a thrill in themselves.

"When we signed for Mr. Horton's picture the other day," Virginia related, "an awfully funny thing happened. You know, my mother has to sign my contracts for me, and so Mr. Z——, out at the studio, said, 'Virginia, I don't believe you can write. Let's see you sign your name.' And he wouldn't believe I could until I did. I felt so silly signing my name, like a little kid, on a separate piece of paper." Virginia laughed. Her laugh, like a child's, comes suddenly and rather startlingly. It is short—a mere appreciation for the wit of the moment.

I know how that man out at Universal felt about it, though. I felt the same way when, a half hour later, Virginia-with-the-braces-on-her-teeth drove off to her appointment with the dentist. She turned and smiled shyly through the back of that gorgeous car. She's an awfully nice little girl.

Teeth braces and Cunningham motors!

Allah! It is the movies.

Chatter Along the Boulevard.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce has again shaken the dust of Hollywood from her chic boots. Peggy came out to make a picture, but something went wrong somewhere and the enterprise was abandoned—at least, for the time being.

During her visit here, she attended a tea given by Mildred Davis Lloyd. A little nonprofessional friend of Mildred's was sitting next to me when Peggy entered the room with Adela Rogers St. Johns. Mildred's little friend didn't recognize the celebrated beauty and inquired about her. I told her it was Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"Oh, dear!" she cried.

"What's the matter?"

Sketchbook

wood, sketched by a former leading
the wittiest and most delightful
ings and doings of picture people.

Manners

"Oh, how perfectly lovely looking she is. She looks so"—I thought she was fishing for "fascinating," "intriguing," "beautiful," or "sophisticated" —"so *sad.*" I don't know that she looked sad so much as she looked a little weary.

Mildred, looking like a big doll all in blue, was waving a fan as large as herself and greeting other guests, including Leatrice Joy, Claire Windsor, Ruth Roland, Jobyna Ralston, Mrs. Clarence Brown, Vilma Banky, Eileen Percy, and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn.

Just as I was leaving, I heard some one say, "I've got to get home and cook my husband some scallops. My husband just loves scallops."

It was Windsor the magnificent. Claire is a lovely lady on the screen, but just a wife to Bert Lytell.

* * *

The young millionaire, Harry Crocker, who came down from San Francisco to embark on a career of close-ups, is now Charlie Chaplin's assistant. Harry is one of the most popular men in Hollywood. He is witty, clever, and thoughtful, not to mention healthy, wealthy, and wise. He makes Charlie roar with laughter. Recently, some one asked Harry if he danced the Charleston.

"I don't," said Mr. Crocker. "I think it is a very vulgar dance, and I shall continue to think so" —with unexpected dignity—"until I learn to do it."

Photo by Strauss-Peyton

Claire Windsor, at the left, had to hurry away from Mildred Davis Lloyd's tea in order to get home and cook scallops for her husband.

Just a Double.

I don't know whether this is true of you or not —but I am one of those persons who are always reminding people of somebody else. Instead of saying, "How do you do?" when they meet me, they say, "Pardon me for laughing, but your resemblance to Luther's wife is simply *funny!*" It isn't always Luther's wife. Sometimes it is Carrie's daughter. Or Bud's sister. Or even Mabel herself.

To young men for whom I might form a slight sentimental attachment, I am always bringing up memories of other girls they used to know—in the way I laugh, or in the refined way I chew my gum or something.

It's a dog's life.

As near as I can make out, I bear a striking resemblance to every brunette any one has ever known—the universal type. Every now and then, though, something nice comes of it. For instance, there are people in this town who swear they cannot tell me from Kathleen Key.

There is bound to be a rather marked resemblance there, because something funny is always coming up about it.

One day, at Warner Brothers' studio, Walter McGrail saw Kathleen crossing the lot, and yelled, "Wait a minute, Dorothy!"

She sailed right by him.

Walter didn't speak to me for a week.

In a café, recently, a girl called, "Hello!" to me.

I had never seen her before, so I bowed rather indifferently.

She said, "Get down off that high horse, Katie—you can't ritz *me!*"

I told her I wasn't Katie—that Katie was on the other side of the room.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Dorothy Manners is always being taken for Kathleen Key. You can see their similarity if you will compare this portrait of Kathleen Key with the portrait of Miss Manners which was printed on page 55 of the March PICTURE-PLAY.

She cried, "For Heaven's sake!" and then as an afterthought, "Excuse me."

Yesterday, I was out at Goldwyn's going through the files for pictures of Katie when the lady herself blew in.

"What are you doing?" she demanded suspiciously. I confessed that I was trying to find an awfully flattering picture of her, because I was going to admit our resemblance.

"Listen," said Katie, "I hope you always conduct yourself with decorum. I don't want you to do anything that would hurt my reputation."

I promised I wouldn't. I like Kathleen. I think she is such a pretty girl.

A Man of Mystery.

"Can you," asked Mr. Robert Frazer, actor, doctor of medicine, doctor of philosophy, fiction writer, poet, radio expert, and cartoonist, "say—six thick thistle sticks?"

"Thick thick thithle sticks."

"Ah, that is lovely. Have you heard this one?

'Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand:
Mud!'"

Softly, gently, that I might not disturb the tenseness of the moment, I cut a delicate slice of veal and, putting it into my mouth, found it necessary to swallow it before replying:

"'I wish I was a little egg away up in a tree,
I wish I was a little egg, as bad as could be,
And I wish a little boy I know would climb up in that tree,
And then I'd bust my little self and cover him with me.'"

You wouldn't know it, but Bob Frazer and I were undergoing an interview. That is, Bob was undergoing it. I had come on a very definite mission, which was not the recitation of the foregoing poems, but every time I got ready to ask Bob why it is that he always, invariably, and without exception, dines alone, he would break into some little nonsense like that and change the subject. And so, going from the ridiculous to the mysterious, that brings us to the nucleus of this story.

Now, consider the facts. Here we have a handsome man of undisputed attraction. Pola Negri has declared to the world that he is the most perfect of screen lovers. I have heard that other actresses adhere to the same creed. He is an actor of recognition and attainment. His humor is delightful. All in all, the perfect dinner companion, and yet——

He always dines alone.

It is beginning to be sort of a problem in Hollywood—this place where the unexpected is the mysterious. Hostesses fret in their hearts. Ladies who don't know him are curious. It's all very interesting. You can see its possibilities.

And so, that day, as we sat at lunch in Montmartre, I asked him, "Are you a woman hater? If so, why? If not, why do you always dine alone?"

Mr. Frazer devoted several moments to studying the *carte du*

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Robert Frazer proves himself to be a most agreeable luncheon companion, even though he does dine alone.

jour at his hand. Then, "The ladies," he lied cheerfully, "won't dine with me."

"Apple sauce," I retorted, using one of the smart new slang phrases that has been popular in Hollywood ever since Gloria Swanson swore she would have eight children.

"Really," he insisted, "some of them won't speak to me."

"Really?" I inquired. This *was* interesting.

"Oh, it's quite sad in a way. You see, the young lady who dined last with me expressed a desire to see my laboratory, where I putter around with my radio and chemicals. I said I should be delighted to show it to her. She said, 'Oh, Mr. Frazer, do you think it would be perfectly proper for me to come alone?' I said, 'Certainly not!' She never spoke to me again. I'm always saying things like that."

That, dear reader, I consider a masterpiece. There may have been more perfect repartee, but I doubt it.

Well, that's Bob's story of why he dines alone. I don't think it is the real reason. I think he is a man who prefers his own society to the surface nothingness of people who don't interest him. I have friends who know Bob pretty well. They tell me that there is nothing he enjoys so much as fooling around his lab. He also does a great deal of writing—poetry, philosophy, short stories—not for publication but for his own amusement. I had heard he had written a piece of Oriental philosophy that was very lovely. When I said I should love to see it, he told me he would love for me to. But I know I never shall. He recites little nonsense poems to the ladies, and keeps his beliefs, his creeds, and as much of his life as possible, to himself.

Anyway, even if he does dine alone, he is the most delightful luncheon companion you can think of.

Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Gilbert.

I hope I'm not getting to be a pest about John Gilbert. But the other day, I heard a famous comedian make a very interesting comparison between the art that is Barrymore's and the art that is Gilbert's.

He said: "Whenever I see Barrymore on the screen, I can never lose sight of the fact that he is an artist giving a magnificent performance; but when I live through the experiences of that boy in 'The Big Parade,' or of *Danilo* in 'The Merry Widow,' I cannot reconcile myself to the fact that they are merely rôles created by an actor."

Which is just the way I feel about it myself, only I hadn't thought of it before.

Colleen, the Unconquerable.

In writing of Colleen Moore it is hard to keep "The Star Spangled Banner" efficiency mottoes like, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and other pep slogans, from creeping into type.

I admire other stars who have scaled the heights and found cushions on mountaintops. But my appreciation of Colleen goes much deeper than admiration. I have the greatest respect for her picture attainments. For if ever an actress has crashed through the lines in the face of handicaps, it is Colleen Moore.

I remember some pictures Colleen made when she was what you might call an "ingénue proper." She was clever and talented, but her chances for big success were no brighter than those of a hundred other girls prevalent at the time. She vaunted no great sex appeal. Her beauty was neither exotic nor erotic. She was an ingénue in a day of sophisticates. Seemingly, everything in her case was faced the wrong way. [Continued on page 111]

Determination seems to be the underlying cause of Colleen Moore's success.

Photo by Russell Ball

Dressing Up the Garter

Quite necessary, now that it is given such a conspicuous place.

Girls devote as much attention now to trimming their garters as to trimming their hats, for instead of carefully hiding them away, in the good old-fashioned manner, they take pains to expose them. Joan Crawford, above, wears her adorned garters with knee-length stockings, designed for the girl who likes them rolled.

But whether worn with long hose or short hose, they *must* be worn below the knee, where they will show. Dolores Costello, below, has a miniature of herself mounted on each of her garters.

Kathleen Key, above, who plays *Ben-Hur's* sister in the film "Ben-Hur," very loyally and appropriately wears a little chariot on her lone garter. Jane Winton, at the left, is said to have originated the pretty style of tucking your bouquet into your garter, instead of into the corsage.

And if you want to make a really chic appearance when you dance, just take the ostrich feathers that used to be on your hat and attach them to your garter, as Sally Long, below, has done.

A Case of Real Friendship

From the time that their acquaintance began, when they were both struggling to get into pictures, John Roche and Norma Shearer have enjoyed an unbroken and unmarred comradeship.

By Myrtle Gebhart

John and Norma are like any boy and girl who live next door to each other in your home town.

SUCCESS hasn't changed Norma Shearer one particle. She is identically the same girl I met when we were both struggling for a start in pictures."

John Roche's remark interested me. Success, I have always contended, is bound to effect some changes in a person's character. Even an ordinary, monotonous year, without high lights, leaves its traces. So, mulling curiously over this thought, I pinned John down.

"It's true," he insisted. "Though she appreciates success and money and fame as definite objects that she wanted and the attainment of which has made life more pleasant for her, they have not enslaved her, nor even made any perceptible change in her. More poise? She always had self-assurance.

"I know Norma as a close friend. Our two families are very intimate.

"There's nothing finer, when it is possible, than friendship between a girl and a man. There isn't, never has been, the least hint of love between Norma and myself. She has her beaux, and I have found other girls attractive; a Norma-John romance we would consider a huge joke. Our pal companionship has proven so much more worth while.

"Though differing often in our views, we have mutual interests—discussing and analyzing plays, acting, music, books—all the arts allied to the theater. Norma would make a splendid critic. Our conversations very frequently turn into good-natured but heated arguments.

"Then, we play and sing together. She still likes the old ballads, those 'Songs My Mother Taught Me.' We use the same book from which we first learned them three years ago, with its ragged edges and many notations—my notations usually scratched over by Norma's. 'All for You' is one of her favorites. She plays and sings well, and I used to sing on the stage, so we have great fun harmonizing arias and transposing from one key to another, working out variations of songs we love.

"We first met in an agent's office in New York." In the cozy living room of John's new home, he traced for me the beginnings of this friendship which has so enriched his life. "Her voice attracted me—it had a melodious rhythm and good diction. Perhaps because I myself sing, I always notice voices.

"'An English girl,' I thought, and turned to look at her. I doubt"—John smiled—"if any man would find her unattractive, so I stared. An English face—breeding, refinement, distinction. Canadian, I subsequently learned.

"We were introduced, and after that, often met at the agent's office. We gradually drifted into the habit of lunching together and attending the theater, when work had been plentiful for me.

"The outlook for both of us was bleak at that time, however, and we used to have to encourage each other. Norma was, and is, very ambitious—not in a hard, selfish way for material things alone, but with the intention of doing something worth while in her chosen line, and with the determination not to let any obstacle take her from her course.

"A Louis B. Mayer contract brought me West. Shortly after that, though I did not know it, Norma was signed by the same concern. I was very blue for six months, dissatisfied with the rôles assigned me, and I didn't know a soul. You know that old Selig studio? Rather picturesque, but situated at the other side of Los Angeles, far from Hollywood. I lived in a dump over there, over a garage, to be near my work.

"I know it sounds ridiculous, but it's true: Norma and I worked for the same company for months without

either of us knowing that the other was out here. One of us would be loaned out or on location while the other was on the lot. In desperation, I finally arranged to have my contract abrogated, and on the day that I was all set to return East, I—ran into Norma.

"When we had recovered from our mutual amazement and talked things over—well, I decided to stay. She buoyed me up wonderfully. And having a friend here made all the difference in the world.

"Norma, her mother, sister, and kid brother lived in a two-by-four bungalow in a court. Though there was hardly room for them, they managed to squeeze a comfortable leather armchair into the living room for me, and to make a place at the dinner table several times a week. Edie, her mother, used to doctor my colds and scold me for this and that.

"Her present big home has the same homy, comfortable quality of that first little house. All the trinkets and keepsakes that a girl collects are still around. I noticed, the other day, an old, nicked, blue vase that a girl friend had given her at a birthday celebration in the bungalow.

"Norma is such a good sport. We often laugh over our first ball. We were invited to a masquerade and, as I had a court costume that I had worn on the stage in Doris Keane's 'The Czarina,' I told Norma she'd have to get something that would match mine. Just what a brother would say, you know. So she got a thing with an enormous hoop skirt.

"Dressing madly, I found that my white wig hadn't been curled, and that I had neglected to buy silk hose. So I called Norma, a habit I had when I was in any difficulty. 'You'll have to curl my wig and lend me a pair of hose,' I said.

"Dressed, minus a few trimmings, I got to her house. We were late, and we fumed and fussed around like two kids going to their first party. Picture us, in Norma's bedroom—me kneeling while she curled my wig, and then trying to crowd my size-eleven clodhoppers into her silk hose. And Mother Edie tying my sash, and powdering the back of Norma's neck, and trying generally to get us both assembled respectably.

"At last, we were ready. Then, bless you, Norma couldn't get her bouffant skirts into my tiny roadster, but we managed to squeeze into her flivver coupé. Duelists didn't ride in bandboxes, however. We couldn't shut the door. So downtown we grandly rode, with me holding the door open and my sword sticking out. And with everybody howling at us.

"We arrived at ten of twelve. As it was Saturday, the dancing stopped at twelve! We had time only for a grand entrance. Sore as the dickens, we trundled home and raided the ice box, me with my wig over one ear, and Norma eating pickles with her lovely face tear-streaked."

"Do you think, in her position to-day, Norma would be game for such an escapade?" I asked curiously.

"Absolutely," John replied. "I can't imagine her acting up stage."

A commotion on the stairway interrupted our talk, and into the living room stamped Doug Shearer, Norma's brother, a tousle-haired, beaming lad, his long arms draped about a wild duck.

"Somebody brought Norma two," he gasped. "She thought you and your mother'd like one. What'll I do with it?"

"Set it down on the grand piano, of course," John suggested witheringly. "That's what one usually does with a wild duck, isn't it? Or let it scratch my amber, there, or that Florentine box. Now, some idiots would have left a wild duck out back——"

"Well, if you *had* any back yard! Didja ever see such a crazy-fool house?" Doug inquired of me. "It's a Katzenjammer castle."

Which is perfectly true of the Roche domicile, as it is built on the reverse idea, but that, I claim, gives it its charm. Instead of going up, you go down. It is spilled down a hillside, with the road on the roof, practically. You enter at the back, through a rustic garden, and find yourself on the bedroom floor. Down a stairway, and you are in the spacious living room. On that level are also the dining room, kitchen, and one bedroom suite.

The opening of a trapdoor, concealed under a rug, discloses stairs leading down to a big, long room which serves both as a den for John and as a recreation room. It has a fireplace and dancing space.

"The junk room," John had explained, during my tour of the house. "Mother and Norma arranged things, and whenever they came across something they thought undecorative, they would say, with sweet generosity, 'Oh, we'll put this lovely piece in John's den.'"

After the duck had been sequestered somewhere—I suspected, in the bathroom—John and I talked again of Norma, as we partook of a delicious luncheon cooked by his mother, a most charming, little gray-haired lady. From her, one quickly sees, John gets his youthful ideals, his love of music and the arts, and his good manners.

"Norma, to me, is a young Elsie Ferguson," he said. "A lady in her youth. Her charm embraces, among other things, sincerity, an irradiation of that innate refinement which is perfectly natural and can't be cultivated, comradeship, candor, personality, and genuine sweetness.

"Her bright and sparkling comments are shrewd conclusions." I'll wager Norma's ears burned, that day. "Thoroughly of to-day, she knows what is best for her career and is quietly determined to get it, without sacrificing the real values of life. Never raising a row, her very cool certainty eventually wins others over to her viewpoint.

"At times, she speaks quite tartly, and her words are always clipped short, issuing instantly upon quick thought. She is vibrantly alive. Having health and an inquisitive mind, she is constantly alert. Yet, if life ever bored her, I can't imagine her attempting a pretense of interest.

"She believes in the shortest route, after once sighting her objective, and has no patience with indolents who lose time. It is a rare gift in a young girl, that instinct for wise selection, and with it a definite calculation and strength of will. Her clever brain has steered her clear of obstacles. And, happily, she is conservative as well as acquisitive.

"She is adaptable, or else is interested in contrasts. For she can be equally at home in opposite environments. Skilled in sports, she is very much of a little girl in her enjoyment of them, and looks like one in her sweater and short skirt, with her hair boyishly slicked back and usually with a smudge on her nose. But in a drawing-room, she is poised and lovely in her chiffons, with her patrician little head held high, accepting attentions with a gay raillery.

"In her New York days, she used to ride in the subway and pose for commercial photographers and play in cheap little States' right pictures under frightfully dispiriting conditions, and she lived in an ugly, drab flat.

"'I'm boarding with bugs and the cutest cockroaches,' she confided to me one evening, when we met for a table d'hôte dinner in a hole-in-the-wall Italian café. Her gayety struggled to lift the pathetic droop of her mouth, and soon we were both laughing. 'I would move out and let them have my room to themselves, but really, the park is no place for a young lady to sleep. She might get very chilly.'

[Continued on page 103]

Just to Entertain You!

The players have to undergo some strange and often disagreeable experiences to get laughs and thrills into the pictures.

By A. L. Wooldridge

Mary Pickford had to be washed off with a hose before going to her dressing room after the mud bath she took in "Sparrows."

SOME day, the irate daddy or husband of a movie star is going to lead some director to some secluded ocean pier, tell him to look down at the pretty little fishes and then he's going to push! And he's going to shout as the body hurtles into the brine:

"*Now* I guess you'll quit mistreatin' my gel!"

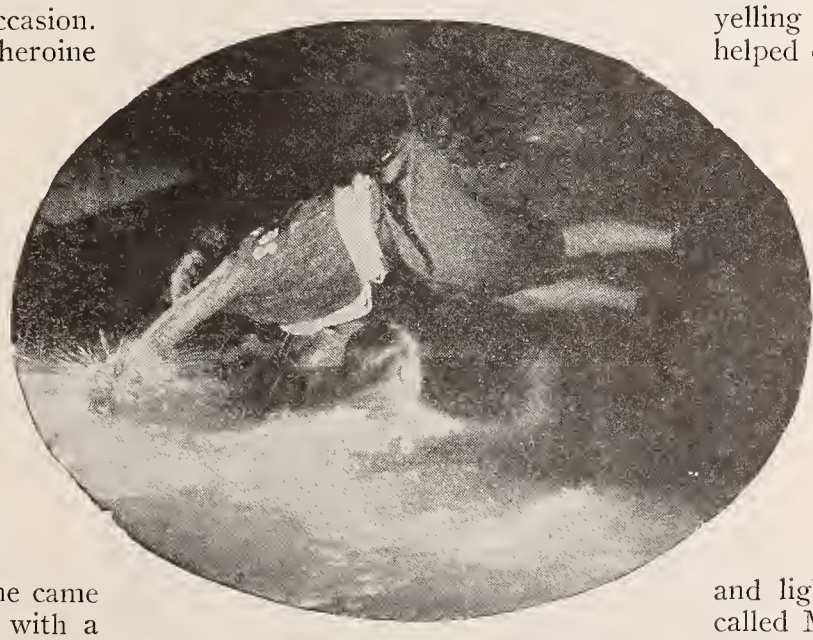
And it probably would serve him right! They are doing the most gosh-awful things to the movie stars these days. Directors don't seem to have any respect for the dignity supposed to surround screen royalty.

All to entertain you! Then some movie queen gets squashed in the eye with a ripe tomato, or some one busts a watermelon over her head, flings her into a synthetic swamp or has her chased by a bench-legged bulldog or a bull.

All to entertain you!

Think of Gloria Swanson, the marquise, being hung up by the seat of her trousers—male attire—in "Stage Struck!" Gloria never hung that way before. And if her trousers hadn't been substantially reinforced at the hanging place, she wouldn't have hung there long. She put a lot of reliance in those pants and probably prayed she hadn't misplaced her confidence. And she hadn't. The trousers were equal to the occasion. There she dangled—the heroine of "Manhandled," "Her Love Story," "Society Scandal," "Madame Sans-Gêne," and so on. The "Divine Gloria!"

And Mary Pickford, the queenly lady of "Rosita" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"—think of sending her oozing down into a pond of tadpole water, mud up to her knees, totin' a child on her back and carrying another in her arms! "America's Sweetheart!" So dirty when she came out they washed her off with a hose before they let her into her dressing room. That was in "Sparrows" (first called "Scraps"). And that isn't all. Mary, walking a straight-and-narrow path across the synthetic swamp built in the studio lot, found the path not too straight, but too narrow, and she sloughed off a second time. She sloughed in till the mud got into her hair and the child on her back was yelling for a raft. They had to be helped out, and were a sorry sight.



There is no other profession in the world which would require one of its leading representatives to do anything so absurd as was required of Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck."

All to entertain you!

It appears as though directors believe worlds of art are subtly submerged in water. Monta Bell, for instance, espied a chuck hole on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot filled with water which looked like it came in with the flood of '73. It offered possibilities.

"Here," he said, "is where I put a wonderful punch in 'Lights of Old Broadway!' This'll knock 'em dead!"

So he called for cameras and lights and assistance. Then he called Marion Davies and George K. Arthur.

"We're going to make a whale of a scene," he said. "We're going to duck you both in that water!"

Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez went through this cold scene at night—and when the water was cold!

"Duck who?" asked George, backing off warily.

"You—and Marion," was Mr. Bell's cheerful answer.

"In what water?" asked George.

"That water!" said Mr. Bell, starting preparations.

"Here?"

"Yes, right here."

George looked at Marion and Marion looked at George. But in they went, right up to their necks. The bottom of the hole was soft and the top was slippery. Miss Davies slid in gingerly. George K. plunked down like a hero. Two costumes went out of commission. It was a great scene! But when the rushes were shown in the projection room, it wasn't such a whale after all. It was cut out in the finished picture.

All that effort, which went for nothing, just to entertain you!

Bebe Daniels drew some cold-water work at night while making scenes for "Volcano," one of her recent Paramount productions. With Ricardo Cortez and other players, she gave an imitation of a lady fleeing the eruption of Mont Pelée. And she went as though old Pelée's indigestion had made him mad. But the reason Bebe went so fast was that she was cold and everybody else was cold and she shivered and everybody else shivered. But it was art!

Patsy Ruth Miller was hit by almost every kind of fruit and vegetable, in "Hogan's Alley."

Taking these water scenes doesn't bring any enormous discomfort to the burly man back of the megaphone, but if he could hear all that some of the actresses say he likely would be astounded at their command of language. The ejaculations of drunken sailors and expressions of troopers when peeved would seem like sweet vespers by comparison. The actresses do, occasionally, get "hoppin' mad." But a contract is a contract and orders must be obeyed.

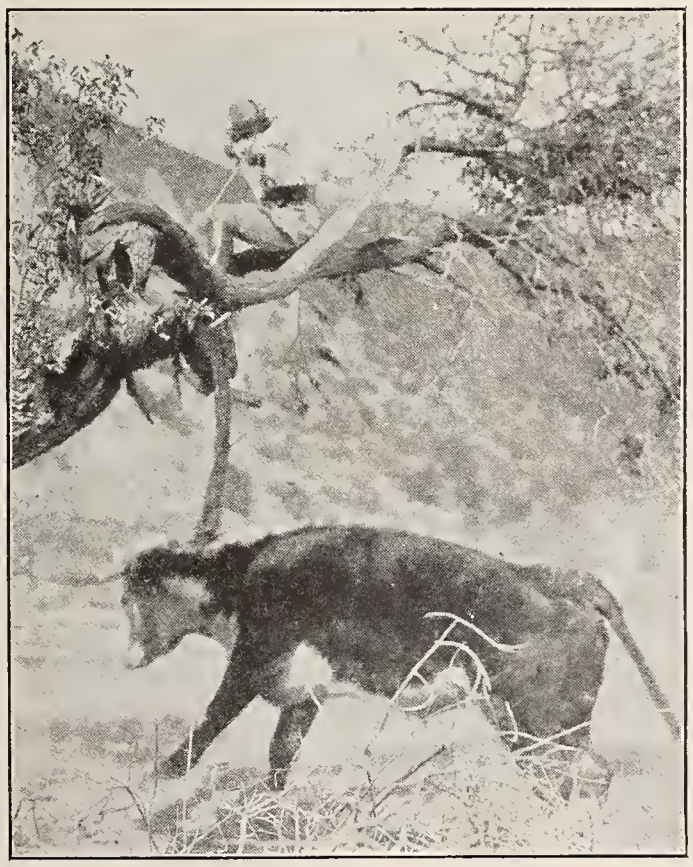
Take Robert Leonard, the man who directed "Bright Lights." Bob was told of an old water hole not far from the studio where there was a tree partly submerged and cat tails growing along the banks. Thereby Pauline Starke was marked for more "art." It probably required the exertion of considerable ingenuity to connect a water hole in California with "A Little Bit of Broadway," as the picture was originally called, but it was engineered. Leonard put on rubber boots which reached nearly to his hips so he couldn't get wet.

Clara Bow went through this scene for "The Best Bad Man" five times!

Miss Starke took off most of her clothing. The camera man was supplied with tall boots. But the little leading lady was given no such consideration. She got wet. She got mud in her shoes. She got sticks in her stockings. She got cold. And she didn't stay in long. She had added her bit to art! All for your amusement!

It often has been said that a picture can tell a story better than printed words. I'd like to call attention to one printed here which I believe substantiates the declaration. Clara Bow is trying to say in the silent drama just how one feels when a few thousand gallons of city drinking water is suddenly dumped on her unsuspecting back. Clara knew the flood was coming but she did not know it had its origin in the melting snows. And she didn't know it was going to get so all-fired intimate with her neck and ears and her marcel wave. They were making scenes in "The Best Bad Man" on the William Fox lot. John Ford was directing.

"Now, Miss Bow," he said, "the torrent comes racing down this stream, sweeping you toward the falls. You are caught in the current and dashed against that big boulder where you manage momentarily to cling. Tom Mix, with a rope about his waist swings out to your rescue. Great stuff! Now, be careful."



Laura La Plante did some thrilling tree climbing after being chased by a long-horned steer in "The Beautiful Cheat."

They got everything ready and at a given signal, tons upon tons of water were loosed. It struck Miss Bow about every place at once and she went down the water toboggan. A lusty shriek went with her. She had others to spare. Slap, slam, bang, flop! Then she got an Indian grip on the property rock. And she stuck! But the water was cold —water that came from the melted snows in the Sierra Madre Mountains. And it kept coming and getting colder every moment. When the hero finally rescued her, she looked like the proverbial wet hen and felt worse.

"Very good, Miss Bow!" Director Ford said. "We'll take it again."

"Do what?"

"Take it again!"

They took it five times.

What did she say when the fifth was finished? Tut! tut!

The motion-picture actresses do a lot of strange things for art's sake. If these same things were attempted in everyday life, a lot of folks would be in jail. Take the case of Patsy Ruth Miller who played a featured rôle in "Hogan's Alley." Here

Continued on page 98

Photo by Hartsook

Lois Wilson's vacation between pictures started out gayly enough, but she ended by going to a hospital to have her tonsils removed.

Over the

Fanny the Fan recounts the advantages of the come from Hollywood, social life picks up, and

By The

IT must be that you couldn't think of any other place to go," I greeted Fanny, looking up from my book, "else why should you come to meet me less than an hour late?"

"Oh, yes I could, without any effort at all," Fanny told me pleasantly. "And if you're going to be disagreeable about it, I'll run along right now. Diana Kane is giving a skating party at Iceland, and she promised me the strongest-armed instructor if I would come. Edna Murphy is swimming, over at the Shelton, and Eleanor Boardman wanted some one to guide her on a shopping tour. Then there's always the Palace vaudeville—Natacha Rambova is making her début there this week. I've seen her act already, but I want to go back and see if she has recovered from her début nervousness. And this is the very last chance I'll have in a long time to run up to see Mabel Normand, because she is starting rehearsals of a new play to-morrow. But I did think you would like to hear about what has been going on. And after all this self-sacrifice on my part, if you just want to give a lecture on punctuality, I'll arrange for you to try to meet Norma Shearer some time."

Natacha Rambova has gone into vaudeville.

She knew perfectly well that, if she flung all those names at me so casually, I simply couldn't hide my interest.

"Norma late?" she exclaimed. "Just ask Lila Lee or Lois Wilson. Still, you can't very well ask Lila, as she has left for Hollywood. Her husband, James Kirkwood, is due to start a picture out there in a few days. And you can't ask Lois, because she is in a hospital having her tonsils taken out. It looks as though I shall have to tell you. But it's a long story, so please order lots of tea and anything else you can think of."

"Throat lozenges might be appropriate," I suggested, but Fanny was deep in an impersonation of a person thinking.

"It happened all of a week ago, so it is hard to remember. So many things have happened since then. Next time I see Lila Lee, I'll take along a notebook, and then when I later repeat what she says, without quotes, I'll get a reputation for being clever.

"Well, Lois Wilson gave a luncheon in honor of Norma Shearer, who had just come to town for a vacation. It was supposed to be at one o'clock, and by two fifteen, there was an angry mob congregated at the Colony demanding of Lois just why they shouldn't go in and eat with*out* Norma.

"'She must have you in her power,' we all accused Lois. 'While we're waiting, the least you can do is to tell us the dark secret in your past that she knows.'

"'Maybe she thought you meant the Colony Club instead of the restaurant,' Diana Kane suggested. 'Must have an erroneous idea that you are accepted by the best society. I'll phone and see if she is there.'

"Searching through the telephone book, I found a Colony Dairy Lunch and offered to call that on the phone. Lila Lee's suggestion was that we go home and change to dinner clothes, so that we wouldn't look conspicuous when Norma should finally arrive. In the midst of the argument, Norma at last blew in, completely disguised under a big hat.

"But at the table, we found such darling place cards that

Teacups

mid-season slump in picture-making; visitors shopping raids are conducted along Fifth Avenue.

Bystander

we quite forgot to be annoyed at her. Mrs. Gregory La Cava—the director's wife—had made little water-color portraits of all of us. Nearly all of them were flattering, but mine was so outrageously so that I really ought to go into seclusion and just leave mine behind, posted in some conspicuous place.

"Lila Lee had an exquisite pink camellia pinned on the shoulder of her dress. It looked much too beautiful to be real—but when a husband sends his wife flowers every day, even after three years of marriage, he learns the way to the best florists. The rest of us couldn't let her outshine us, so we pulled flowers out of the centerpiece and made bouquets for ourselves. What had on our arrival been a graceful basket of tiger lilies and spring flowers, looked like the Easter-eve remains at a popular florist's when we got through with it.

"You know how those luncheons are—everybody talking at once, and trying at the same time to hear what their neighbors are saying. By special request, I sat between Lila Lee and Norma Shearer. I've never known Lila at all, though I've always wanted to, and it had been ages since I had last seen Norma.

"She has the right idea. Every time Lois—who was on her left—said anything startling, Norma would speak up loud enough for every one to hear. 'Orchids all over the place,' she commented. 'I really believe Lois is the sort of girl who doesn't think a man is even mildly interested in her unless he sends her bushels of orchids. I consider myself lucky because I had some just once. Probably to celebrate the opening of my one good picture.'

"Of course, we had to boo her for that and assure her that she had had lots of good pictures, but all through luck and not any merit of her own.

"'Lois and I used to accept our doom as inevitable,' Lila Lee told me, getting serious for a moment, 'because every one told us that we looked like nice girls and that nice-girl parts in pictures were bound to be vapid. And then, along came Norma, and she got perfectly marvelous parts, and they were nice girls, too. So I'm not resigned to a dull film fate any more; I'm going to weep and wail until some one finds an exciting story and engages me to play in it!'

"Critics always think they are endowed with unusual powers of discernment," Fanny commented, "when they say that Lila or Lois, or almost any other young girl in pictures, is sympathetic but lacking in dramatic power. As a matter of fact, the girls criticize their own work much more harshly."

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Pauline Frederick returns to the screen in "The Nest."

C. C. Burr wanted a girl who could wear beautiful clothes in a dashing manner, for Johnny Hines' next picture, so every one suggested Diana Kane.

"You may deliver your lecture on the superior intelligence of screen players some other time," I assured her. "Tell me more about the luncheon now."

"Well," Fanny began, as though she didn't know just where to begin, "Frances Howard Goldwyn bewailed the fact that her trip to Europe had been called off. Just as she and Mr. Goldwyn were about ready to go over for the London and Paris openings of 'Stella Dallas,' Mr. Goldwyn bought the screen rights to 'The Winning of Barbara Worth,' and got so interested in plans for making that that he didn't want to go away. Diana Kane was simply crowing over all of us because she was going to Miami in a few days. She is to be Johnny Hines' leading woman in his next picture,

Photo by M. I. Boris

Ethel Shannon, of "Maytime" fame, has emerged from obscurity and is making "Charlie's Niece" in New York.

and part of it is to be made down there. She is sure to have a glorious time. It is the height of the racing season, and lots of people she knows will be there. Dorothy Mackaill has gone down there for a short vacation, and May McAvoy and Ben Lyon are making exterior scenes there for 'The Savage.' Bebe Daniels, Diana's very best friend, will be near by in Palm Beach, making a picture.

"Diana is delighted to get into comedy. She has played so many vamp parts, she was afraid that she would never get anything else. It doesn't matter what type a girl plays, she always longs to play something else. I dare say that Mary Carr yearns to shed the lace cap of patient, noble womanhood and play something on the order of *Lucrezia Borgia.* And speaking of sudden changes in type, listen to this letter from Carmelita Geraghty. She says:

"I suppose you will need support when I tell you that at last I have a job. Well, lean on something strong then, for the rest of it is the greatest shock of all. I'm working for Mack Sennett! What's more, among other things, I have to unbend and wear a bathing suit. Gone is the Geraghty dignity. In fact, I might say I am vamp-bunctious. I have a new personality.

"Such joy is the aftermath of two discouraged months. I've had the flu. Colleen Moore was my nurse, with Virginia Valli and Julanne Johnston as assistants. They brought me royal food, and no princess ever had more flowers or attention. Naturally, I loved it. After that was all over, along came a contract to do a fat part as a heavy, dreadful vamp, in a two-reel Sennett picture, opposite Raymond McKee. I wear a costume that rivals anything ever worn by Naldi and Pringle, Inc.

"I won't read all of it to you," Fanny went on disdainfully. "After all, letters are meant to be more or less private. But I must tell you what she says about a gorgeous costume ball Marion Davies gave, which she says was a glorious affair. Here's what she says about it:

"Florence Vidor was the loveliest-looking person there by far. And there were second honors for Bebe Daniels—all in silver cloth, as Jeanne d'Arc—for Virginia Valli as a Russian countess, and for Hedda Hopper, in gray chiffon, as a wicked medieval nun with very red lips. About seven men came as 'Red' Grange, including Jack the Gilbert and King the Vidor. Elinor Glyn and I were Spanish señoritas—only she had the most jewels. Douglas and Mary Fairbanks came with Prince Bibesco, the ex-ambassador from Roumania, and Lillian Gish came shrouded in a most fascinating manner in a hood and cape from 'La Bohème.'

"There was a tremendous ovation last week at the first preview of 'La Bohème,' in Pasadena. Two thousand people waited hours to see it, and applauded fifteen solid minutes after the showing. It's just marvelous, and every one loves it, sad ending and all. Of course, Jack Gilbert is just walking on air. Isn't he lucky to have three big successes in a row?

"His new house—Spanish—is the most amazing place. It's just like Jack, inside—all brilliant golds and reds and blues, and some rooms as grave as a church, and others absolutely angry and fighting.

"And that," Fanny announced, in decisive manner, "is the best sketch of Jack Gilbert's personality I've ever heard.

"Of course, you know he is here now. He came East with King Vidor and Irving Thalberg for the opening of 'La Bohème.' Eleanor Boardman is here, too. I sat next to her at a luncheon Norma Shearer gave for Irving Thalberg's sister. She is an unusual girl—a sort of primary-colored temperament in a pastel-tinted shell. She hasn't that warm, pervading charm that many actresses have, but she gives an impression of absolute sincerity, and I imagine she grows on you, the longer you know her. I've found her that way in pictures. At first, I thought she was limp and negative, but after a while, I liked

Lya de Putti, leading German film actress, who is going to make some pictures in this country, arrived late in February.

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Photo by Aubrey

OLIVE BORDEN, who is about to be starred in Fox films, describes in the story on the opposite page how a fellow extra girl, whose name she didn't even know, gave her her start in the movies.

TOM MIX rushes with such speed from film to film that his fans certainly can't complain of seeing too little of him. After "Tony Runs Wild," you'll see him in "Hard Boiled."

Photo by Autrey

Photo by M. I. Horte

CAN you blame feminine stars for liking Warner Baxter to play opposite them? But he is too handsome to be confined to supporting rôles, and so is featured in "The Flight to the Hills."

PHOTO BY MELBOURNE CRAIG

SEENA OWEN has a thrilling time of it in her next picture, "Shipwrecked," as the title plainly indicates, but Joseph Schildkraut is there to rescue her, so all ends happily.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

AS one of Cecil De Mille's contract players, Lillian Rich is kept steadily busy, and never fails to please in every part she plays. She is now supporting H. B. Warner in "Whispering Smith."

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

IT'S hardly necessary to introduce Vera Steadman, you've seen her so often in Christie comedies, but you may not have seen her in the blond wig which she wears in her latest films.

Photo by William Potter

IT was at first thought Greta Nissen would play in D. W. Griffith's "The Sorrows of Satan," but other plans have been made for her. Meanwhile, she's appearing in "The Lucky Lady."

Photo by Monogram Studio

THOUGH Elinor Fair has been fairly prominent in films for some time, her really big opportunity didn't come until recently. Myrtle Gebhart tells you about it on the opposite page.

A Three-in-one Beauty

Elinor Fair, the latest actress to be singled out by Cecil De Mille as showing particular promise, is said to combine within herself the qualities of three of the screen's most prominent stars.

By Myrtle Gebhart

SHE has Barbara La Marr's eyes, Gloria Swanson's flair for making clothes articulate, and Constance Talmadge's effervescence. Because of her triple charm, I selected Elinor Fair as the most promising young screen actress to play the feminine lead in 'The Volga Boatman,' and then to be groomed for featured rôles in my future productions."

Thus Cecil B. De Mille had replied to my question as to the why of his newest choice. That was before I had laid eyes upon the latest flower to bloom in his garden. If it had been afterward, explanations would have been superfluous.

This story should really be written by a man. A Malcolm Oettinger could make your senses thrill with the black-and-white recording of her. For Elinor's is that type of dusky beauty which has in it a primitive, elemental something that women, perhaps through secret envy, resent—that thing which calls so to men, and evokes their rhapsodies and desires, though she herself may be only faintly aware of her power—that quality which Madame Glyn so elegantly expresses as "sex."

You are conscious of that age-old appeal before ever you notice her other attributes. It insinuates itself, creeps upon you. And, feminine though you are and therefore able only dimly to sense how great must be its challenge to men, you pay it the tribute of resentment and of wondering why the kind fates have so abundantly endowed this one.

It is always a momentous happening when De Mille picks a new one. Occasionally, a selection of his may flivver, but always she bursts at first from a comparatively inconspicuous corner into the searchlight, though she may stay there only for a while.

Because of the possibilities the girl faces, such an occasion is auspicious, and a subtle air of tremendous importance is woven about it.

Duly impressed thereby, in this particular case, I was, however, a little at sea. Try mixing Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson and Constance Talmadge in your mind and see what you get. And at my first glimpse of Elinor Fair, lounging in a chair just off "The Volga Boatman" set, shrieking the potent appeal of La Marr, of a La Marr of another age, I wondered at the triumvirate of charms with which De Mille's evenly flowing words had endowed her. The Gloria and the Connie personalities, I thought, must be off duty that day.

Beauty, yes—the beauty of an enchanting Egyptian night. A graciously curved, delicately voluptuous body, sheathed in sparkling crystals. Dark, liquid eyes, in which curls up a sleepy lure, as though they are fully cognizant of their power and wonder whether it is worth while to unleash it. Fire, there, dormant under coals. Pomegranate lips, full and tremulous and a little petulant.

That magnetic, strange beauty instantly kindles an imaginative person's fancy. Standing a little away, in absent-minded conversation with others, I pictured her in the far land where she seemed to belong, in a setting of allure. That small, rounded body luxuriously at ease on silken cushions, the crystal tissue wrapped about it ashimmer under a yellow desert moon. Black slaves should be fanning her, faintly stirring the sultry night, and brown-skinned maids serving luscious, juicy fruits to those indolent, crimson lips. All about, the shifting sands of ages. The Sphinx in the distance—back of her eyes somewhere.

The scintillant Kohinoor, in a setting of crystal and gold. The beautiful favorite of the seraglio, spilling and rippling color with every languid movement. Fascination in each lift of those graceful, milk-white arms; even in repose the imperious queen of love——

Hammers sounded, an orchestra tuned up with preliminary rasp and discord, a conglomerate array of figures hurried by, officers of Red Russia in the new style of uniform, and slouching, bulky, thickset men with tousled hair, tangled beards and evil faces. Blue-white lights sprayed an ugly glare upon the scene of a tribunal —upon high, plain desks and long tables, bare save for stacks of papers.

Oddly irritated that my Kohinoor should suddenly be set in brass, I crossed over to her.

"The Beautiful Vagabond," quoth the publicity scribe, sententiously.

"God made her beautiful," murmured the Lady of the Needle, obsequiously being of very necessary service, "and Mr. De Mille made her a vagabond."

My desert beauty rippled into life and with one word, that should have been slurred and velvet-tipped but wasn't, dispelled forever my fancy. Her voice had the sprightliness of the younger Talmadge's, and from its animation invisible sparks seemed to play upon the whole of her, and a pertness manifested itself in her eyes, quarreling with their sleepy indolence.

It was as though she unfolded, one by one, the layers of her triumvirate charm. To be sure, there was little left of the crystal gown, for she had been in the hands of Russian revolutionists, but it was easy to believe, from the poise with which she held herself while the many slits and ragged edges were hastily stitched together, that before the gown had been wrecked, she had worn it as gowns are worn by only a few.

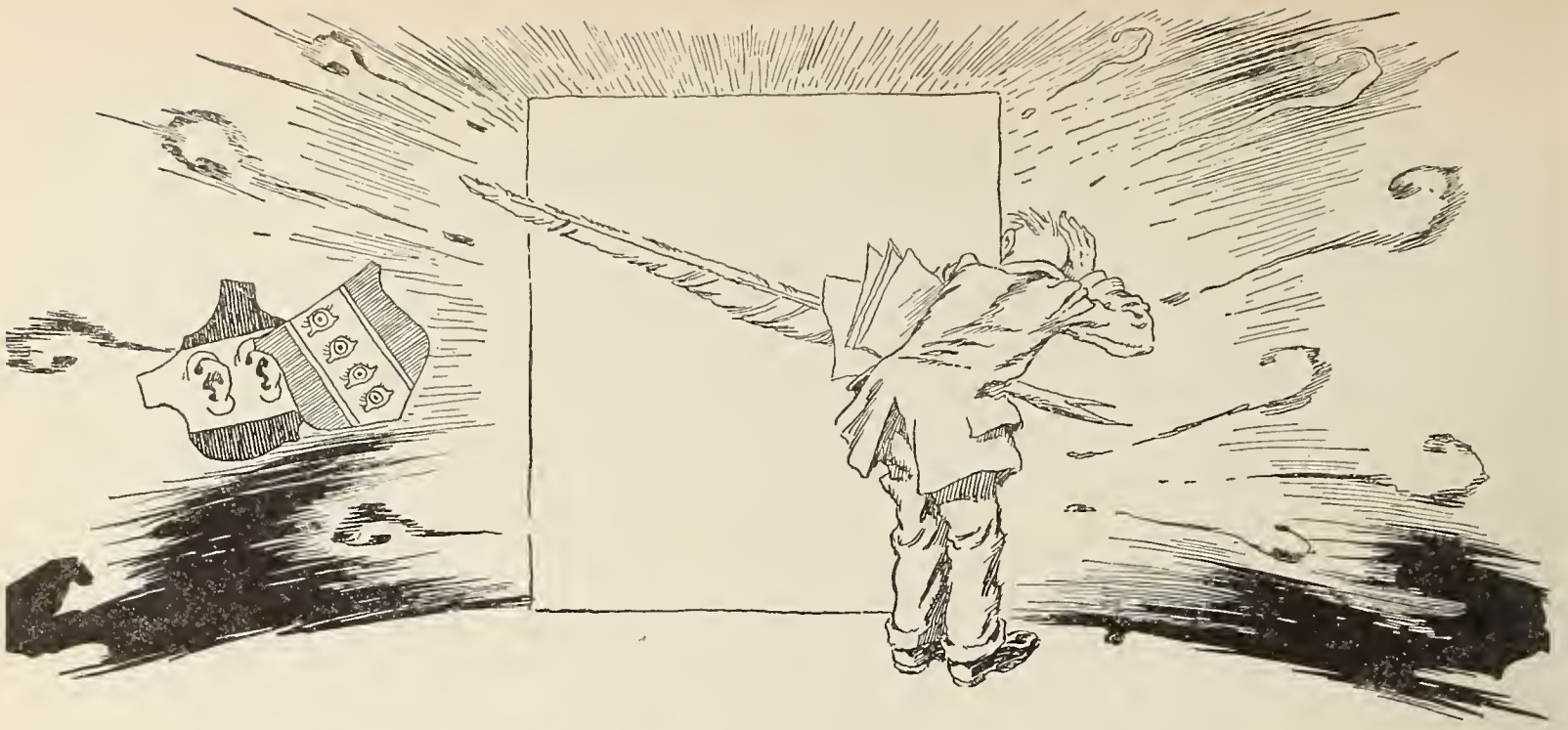
"Like Gunga Din, I wear 'not very much before and less than 'arf of that behind.'" Her voice rippled with suppressed laughter. "But, my dear, one side of me is almost respectably clothed. If you would please sit over *there*. Thank you. *I* dare not move. They will have to carry me onto the set and say prayers that enough of this gown will hold together to pass the Pennsylvania censors. Else the final close-up will be minus its heroine. I've been through a revolution, you see.

"And it was such a lovely gown, too"—the full lips pursed regretfully—"before we started pulling the boats down the river. I was a princess before I became a vagabond. They did things so queerly in Russia." Perhaps it was as well that the highbrow author of "The Volga Boatman" was not present to see the mischief at play in her eyes. "Princesses were captured and sent out in their party clothes to drag boats along rivers by ropes from the banks."

Our conversation dallied with the picture—the contrast between Russia's prerevolutionary elegance and the chaos of its awakening—skirted the edges of movie production in general, had brief stop-overs at the main way stations of her career, and then settled upon frivolities.

"There's nothing to say about me," she shrugged. "There *ought* to be, though, in another year, with all that Mr. De Mille is doing for me. But I've just been put in to bake.

[Continued on page 114]



Behind the Silver Screen

Intimate observations, along a humorous line, from the side of the movies that few of us are privileged to see.

By Jack Malone

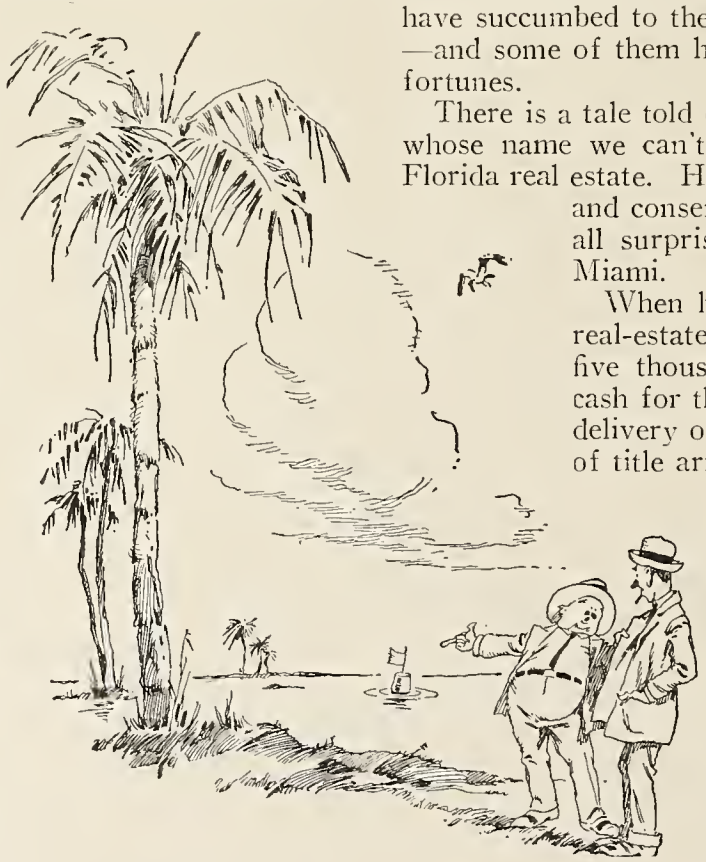
Illustrated by Lui Trugo

WHEN one of our younger actors was recently promoted to stardom, he immediately dolled up his dressing room with new curtains and some comfortable chairs, and had some fine old portraits hung on the walls. Jean Hersholt dropped in one day to see the transformation. He immediately spotted the portraits and, pointing to one, he said, "Gee, that picture looks like an old friend of mine."

"Zat so?" inquired the owner.

"Yas," replied Jean, opening the door for a quick get-away. "only they framed him first and hung him afterward."

And the young actor is still scratching his head.



I am going to organize a club for the protection of mere males in the film industry. The ladies are branching forth in their own productions of late, and we men must band together.

June Mathis produced "A Viennese Medley;" Frances Marion did "Simon the Jester;" Jeanie Macpherson has become supervising director of the De Mille productions; Mrs. Wallace Reid is still active as an independent producer; and Lois Weber has been signed as a director by Universal.

As I said, we must band together, but in the meantime—"To the ladies!"

There are still some people who believe that motion-picture producers will soon desert California for Florida—but most of us aren't worrying. Press agents surround us on all sides in Hollywood—and we sniff press-agent ink on that one.

It is true that many members of the film colony have succumbed to the lure of buying land in Florida—and some of them have added considerably to their fortunes.

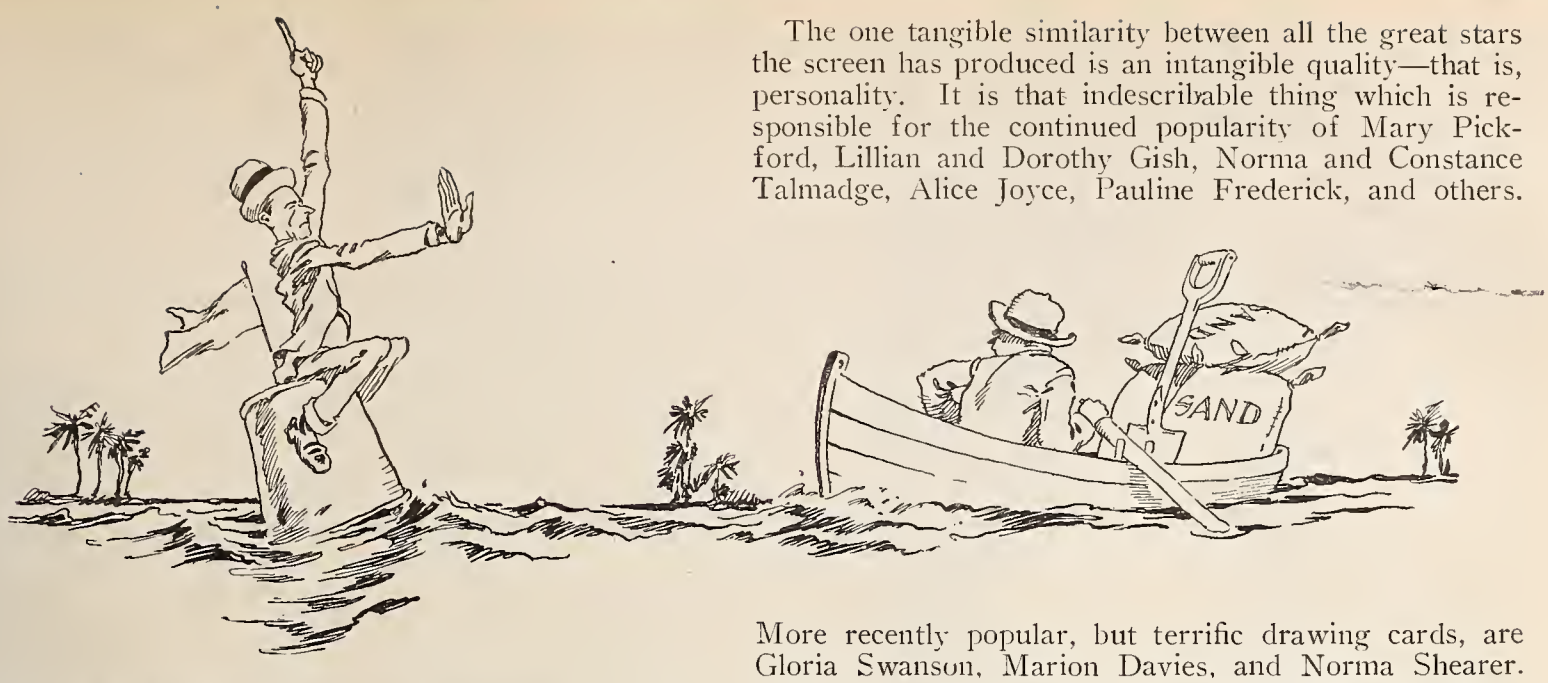
There is a tale told of one of our handsome heroes, whose name we can't mention, who took a flyer in Florida real estate. He is noted for shrewd and canny and conservative investments, so we were all surprised when he suddenly left for Miami.

When he arrived, he literally fell over real-estate venders, and finally invested five thousand dollars in a lot. He paid cash for the same, and demanded an early delivery of the title. When his certificate of title arrived, he called up the salesman and told him he wanted to take a look at his property.

When they arrived at the subdivision, the salesman enthusiastically pointed out across the water and said, "See that buoy out there—well, that's where your lot is."

"Why, you didn't tell me my lot was submerged," answered the actor. The salesman hastily explained that it was just temporarily submerged—that the whole section was to be filled and his lot would promptly rise high and dry. The actor became very solemn. "I won't stand for that," he said gravely. "I want my lot to stay under the water. And let me tell you one thing—this is my property, and if you put one square foot of dirt on my lot—I'll sue the company."

He was firm in his ultimatum, and two days later the company bought the lot back from him for twelve thousand dollars—and he told us the other day that he had



The one tangible similarity between all the great stars the screen has produced is an intangible quality—that is, personality. It is that indescribable thing which is responsible for the continued popularity of Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Pauline Frederick, and others.

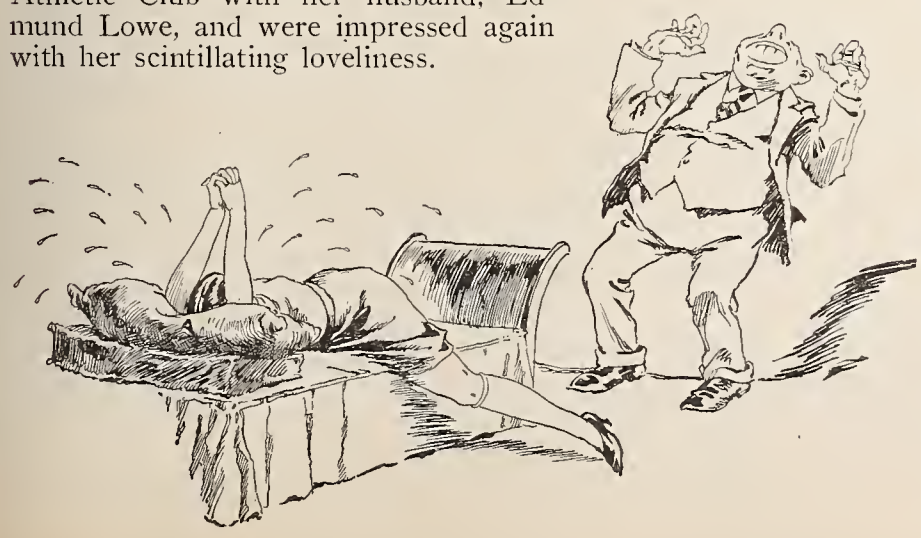
bought a strategic lot on Beverly Boulevard in Hollywood with his profits!

We can remember no time in the history of pictures when we have had so many young and beautiful screen actresses as we have right now. Those who come to mind at the moment include Marceline Day, Helene and Dolores Costello, Betty Jewel, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Greta Nissen, Clara Bow, Louise Brooks, Virginia Lee Corbin, Greta Garbo, Elinor Fair, Sally O'Neil, Vilma Banky, Jane Winton, and Lois Moran. Not only have these girls much beauty and charm, but that priceless asset—youth. And all have either proven or promised their worth as actresses of note.

Speaking of Jane Winton reminds us of the splendid contract she recently signed with Warner Brothers. For a time we feared that Jane was to be handicapped by her enchanting beauty, for directors had a tendency to emphasize her looks, and let it go at that. Then some one decided she could act—and she has gone right along.

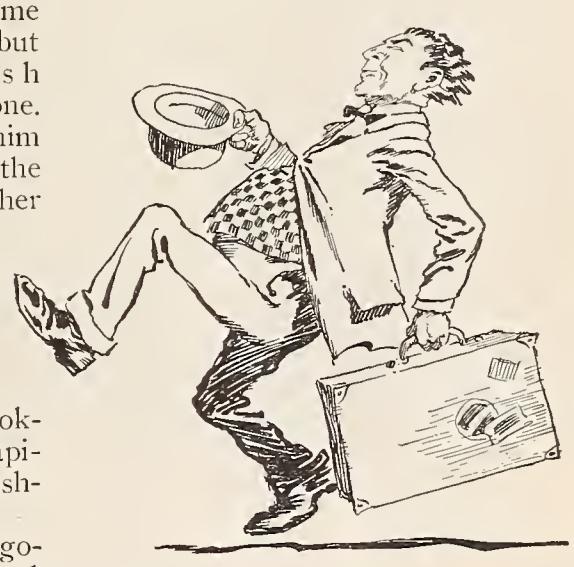
Beautiful women are not rare in Hollywood, and it's a brave man that decides which are the six—or six-and-twenty—most beautiful. Personally, I would include Corinne Griffith, Alice Joyce, May McAvoy, Vilma Banky, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, and Jane Winton—and then I'd throw up my hands and tear out my hair deciding who should come next.

Lilyan Tashman is one of the most brilliant and radiant actresses out here. She has been steadily and consistently climbing the ladder of fame. We saw her dining at the Hollywood Athletic Club with her husband, Edmund Lowe, and were impressed again with her scintillating loveliness.



More recently popular, but terrific drawing cards, are Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, and Norma Shearer. At present, I have four or five of the younger actresses in mind, who I think have that same indescribable quality which will lead them straight and surely to the heights of popularity.

There are any number of excuses for a vacation rampant in Hollywood at this time of the year, but George Walsh pulled the best one.



We saw him dashing out of the studio the other day with a grip in his hand, a bright smile on his face, and the back of his head looking like the Capitol steps at Washington.

"Where ya goin'?" we screamed.

"Up to the mountains for two weeks," beamed George. "I gotta live down this hair cut."

Vilma Banky, the beautiful Hungarian actress whom Sam Goldwyn discovered about a year ago, has created more good laughs since she has been in Hollywood than any other newcomer. Some one asked her where she lived the other day, and she replied sweetly, "I have a leetle home—eets name ees bunkghell-o."

The gorgeous diamond Vilma wore constantly for months was recently stolen from her dressing room. When the loss was discovered, she immediately let forth a series of Hungarian sobs which amused one of the members of the cast tremendously, and he roared unsympathetically. Vilma turned to him angrily and sobbed, "It's not a laugh—it's a great beeg weep!" and then she fled for consolation when his mirth redoubled.

Vilma, by the way, is going to have the much-coveted title rôle in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," with Ronald Colman opposite her, for Sam Goldwyn recently bought the film rights from Sol Lessor.

Barbara La Marr in a scene from her last picture, "The Girl from Montmartre," during the filming of which she collapsed.

The Death of Barbara

The dramatic circumstances attending the passing beautiful film actress, whose life had been a most

By Charles

BARBARA LA MARR is dead! The "too-beautiful girl" passed away in the shadows of the eternal hills at Altadena, California, early in February, ending a career as tragic and colorful as the most vivid motion-picture script. Her last impressions of the world were received in her bedroom amid orchids and roses, with her father and mother and physicians by her side. But though her breath lingered in her body for nearly a day after she began to sink, she was not conscious of her surroundings. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the struggle ended.

The closing days of her life were as fanciful, almost, as the starlit way along which she had traveled. Two days before her death, she said she was feeling better. Her father, W. W. Watson, placed her in a wheel chair and took her out upon the lawn, where she could gaze upon her garden of flowers. The glorious California sunshine was flooding the land, and just a few miles away, the surf was breaking upon the shores of the ocean. To the east, majestically towered the silent mountains, their peaks tipped with snow. In all directions were orange groves and roses. And quiet.

Barbara was quiet that day, gazing at the butterflies flitting among the blossoms. The little bright-winged insects seemed strangely to attract her. Their multicolored wings were brilliant as they flew from flower to flower, in their abandon. Her father, too, was absorbed in watching them.

"They're pretty!" the sick girl faintly said.

"Yes," her companion replied, "and happy."

Miss La Marr did not answer directly. She seemed to be wondering. The world had called *her* a butterfly—of Broadway. She, too, had been acclaimed beautiful, before her "wings" had begun to droop from illness. And she seemed to question whether or not these butterflies, apparently so carefree and untouched by the world, could be happy in their insect lives.

"Are they happy, daddy?" she asked musingly.

Again she lapsed into silence. The years seemed to unfold the scroll of her life, and she closed her eyes—to think.

"In experience," she suddenly said, "I've lived the average life, with all its joys and jolts."

She paused and looked into the distance—out toward the sea. A limousine passed, its motor purring softly, and disappeared.

"Principally jolts!" she concluded.

Her father tucked the covering more closely about her and, after a while, took her into the house. A huge basket of flowers had just arrived from Bert Lytell and his wife, Claire Windsor, together with a pretty little note of encouragement. Miss La Marr dictated a message to them which said:

> Am very grateful for your sweet note of sympathy and for the gorgeous roses. Will be delighted soon to have you call. Am gaining every day, but am advised to be quiet for a while. May you always be happy. Love from BARBARA.

She seemed tired, very tired, and slept heavily. Next day, however, she suffered a relapse, and physicians were hastily summoned. She lapsed into unconsciousness, her breathing became labored, and before the end of another day, it ceased.

About no other motion-picture actress, probably, have so many strange and unfounded stories been told. Writers have said she was born in Richmond, Virginia, of unknown parentage, that she was a waif of the streets, that she never knew her father or mother, and that she never went to school and was just "bad." But Mr. Watson, her parent, says differently. Barbara was born in North Yakima, Washington, he says, on July 28, 1896, and attended the public schools there. At the age of seven, she appeared on the stage one amateurs' night and recited a poem, "Nobody's Child." Perhaps that was where the idea of her being a waif originated. She wore ragged clothes, Mr. Watson says. Her stockings had holes at the knees, but her little speech was received with such wild enthusiasm that the manager of the Allen Stock Company sent for her and gave her child's parts in several plays. At the age of eight, she went to Spokane with the Jessie Shirley Company.

Then Mr. Watson, who was a newspaper man, moved to Fresno, California, to become editor of an agricultural trade paper, and there he later conducted a printing establishment of his own. For two years, Barbara went to school in Fresno, and when her father and mother moved to the Imperial Valley in Southern California, where Mr. Watson did field work for the Los Angeles *Times,* she went along. But the heat in that valley bothered her, and presently she was back in Los Angeles, refusing to return home.

"It's too hot down there!" she protested. "I don't like it."

La Marr

away of this
unusual one.

Carter

It was then that she was haled before the judge of a juvenile court and ordered home, with the comment by the judge, "You are too beautiful to be in the city. Go home and stay!"

But in 1910, Barbara obtained employment as a dancer in Fred Harlow's café, one of the most widely known cabarets in Los Angeles. An engagement in a hotel café in Salt Lake City followed. Mrs. Watson accompanied her on this trip.

Bob Carville, celebrated dancer, doing a turn at the Orpheum, was the first to really "discover" Barbara La Marr's talent. He found himself in need of a dancing partner in Los Angeles, and so engaged her. They went to New York, where Barbara scored a smashing success. The newspapers hailed her as a beauty, and she *could* dance. Life to her, then, was a beautiful, gilded thing which fired her with ambition. Ben Deely met her, fell desperately in love with her, made her his partner in his famous bell-boy act, which he played over the Orpheum circuit for ten years, and finally married her. But the romance was short-lived, and they separated.

A photograph taken soon after Barbara La Marr had adopted her baby boy, "Sonny," who is now three and a half years old.

Then followed one of the amazing chapters of Barbara La Marr's life.

"Daddy," she said one day, "I am going to some studio and write motion-picture scenarios. I can do it!"

"How do you know you can do it?"

"You watch! I'm going to try."

Without any previous experience of any sort and with nothing to go by but the meager knowledge gained during her dancing skits, she wrote six scenarios in eight months and sold them for ten thousand dollars to William Fox.

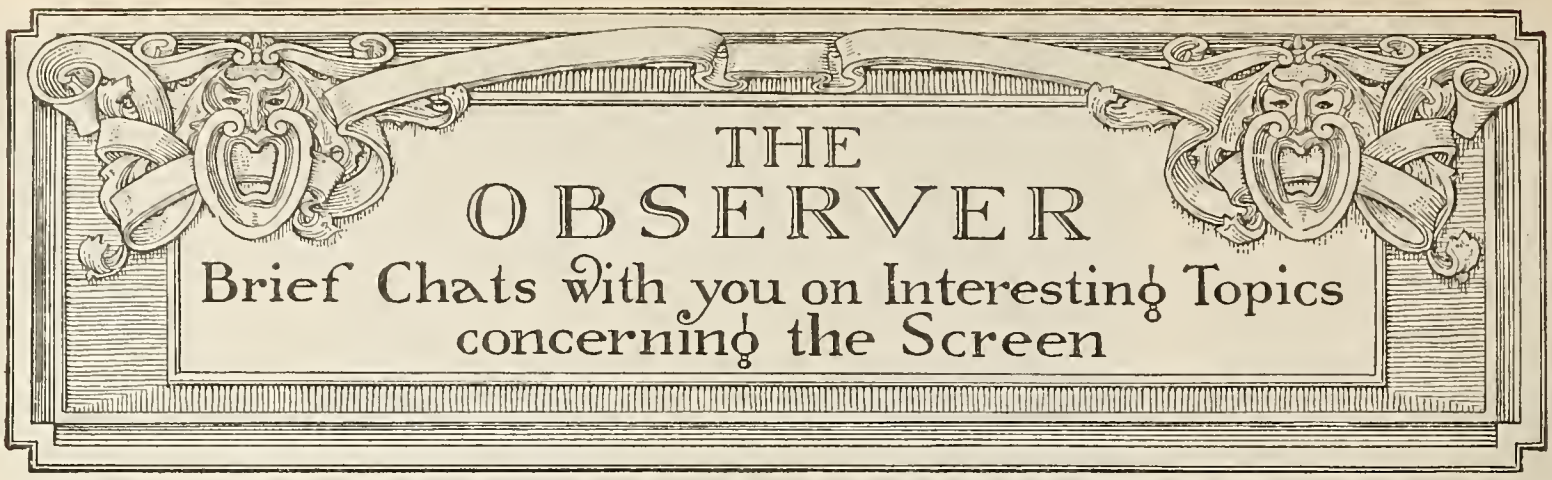
The first of these, "His Husband's Wife," with Gladys Brockwell in the principal rôle, scored an immediate success, and the four others were put into production. Only one of them, the last, has never reached the screen. The Fox Company is said to have declared that the cost of producing it would be prohibitive.

Douglas Fairbanks found Barbara pounding the keys of her typewriter, and said, "You have no business doing this! Come to my studio and I'll put you in a part."

He gave her a bit in "The Nut," and Barbara often said that the greatest thrill she ever had in life came when she was told she had made good in her rôle. Following this, Doug cast her for the rôle of *Lady de Winter* in "The Three Musketeers," and it was in that that her first great screen success was made. She was destined soon to reach the peaks. The name of Barbara La Marr was heralded all over the world, and producers rushed to her with contracts. She played in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," "Souls for Sale," "The Eternal City," "Thy Name is Woman," "The White Moth," "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," and many others. Her last picture, made for First National, was entitled "The Girl from Montmartre," and it was while making this that she collapsed.

A year or two ago, she was called to Austin, Texas, to make a personal appearance before a national convention. During the course of her stay, she asked to be taken through an orphanage. She always had loved children. She went from crib to crib in the white-walled institution, looking at the tiny bits of mortality and secretly sorrowing that none knew the arms of a mother. Just as she was leaving, a little big-eyed baby boy looked up into her face, crammed a tiny fist into his mouth as far as he could, smiled and cooed.

Continued on page 107



Are Pictures Getting Better?

Every now and then, some one of importance raises the question of whether the movies are improving or retrograding; whether they are a good thing or an evil. William Allen White recently reopened this discussion in an article which characterized the movies as being distinctly not worth while.

No movie fan is going to agree with Mr. White, and there is no need for us to defend motion pictures from his attack.

In the interest, however, of the more discriminating fans—those who are principally interested in such pictures as meet with the approval of critical taste—it might be well, at this time, to inquire into the future prospects for the production of that type of screen material.

The answer, in the main, is that the outlook is good, despite the setbacks that producers have usually had when they have seriously tried to offer to the public films made to please the more discriminating taste.

It is true that many of the so-called "best" pictures have been failures, and that producers are not likely to make many films in the near future such as "Anna Christie," for example.

Fortunately, however, a type has been evolved which, while meeting the approval of the great masses, appeals also to the more discriminating. That type of picture includes "The Covered Wagon," "The Big Parade," and "Stella Dallas."

That type may be characterized as having great simplicity and sincerity; its characters are real, human people, rather than conventional, theatrical lay figures; above all, the story is convincing. And because stories of that type have reaped such golden harvests, producers are certain to make even greater efforts along similar lines.

Our Entertainment is More Varied

Another factor that is making pictures more interesting to the discriminating fan is the greater variety of theme, treatment, and players.

A few years ago, when each picture was but a vehicle for exploiting a stock star, there was bound to be a certain sameness in films. That still obtains, to some extent. But stars are no longer forced upon the public unless their drawing power is assured; nor can they keep their places as stars after their vogue has passed its peak. The number of star vehicles is proportionately smaller, and the most popular stars—the perennial favorites—help to keep our screen entertainment varied by appearing only once or twice a year, instead of once a month, as formerly. That is unfortunate for the fan whose interest in the screen is centered on one individual, but is better for those who are interested in varied entertainment. Still greater variety is assured in future by the reciprocal arrangement through which a limited number of the best German productions are promised for the American theaters, and though German pictures have not, in the past, caught the American audience's fancy, to any marked degree, we hope and believe that some of the newer German pictures that are to be shown, such as those that were described in last month's PICTURE-PLAY, will meet with much more approval here in America.

Save Your Copies of PICTURE-PLAY

With this continued variety in pictures, and because, more and more, the big special type of picture is to be made, there is more and more reason for the thoughtful fan to follow carefully the developments in the industry from month to month in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and to save each copy for future reference.

A great deal is printed, for example, about such a picture as "Ben-Hur" or "The Big Parade" while it is in the making, yet such a film does not reach most of the fans until months after its first showing.

If you save your copies of PICTURE-PLAY, you can, when such a picture comes to your theater, look up everything that was printed about it, with very little effort, by referring to the alphabetically arranged index which is printed twice a year, in the January and July issues.

Fashionable Audiences

Fashionable audiences have a curious way of doing the unexpected thing. For instance, in New York, although the big picture houses on Broadway get their quota of socially prominent patrons, smaller theaters, further uptown and nearer to the smart residential districts, are especially favored by this clientele.

Also at Newport, the most exclusive summer resort in America, the movies are popular, and long lines of expensive automobiles are seen each evening, during July and August, drawn up in the vicinity of the theaters where the most expensive seats are thirty-five cents each. Men and women in evening clothes may be seen side by side with sailors from the training station or from warships in the harbor. Some of the most fashionable people at Newport are persistent movie patrons.

And what sort of films are favored by these discriminating individuals? The very sort one would least imagine! They seem distinctly inclined to snicker at movie ideas concerning the smart set, and at exaggerated movie conceptions of select existence.

On the other hand, fashionable audiences at Newport and in New York have frequently expressed emphatic approval of exciting melodramas, film delineations of Western stories, and slapstick farce comedies. Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and the other star comedians, are very popular with the Social Register element. But the average interpretations of society butterflies are not regarded seriously.

A Star's Balance Sheet

Virginia Brown Faire has conceived the novel idea of taking stock of her assets and liabilities now and then, a procedure which many of us might well adopt.

By Helen Ogden

SHE shouldn't have been doing anything so serious anyway. One doesn't usually figure up accounts over a charmingly decorated and plenteously encumbered tea table. One munches wee, heart-shaped sandwiches, and cuddles the pet Pom and chatters small talk.

Virginia Brown Faire's eyes were grave, however, and I sensed that the notations springing into black relief under her swiftly moving and emphatic pencil were of moment, and not mere household expenditures.

"I'm balancing. Ever do that? You should. Opens your eyes, to face facts. Now, look, here are my 'books.' "

The paper held two lists, neatly inscribed and partly checked, though opposite some of the items, there were question marks or blank spaces instead of percentage ratings. After a correction or two—to "Beauty" she had allowed only five per cent, a rating which, after an unbiased and careful appraisal, I decided was an expression of an inferiority complex—and after a bit of juggling, we evolved the following balance sheet. It shows that, though it has taken Virginia six years to make even first base, they have not been years of loss. She has not yet had a really big opportunity, but she has had many valuable experiences, even though some of them have been disheartening.

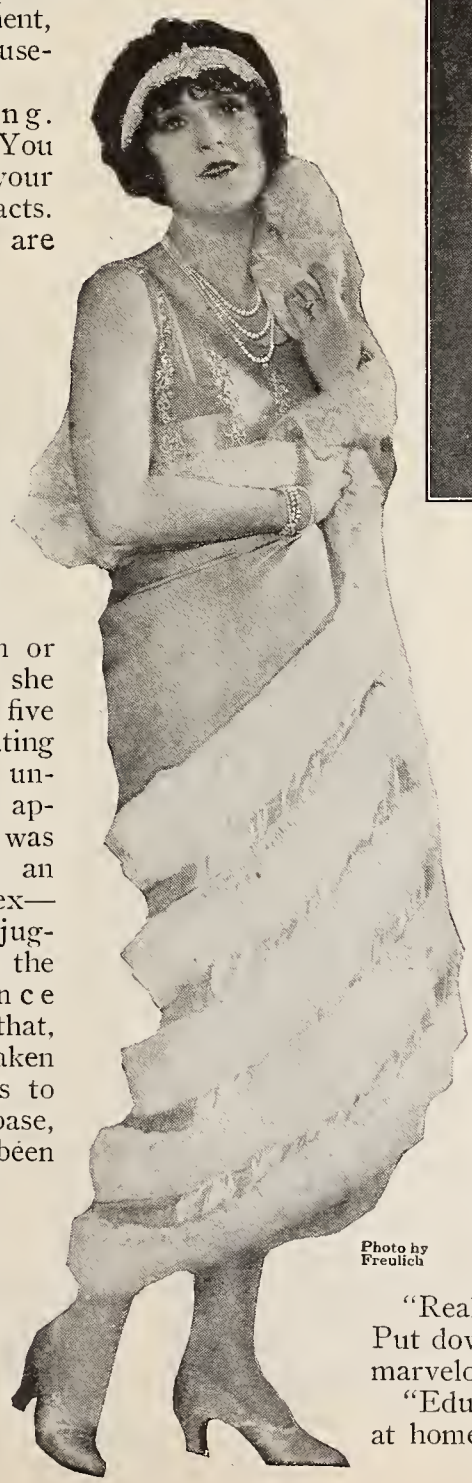


Photo by Freulich

Photo by Carsey

Though beauty and talent may be counted among Miss Faire's assets, she hasn't yet had the good luck to be cast in an unusually successful picture.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES.	
Experience	40%	Experiences—unpleasant	30%
Beauty and talent	40%	No big opportunity	20%
Education	20%	Unknown to Hollywood spotlight	40%
	100%	Illness	10%
			100%

ADDENDA: ?????

"To explain," she said, "let's begin with the assets. Experience—I have had six years in pictures, doing a little bit of everything. That training should be of value, if I ever get a real chance, under auspicious circumstances.

"Beauty—that's a requisite. I used to think I was quite devastating. I won a beauty contest, you know. Which means less than nothing in Hollywood. And I get so tired of looking at my own face that it often seems to me more of a liability than an asset. You weren't being merely polite when you put that valuation on, were you?" A worried frown furrowed her brow.

"Really mean I'm passably pretty? All right, let it stand. Talent? Put down what you think. When some of us consider a certain scene marvelous, others don't agree, so I can't gauge my ability, if any.

"Education—surely, what you've learned from books, at school and at home, should be of use to you in screen acting.

Continued on page 100

Rin-tin-tin had never before tended sheep, but he acted as though he had been doing it all his life.

A Letter from Location

June Marlowe writes from a northern sheep ranch of amusing experiences during the filming of Rin-tin-tin's "The Night Cry."

To Myrtle Gebhart

SOMEWHERE.

DEAR MYRTLE:

After riding all night without the slightest idea where I was being taken, we arrived here at a sheep ranch some place way up north where we are making most of "The Night Cry" with Rin-tin-tin.

The first thing I recall seeing was thousands of sheep—at least, it looked like thousands—but I was later shown how to count them and discovered there were only nine hundred. For every black sheep in the flock there are supposed to be one hundred white ones.

There are two interesting old Mexican shepherds here. In spite of having studied Spanish for four years at Hollywood High, I'm not so good as an interpreter. It's fortunate that we have Don Alvarado with us. He spends all of his odd moments talking with the two old fellows, and in the evenings, when we gather round the fire, has many weird stories to repeat to us.

These two Mexicans have been herding sheep for so many years that they almost look like sheep themselves, and they never leave the hills. They had never seen a portable radio before.

June Marlowe and the goat who would eat tin foil but not tin cans.

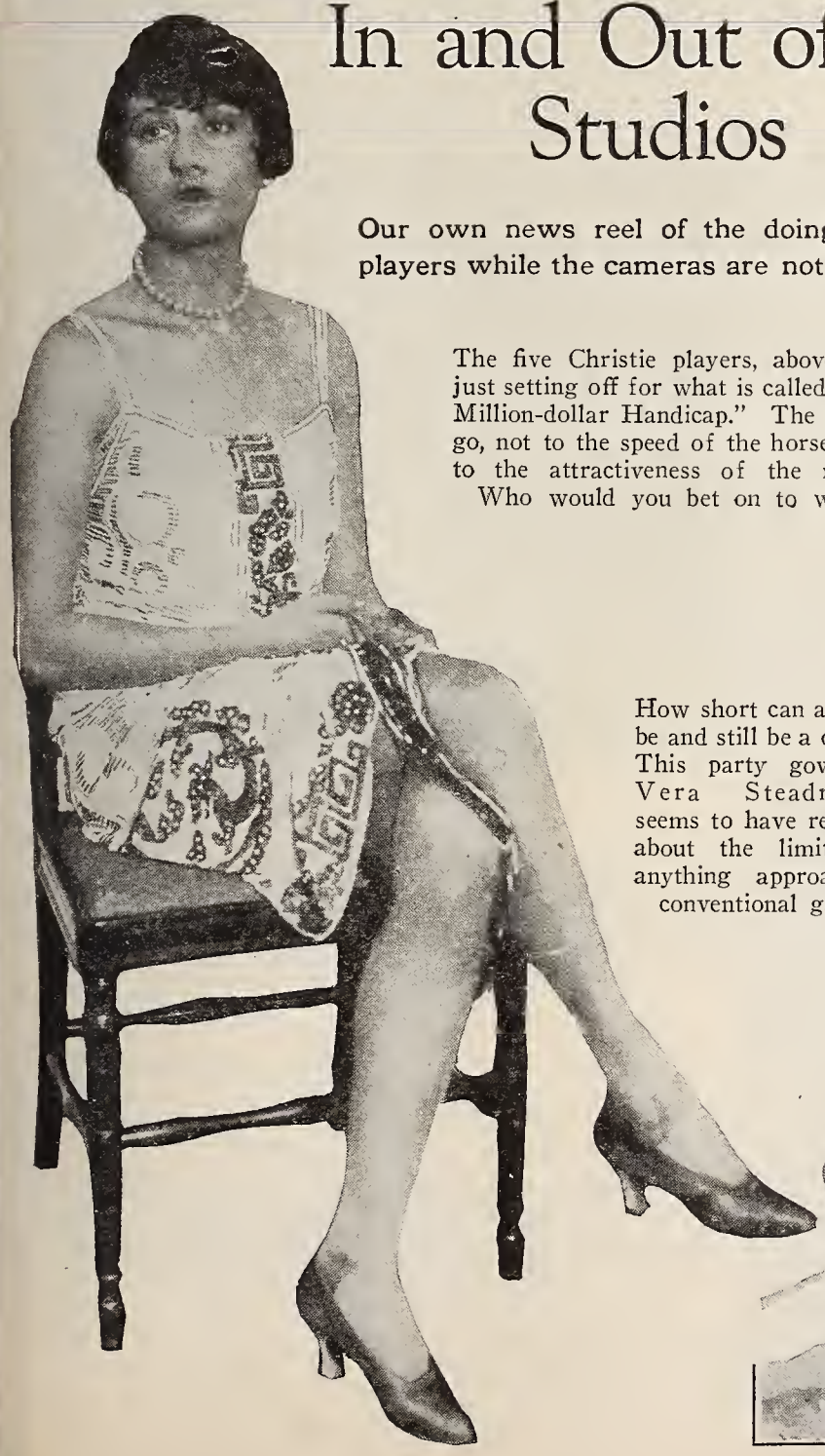
To those of us who have been raised in the city, this location in the northern sheep country is a great treat. The first day I was here, I hiked over the low, rolling hills, stopping to rest under the giant oaks. When I reached the top of the range and looked over into the next valley—what a view! It looked exactly like a huge mirror reflecting a lot of little white clouds. Thousands and thousands of white sheep, interspersed with the occasional black ones. I missed lunch daydreaming.

Rin-tin-tin is the only one in our troupe who really shows any intelligence regarding a sheep ranch. Though he has never tended sheep, his forefathers for generations have done so. He seems absolutely at home among them. It is a lot of fun watching him work with the shepherd dogs. It looks at times as though he were actually telling them how they should mind their own sheep. He sometimes runs miles and

Continued on page 98

In and Out of the Studios

Our own news reel of the doings of the players while the cameras are not grinding.

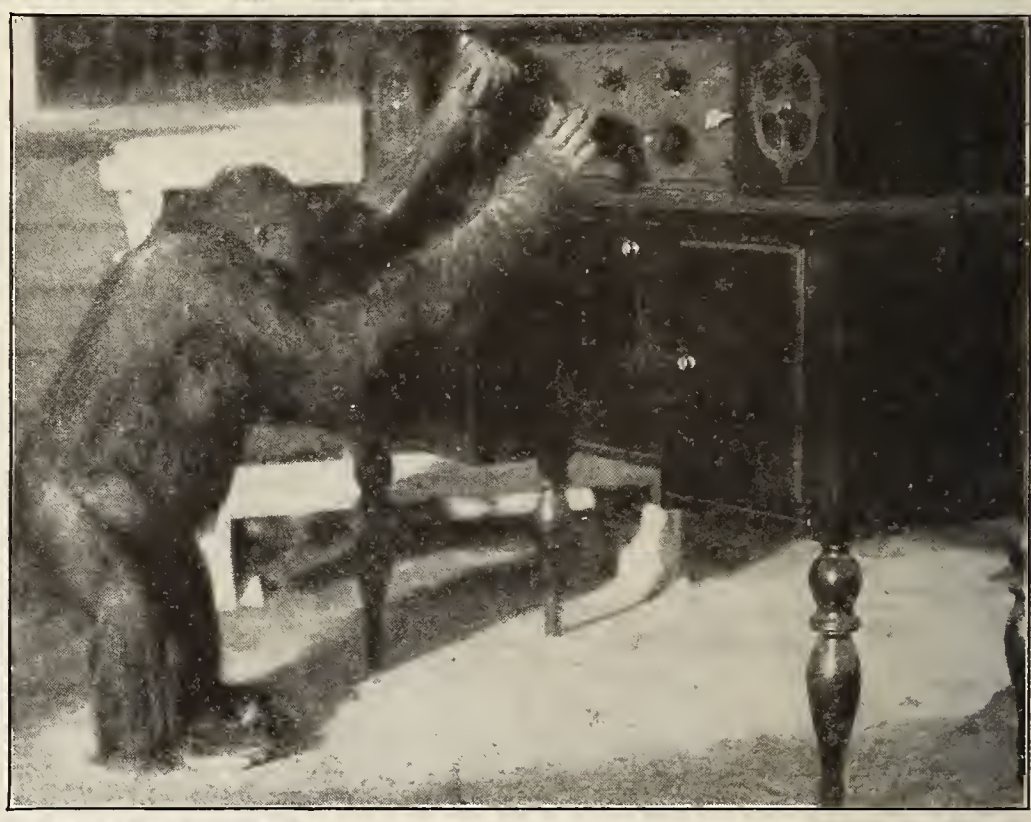


The five Christie players, above, are just setting off for what is called "The Million-dollar Handicap." The prizes go, not to the speed of the horses, but to the attractiveness of the riders. Who would you bet on to win?

How short can a dress be and still be a dress? This party gown of Vera Steadman's seems to have reached about the limit for anything approaching conventional garb.

This was snapped on one bright December day, when Pauline Starke went bathing, and took a ride on the shoulders of a life guard at Coronado Beach, California.

Here you see how a studio is arranged for a scene that takes place in a small, narrow structure, such as a section of a railroad coach, or, as in this case, a submarine. This is from "The Lunatic at Large," starring Leon Errol.



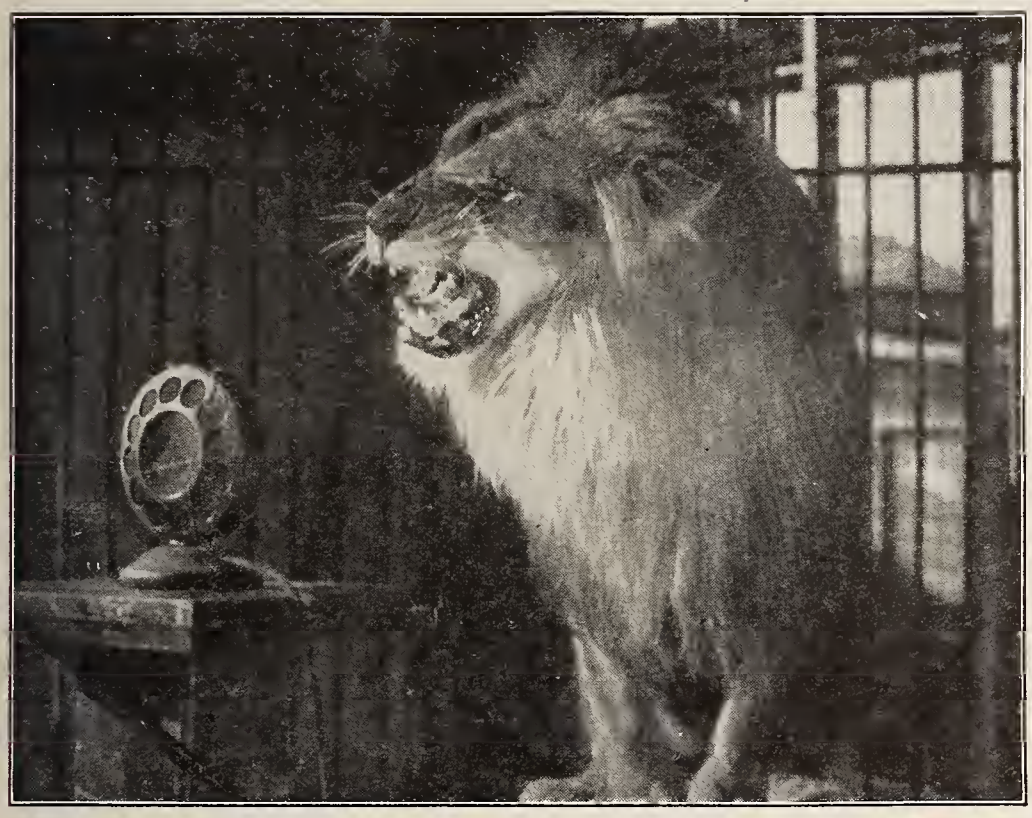
In the upper right-hand corner is Claire Windsor, with Babs, her tiny dog, in its vanity-case kennel.

Jiggs, chimpanzee at the Universal zoo, is said to be a most enthusiastic radio fan. The press agent informs us that this picture was taken while Jiggs was trying to get South Africa, hoping to hear from the jungle.

"Hot diggity dog!" exclaims this young son of Alabama, as he tries teaching Doris Kenyon the Charleston. Doris met the young instructor while on location in Birmingham with the "Men of Steel" company.

Seeing so many sets built around the studios gave Laura La Plante an idea. Before building her new home in Beverly Hills, she had a large miniature erected from the plans, just to see how it would look when completed.

In the upper left-hand corner, Norma Shearer shows you a post card which was mailed to her from Salt Lake City with no name or address—just a picture of her clipped from a magazine.

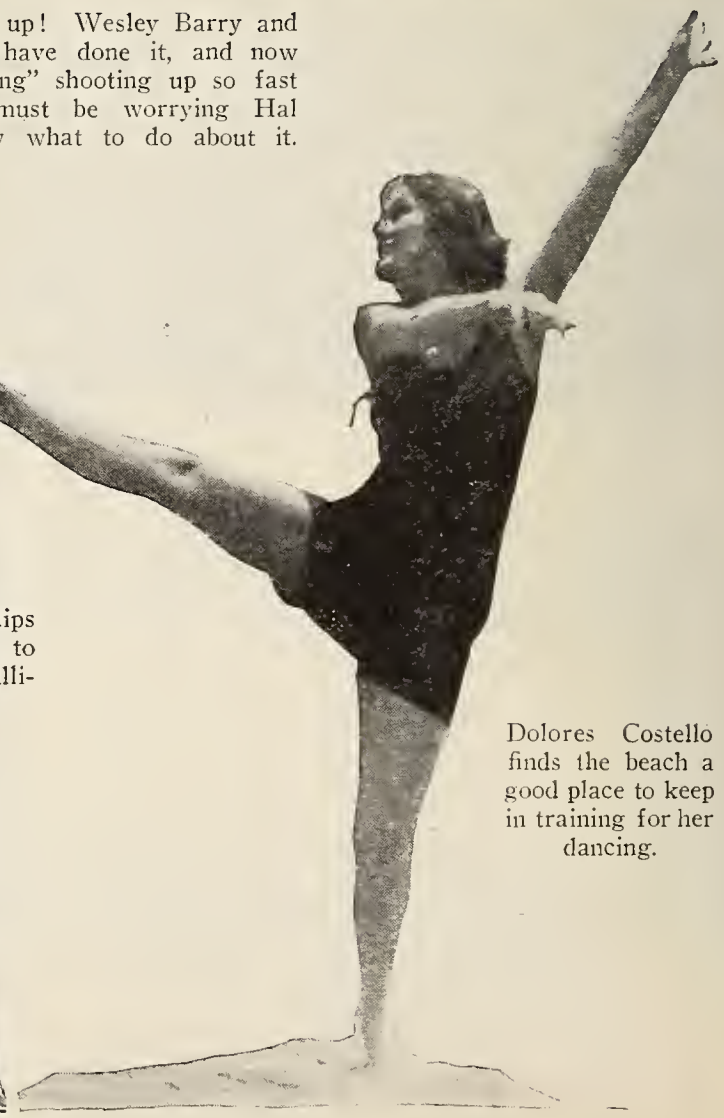


There are many radio fans throughout the country who have never been able to visit a big zoo and hear the animals. The officials of Universal's zoo decided, therefore, to let their pets address the radio audiences. This is Numa, the lion, saying "Please stand by."

Karl Dane, the famous *Slim* of "The Big Parade," wasn't a doughboy in the war, but he has been a soldier, for all that. He became a flier in the Danish army some years ago, and still holds a commission in the Danish reserve forces. He flies for pleasure now.

Kids *will* grow up! Wesley Barry and Jackie Coogan have done it, and now here's "Our Gang" shooting up so fast that—well, it must be worrying Hal Roach to know what to do about it.

Dorothy Phillips sings a song to Pete, her pet alligator.



Dolores Costello finds the beach a good place to keep in training for her dancing.

A Star Turns Reporter

The third of a series of pen portraits of the writers who are regular contributors to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

By Carmel Myers

I KNEW, when I undertook this assignment, that it was a dangerous one. Already, a little bird has whispered to me that Edwin Schallert has threatened to take reprisals because I let it be known that he is familiarly known to some of his friends as the "Deacon."

And if that gives me pause, how do you suppose I feel at undertaking to write about Helen Klumph, whose opinions and criticisms command so much respect throughout the industry? But I am committed, and must carry on.

Of Helen one may say much of interest—Helen of the cool exterior, which belies the burning depths, the seething volcanic something which I am sure she harbors.

She has that trick of coolly sitting back and, with impersonal mien—almost a hauteur—watching life parade by. But under that cold armor is the humanness, the live spark, that fires her writings.

Helen Klumph is possessed of genius, which alone is something to possess. But genius coupled with fearlessness—ah, *that* is a combination!

She is tremendously well liked by picture folk, and is entertained by them, but not as writers are sometimes fêted. She is their friend. Her criticisms are sincere and unprejudiced. Sometimes she clothes her thrusts in humor. Sometimes they glisten cold and hard on the printed page. But she is sincere—ah, that is the point not to be overlooked.

As she was in New York, and I in Hollywood, I penned a letter to her brimful of questions, pertinent and impertinent. (Of course, I knew her, anyway, but I wanted more recent data, and some detailed facts of her past life.) Her reply, in part, was as follows:

"Forgive the delay, but I became instantly tongue-tied and self-conscious when I found out the secret behind your delving into my past. It seemed hardly interesting enough to write about, so I've spent this time trying to develop a past that would make good copy. But really, you can't do much along that line in two or three weeks, after a long and circumspect life—well, maybe *you* can, but I find that *I* can't.

"All I can tell you is that my favorite author, director, and human being, is your present director. I suspect that Paul knows me much better than I know myself, so just ask him anything—and then don't believe him, because he is charitable by nature.

"You may notice that, instead of my usual stationery, I am using copy paper. This must look professional. You may also notice that this paper, once white, has grown yellow while waiting on my desk for me to get inspiration.

"The perfect personality sketch of me is to be found in one of Michael Arlen's books—'Piracy,' I think. He describes a character as 'always straining at the leash, but never jumping.'"

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Helen Klumph is tremendously well liked by the picture folk.

So much for that.

The Paul referred to is Paul Bern. Unfortunately, studio plans changed so that the Bern production was postponed. However, I immediately waylaid the gentleman—in a ladylike fashion—and proceeded to Helen-Klumph him. He needed no bribing or prompting. You may take Paul Bern's word for it—and he is a connoisseur of such things—that she has appeal! It's not fair that one person should have so many attributes—ability, looks, appeal. Something should be done about it.

It seems quite unnecessary for me to touch on her actual work. You all know her pointed articles, her vibrant interviews. She can throw bits of gossip at you that perhaps you've read in other current journals, but hers have the true ring of originality.

I do wish you all could have caught the glimpses of her that I have in the past. Now heading a table of stars at a luncheon given in her honor at the Montmartre—cool, serene, witty—throwing in a dash of delicious humor at the right moment. Possessed of poise and chic that are hers by right of heritage, she can fit into any group or situation.

Then I've seen her swishing through the entrance of

some theater or other, flanked on the left by the blond Blanche and the jovial Mickey, and on the right by that personality-plus person, Colleen. A generous dash of butterfly existence adds the necessary zest to her life, and yet has not changed her from the ambitious, thoughtful girl that her articles indicate her to be.

Her home and headquarters are in New York, though she occasionally dashes out to Hollywood, or down to Miami. And whenever she comes to Hollywood, she is immediately sought out by all of us who want to know, at firsthand, her reactions to the latest in plays, music, or books.

How she keeps just ahead of the current in so many vital subjects—with apparently no effort—is to me an unfathomed mystery. And how she ever found time to gain a knowledge of so many other things—I have only just begun to touch on her accomplishments—is an even greater one.

She is an ardent lover of sports, such as swimming, riding, and tennis, and one of her greatest hobbies is the garden of her summer home in Connecticut.

She is a keen critic, a brave soul, and a great gal! May Heaven preserve the sense of humor of this girl—who is "always straining at the leash, but never jumping"—if I may quote Helen Klumph, quoting Michael Arlen.

Margaret Reid was perhaps the hardest of the Picture-Play staff for me to get a story from. That, no doubt, was because I am not a sufficiently experienced interviewer, for, as I look over some of her stories again, I am convinced that much more could be told about her than I was able to gather. And then, I had not known her for any length of time, as I had known the others about whom I have already written.

"There is really nothing to tell," she insisted, after I had dragged her away from the other girls that I saw on the same day at the studio.

"Oh, there must be," I insisted. "How did you first start writing your 'Looking On with an Extra Girl' series?"

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Carmel Myers found Margaret Reid very shy, but possessed of a keen sense of humor.

"Wel-l-l" (she speaks with a drawl and there is a plaintive note in her voice) "we just sort of drifted out here, mother and I, and I got work with Miss Pickford in 'Dorothy Vernon,' and I found things so colorful that I thought the fans would be interested in getting a novice's reactions—so I sent a story in to Picture-Play, and they used it and —that's all."

"But that is a tremendously interesting beginning," I assured her. "Think of all the writers who have had story after story rejected before getting into print. Have you any ambition for writing fiction, scenarios, plays?"

"Oh, *heavens,* no! I haven't the talent for *that!*".

She was so emphatic that, even though I couldn't help having my doubts—whoever heard of a writer who doesn't secretly dream of writing a great novel or a great play?—that I felt that I couldn't press her. So I tried a new tack. The future—what *did* it hold for her? "Perhaps a home and babies?" I ventured.

"Oh, goodness!" she gurgled a bit—almost gasped. "No, no."

"What *would* you like to do?"

"Wel-l-l" (there was that drawl again) "I should like to come into a million dollars, and then travel." One can't be blamed for harboring an ambition like that, though I doubt if it would permanently satisfy any one.

Margaret appears to me to be of the clinging-vine type—the kind of girl a man wants to protect. She is attractively pretty, and might be twenty-two or thereabouts. Her blue eyes gaze at you in a hurt, inquiring way when you ask, "Have you been in love?"

"Oh, no-o-o-o."

"Cases?"

"Oh, yes!" A staccato answer for the first time.

"Who?"

"Wel-l-l, directors, mostly." Her hands fluttered, and her blue eyes looked a bit defiant. It would be interesting to know whom she had cases on—that rather shy-appearing girl. Very likely our D. W., he of the sad cynical smile, or perhaps one of the newer school, a St. Clair or a

Continued on page 109

The Princess of Pep

Her real name is Constance Talmadge, and in living up to the foregoing title, she is without a rival in Hollywood.

By Caroline Bell

ASK Hollywood for a vertical word of six letters meaning pep, and invariably the answer is, "Connie." For Constance Talmadge is the champion goer of the picture colony.

One sees her everywhere, and always as a splash of color. From the top of her yellow bob to the tips of her restless feet, she vibrates the color of youth, of perennial youth and effervescence.

Her spontaneity, the keynote of her personality, makes her perhaps the most popular girl in Hollywood. She runs on high voltage, as though animated by an invisible dynamo. Her endurance never seems strained nor suggests effort. She doesn't search for fun; rather, she carries it with her, and it trails her.

Unlike other bottles of pep that have entertained Hollywood, she has not become tired and blasé—her freshness blooms ever new. Her voice, like spun crystal, is always gay with raillery; her life seems perpetually shot with sunlight, because that is what she gives to it.

Seeking to pry into the machinery, to discover the secret oiling of the gears that keeps them from rusting, one is disconcerted.

"How do I keep up my pep?" she laughs. "I don't. My pep keeps me up."

There's her secret: she has an energy born within her which is seemingly inexhaustible. As long as she can remember, she has been conspicuously peppy. Possessing a healthy body, an inquisitive mind, and youth's willingness to be thrilled, her difficulty lies in utilizing the energetic force with which nature has endowed her.

Whether on the bridle path, the golf links, the tennis court, behind the wheel of her low-slung roadster, in the gym, surf, pool, or at parties, she isn't *ready* for action. She is ahead of it, waiting for it to catch up. She "rests" by taking long hikes.

Putting her whole heart and soul into whatever she is at the moment doing, she gives her complete attention to it. No sightseeing tour of life is Connie's; no time has she for rambles and quiet contemplation; with gears locked into high, she voyages the road blithely, routing the cops of weariness and

The photographer must have had a hard time keeping Constance still long enough to take this picture.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

indigestion and nervousness that eventually overtake others.

She is the only girl in Hollywood who has been able to burn the candle at both ends for several years and yet still look as fresh as at her début in the spotlight. Nobody has ever been able to get her to admit she was tired.

Her daily schedule is a succession of work, exercise, French lessons, sports, and the duties that go with movie stardom. After dinner, when bed seems the logical place to go, she invariably insists on a strenuous evening.

"Let's get a crowd together and dash down to the beach," she suggests. "We'll have a swim—oh, it won't be cold, silly—play some handball, then get a good station on the radio and dance. Or how about a party at the Ambassador?

"Certainly I have to work to-morrow. But that's a long time from now."

She doesn't agree with Edison that four hours' sleep suffice, but manages to do nicely with six. A fresh-air fiend, she doesn't stop at mere ventilation, but lets the cold, clear ozone pour in. When she gets shivery, she snuggles under the additional blankets instead of pulling the windows down.

There simply aren't enough hours in the day—and night—for Connie and her pep. Between pictures, she "loafs" through a series of activities that leave a trail of worn-to-a-frazzle friends, gasping for air and wondering where else the cyclone hit. Her family, having been acquainted with her for some time, merely smile and wave a greeting as she dashes in and out.

Her pep takes care of her health. It keeps her active, and makes exercise pleasant.

Diet? That's a laugh!

"Eat what you like, but not too much—unless you're hungry," is her motto. A sample menu shows her gastronomic versatility. Breakfast: orange juice, eggs Benedict, toast Melba and coffee. Luncheon: Lamb chops, green peas, carrots, rolls and rice pudding. Dinner: clear soup, squab, baked trout, tomato salad, squash, mashed potatoes, Camembert cheese, crackers, ice cream, cake, and coffee.

"Every American has pep, though some misplace it and let themselves get rusty," she avers. "When sailors come ashore and rent a rowboat to paddle about the park lagoons, that's pep.

"This is the age of pep. If you lose it, you're going to be left behind in the procession.

"The peppy person gets the most out of life and, whether working or playing, generally wins the race. There is no age limit.

"Pep just means being enthusiastic about everything."

And so, a yellow jonquil, always breezily gay in the bright sunlight, she permits no care to shadow her life, for she has for nutriment that magic, life-giving force, pep.

The Return of *Sheriff Nell*

Polly Moran, famous slapstick comedienne some years ago, is back again in pictures.

By Barbara Little

SHOUTS of laughter drew me to stage No. 6 on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

Something, thought I, must be doing. Something was.

"Polly Moran's whooping it up again!" the cry rang out and quickened my steps.

Polly Moran! What a wealth of fun that name conjured up in memory. Wild, boisterous *Sheriff Nell,* of the old, exciting Western comedies, was on the job again!

Lured by the riot of laughter, I hurried on. I found a music-hall scene in progress. There were the usual rough tables, surrounded by the nondescript human driftwood of movie down-and-outers, and there was a bar over which were draped the customary slouching figures.

In the center, perched on a table, was a—what shall I call her?—a caricature from the ugly backstream of life wherein Dickens found his human curios. A collection of rags hung dispiritedly from her gangling little frame; an ancient hat, decked with a tawdry, drooping flower, eclipsed one eye; the other eye peered lugubriously from a dirt-spattered face.

Every one's attention was concentrated upon that ridiculous figure. Teetering on tiny French heels, Renee Adoree rocked back and forth in a paroxysm of mirth. Tod Browning's direction of the scene had been stopped by a convulsion. The crowd of extras and the studio employees, hanging on the ropes at the side of the set, were apoplectic. Even the grim visage of Lon Chaney relaxed.

What was Polly saying? Oh, don't ask me. I can't remember. It isn't *what* she says—sharp comments on everything—it's the *way* she says it that doubles you up.

She drawls out her words as though in an agony—and you scream. Suddenly that voice becomes sharply staccato, as the gangling collection of bones come to life and go into action. Gesticulating, clowning, draping herself into semophorean poses, she struts, in a parade of burlesquerie, the thoughts that pop into her head.

The scene was for "The Black Bird," first called "The Mocking Bird," in which she was playing the remnant of a back-alley lady—a piece of haggard flotsam, broken and wallowing in dirt, that plaintively tried still to please—a flower girl of the music halls, her bloom as withered as that of the posies she sold for a ha'penny.

Again, in a country store, buying shoes too small for her square-plodding, old-maid feet, in a scene for "The Auction Block," she had everybody in spasms of mirth. How they ever get any work done when she is around, I can't see.

On the street, with make-up removed, she is a personable woman of those interesting years between youth and middle age, but she would pass unnoticed in a crowd. Polly needs her props to "strut her stuff," and with them, she slips easily into the mood they suggest, and is in her glory.

"Sure I'm back again, earning my three squares," she chirruped, when she and I meandered into Tod's office for a chat. Her arm linked in mine, her face wreathed in smiles, *Sheriff Nell* lived again as she had when she used to delight my childhood with her screen caperings, but she was a different *Nell* from what I had pictured—as funny, yes, but with a touch of pathos.

"I've been here in Hollywood for a long time. Would have turned gray and been embalmed if it hadn't been for Tod. His wife ran into me on the street one day

and said, 'By gosh, I'll see Tod puts you to work pronto.' "

Charming, cultured Alice Browning said nothing of the kind. Most likely, she said, matter-of-factly, "My dear, this is ridiculous, your not being in the movies, where you belong. I will speak to Tod about it tonight at dinner."

At any rate, a part was written into "The Black Bird" for Polly, and she was called back to the movies that she used so to enliven.

"Good grief, how they've grown!" Her eyes rounded with wonder at the new tricks displayed by the infant industry whose baby years she had nursed and whose prodigious talents in young maturity astound her. "Who'd ever have thought that the movies would turn out so grand?

"They're so swell I hardly know 'em. All toned down, an' elegant. I've got to stop havin' such a good time. It's not done by actresses any more, I see. They're ladies that watch their manners, an' act bored an' serious. Guess"—humbly—"I better go back to the vaud'ville sticks, where I been playin' all the little-time crossroads. Six a day, hardly time to wash your face 'tween shows, telephone booths for dressin' rooms, that you share with the rats, livin' out of paper bags.

"What'd I do? Oh, just came out an' told the folks about the girls an' boys I used to work with in the old days before the movies got fashionable. Bebe Daniels, partic'ly. Say, I could rave about that sweet child for hours, an' they ate it up, out front." The strident voice softened to a maternal pur. "She's just a baby, but she's got a heart. You should see the swell big picture she sent me, and the letter she wrote me when somebody told her I was back in Hollywood. Asked me to come to see her, too!"

Others in Hollywood, with whom Polly had worked shoulder to shoulder, tiding the movies over their colic days, were not so kind, however. Executives were too busy to see her; stars who had once played as foils to her comedy failed to recognize her, or else spoke coolly. Used to companionship, and thriving on conviviality, this thing of being shut out and ignored galled. Of all the things human beings can do to each other, perhaps the most cruel is to turn the shoulder.

True, some one was kind enough to take tests of her. But how charity can err if not accompanied by intuition! In keeping with the present trend, this person thought that Polly, if she would return, must emote

Make-up removed, Polly Moran is a personable young woman, but not so vivid as when surrounded by her comedy props.

As she appeared in "The Black Bird."

in tragic vein—must be dignified and calm. Because other comediennes aspired to and succeeded in the serious drama, there too, he took it for granted, lay Polly's dreams.

Bewildered by the new efficiency, she submitted to the costumer's ministrations. Under stern direction, she riveted her face into what she thought was the new order of soul expression.

"They took tests of me as the Madonna, as a *grande dame*, as a *vamp!* When I saw 'em, I hid my face with shame an' crawled out as fast as my shakin' legs could take me. 'You see,' the director said, as kind as he knew how, 'you just don't seem to fit in now.' "

But Tod Browning perceived that it was Polly's natural self that had delighted her public, and that the natural Polly, toned down ever so little to the tempo of present-day action, might again evoke chuckles. So he brought her back to the studio.

As we had crossed the lot, a boyish figure had stopped, turned to look after her, and then had approached her deferentially.

"Pardon me, but aren't you Polly Moran?" asked Ramon Novarro, costumed for the "Ben-Hur" finals.

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A new home for

WILL Douglas Fairbanks introduce a "back-to-nature" movement in Hollywood? Always the leader, his plans for a new home, in which he and Mary hope to hide themselves away within a year or two, may inspire filmtown to a more simple life than it has ever known.

For they are planning a new "Pickfair," to be modeled after the haciendas in which the early dons of California lived, on land grants from their king.

The picturesque charm of the Golden State's somnolent yesterdays will be recaptured in the mission architecture, in the long, low buildings of adobe. A site of fifteen hundred acres, with shore frontage, will be enclosed by high walls. A portion of it will be stocked with cattle, to defray a part of the estate's upkeep.

On a structure of oaken beams, thick walls of adobe will be sun-dried, and all the furnishings will conform to the style of the charming days of old. Only hand-woven linens will be used, and hand-wrought silver.

The airplanes in which they plan to commute to and from their studio will be housed in a hangar at the gates, and there also will be a garage outside, for no automobile will be permitted to disturb the peaceful quiet within. Ox carts will convey them from the gate to the massive doors of the big house, and when they choose to, they will ride over their grounds on horseback. Except for modern sanitation, nothing of to-day will be permitted to enter the hacienda's environs.

Through great archways into spacious halls, they will move leisurely, their privacy guarded by retainers in the colorful costumes of the peons of one hundred years ago. In a little mission chapel, Don and Doña Fairbanks, guests and servants, will gather daily for prayers. Life will be unhurried, sweet, peaceful.

Occasionally, there will be grand celebrations, hospitable barbecues, to which hundreds will be invited, and on the flagstones of the patios girls will dance the fandango to the strumming of guitars.

At the time of their marriage, Mary and Doug realized that if they were to have energy for their work, they must, to a certain extent, withdraw from public life. But "Pickfair," at first almost inaccessible because

Mary and Doug

by Myrtle Gebhart

it perched alone atop a hill to which only one rutty road led, was found and mobbed by the curious. The road has been paved. Other homes rose near by, as sites were purchased by other stars, such as Chaplin and Corinne Griffith.

Theirs was no longer a solitary retreat, but became the nucleus of a new Hollywood, of vaster reaches, of estates instead of bungalows. Tourists learned to climb the high fence, to hide in the shrubbery, hoping for a glimpse of the stars, to placate Zorro, the watchdog, with fat, juicy pieces of steak.

Because of this invasion of their privacy, they began to dream of the new home, plans for which will be completed on their return from their world tour. Virtually an impregnable fortress, it will be big enough, heaven knows, for two humans to hide within its walls, vast enough to give them, inside its very inclosure, recreation, entertainment, and exercise. Instead of going to the beach to swim before gaping crowds, they will have the sea at their front door. They will have acres over which to roam, ungazed upon.

"Let's project our thought into the future," Doug said, when unfolding to me their plans. "I see, summed up, a constant whirl of machinery revolving to satisfy every need, with human activity condensed.

"Life will be concentrated in the high buildings of big cities piled upon tiers of granite.

"People will smile at this automobile age of 'slow locomotion,' for all transportation will be by airplanes, each home having a hangar on its roof. Electricity, or a development of the wireless principles, will perform the work still done by hand labor.

"The idea is not far-fetched that food will be supplied in capsules. The mere pressing of a button will bring to hand what is needed, minimizing effort. Family events will be recorded by motion pictures. Spectacular films, their orchestral accompaniment synchronized, will of course be broadcast from central stations and projected into every home on a receiving screen or mirror.

"There are three departments of life, each of which needs exercise: the physical, mental, and emotional,"

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Alice Terry is a beautiful Austrian spy in "Mare Nostrum." The shadow on the wall is Antonio Moreno's.

The Screen

Our reviewer, with Felix the Cat, sees

By Sally

"MARE NOSTRUM," the new Rex Ingram production, is a leisurely, unexciting tale by the fiery author of "The Four Horsemen." At times, it is a beautifully photographed travelogue, with its scenes of Marseilles, Pompeii, Naples, Vesuvius, and all points south. At other times, it touches fleetingly on drama. Once in a while, wisps of smoke arise, giving visible sign of the fire that smolders beneath, but the atmosphere is generally clear, and the dramatic tension short-lived. I thoroughly enjoyed this film. The season has been so full of big dramatic moments that the wear and tear on the reviewers has been considerable. "Mare Nostrum" is the season's sedative.

To be sure, it has its submarines sinking passenger vessels, and it has two rather terrible Teutons, but the magnificent grandeur of the Mediterranean has washed the poison away. It is very interesting to see a film that has been taken, as the program says, "in authentic Continental locales and on the Mediterranean." The plot, the players, and the turmoil fade gently into the background, and the beauty of the settings runs away with the picture. If I were about to make a great film, I should journey to a flat space full of billboard advertising, ashes and broken bottles, with a good view of the three Malted Milk cows, and I should erect sets all over this place, and turn my actors loose on it, confident that they would emerge triumphant from such a background. But scenery swallowed up "The Vanishing American," and "Mare Nostrum" is dwarfed by its surroundings.

The story of "Mare Nostrum" is the romance of *Captain Ulysses Ferragut* and the beautiful and ill-fated *Freya Talberg*. *Captain Ferragut* is drawn into German associations through his love for this lovely Austrian, and unwittingly becomes instrumental in destroying his own son. When he realizes that the submarine he has aided is the same one that has torpedoed the ship that was carrying his child, remorse and the desire for revenge smother his passions and clear his mind.

The scene where Alice Terry, as *Freya,* is shot as a spy is a really thrilling one. Wearing her jewels and her furs, a chic and becoming hat, and the very latest Paris gown, she faces the firing squad technically perfect.

So many of our heroes and heroines have met an unhappy fate recently, that to have these two good-looking young people die in the end seemed no more than reasonable to me. Antonio Moreno sinks slowly into the depths of his beloved Mediterranean, and as there has been a symbolical inference throughout the picture that *Freya* and *Amphitrite,* the goddess of the sea, were in some way one and the same, his fate does not seem too harsh. If you can be appeased by what is to happen to your principal characters after they die, this may be a crumb of comfort to you.

The cast is mostly a foreign one, and it seemed to me that they were unusually pictorial. Michael Brantford, as *Esteban,* the young son, is a very capable child actor.

Mr. Ingram has paid more attention to fascinating details than he has to his story as a whole. But with such a wealth of beautiful and genuine things to choose from, it is not surprising to me that the artist has eclipsed the director.

There is a lovely bit where *Amphitrite* rises from the sea in her chariot, drawn by four white horses, and there are some rather ghastly views of a small but active octopus.

At no time does "Mare Nostrum" border on the cheap or silly, and the interiors and exteriors alone are worth going to see.

More Scenic Beauty

Robert J. Flaherty's new picture, "Moana," is as southern and seductive as the tropics themselves. There is no story and no drama, for to have a story, one must have a villain, and surely no one could be villainous in this pictured paradise.

I thought this film an unusually fine one, better even than "Nanook," but general opinion seems to be against me. The struggles against the snarling winter in "Nanook" seem to have caught the public fancy more than the gorgeous abundance in "Moana." But to me, beside "Moana," "Nanook" seems a bleak and colorless stepsister.

in Review

and comments on many new films.

Benson

The palm trees in "Moana," the straight and happy young people, the ripened old ones, and the clear sea seemed to me to represent a real Garden of Eden. Personally, I should rather drink cocoanut milk, and wear a dress made from the inside of a mulberry tree, than to gnaw at a bit of blubber and shoot my spring wardrobe.

The picture shows youth rising to manhood in a simple and remote land. The process of growing up is delightful and elemental. There are no such disturbing problems as what college to choose, or what clothes to wear; there is no such thing as a wise crack; there are no bobbed-haired bandits nor big mail robberies; and there is an amazingly nice little boy named Plea, small brother of the hero, who climbs up coconut trees like a young squirrel and brings down the nuts.

The only faintly unpleasant part of the picture is the scene of the ordeal of Moana's initiation into manhood, when he is tattooed from his waist to his knees. The tattooing experts are known as "tafungas," and it is a matter of great pride with them to have each pattern accurate and proper. The tattooing implement is fitted with a bone needle and hammered into the youth's flesh while he winces with pain. I thought this a little too long drawn out.

One of the characters in "Moana," a true picture of tranquil life in the South Seas.

But there is no tragedy in this picture, none of the relentless struggle of "Grass," none of the bitterness of "Nanook." The Polynesians seem to be a happy, carefree, fortunate people, existing on the kindly bounty of the land, swimming and playing their way through what appears to be an ideal existence. They set their crude traps for wild animals, snare huge fish and turtles, pick fruit, and weave their clothes, all in a tranquil and sunny way. The dances in the crude huts are lovely, and the physical beauty of every one in the picture is the greatest blow to civilization I have ever seen.

Children should be taken to see "Moana." They will love Plea, and I think will envy him more than they do any mythical and slightly Nordic *Peter Pan* that ever lived quaintly in a tree-top house. For *Peter Pan* exists only in the mind of a whimsical Englishman, while Plea is a real honest-to-goodness boy.

Back to Limehouse.

"The Black Bird" is a perfectly fine melodrama of London's Limehouse district, that convenient locale where we can always find crooks of the better sort. It was directed by Tod Browning, who directed "The Unholy Three," and though I didn't find it as absorbing a tale as that unusual film, it was quite thrilling enough. When Lon Chaney takes to playing a double rôle, you may be sure that he will come to no good end.

He is in this a tough, tough thug known as the *Black Bird* and he lives with his brother, a holy man, known as the *Bishop of Limehouse.* The *Black Bird* makes trouble, the *Bishop* tries to undo it. However, not to deceive you too long, Lon Chaney takes both parts. After a few neat robberies, he changes his clothes, throws a wicked hip out of joint, distorts a shoulder, and becomes his own crippled brother. It's a marvelous part for Chaney; he enjoys his villainy so.

Everything goes smoothly until he falls in love with a pretty French dancer, played by Renee Adoree, and Miss Adoree is indeed worth falling in love with. She very nearly takes the picture in her clever hands and runs away with it. Unfortunately for the *Black Bird,* Miss Adoree loves *West End Bertie,* alias Owen Moore, and so the fighting begins.

In the end, Mr. Chaney throws his hip out once too often, and breaks his back. *West End Bertie* reforms.

Tod Browning has a remarkable sense of melodrama. He photographs bits of action, and fleeting glimpses of faces, making in a few seconds a point that many directors couldn't make in several reels of action. So that, whenever there is any villainy afoot, I hope that Mr. Browning is always about to see that things go from bad to worse.

Broadway Heart Throbs.

"The Song and Dance Man," directed by Herbert Brenon, is a sympathetic and clever story dealing with the ups and downs of the vast army of troupers who play the two-a-day. On the stage, George M. Cohan himself played the leading rôle, which in the picture is taken by Tom Moore. Mr. Moore comes out ahead with the acting honors, partly through his own efforts and partly because of the very fine cast supporting him.

There are Bessie Love and Harrison Ford, Norman Trevor, and many others. All of them are good. Herbert Brenon has astutely sprinkled just enough of heartaches and just enough of humor into his action. And then he has whipped it up to a Broadway tempo.

Tom Moore, with his dancing partner dead, his money gone, and his girl in need, decides to attempt a hold-up. Luckily he bungles the job, and his victim takes him to his apartment, and worms his story out of him—not that a story has to be wormed out of a vaudeville actor, but then this film isn't exactly accurate. His story rings true, and his benefactor turns out to be a theatrical producer, who gives him his chance on the stage. He turns out to be a flop, but his girl saves the day by stepping out onto the rehearsal stage and doing the Charleston. Now you see why Bessie Love is in the cast.

Belle Bennett, James Kirkwood and Lois Moran in "The Reckless Lady."

Monte Blue in a scene from "The Man Upstairs."

Reginald Denny and Marian Nixon in "What Happened to Jones."

But the story is not the thing, this time. Mr. Brenon has pinned together a succession of incidents, and made it into a consistently entertaining film.

Mother and Child.

When I saw the triumphant reception accorded to "Stella Dallas," I had a horrid premonition that Miss Bennett and Lois Moran would again be thrown together in mother and daughter rôles with indecent haste. And that's just what happened. Picture producers have not learned that just because a thing is fine one time, it doesn't necessarily follow that it will be fine if tried again. With an almost childlike simplicity, they strive to repeat their triumphs. Thus, hot on the footsteps of "Stella Dallas," Robert Kane and First National offer "The Reckless Lady" to an expectant public. They should have chosen another picture. For "The Reckless Lady" is too embarrassingly suggestive of her fortunate sister, "Stella Dallas."

Olive Borden and Tom Mix in "The Yankee Señor."

I do not mean that the plot is the same. It isn't. But some of the scenes are almost exact duplicates of scenes from "Stella Dallas." There is a scene where a trunk is packed for a hurried departure, with the daughter pleading to stay this time instead of the mother; there is a scene where the mother attempts suicide, and she very nearly succeeds; and there is quite enough of Miss Bennett and Miss Moran as mother and daughter.

"The reckless lady" keeps her head above water by playing roulette at various gambling resorts. Her husband has left her years before because she was untrue to him, but since then, he has rather repented of his hasty action, and so tries to find his wife and daughter. He is pretty well discouraged with his fruitless search for them, when he finds them in Monte Carlo. The story is by Sir Philip Gibbs, and it is very sporting and English, though rather involved.

The cast is a spectacular one. There are Belle Bennett, Lois Moran, Ben Lyon, James Kirkwood, Lowell Sherman, and Charles Murray—everything, in fact, to make a perfect picture, except, perhaps, a story.

English Melodrama.

Warner Brothers did very well with "The Man Upstairs" as long as they clung tenaciously to the story. The story, called "The Agony Column," appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* some time ago, and it was a good one. It still is, for that matter, but some ambitious and literary young person added more plot onto the very end of the film, which improves it not at all, and trips up the whole idea. The fall at the finish is terrific.

A young man is attracted to a young lady as he eats his breakfast at the Carlton in London. He sees that she is reading the *Times,* and he thinks he can amuse her by putting something in the personal column where she will be sure to see it. She does see it and replies that if, in five letters, he can prove himself to be an entertaining person to know, she will meet him, so racking his brains for entertainment, he makes up a blood-curdling melodrama to amuse her. The rest of the picture shows his melodrama acted out, and it is a very exciting one, too. Unfortunately, however, leaving well enough alone never has occurred to these ambitious people, and the picture continues far, far into the night.

Monte Blue is the desperately busy young man, and John Roche steps in briefly as the man upstairs. Dorothy Devore is the girl.

A Bad Waiter and a Good Duchess.

Something ought to be done about Adolphe Menjou. He is so consistently excellent that he gives me nothing to complain about. His latest picture, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," is so fine that I regret that I saw it only once. Malcolm St. Clair, the director, has brought out the best in both Mr. Menjou and Florence Vidor. Miss Vidor, far from being the good girl of Hollywood, is almost as foreign and indiscreet as Mr. Menjou himself. And not once does she cease to be a duchess. Not so very long ago, screen actresses were either little romps or ladies; now they have found it possible to be human.

Mr. Durant, played by Mr. Menjou, is a French roué and race-track owner. He sees the beautiful Russian *Duchess* in a box at the theater one night, and all his past experiences fade away at the sight of her. He sends her a note, and she tears it up. He follows her

William Haines and Eleanor Boardman in "Memory Lane."

Lon Chaney and Owen Moore in "The Black Bird."

Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery in "Behind the Front."

to her hotel, and engages rooms for himself and his valet. For a while, things look black for him. There is no way to meet the *Duchess*. Waiters go in and out of her room, but not Mr. Menjou. The solution is simple—he becomes a waiter.

In time, in spite of his many blunders, he becomes quite a favorite waiter. He takes her dogs for their airing, serves tea, and finally kisses the *Duchess*. There is a remarkable scene in which the waiter vows his undying love for her in the well-known Menjou manner.

Laughing Out Loud Again.

About the most hilarious bit of slapstick that I have seen in a long time came to town bearing the label, "Behind the Front." This is a gorgeous burlesque on "The Big Parade," with the laughs bursting out as sharply as pistol shots.

It deals with life, as the title says, just behind the front, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton acting in a sublimely ridiculous way. I have never seen Wallace Beery so good as he is in this. His shrewd, broad burlesque is really funny.

Gertrude Olmstead and Charles Ray in "Sweet Adeline."

The story follows the idea of "The Big Parade" very closely. There is the much-fought-over French girl, and there is the scene in the trenches where the two soldiers crawl out into No Man's Land to rescue a dead man.

When I saw this picture, the theater was filled with men, and the house rang with as loud and appreciative laughter as I have heard since "The Freshman." There are no smiles for "Behind the Front;" just one good long laugh, from start to finish.

More Slapstick.

"The Cave Man" is another type of burlesque. That is, I *think* it is supposed to be burlesque—anyway, I intend to consider it that. Matt Moore and Marie Prevost set about to be as funny as possible with the airy plot given them, and they do rather well by themselves.

Marie Prevost, as a bored young heiress, writes a message on half of a hundred-dollar bill, the other half to be claimed by the finder. In this way, she hopes that romance may find its way to her door. The money is found by an ambitious coal heaver—about the blackest coal heaver that I have ever seen—who drops his pick, shoulders his shovel, and drives in his wagon, in magnificent style, up to her Park Avenue apartment.

Instead of being discouraged by his bearishness, she determines to make him a social fad. She teaches him a smattering of manners and the slightest amount of stereotyped replies, and turns him loose, introducing him as a famous professor of sociology. He is a huge success until his real background is discovered. Turned against both by his own world and his adopted world, he turns savage and runs away with Miss Prevost in his coal wagon—unromantic, perhaps, but highly serviceable.

It seemed curious to see the usually mild-mannered Matt Moore turn into a big he-man. He did this by pushing out his chest and letting his beard grow. But I liked this preposterous comedy, not so much for itself, as for the fact that it gave me another chance to see the clever Miss Prevost, who to my mind is the best comedy actress on the screen.

Bathing Beauties Without the Sennett.

"The American Venus" is a throw-back to the old Cecil De Mille days when a pretty leg or a one-piece bathing suit held the popular attention. It is as gaudy as a Christmas tree, without nearly so much interest. In fact, as one scene after another, crammed with girls in various stages of attire, passed before me, I thought the world had turned back ten years. This terrific set-back to the industry must have cost lots and lots of money, taken a long time to make, and kept many dressmakers busy sewing for months, and yet it's all just a big mistake.

Miss Centerville is the heroine of the picture, but she does not win the beauty contest. Measuring herself in her room one night, as so many of us do, she finds that she is pretty nearly perfect, so decides to join the parade of beauty at Atlantic City. A press agent for a beauty cream is the villain who foils her, and does her out of her just rewards. Perhaps I should say "deserts"—it's that kind of plot.

The comedy is terrible. The gags are inserted with no finessé, with the result that they stand out like bad splotches. Fay Lanphier, who won the real Atlantic

Continued on page 96

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the *Zorro* type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's "latest and best." College football from an uproarious angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charlie Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"Little Annie Rooney"—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York's lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines makes attractive hero.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus hoyden and W. C. Fields' screen début as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Three Faces East"—Producers Distributing. Splendid mystery melodrama about World War spies, with Jetta Goudal, Clive Brook, and Robert Ames.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Ancient Highway, The"—Paramount. Jack Holt and Billie Dove in a decidedly pleasing picture full of action and gorgeous scenery.

"Beautiful City, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an Italian boy in a melodrama of New York's East Side. Dorothy Gish, delightful as his Irish sweetheart.

"Bobbed Hair"—Warner. Thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, one of the best. Marie Prevost excellent in lead, Louise Fazenda a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan a young man with money and a car.

"California Straight Ahead"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's fast-moving comedies. He loses his girl on the eve of his wedding day, and has to win her all over again in his own unique way.

"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl in a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as a young mechanic.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—First National. An entertaining film of a henpecked tailor of Colonial days who unwittingly becomes a pirate chief overnight. Leon Errol's unique comedy gifts given full play; Dorothy Gish is the shrewish wife.

"Coast of Folly, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two rôles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both mother and daughter in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.

"Dark Angel, The"—First National. Old story of blinded soldier. Ronald Colman at his best. Vilma Banky makes first appearance on American screen—a very beautiful woman and fine actress.

"Eagle, The"—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino, as Russian lieutenant who turns bandit, gives a better performance than he has in a long while. Pleasant picture with complicated plot; Vilma Banky beautiful and natural as heroine.

"Exchange of Wives"—Metro-Goldwyn. Light, amusing comedy in which two young married couples become involved with one another, trying an exchange of husbands and wives for two weeks. Made very funny by Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Creighton Hale, and Lew Cody.

"Golden Cocoon, The"—Warner. Helene Chadwick very charming and human as wife of a man whose political career is almost ruined by a trivial but misconstrued incident in her past.

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Louise Dresser excellent as degraded former opera singer who is reformed in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good son.

"Go West"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton and a Jersey cow called Brown Eyes, who follows him like a dog, are the center of attraction in an amusing comedy of the Western plains.

"Graustark"—First National. Norma Talmadge in film of George Barr McCutcheon's novel. Great box-office hit, but may be disappointing to any one inclined to be critical.

"Hands Up"—Paramount. Farcical romance of the Civil War, starring the inimitable Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy. Not quite so funny as some of his pictures.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with locale supposedly in Vienna. Constance Talmadge in dual rôle. Ronald Colman not so good as husband. George K. Arthur also in cast.

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

"His Secretary" — Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer shows how plain she can look in entertaining picture of homely stenographer who startles and fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

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"The Brown Derby" Contest Winners

After long deliberation, the judges made their decisions, and here are the names of those to whom the awards have been sent.

THE task of compiling, reading, sorting, and choosing the winners of the Johnny Hines "Brown Derby" Gag Contest has been, in all truth, a most difficult one.

The nation-wide interest manifested in this particular contest was amazing, since practically every town, city, and State was represented. Gags also were sent from Canada, England, the Philippine Islands, Cuba, New Zealand, British Honduras, and other remote corners of the globe. Interesting, also, is the fact that men and women of all sorts of professions were entrants in this contest. Comedy gags were submitted by members of the clergy, by doctors, lawyers, chauffeurs, teachers, stenographers, druggists, clerks, factory workers, and a hundred and one other classes of professional and non-professional people.

In many instances, people admitted in their letters that in view of financial embarrassment, any kind of a prize would be tremendously welcome. Of course, judges couldn't take cognizance of these conditions in view of the fact that the prizes were to be awarded purely on the basis of merit. The majority of gags submitted were purely thought-out incidents, but about twenty-five per cent of them consisted of actual occurrences in the experience or lifetime of the contestants. In many instances, the latter type were decidedly funny, though many of the first type were also interesting.

A very large amount of the gags submitted were impossible to photograph, either because they were of the conversational type, or else because they were so fantastic that it would have taken the technical force many weeks to devise the machinery adequately to portray these gags on the screen. In other words, the task of the judges proved most arduous, particularly as every gag received the scrutiny and rating of no less than nine judges.

In view of the fact that the scenario for "The Brown Derby" was materially changed from the original conception outlined in the February issue of PICTURE-PLAY, many of the prize-winning gags will not be used in that film, but will be saved for some future time, when they can be adequately worked into some future Johnny Hines stories.

While this is to be regretted, the fact remains that many complications arose in the original story which made it impossible to film, with the result that, after weeks and weeks of arduous work, the scenario men eventually worked out a story that was a bit more feasible and practical for the particular sort of vehicle that Johnny Hines is so famous for.

Thousands of gags were submitted after the closing date of the contest, so of course were not read, as the closing date, February 10, was specifically mentioned in the February and March issues of PICTURE-PLAY.

What was most pleasing to Johnny Hines, C. C. Burr, and PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, was the national aspect of the contest. Almost fifty per cent of those who submitted gags made special reference to the high entertainment calibre of such Johnny Hines productions as "The Live Wire," "The Crackerjack," "The Early Bird," "The Speed Spook" and others. The familiarity of the nation with the Johnny Hines product was amazing, and adequately proved this star's unusual popularity.

Not that it needed to be proven, for the box-office success that his pictures have enjoyed, from the time that he first began to make movies, long ago gave proof of the popular demand for the dynamic type of comedy that is so characteristic of him. He started his film career very modestly, but when his pictures began to forge their way to the top of box-office attractions, despite the fact that there was no big organization behind them, it was realized that here was a comedian to be reckoned with, and so First National, some months ago, hastened to sign him up under a high-priced contract.

He has already made two highly successful pictures for them, and hopes to make many more, just as fast as it is physically possible. There is never any slackening of pace around the Johnny Hines studio—things move ahead with the same speed as in the films he makes. There is probably not a harder-working man in the business than Johnny Hines, and there's never a dull moment when he is around. That explains why his pictures are so good—for he never lets you down. He's constantly on the lookout for laughs, and he knows how to get them.

The sponsors of the contest would very much like to have given each contestant a prize. But so many thousands of gags were received, that to do so would have taken the complete resources of the United States treasury. However, Johnny will send his personally autographed photo to each one of the contestants, as a mark of appreciation for their endeavors.

"The Brown Derby," which is the third of the productions in which Johnny Hines is starred by First National, will be released nationally about June 1st.

WINNERS OF "THE BROWN DERBY" GAG CONTEST

First Prize, $250.00—Benjamin Levene, 4837 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize, $100.00—Mrs. Lillian Carter, 9914 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Third Prize, $50.00—Edna Buttimer, 766 26th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Fourth Prize, $25.00—Stephen Zoltai, 6418 35th Ave., Woodside, L. I.

Fifth Prize, $15.00—C. L. Iverson, 621 West 83d St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Sixth Prize, $10.00—Wally Johnson, 5428 So. Wells, Chicago, Ill.

Seventh Prize, $10.00—Donald Walsh, 60 West Market St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Eighth Prize, $10.00—James Flockhart, 223 Welch Ave., Ames, Iowa.

Ninth Prize, $10.00—M. Blumenstiel, 76 Columbia Hgts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tenth Prize, $10.00—Geo. W. Mackwitz, New Castle, Wash.

Eleventh Prize, $10.00—Wm. McKeever, Portola, California.

Twelfth Prize, $10.00—George Osborne, 128 Edinburg Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Thirteenth Prize, $10.00—Miss Philomena Hilgert, 1016 N. Tenth St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Fourteenth Prize, $10.00—Earl B. Searcy, 1330 Lowell Ave., Springfield, Ill.

Fifteenth Prize, $10.00—Clarice De Preter, 100 Union Hall St., Jamaica, L. I.

Hollywood High Lights

The pick of the news from the place where the film stars live and work.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

FROM all indications, Erich von Stroheim's new production, "The Wedding March," will just be another "Merry Go Round," made in the way that he thinks it should have been filmed in the first place.

You remember, of course, the sensational way in which he was replaced, a few years ago, by Rupert Julian at the Universal studios during the making of that romantic war picture that brought Mary Philbin into prominence.

It must have been an irksome thorn in his side for Von to have witnessed his handiwork and ideas thus carried on by another, but he evidently is going to have his revenge at last.

Supervision has always been Von's great *bête noire*—the cause to him of grief, embarrassment, moodiness, and temperament. But now he is turning loose with the joy of a new-found independence.

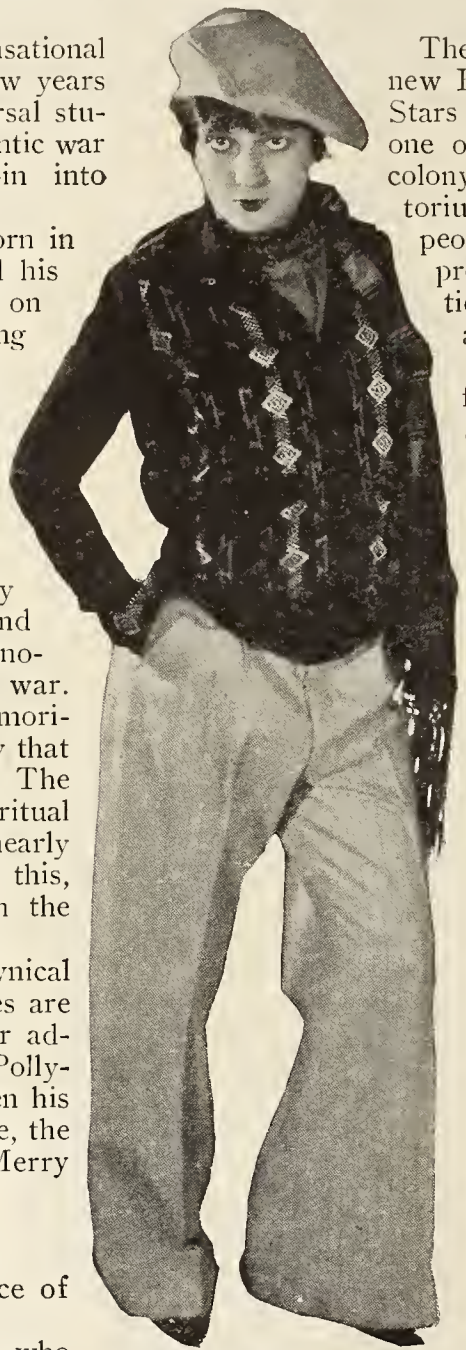
"The Wedding March" is the story of a decadent Russian nobleman and his love for a heroine of lily-white innocence, with the background of the war. Von Stroheim himself plays the moribund aristocrat, and it is not unlikely that Mary Brian will be seen as the girl. The plot embodies an exceptional spiritual note, although it must be said that nearly all the Von Stroheim pictures do this, sordid though they may appear on the surface.

Von loves to mess around with cynical and sardonic details, but his heroines are seldom anything but perfect in their adherence to the most circumspect Pollyanna and Cinderella traditions. Even his most flapperish and frivolous heroine, the little Irish-American girl of "The Merry Widow," is in essence angelic.

A Transformed Filmdom.

Filmdom is nothing if not a place of topsy-turvy contrasts this year.

The studio where Von Stroheim, who is by many still regarded as an arch-satanist, is working, is the same in which Norma Shearer, one of the most ideal and untarnished of the new heroine types, originally attracted attention.



What if the flappers wore Oxford bags? Kathleen Key, assuming the approved college manner, shows how they would look.

And when a recent studio transfer is completed, Pola Negri, dynamo of emotion, will probably inherit the bungalow of Colleen Moore, lightest and airiest of comediennes. That is, we suppose Pola will get this bungalow, because it is the newest and the nicest at that studio.

Dick Barthelmess, who said once that he would never, never work in California, has come West again, and is enthusiastic. The only thing that worries him is that he might become bored with the pep that goes into picture making. And since he has made this surprising discovery that there is pep in the languorous atmosphere of the Coast, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is probably going to send out a bulletin about it, just to make Florida feel a little less exuberant.

The Wampas Show.

The Wampas show, with the presentation of the new Baby Stars—oh, we forgot, they're not Baby Stars any more, but Wampas Stars of 1926—was one of the big, recent, public events of the film colony. It was given at the new Shriner Auditorium, which holds more than six thousand people, and with Sid Grauman, the film impresario *extraordinaire,* staging it, the presentation was one of the best that the publicity agents have ever given.

There is much more ceremony to these affairs than there used to be. Colleen Moore acted as hostess to the stars, on this occasion, and was dressed in her Alice-blue gown from "Irene."

Colleen enjoyed the honor of being hostess because she had won a silver cup, during the previous season, for having shown the greatest progress of any of the girls selected by the Wampas during the three preceding years. Eleanor Boardman was the victor in the competition this season, but as she was in New York at the time of the show, that little breath of Erin, Sally O'Neil, received the trophy for her. Of course, Sally will have to deliver it to Eleanor when she returns home. Who knows, though, maybe Sally will receive a cup herself one of these years!

The girls among the new Wampas stars who won the most applause were Dolores Costello, who appears to be one of the most popular of the new favorites, and who is a perfectly exquisite type; Dolores del Rio, the Mexican beauty and society girl who recently came into the movies at the solicitation of Edwin Carewe; and little Miss O'Neil, who swept down to the footlights with a snappy Irish walk that defies description or imitation. She wore a green dress, to add the proper Erinish note to her presence.

The hit of the evening was the game of badminton, as it is sometimes called, in which Douglas Fairbanks took part. We have told you about this game once before, but we may as well mention again that it is played something like tennis, except that it is about three times faster than tennis. Doug played with such remarkable speed that his opponents were absolutely routed, and this, despite the fact that they were doing their level best to return every lightning stroke of his that drove the light ball, with feathers attached, flying across the net.

Clyde Cook, the comedy star, and Ann Pennington stopped the show with their dancing, and except for the fact that there was a terrible mob at the affair, and a fight between some young neckers in the ballroom after the show, it was a lovely evening.

Romantic Even in Death.

It couldn't be otherwise, of course, that the career of Barbara La Marr should end in a blare of publicity, during which the details of all her romances were recounted, a series of her torrid love poems were published, and readers of the daily papers avidly devoured details of how women rioted at the undertaking parlors where she lay in state for the better part of a week.

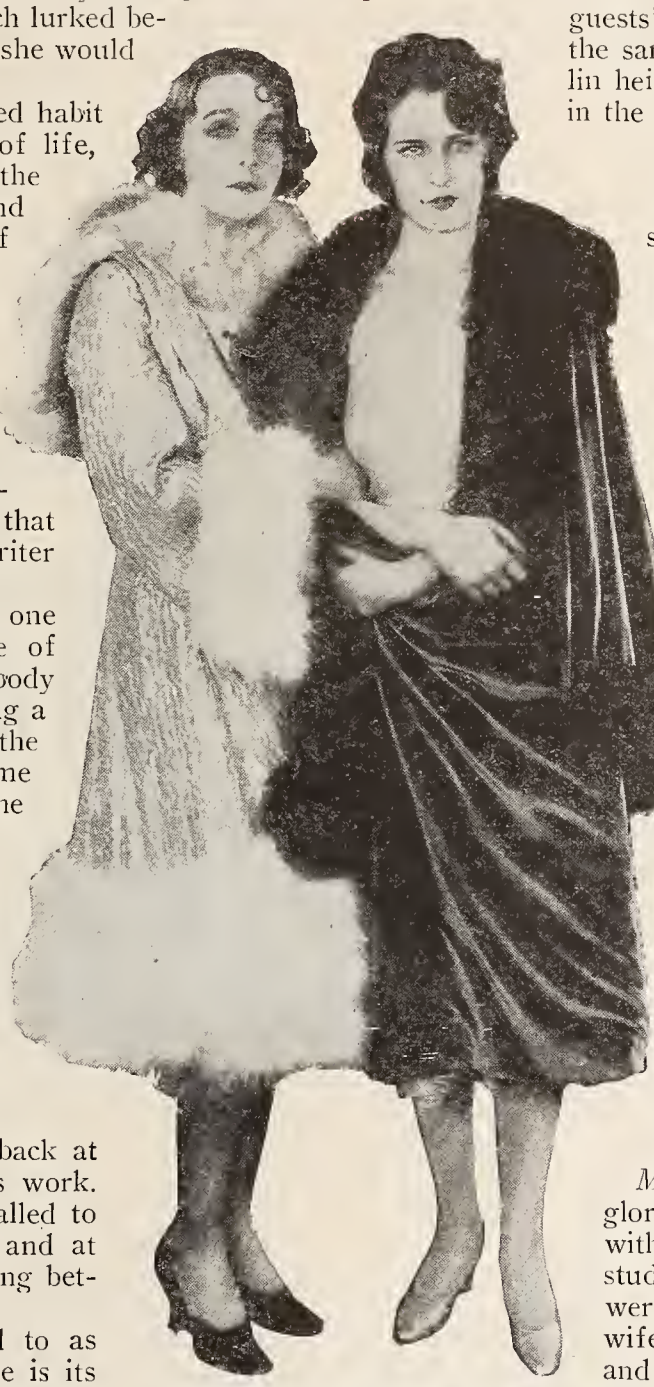
Pitiable and pathetic to the last degree was Barbara's passing, but thoroughly and characteristically sensational. We wonder what she herself would have thought about it, had she during her last lingering days, foreseen all this splurge and vain display. She may or may not have liked it, but in the sentiment which lurked behind much of the sensationalism, she would undoubtedly have rejoiced.

In spite of her much-advertised habit of demolishing the conventions of life, Barbara was deeply loved by the friends who really knew her, and also by a large group outside of this intimate circle. The men to whom she had at one time or another been attracted, had perhaps, in some cases, been the least loyal, although it is difficult to determine this. It is a certainty, however, that one among them, at least, was absolutely faithful until the end, and that was Paul Bern, the scenario writer and director.

The relation between them was one of platonic friendship, and one of the reasons that Miss La Marr's body was kept lying in state for so long a time after her death was due to the hope that he might be able to come West from New York for the funeral.

During the days when she was first ill, he devotedly went every morning to the little Altadena home where she was sequestered, nearly twenty miles from Hollywood. Much of this time he was working, and more than once he had to rise at four or five o'clock in the morning in order to make the trip and be back at the studio in time for the day's work. Just before her death, he was called to New York to direct a picture, and at that time, she seemed to be getting better.

Paul has often been referred to as the "beau of Hollywood," but he is its good Samaritan as well, for it was he who also was instrumental, to a large degree, in securing funds to make Lucille Ricksen's last days easier.



Zasu Pitts proudly presents her nineteen-year-old cousin, Dorothy McGowan, who, on a recent casual visit to Hollywood, was retained by Christy Cabanne to play a part in "Monte Carlo."

Stork Flutterings.

A stork party is the newest type of novelty among social diversions in Hollywood, and who but Mrs. Tom Mix should attract attention by being the hostess at one recently!

The affair was given in honor of Mrs. Monte Blue, and she was showered with enough baby clothes to provide for twins, or even triplets. By this time, though, it is hoped that the Blues are celebrating the arrival of a "one and only," rather than a duet or a trio—although that would be very interesting, too. Twins or triplets would be something of an innovation in Hollywood, where the arrival of such extra offspring has thus far been a rarity, owing probably to some form of mental control typical of the colony.

Mary Akin, now Mrs. Edwin Carewe, was also a guest of honor at Mrs. Mix's party, and received a baby blanket, to which was attached a note reading "From one Indian to another." Both Monte Blue and Mr. Carewe are part Indian, which gave rise to this bright remark.

Neither Agnes Ayres nor Lita Grey Chaplin was present to make the party complete, but doubtless the guests' good wishes went out to them just the same. The arrival of the new Chaplin heir, by the way, is expected to occur in the early part of May.

A Strangely Tragic Sequence.

Lightning may never strike in the same place twice, but certainly there is a peculiar ill-fatedness about the deaths that occur in the Flugrath family.

The Flugraths, you know, comprise Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, and their sister Edna. The most recent to suffer from a tragedy is the last named. Her husband, Harold Shaw, a director, who with Edna came to Hollywood a few years ago from England, was killed instantly in an automobile crash on one of the principal thoroughfares between Los Angeles and the film center.

The event of his death had a peculiar fatefulness, since both Viola and Shirley have lost their respective husbands within the past few years. Viola is now married to "Lefty" Flynn. But she lost her former fiancé, Ormer Locklear, only a year or two ago, through an accident that occurred while he was doing stunt flying.

Samuel Pepys in Hollywood.

Monday—Lay long abed, it being a glorious, sunshiny morning. Up and with my wife to Marshall Neilan's studio for a luncheon party, where were gathered his pretty and smart wife, Blanche Sweet, her grandmother, and another scribe. There is always much of interest to be heard from Mickey, who is gifted with a most phenomenal memory for retaining the amusing incidents and accidents which occurred to famous film folk in the days of "I knew them when." He did tell us that he was making ready to direct Marion Davies in her forthcoming picture based on the old comic opera, "The Red Mill." Thence to the office where I did dispatch abundance of work.

Tuesday—This day good news of Sid Franklin's recovery from his old affliction, hernia. He being the director of many of Constance Talmadge's comedy films and latterly the maker of "Kiki" for Norma. Did have early dinner with my wife, who made me eat fast,

thereby causing me great indigestion, so that we might be in time—she being the soul of punctuality—for a preview of Theda Bara's first comedy feature made by Hal Roach, which proved hilarious in mood. Miss Bara did indeed contribute to the interest and gayety of the film, but am of the opinion she would do better as a tragedienne.

Wednesday—Up late, after being greatly irked at being found abed by all sorts of people and friends, my wife and I having formed the wretched habit of sitting up each night until the wee hours, much later in fact than is urgently necessary. To the office, where I did become further enraged over the news that that estimable gentleman, "Bull" Montana, was approached roughly by the officers of the law and, only by the grace of convincing speech from a few of his true-blue friends, was saved the disgrace of being incarcerated in the hoosgow for having some fine old Italian vino in his possession. It is a sad thing to consider that poor Bull and a few other stout hearts who so need their vino with spaghetti should live in constant peril of one day doing without it.

Thursday—Up and in my new phaëton to the Pickford-Fairbanks workshop, which owing to Mary and Doug's preparation for their European trip has taken on the appearance of a happy playground, especially since the encouraging dispatches regarding the improved health of Mary's mother. I did note with satisfaction, as I oft have before, the tender, well-nigh pathetic devotion Mary holds for her mother. After bidding them Godspeed, and expressing my pleasure over the happy reports on "Sparrows," Mary's latest picture, which was formerly called "Scraps," did hurry on my way to Lasky's where I did hear that Madame Pola Negri hoped very soon to make a picture with Chaliapin, that magnificent Russian basso, in the rôle opposite her. Chaliapin being a great actor on the operatic stage, with a tremendous personality, we do believe that Pola would be fortunate to play with him. If ever a story can be found for their respective talents, it should be red-meat drama and strongly—very strongly—amorous. Home to sup where I was informed that on the 14th of February, Rudolph Valentino did send to La Negri a white Arabian steed with a red paper heart fluttering from his bridle on which was inscribed "To my Valentine," accompanied by a picture of Rudy in his well-known toreador's costume, such as he wore in "Blood and Sand," or such as may be seen in the second act of "Carmen," when the victor returns from the arena of the bull.

It's hard to picture the tragic Theda Bara in hilarious Hal Roach comedies, but those are what she is appearing in now.

Friday—Up betimes to find my wife greatly incensed over the announcement that "Beauty and the Beast" would be the title of the next picture chosen for Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, which George Fitzmaurice is to make, she complaining unceasingly that Colman is no beast and never possibly could be. After a long draft of seltzer water, I was called to the phone and was obliged to listen to the wailing of a women's club anent the alleged cruelty to the horses during the filming of the chariot races in "Ben-Hur." Which did not greatly concern me, this form of conversational hubbub arising each time animals are used in pictures, to which I can reply that there is no more cruelty to horses in the making of spectacular scenes in films than there is in horse races, in feats at circuses, in polo matches, or at society horse shows.

Saturday—Up very betimes, and enjoyed a pleasurable chat with my wife's trombone teacher, my wife being doubly fond of playing the drums and tympani. Did read in the morning gazette Mr. Will Hays' statement about the quality of pictures improving, and after making sure of the year, as printed on the date line of the paper, did forthwith resolve that Mr. Hays is indeed a man who may be depended upon for timeliness in his ideas, and above all one with a great vision of the future of pictures!

Sunday—To church early, and so to Frances Marion's and Fred Thomson's castle in Beverly Hills, where I did wander over the beautiful grounds of their twenty-five-acre estate, gather eggs from the hens' nests, drink quarts of rich, creamy, fattening milk from their own blue-ribbon cows, and later did try to ride Fred's famous mount, Silver King, but like Wales, was thrown. And so home, stiff and sore, and after an arnica rub, went finally to bed.

A Hoodooed Title.

The new picture, "Shipwrecked," which was filmed by Metropolitan, tried with might and main to live up to its name. And the players who were working on it began to think the title such a hoodoo that they were on the verge of petitioning to have it changed.

The first sufferer from ill luck in this film was Seena Owen who plays the feminine lead. She only very narrowly escaped death.

The scene in which this happened was filmed on board ship in Los Angeles harbor. Seena was standing in a perilous position at the edge of the ship, and when the vessel gave a sudden lurch, lost her balance and fell between the boat and the dock. Quick action on the part of one of the sailors was all that saved her life. As it was, she received a plentiful share of bruises as well as two fractured ribs.

Subsequently, during some late-winter storms off the Coast, a vessel in which Joseph Schildkraut was working, was caught out at sea. Schildkraut plays opposite Miss Owen. The ship came within an ace of going on some rocks off one of the Coast highlands, but the mariners managed to summon help and have it towed into port.

Schildkraut, like Barrymore and other actors who devote their time mostly to the stage, have found out since their more recent adventures that life in the movies is no joke, but nevertheless seem to relish their experiences and thrilling adventures.

Anna Masquerades Again.

Anna Q. Nilsson is going to bob her hair anew, and is celebrating joyously the fact that she is going to play a boy in the forthcoming production of "Shebo," to be called "Miss Nobody" on the screen.

Anna has long wanted to do this story, because she felt that "Ponjola," the Cynthia Stockley book, had provided one of her very best pictures. "Shebo" is a much more sympathetic study of a masquerade, and is

touched with both pathos and comedy, so that Anna really believes she is going to like it even better.

Originally, Colleen Moore was to have made the picturization of "Shebo," but she has so many important stories lined up that she decided to relinquish the part to Miss Nilsson. Which shows that the bright little First National star is more than kind-hearted, as things go in the colony.

Anna, by the way, is going to start an "anti" club to offset the one that seems necessary to bring together all those girls who declare they will not marry actors. Anna asserts that her experience in her recent marriages has taught her that it is very unwise to wed any one outside of the profession.

"And," she says, "I love actors."

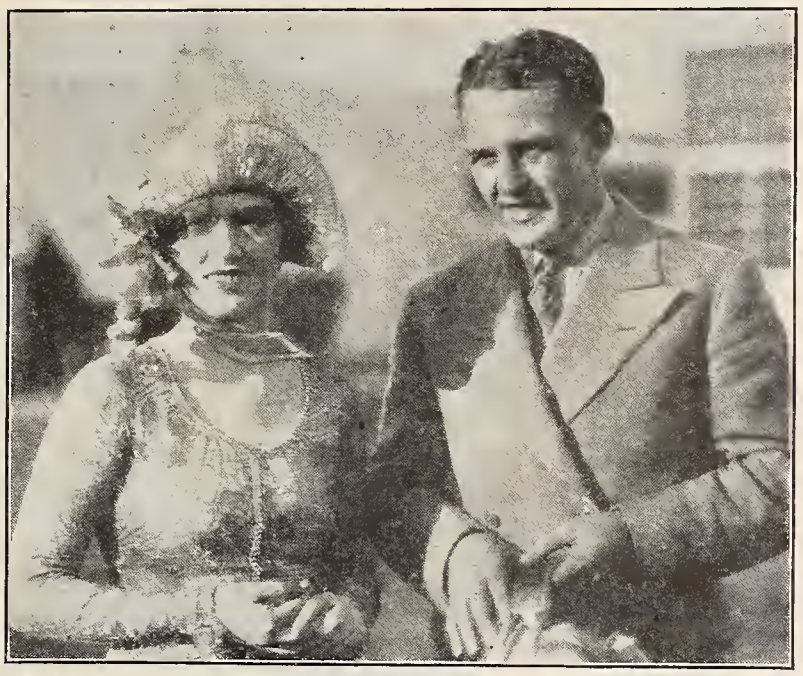
Honors for Corinne's Husband.

Monta Bell, Mal St. Clair, and other newly arrived directors, had better look to their honors quickly! For, on the horizon of very promising arrivals is Walter Morosco, Corinne Griffith's husband.

Walter decided that he didn't want to hide the light of his professional talents any longer, since he had once before been in pictures. So, some time ago, he gave up selling water heaters (this is no joke) and began to lay his plans for a return to film making. "Silver Shackles" is the name of his first picture, and it is a glorious beginning for him, since the star that he is directing is no less a popular idol and capable actress than Irene Rich.

There seems to be every legitimate reason in the world why he should make a success of pictures, for besides the fact that he is the husband of a very famous screen star, he was brought up in the atmosphere of the theater, as his father, Oliver Morosco, has long been a producer of stage plays.

A little later on, he will probably direct Corinne in a picture. At present, she is working on a Russian romance called "Unto Her Kingdom," which will be one of the most luxuriantly embellished features that she has recently made. High hopes are entertained for her success in "Mlle. Modiste," which is of light-comedy character, like "Classified."



Marion Davies had just presented "Red" Grange with a leather helmet when this picture was snapped of herself and the gridiron hero on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

The Foreign Fever.

The speed with which motion-picture producers are signing up all foreign talent that is available is evidenced in the case of Irma Kornelia, a Hungarian charmer, who was given a long-term contract with Paramount only a few hours after her arrival in Los Angeles.

Each month seems to bring over an increasing quota of European actresses, and they come from virtually every country. The names of Arlette Marchal, whom everybody saw in Gloria Swanson's "Madame Sans-Gêne" as the *Queen of Naples,* Lya de Putti, a noted German star, and Nathalie Kovanko, a Russian actress from Paris, have all been recently added to the list of foreign stars in this country.

One reason why so many foreigners are being engaged is the demand for American pictures in Europe, and the competition, as well as jealousy, that is felt from the countries abroad. The competition isn't serious but the jealousy is, and there is a definite move on the part of American producers to bring about a better feeling between the two continents.

We don't exactly see, though, how bringing all the foreign talent over here is going to help matters so much, unless the American producers give up a number of our players in return. Which is what will probably be done—to a certain extent, anyway—in the case of some of the less-favored of our players, who will thus be able to enjoy pleasant sojourns in distant capitals, with all expenses paid.

A Real Film Romance.

For once, a mere reel romance turned into a real romance.

The hero and heroine thereof are William Boyd and Elinor Fair, the leads in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Volga Boatman." They eloped just after the completion of the production.

Boyd has already gained prominence through his work in De Mille's "The Road to Yesterday," while Miss Fair is the most recent of the De Mille "discoveries."

As a matter of fact, she first came to the fore as the little crippled girl in "The Miracle Man." She was also the feminine lead in "Kismet," the Otis Skinner Oriental fantasy.

Boyd was wed once before, his wife having been Diana Miller, now married to George Melford, the director.

Neither Boyd nor Miss Fair had met before working in "The Volga Boatman."

[Editor's Note.—Interviews with Miss Fair and Mr. Boyd appear elsewhere in this issue.]

Battle Goes Blithely On.

It has begun to look lately as if the squabble between Jetta Goudal and Famous Players-Lasky, the organization with which she was under contract before joining Cecil B. De Mille, would never be settled.

Jetta, as you may recall, sued the Paramount company for $23,250, alleging a breach of contract, and then Paramount came back and asked $25,000 damages, asserting that the star had displayed too much temperament and that her temperamental conduct had halted the making of a picture, causing them great loss.

We thought that peace would eventually be established and that the two contestants might call it a draw, in view of the amounts asked. However, the case is now scheduled to come up this summer, if it is not disposed of in some way before that time.

Miss Goudal has lately been playing in the Metropolitan picture "Paris at Midnight." During the course of a recent court hearing, she testified that her salary from Famous had been seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, with an option on her services for one thousand two hundred and fifty a week at the end of a certain period.

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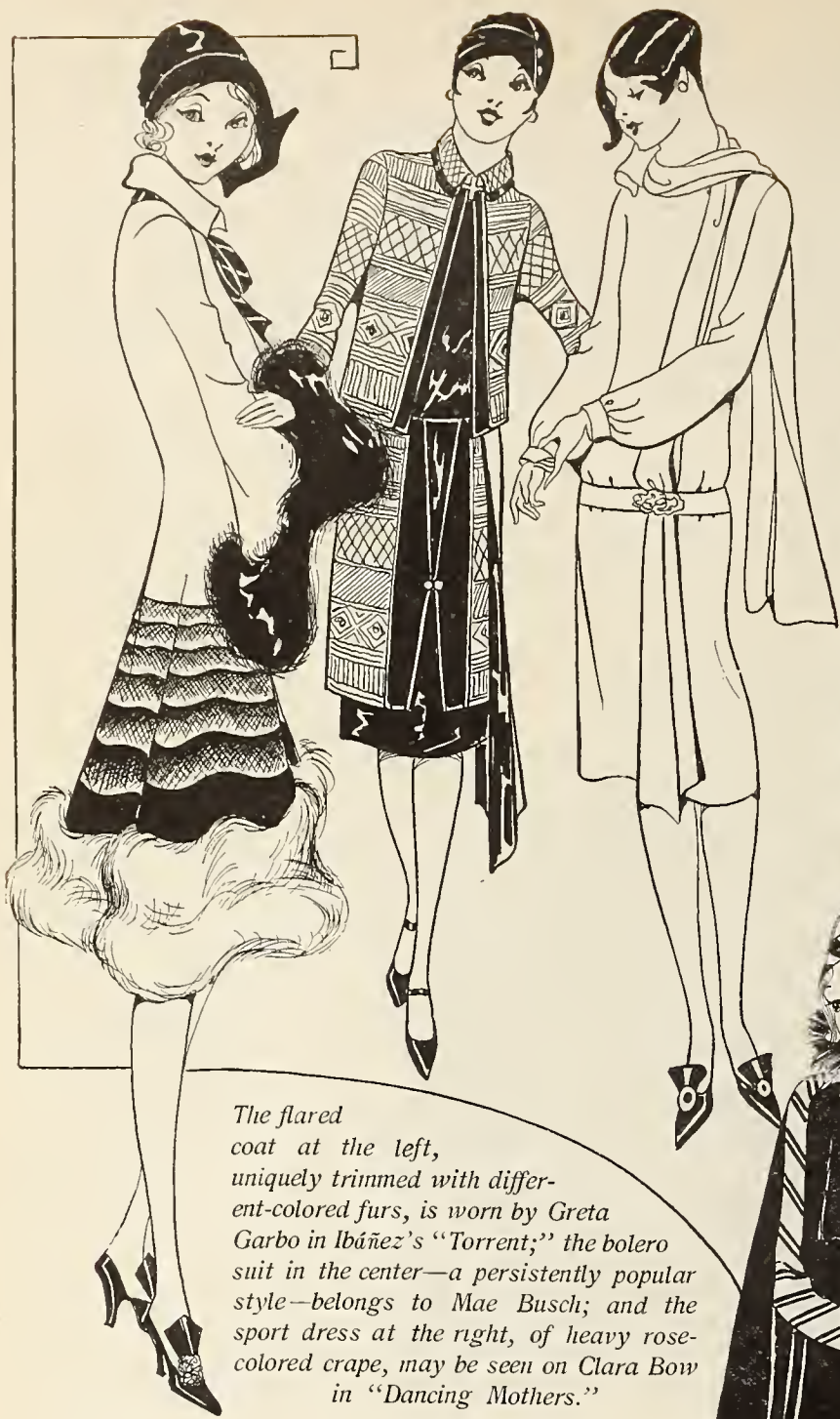
Now that Mild

A selection from the screen of smart

By Betty



The flared coat at the left, uniquely trimmed with different-colored furs, is worn by Greta Garbo in Ibáñez's "Torrent;" the bolero suit in the center—a persistently popular style—belongs to Mae Busch; and the sport dress at the right, of heavy rose-colored crape, may be seen on Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers."

AT last, spring is really flaunting her banners! Lucky folks who live in the country know this by the thousand and one tokens which nature spreads so lavishly before their eyes. We city dwellers know it by other signs. We of New York can tell when spring has come by the simple expedient of walking down Fifth Avenue at, say, three o'clock on any afternoon; for, even though the north wind doth still blow a little, the irrepressible spring bonnet is here, the jaunty spring suit is here—worn, perhaps, under a coat, to be sure—and the gayly colored sport costume has claimed her own.

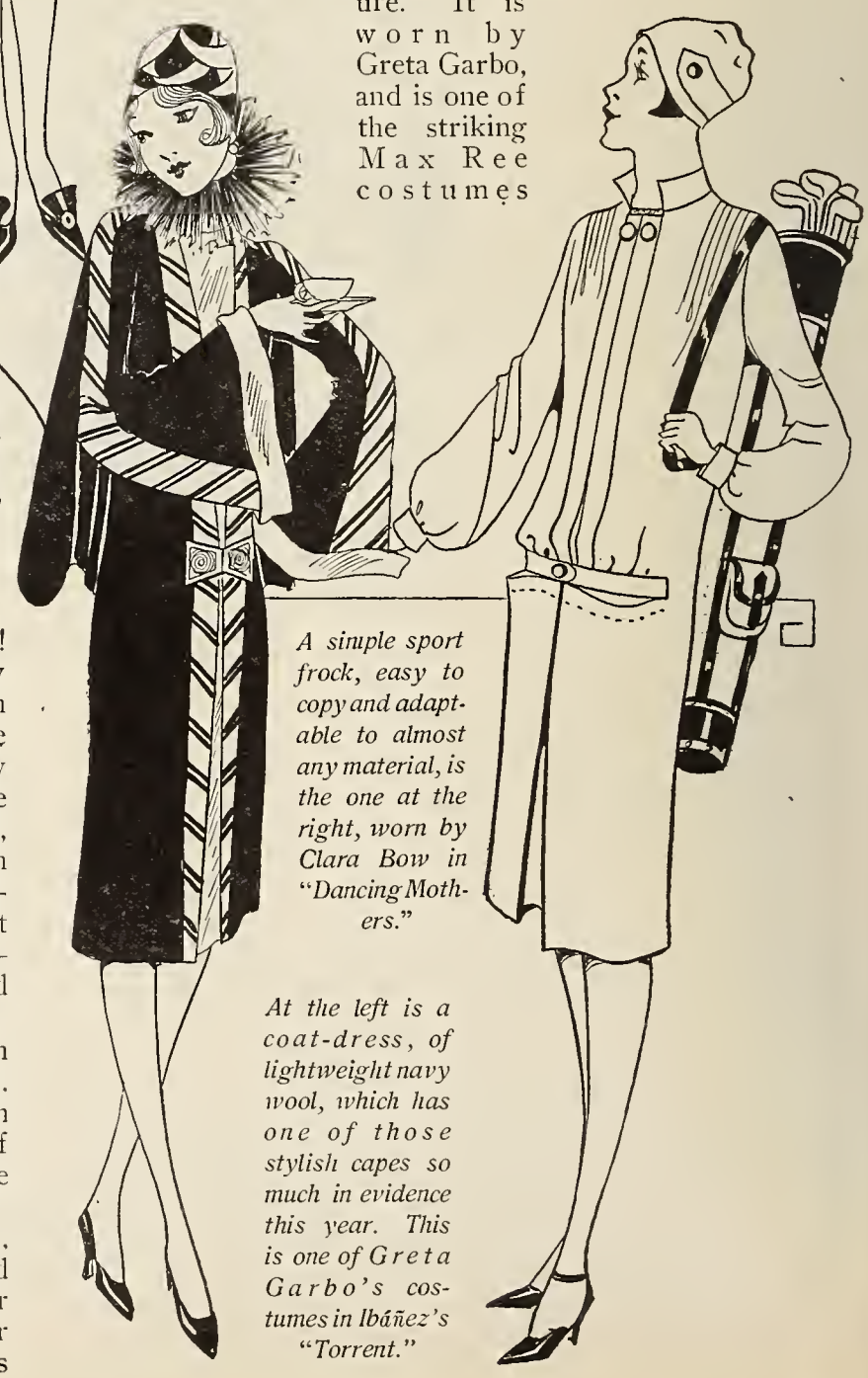
True to the predictions of the earlier Palm Beach fashions, the caped coat and dress is predominant. Dresses and coats alike flaunt capes, and those which cannot boast of them have, instead, voluminous scarf ends or winglike sleeves, which give much the same effect.

The ensemble suit also seems to be with us again, with slight variations in the way of flared skirts and high collars, and I notice that an increasing number of these practical costumes seem to combine heavier materials with foulards, printed in the gayest colors imaginable. In fact, printed or embroidered silks, for general wear, will be as popular as ever this season, and the colors and patterns displayed are often fairly staggering in their boldness.

Next to the cape coat our old friend, the bolero, seems to have the greatest popularity. There is seldom a spring season when the bolero is not seen in some form or other, especially among suits for young girls, as it is a style particularly becoming to their slender young figures.

Skirts, which by the way are shorter than ever, seem to have almost forsaken the straight and narrow path and, in almost every case, obtain fullness in some way or other, either by pleats, godets, gathered apron fronts or, in many cases, by full, sashlike draperies.

In the group just to the left is a particularly smart, flared coat which should be an ideal one for a slender figure. It is worn by Greta Garbo, and is one of the striking Max Ree costumes



A simple sport frock, easy to copy and adaptable to almost any material, is the one at the right, worn by Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers."

At the left is a coat-dress, of lightweight navy wool, which has one of those stylish capes so much in evidence this year. This is one of Greta Garbo's costumes in Ibáñez's "Torrent."

Weather is Here

dresses appropriate for spring wear.

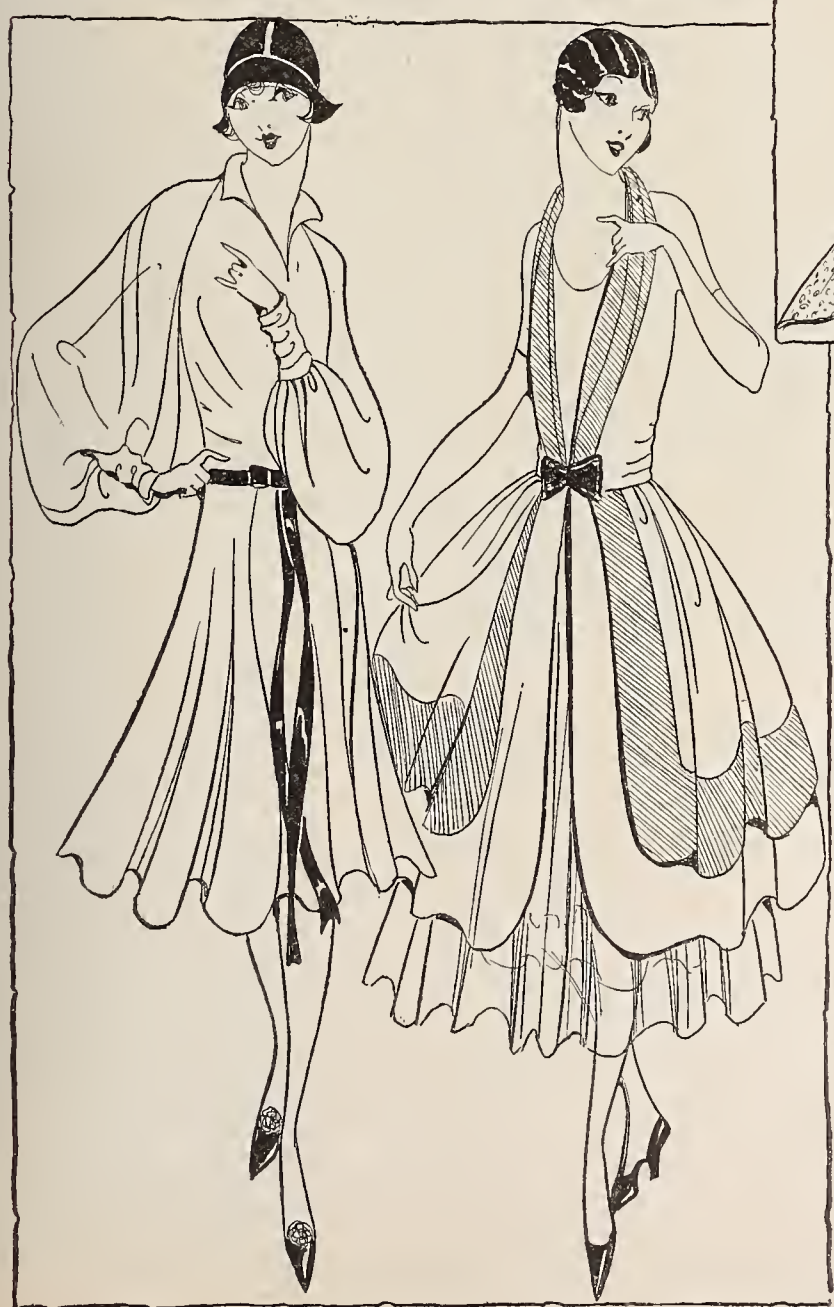
Brown

which she wears in Ibáñez's "Torrent." It is of kasha cloth, in a soft-gray shade, with a printed border of graduated shades of rose. An odd touch on this charming coat is the use of different-colored furs; the skirt is edged with gray fox, while black fox edges the flaring sleeves. A narrow tie, in shades of rose, appears at the neck.

One of the new bolero suits appears next in line, worn by Mae Busch, Metro-Goldwyn player. It combines an embroidered jacket and top skirt with an underskirt of satin. An odd, sashlike drapery of satin and silver cloth depends from the left side. An Oriental turban of satin goes with the frock.

The next dress is worn by Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers," and though it is one of the typical flapper frocks which suit her type so perfectly, still it by no means needs to be confined to that type, as it is a sport dress which is practical in style and could be worn by almost any one. It is of heavy crape, in the delicious shade of grayish rose which will be worn so much this season, and its only trimming is the wide, scarflike drapery, of the material itself.

Particularly smart are the full sleeves and circular skirt of the georgette-crape afternoon frock below, at the left—worn by Estelle Clark; the bouffant gown next to it, belonging to Gertrude Olmstead, is of organdie, in two shades of rose.



Two striking evening gowns to be seen in current films—the one on the left, of metal cloth and silver lace, is worn by Dorothy Mackaill in "The Dancer of Paris," and the gown at the right, of silver cloth, lace and tulle, appears in "A Social Celebrity."

Another of Miss Bow's gowns, worn in the same film, is shown on the young lady with the golf clubs, at the lower right of the same page. This gown, like the other, is one that would be simple to make, as it has no trimming other than a few tucks and bands of the material, and the pocketlike arrangement of the skirt is not a difficult one for the home dressmaker to manage. Though the dress worn by Miss Bow is of crape, it could be made of almost any material, and would make a splendid "tub frock."

The gown next to this is a charming example of the street frock for spring days. This is also one of the gowns Greta Garbo wears in Ibáñez's "Torrent." It is a caped coat dress of lightweight navy wool, combined with striped satin of contrasting colors, while the underslip and cuffs are of plain satin. A piquant touch is given by the Pierrot ruff of maline which tops the high collar; a unique tur-

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A Persecuted Lady

Vindicating Jetta Goudal, who seems to have had more than her fair share of adverse criticism.

By Margaret Reid

INTERVIEWING has, for me, besides the fascination of continually changing interest, the charm of novelty. It is still something of a breathless shock to wake in the morning and realize that I have only to telephone to be given an appointment with any gentleman or lady star I care to name. I had a vague notion, at first, of making an engagement to talk to Jack Gilbert—say, once a week. But on reflection, that inspiration seemed a bit impractical, although in my letters back home I still try to give the impression that one of my chief duties is interviewing Mr. Gilbert with pleasing frequency.

Already I had talked to two extremely amicable people —Antonio Moreno and Charles Ray. Just for contrast now, I thought, it might be entertaining to meet one of the more startling exponents of temperament—one of the real thunder raisers. (Thunder being a polite term for what they call it in Hollywood.) No sooner was my decision made than at once, "But, of course—Jetta Goudal!" I cried Frenchily.

From time to time the Boulevard burns with anecdotes of the latest battle in which Jetta's adversaries have been worsted. There are tales of entire companies revolting because of her, stories of tantrums that have shaken the studio even unto the front office. Pola, in her first terrific days, one is told, was as a faint, gentle zephyr compared to the tornado of the Goudal wrath. Famous Players finally declared her contract broken. She was, they said, impossible to handle—her temperament too much to cope with. De Mille then signed her, but after three pictures had been made with her, articles were published stating that even Cecil could not manage her, and that she was again out upon the world. One of the most familiar sights in town is the spectacle of a director who is about to direct Jetta, surrounded by weeping friends, who press upon him lovingly wrapped bottles of arnica and veronal, little guns and bandages and Bibles.

Yes, definitely, I would do Miss Goudal.

"Now the most important thing," said Dorothy Manners, who is my buddy, and who has been interviewing all sorts and tempers of stars for a year, "is to get a meal out of it. Always say you are frantically busy, that the only spare time you have is lunch time. If the star is Jack Gilbert"—we both came to attention and saluted—"try to make it dinner. But never accept anything less than lunch. Don't let them ask you to tea as a substitute. That is likely to be a refined and very unsubstantial meal."

I drew out a pencil and added all that to my already colorful Rules for Success. Dorothy and I may not be very elegant about these things, but we do get along beautifully in the world.

So I was to meet Miss Goudal at twelve o'clock at the Ambassador where she lives—and have luncheon with her. A diplomatic press agent drove me to the hotel. He was not Jetta's press agent, but the representative of the Metropolitan studios, whither Jetta had gone from De Mille, for one picture. Such being the case, there was nothing in particular at stake for him. Yet, quite unprompted, he proceeded to draw me a picture of Goudal that sounded like a Study of an Unusually Amiable Lady. Her thoughtfulness, her hard work, her consideration for others: in short, what a fine, if rather mild and unassuming girl she was. With cynicism distressing in one so young, I silently thought of something they make out of apples. Subconsciously, I resented the prospect of being cheated out of my thunder raiser.

In the broad, luxurious reaches of the Ambassador lobby, we waited. After a suitable interval, an elevator door gently clanged, and Goudal stepped out. Small, delicately built—weird, pale-olive face—inscrutable, greenish-gray eyes—oddly shaped, crimson mouth. She came toward us with hand outstretched and with the most irresistible, impish, contagious smile it has ever been my pleasure to see. She smiles with her whole face, and her slanting eyes almost disappear, except for two long, bright slits with sixty little devils dancing therein.

Warmly she took my hand, and was so happy to meet me, and were we angry that she had kept us waiting, and should we go right in to lunch now? I rise, in the face of the most lurid tales of past thunder-raising, to state that the charm of Jetta's cordiality is melting, breath taking. Had there ever, I thought amazedly, been a more delightful person to meet!

As we walked through the long foyer, eyes followed with absorbing interest the upright, graceful figure of Miss Goudal—for Jetta is indefinably a personage. I adjusted my hat nervously, hoping I looked at least like a personage's secretary.

Waiters bowed us to the most desirable table in the room. Forks paused midway to waiting mouths—a gesture of respect accorded only the most personable personages. Seated, Jetta toyed delicately with the menu, murmuring undecidedly over various complicated dishes with an ease that removed forever, in my mind, all doubt that her French accent was authentic. Years of secret practice with menus filched from the best hostelries could never produce such poise in ordering as is Goudal's. The accent is, I am convinced, hers by birthright. It may be possible that she has clung to it a bit longer than needful—but what of that?

She is Dutch, as well as French, you know. Or so it is said. No one has the vaguest idea of whether it is true or not. No one, in fact, has the vaguest idea of whether anything is true or untrue about her. Her withdrawal from the life of the colony is absolute. It may be a clever pose, or it may be that she actually does dislike contact with people. Either way, it is effective, for she is a riddle in a city of eager autobiographies.

She looks neither particularly French nor Dutch (said Miss Reid who had been in neither France nor Holland). But by appearance, she could very reasonably be taken to be Eurasian, with maybe a trace of Hindoo blood somewhere. I don't know that she is beautiful, but she is one of the most fascinating, electrically magnetic women I have ever seen. The surprising thing is, not that she fights for what she wants, but that she has *had* to fight for it. Surprising that cold-hearted officials could disregard the insidious persuasiveness of her personality.

I found that her reputation as a trouble maker is a poisoned thorn in her olive-tinted flesh.

"It is so ghastly unfair," she protests. "If it were all true, I shouldn't care. I don't mind what they print

Continued on page 112

M a l i g n e d

Jetta Goudal has had the reputation, among studio people, of being very temperamental and difficult to handle, but Margaret Reid found her to be one of the most charming and magnetic persons she had ever met, and draws a delightful sketch of her in the story on the opposite page. These two pictures show her as she appears in an elaborate production, "Paris at Midnight."

Parisian Jazz

Dorothy Mackaill was the lucky girl to be chosen for the sophisticated title rôle in Michael Arlen's "The Dancer of Paris," and she has Conway Tearle for her Prince Charming. Her becoming boyish bob makes its first appearance in this film.

"Don Juan"

In the dual rôle of father and son, John Barrymore has another opportunity, in "Don Juan," to display his ability in creating contrasting old and young character portrayals. At the right, with Mary Astor, he is *Don Juan.* The other two pictures show him as *Don José,* the father.

Birds of

Photo by Max Autrey

Photo by Pearsall

No movie is complete nowadays unless at least a portion of it is devoted to pretty clothes and graceful poses. Dancing girls in particular seem to hold the center of the screen. The lady at the top of the page, enjoying a cigarette in lazy luxury, is Margaret Livingston, who is starred in the rôle of a dancing girl in "Hell's Four Hundred." At the left is Sally Rand in the scant drapery she wears as a dancer in "Paris at Midnight." And the girl at the right is Myrna Loy in what she calls her "peacock costume."

Photo by John Ellis

Paradise

The poor little bird of paradise in the picture above has been badly bruised. A beautiful Russian princess, she fell into the hands of the revolutionists, who had no pity for her lovely plumage. This is Elinor Fair's rôle in "The Volga Boatman." At the left is Dorothy Mackaill in "The Dancer of Paris," and at the right, in the spangled dancing costume, is Patsy Ruth Miller, in "Why Girls Go Back Home."

"Siberia"

Alma Rubens, as a Russian aristocrat who aligns himself with the peasants, and Edmund Lowe, as an officer in the czar's army, have the principal rôles in a Fox film called "Siberia."

Aboard the *Mare Nostrum*

With Tony Moreno as its captain, the ship *Mare Nostrum*, in the film of that name, battles with submarines. The ship's fireroom just before it is torpedoed, and a scene within a shelled submarine, are shown on this page.

Photos by Russell Ball

Caging Ben Lyon

They put Ben Lyon into a cage in "The Savage" and treat him as a curiosity, but are you surprised, when you see that beard of his? At a masquerade ball, given to exhibit this newly found specimen of a savage, May McAvoy wears the attractive bunny costume at the left.

He Said "No, sir" to Cecil De Mille

William Boyd's courage in speaking his mind, as well as his bright and magnetic personality, have interested De Mille for some time and have now won him a contract with that producer.

By Caroline Bell

BILL BOYD is a featured De Mille player because he said "No, sir," instead of the parrotlike "Yes, sir," with which many actors cater to the producer's patronage.

Bill is therefore held in a respect bordering on awe, for such a thing had never happened before in Hollywood.

The first time they met—through Bill's connivance and without De Mille's preliminary acquiescence—he began it. And he has used the negative several times since.

Not, however, in a disrespectful, smart Aleck manner.

"Only when I thought I was right," he insists stubbornly. "That has not been often. Once, when he instructed Vera Reynolds and myself to play a scene a certain way, it didn't seem real to us, and I up and told him so. He motioned me away. Vera and I went over to the side and did the scene our way. He watched us out of the corner of his eye and finally gave us the order to do our portrayal.

"He doesn't cow his people. You just naturally have to respect the man, because he knows so much and has an uncanny insight into character. He draws out your ideas, then impresses his stronger will on you by making you see, usually, how wrong you are. He can rake you over the coals in the most polite way of any man I know. With about six words and one glance, he makes you think yourself the poorest excuse for an actor on earth."

Admiring the boy first because of his refusal to kotow or to be abashed by the Presence, and then interested in his likable personality and his talent, De Mille has been guide and friend to him.

"Folks have more fun than anybody, don't they?"

That is Bill's favorite line, and it expresses him faithfully.

Photo by William Davis Pearsall

Things haven't broken very well for him until recently, when De Mille put him under contract, and at times his blithe spirits had been sunk in the dumps. But on the whole, life furnishes him with good entertainment.

He has had hard sledding ever since, as an orphaned youngster, he started to work in a grocery store.

"You from Texas?" he discovers, and opens his face in a wide grin. "Sa-ay, we're neighbors. Little Willie hails from Oklahoma, and that's just a suburb of Texas. The rest of 'em's people here, but we're *folks.*"

He has sold automobiles and worked in the oil fields—he says he trained his Adonis profile into classic curve by craning his neck to look upward at the oil-gushing geysers. He has packed oranges and done a couple of dozen other things.

Reaching Hollywood with a little money saved up, he lived in grand style until it was gone, then decided to be a picture actor. Figuring that it would be a good idea to have De Mille start him, he forthwith anchored his six feet and his one hundred and eighty pounds at the Famous Players-Lasky studio.

On the pretense of having an appointment with the producer-director, he was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum.

De Mille eyed him quizzically, and asked, "Did I have an appointment with you?"

"No, sir," replied the confident Bill, "but here's little Willie, anyhow."

Amused by his affrontery, De Mille listened while the boy explained that he intended to be an actor.

"It will take you," the producer said tersely, "just five years to attain a place of any prominence in this industry," and thereby spoke a prophecy that came true.

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Have You a Dog

Perhaps you may recognize his brother among of dogs are shy of cameras but these shown they are quite used to publicity and as though

These two litttle black-faced Scotch terriers of Anne Cornwall's stagger under the imposing names of Sidlaw Sassenach's Whusky and Corinthian Sinful Annie.

Bebe Daniels says that she bought her bull pup, Keno, "because he had such wistful eyes," but Keno's eyes look here as though they had the true gleam of a fighter.

Not content with one pug-nosed, aristocratic Pekingese, Estelle Taylor has three—and a cat besides!

Corinne Griffith, at the left, couldn't decide which breed she liked best, so she took three—a spunky little Cairn terrier, a handsome Dobermann Pinscher, which is a variety of police dog, and another terrier.

June Marlowe's hairless Mexican has a face that is far from beautiful, but June seems quite proud of it.

in Your Home?

some of these who live in the film colony. Lots here, with their actress mistresses, look as though they rather enjoy having their pictures taken.

A perfect demon for speed is Pauline Starke's prize-winning whippet, shown here all set for a race.

Pola Negri's little roll of fluff, called Teddy, is a very smart fellow as well as being quite decorative. He is playing ball here with his mistress.

This is the St. Bernard pup that Colleen Moore brought back from abroad—and he's not nearly as big as he *will* be.

A great companion is Lois Wilson's collie dog, Sandy, at the left, and a very pretty person with his white shirt front and his well-marked face.

Lillian Rich's wolfish Malemute, who has just produced five wriggling puppies, would have been one of a sledge team if she had stayed in her native North with her brothers and sisters, but in Hollywood, she lives the life of a lady.

It's hard to believe that this matronly person is the same as the slim and girlish figure on the opposite page.

From Matron to

It was Priscilla Dean who effected this surprising the system of dieting that she used, as well as her pro

By Myrtle

IN five weeks Priscilla Dean misplaced twenty-one pounds, reducing her hip measurement from forty-three to thirty-six inches, and each arm circumference by two inches!

As a result, she has embarked upon a new phase of her career.

Priscilla was a riot in those wild melodramas until her popularity slumped, partly because of repetition of type, but chiefly because she had let herself get too fat. But the Priscilla you will now see is a slim girl, prettier and more youthful than she has ever looked. The tempestuous *Wildcat* is to be reformed into a discreetly racy lady *farceuse*, who whirlwinds her way into and out of hilarious scrapes. In "The Danger Girl," and later films with which the Metropolitan Company plan to follow her new début, she is presented as a sort of feminine Reginald Denny.

The Priscilla of one hundred and forty-four pounds would have had a heavy time of it, dashing—pardon, *lumbering*—through these frivolous sketches. But to the Priscilla of one hundred and twenty-three pounds they will be a lark.

And to Alice Browning, wife of Director Tod, and life-saver of half the careers of Hollywood, should go a medal for the transformation. Instead of getting a reward, however, Alice had to shell out cold cash, for in reawakening Priscilla's ambition, she lost a wager. Canny, wise Alice! It costs her a little money at times, but the good she does with her taunting bets is well worth it.

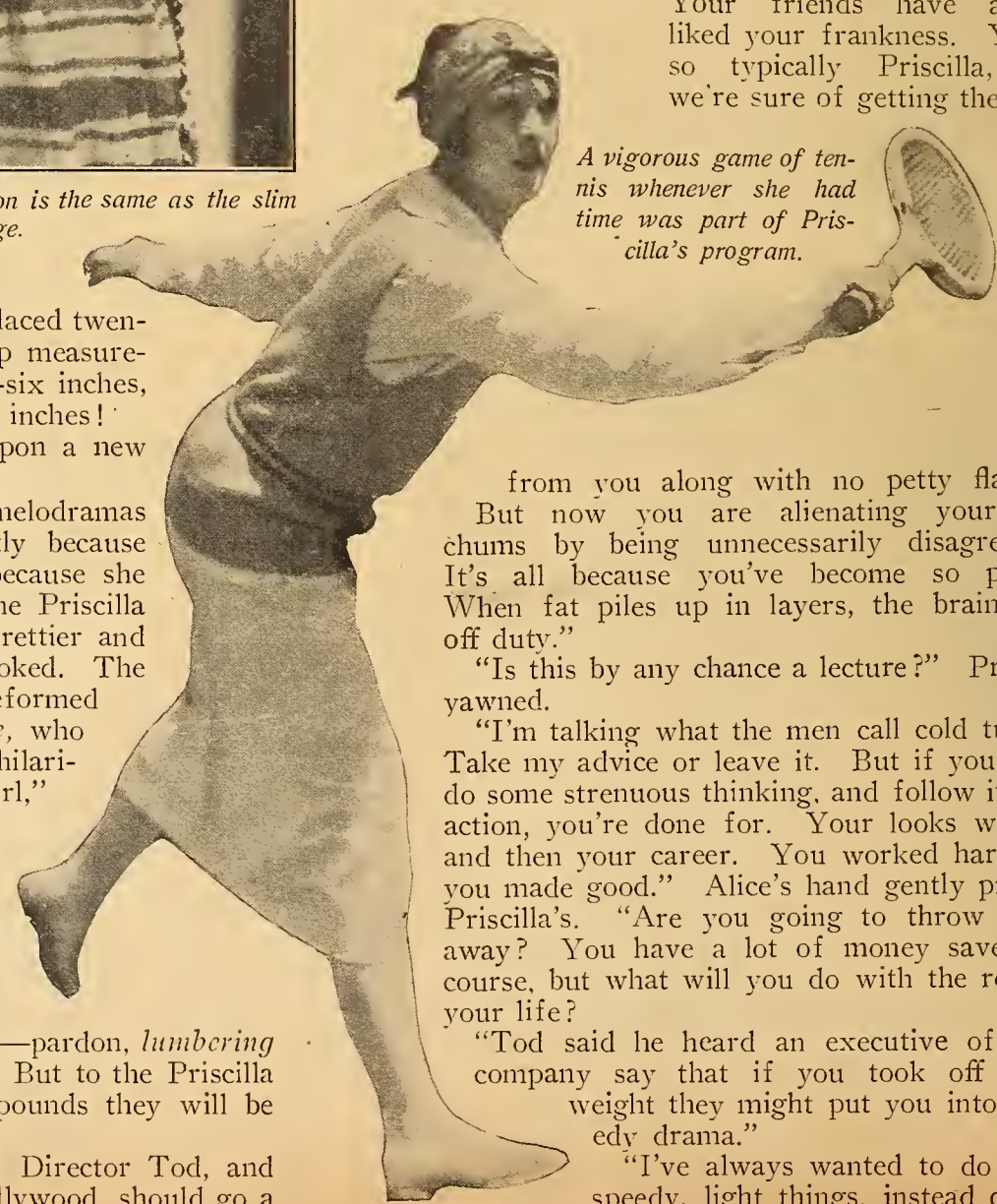
She and Priscilla and I chanced to be lunching together one day shortly before Priscilla was scheduled to start a personal-appearance tour, at the prospect of which she was considerably bored.

"I rather like the public-appearance part of it," she said, "but what a lot of grief, chasing from one town to another."

"Will you stop complaining?" Alice's voice, always decisive, had a particularly cutting edge, and her disapproving eyes surveyed Priscilla in deliberate scorn. There was a very lot of Priscilla to look at. She bulged out all around and had a promising terrace of chins.

"You've let yourself stagnate. You're a victim of fat. You used to be so energetic, but lately you've become the laziest creature I know.

"And you're even developing a bad disposition. Your friends have always liked your frankness. You're so typically Priscilla, and we're sure of getting the truth from you along with no petty flattery. But now you are alienating your best chums by being unnecessarily disagreeable. It's all because you've become so plump. When fat piles up in layers, the brain goes off duty."



A vigorous game of tennis whenever she had time was part of Priscilla's program.

"Is this by any chance a lecture?" Priscilla yawned.

"I'm talking what the men call cold turkey. Take my advice or leave it. But if you don't do some strenuous thinking, and follow it with action, you're done for. Your looks will go, and then your career. You worked hard and you made good." Alice's hand gently pressed Priscilla's. "Are you going to throw it all away? You have a lot of money saved, of course, but what will you do with the rest of your life?

"Tod said he heard an executive of your company say that if you took off some weight they might put you into comedy drama."

"I've always wanted to do those speedy, light things, instead of the

Sylph in Five Weeks

change in her figure in little more than a month, and gram of exercise, offers some interesting suggestions.

Gebhart

heavy acting of the melos they shove me into." In Priscilla's eyes flickered a shade of interest. "I *could* get thin, if I wanted to bother. I'll lay you a bet. If I lose twenty pounds on this trip, you buy me a new gown."

"If you're wearing gowns by then," said Alice witheringly, "and not tents."

"And I'll hold stakes," I piped up brightly.

"You will not." Priscilla eyed me coolly. "We'd trust our men with you, angel child, but not our cash."

With which catty remark she heaved herself up and ambled out.

Five weeks later, Alice and I, following a telephone summons from Priscilla, eagerly awaited her at the Montmartre.

A flash of blue threaded between the tables and stopped in a whirl beside us. I give you my word that for an instant we did not know her!

"Behold the skinny frame! Nice skeleton display of bones. See, I mean feel, I carry my xylophone around with me—can play any tune you like on my own ribs.

"Bobbed hair, too. Took me a long time to give in to the scissors. Everybody used to rave, 'What lovely hair you have, Priscilla.' But when I overheard a fan call me 'such a sweet matronly type,' I dashed to a barber shop, boiling with rage, and commanded the fatal deed to be done.

"Plump Priscilla has spilled herself over half the United States.

"And, to make the reformation complete, I've cured the old testy disposition. Not cranky more than about ten times a day, which you darlings will concede is a good record for me."

Brown eyes dancing with mischief, Priscilla cupped her chin in the palm of her hand, smiled sweetly, and cooed: "Here's 'itty bitty Pollyanna Prissy —*meow!*"

Parenthetically, let me hasten to explain that the transformation has not been that great. When Pris becomes a Pollyanna, and her sharp tongue honeyed, I depart for Alaska. However, there is no doubt that considerable change has been effected in her manner. There are occasions when she flares up and speaks her mind with her old caustic frankness, but most of the time she practices heroic self-control. Knowing how hard that is for her, her friends love her more than ever. In fact, it isn't a bit difficult to get along with Priscilla now. She is usually sweet and amiable, her tartness being expressed in her ever-ready wit about things rather than in jabs at people.

"And now, Alice darling, you may proceed to come across," she said airily. "This morning I saw a duck of a frock in one of the Ambassador shops, only three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

Alice gasped. "Have a heart, girl. I've just had my kitchen done over."

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Photo by Hartsook *It was all accomplished while she was on a personal-appearance tour, and when she returned to Hollywood, her friends scarcely recognized her.*

She became a regular devotee of the Charleston, which she says is one of the surest methods she knows for rolling off the pounds.

Two Ways of Getting Into Pictures

One for the rich boy, one for the poor, and Eugene O'Brien, experienced actor of screen and stage, tells what they are.

By Eugene O'Brien

THERE are two ways for a boy to break into the movies, depending on whether he is rich or poor.

I'll address myself first to the poor boy.

You will have a more difficult time than your wealthy competitor, but the harvest that you reap in the end is likely to prove more gratifying.

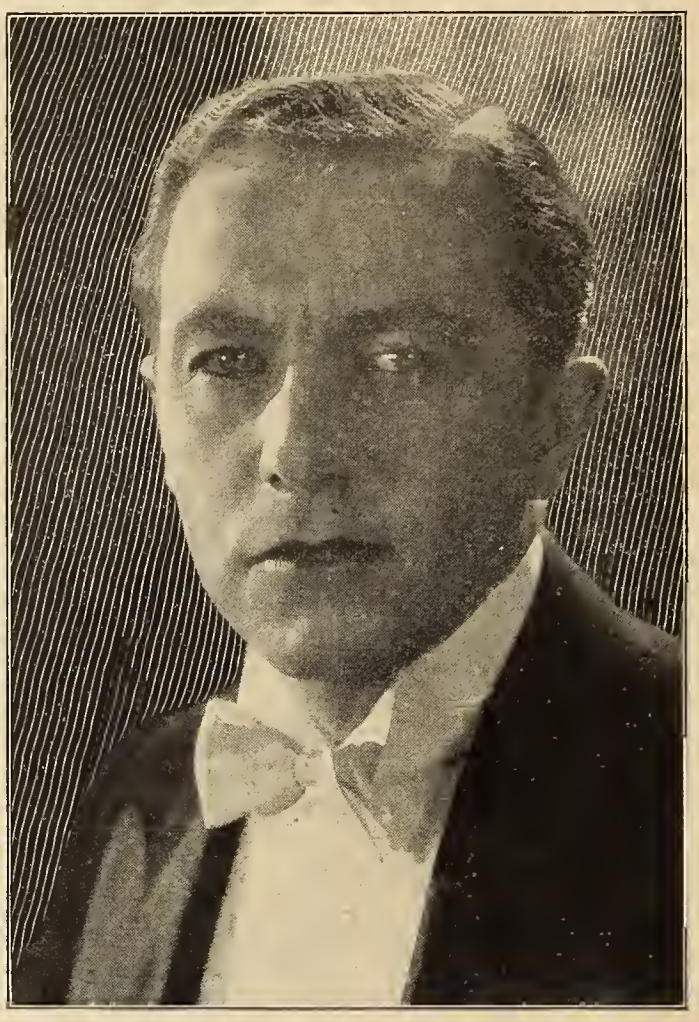
The well-to-do boy, to whom things come more quickly, picks the first, half-ripe fruit. You wait for the juicy succulence of the matured crop.

He wins opportunities more easily, but he may not have the ability or stamina to back them up with hard work. You are slower to gain, but from your set-backs you learn valuable lessons and so gradually develop.

He may get near the top sooner, but you will stay there longer.

The first thing for you to do upon arrival in Hollywood is to plan the cheapest way in which you can live and yet keep up a presentable appearance. I should advise taking a small room near the center of the studio section. One less expensive might be rented in some other part of Los Angeles, but you would spend more in car fare and, besides, it pays to be near the point of activities.

A good investment would be an electric iron and a board. Pressing your own clothes won't hurt you, will save money, and will enable you always to look spic and span. I know several young men who have gone from the ironing board, so to speak, to featured rôles. And they aren't ashamed of the way they had to connive to stretch their few dollars to cover weeks of idleness.



Eugene O'Brien has been in the acting profession for so many years that he is well qualified to advise beginners.

Don't buy cheap clothes. Better to have one good, tailored suit that will photograph well than two cheap ones that look as though they came from an "up-three-flights" store.

A tuxedo and full-dress suit are valuable assets and will pay for themselves in time. A scene requiring formal dress generally pays two dollars and fifty cents a day more than other scenes. The reply, "Complete wardrobe," to the casting director's question will place you on his list as prepared for any call.

If you can afford the outlay, your wardrobe should include the following: one good business suit, or two if possible, one light and one dark; a tuxedo; a full-dress suit; a top coat for formal wear; a light overcoat. Hats: a straw, a felt, a top hat, and a cap. Good shirts, well-made shoes. Gloves for evening wear, a cane, and such accessories are not absolutely essential, but it would be well to have them.

If you have enough money, add a riding suit, bathing suit, white flannels, golfing suit, Western costume (chaps, shirt, kerchiefs), and a blue-coat-and-white-trousers sports outfit. All of these will help you to get engagements.

Don't bluff or sham. If you haven't money, don't pretend that you have. Live within your means. Debts will soon cancel what credit you may be able to get. Nobody will disrespect you because you are poor, but every one will despise you if you aren't square. Save—and when you spend, be sure that it is for a good reason and that you are getting value.

Economy may be practiced by eating at the less expensive cafés, by shining your own shoes, and in other minor ways. And there are certain kinds of work which you might do on the side, until you are regularly employed as an extra. Take, however, only jobs with flexible hours, for you must always be ready to answer a call to the studios. *Never* ignore a call.

Many young beginners make the mistake of becoming stock salesmen, as that requires no stated hours. And usually, they attempt to sell to people connected with the film business. Result: they seldom make a go of it, because, in the first place, motion-picture people are so continually being bothered by salesmen that they won't have anything to do with them, and secondly, because they establish themselves in the minds of stars and directors as salesmen rather than as screen aspirants. They find themselves barred from the studios and from the homes of people they would like to know.

Never try to sell anything to some one whose aid you hope to obtain in furthering your professional ambitions. For it prejudices that person against you.

Then what kind of work *can* you do? If you can write well, there are opportunities occasionally on some of the smaller fan magazines, or perhaps you can induce a newspaper in your home town to accept a weekly or daily "Hollywood Letter" from you and pay you a few dollars a week for it. If you can paint or draw, there is sometimes extra work at the commercial-art and advertising studios. Many boys have turned hobbies into work.

I know one fellow who, in his spare time, takes care of the fan mail of two actresses. This ideal arrange-

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A Man Who Disfigures the Players

Cecil Holland, make-up man for Metro-Goldwyn, is noted for the realistic effects he can produce, no matter how strange or unpleasant they have to be.

By A. L. Wooldridge

HE gave Mary Pickford a black eye! The tip had come to me through underground channels. Yet it looked pretty straight.

I called Miss Pickford on the telephone.

"Why, yes," she replied. "Cecil Holland blacked my eye—beautifully."

I scurried to the Metro studios where the ogre was working.

"How did you black Miss Pickford's eye?" I asked.

"With some paint and part of an egg," he replied. "It was when she was making 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' You may remember when she went to the *Earl of Dorincourt* and described her fight with a boy. *Fauntleroy's* eye looked as though it had collided with a truck or a mule's heel. I did it!"

Cecil Holland, in charge of make-up at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, probably is the most widely known make-up man on the Coast, and many persons, even in the profession, have marveled at his accomplishments.

The greatest task he ever undertook, probably, was with the soldiers who played in Miss Pickford's film, "The Love Light," made a number of years ago. It was necessary for them to appear blinded by that terrible growth known as cataract. It is a disease which gradually destroys the sight. Now eyes are not things to be toyed with. Mr. Holland did not want to run the risk of impairing the vision of any of the men. So, to accomplish what Miss Pickford desired, he courageously experimented on himself.

Cecil Holland as himself and, at the left, made up to look drunken.

How do you suppose he made artificial cataracts?

By putting the skins of eggs over the eyeballs!

Somewhere he had read that during the Civil War spies had carried messages on sensitized eggskins wrapped in tiny rolls and secreted under the lower eyelids. That gave him the idea.

In "Mickey" Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Placer," he put a bullet hole in a man's brow by building up a new forehead with putty, using a pencil to make the hole, and then finishing the illusion by placing red gelatin, slightly coagulated, in and around the hole. It was a gruesome sight but terribly realistic.

Strange as it may seem, one of the most technical tasks for a make-up man, is giving a black eye to an individual. It would be very easy to slam a fist or a chair leg into an optical orb and let nature take its course. But that isn't done. The upper and lower eyelids must be painted, not a jet-black color, but a combination of black, blue, green, and red, with a slight film over the eyeball. In cheap comedies it is the custom to throw on a lot of black and let it go at that. But where realism is desired, a black eye is a difficult thing to imitate.

"A sleepy effect about the eyes is produced by using a very light-colored paint, instead of black," Mr. Holland explains. "The same light shading will aid in producing the appearance of drunkenness. To make small eyes appear large, the lower lid is pulled down and painted white above the

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He gave Mary Pickford a black eye for "Little Lord Fauntleroy and transformed "Bull" Montana into the ape-man of "The Lost World."

He Has to Fight for His Parts!

Though Jean Hersholt, skilled character actor, makes a marked success of every part he plays, he usually has to put up a battle to get each successive one.

By Helen Ogden

As Krauss *in "The Goldfish."*

As Ed Munn *in "Stella Dallas."*

In real life he is so unlike the various rôles he seeks that directors never believe in advance that he can play them.

JEAN HERSHOLT is the most convincing man in pictures.

Every time he applies for a rôle, he has a battle on his hands. Though his ability as a character actor has often been proven, he invariably has to fight for every part he gets. Each time, the director gives him his rôle doubtfully, thinking that he is not suited to it, and yet always, before the picture is completed, becomes enthusiastic about his work.

His job of pre-camera convincing began back in the early Ince days. After several years on the Danish stage, he had come to America in 1915 to attend the World's Fair at San Francisco. Accepting Ince's offer of fifteen dollars a week, he remained, his wife and child with him.

He was playing bits when "The Servant in the House" was scheduled for production. The *Christ* rôle offered a wonderful dramatic opportunity, and Hersholt wanted it. Ince thought that he hadn't the essential spiritual quality, but hours of experimenting with make-up and tests finally convinced him.

His insistence upon rehearsing a scene won him the oldest-German-son part in "The Four Horsemen."

Called for the second "Tess of the Storm Country," he met with disappointment when Mary Pickford said regretfully that he would not do because he seemed too placid for the energetic fight scenes. Cutting strips from old films showing him in fist-action episodes, he spliced them together, returned to the studio, and asked John Robertson to view them. The director, thus won over, persuaded Mary to give him the chance.

The greatest rôle of his career, *Marcus* in "Greed," almost slipped away from him. Seeing "Tess" in San Francisco, Von Stroheim had wired instructions to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to put Hersholt under contract for "Greed."

When they met, the director shook his head and said, "I am very sorry that I had them engage you, for you will not do. Your eyes are too kind."

In a desperate effort, Hersholt rummaged the cheaper Los Angeles stores for a disreputable suit and derby and spent hours evolving his make-up. Reporting at the studio, he managed to station himself near the director and glared at him malignantly. Von Stroheim's eyes snapped.

"*There* is *Marcus!*" he cried.

Continued on page 106

As he appears in "Only the Brave."

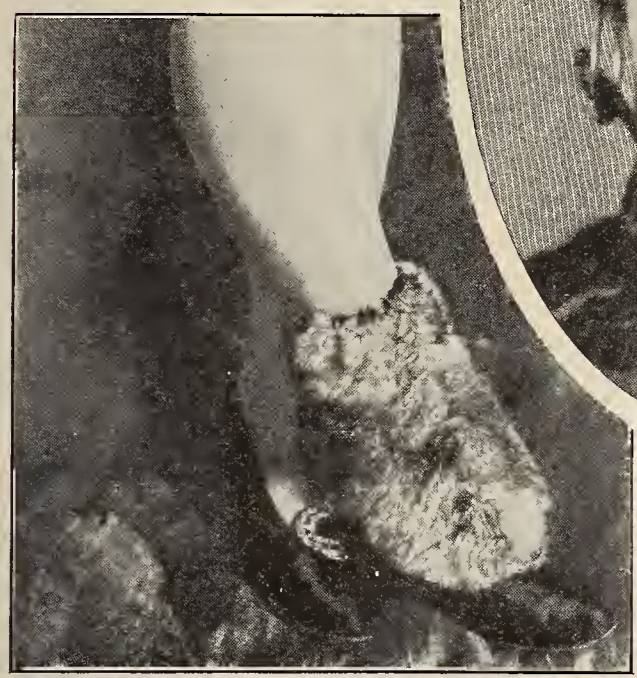
His rôle in "My Old Dutch."

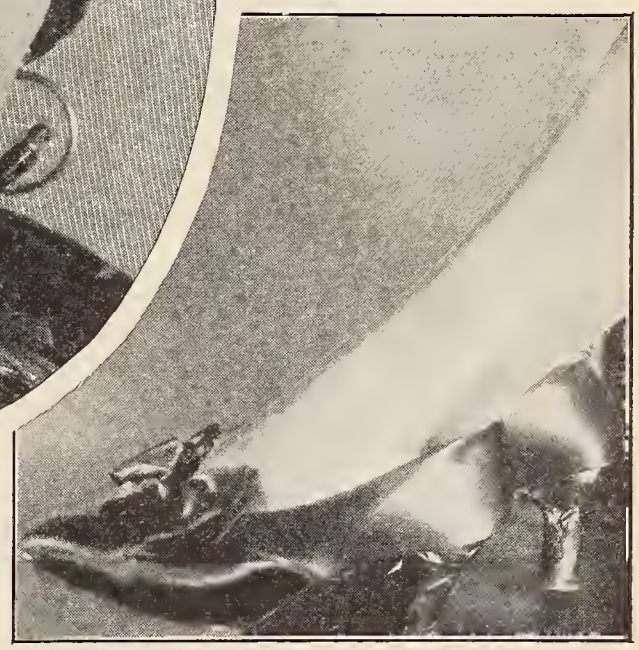
What Next?

There seems to be no limit to the ever-increasing variety in novelties. Some one is always thinking up something new.

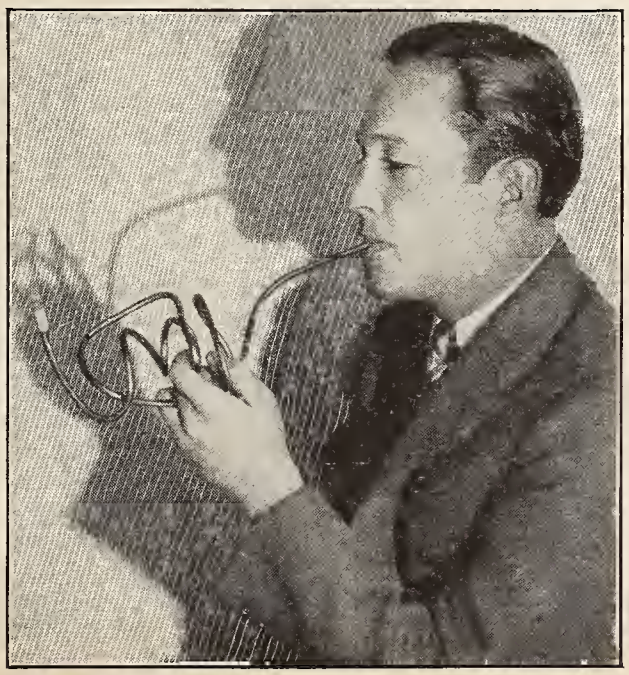
The little bull pup that forms the head of Carmel Myers' Parisian umbrella, also carries her vanity case for her—in his mouth.

Futuristic images of yourself on your scarf is one of the latest fads. Do you recognize Gwen Lee on hers?





On chilly days, when the cold winds blow against your silk-stockinged ankles, what could be cosier and warmer—or prettier—than a pair of fur spats, like the one above, which is worn by Estelle Clark, a young Metro-Goldwyn player.

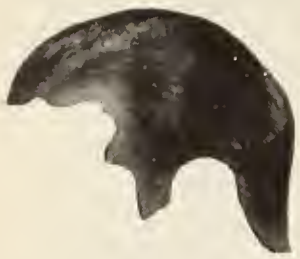


Gwen Lee, in the oval, knows how many secrets can be learned from "little birds," so she has a little one perched in the loop of each of her earrings, to whisper things into her ears.

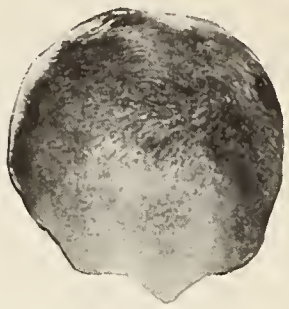
Very ornamental are the marble heels, above, that Kathleen Key wears on her slippers, but what a jar to the nerves they must be! However, the marble came from the Roman emperor Nero's palace—Kathleen brought the pieces back from Rome with her—and the dignity of being mounted on anything so grand and ancient as that makes up for any damage to the nerves.

Jason Robards, at the left, has discovered the safe and sane way to smoke a cigarette. There can be little nicotine left in the smoke after it has passed through the series of involved loops of his Ceylonese holder, and also, you are at a safe distance from the flame when you light the cigarette.

Can You Tell Them by Their Hair?



1. *One of the most famous of the romantic stars.*



2. *He directs, and sometimes acts in pictures of realism.*

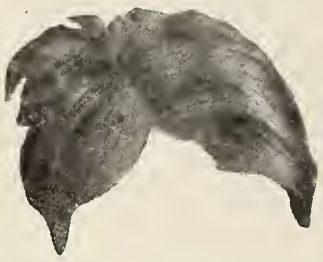
3. *A leading man who came from Canada and served in the war.*

4. *A player of refinement in all of his characterizations.*

5. *The husband of one of the great beauties of the screen.*

6. *A well-established star, long identified with D. W. Griffith.*

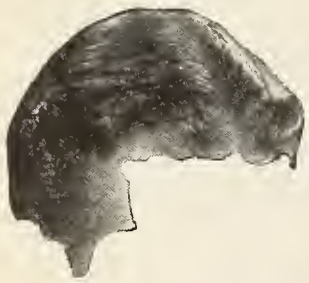
7. *One of three brothers, each of whom is a screen player.*



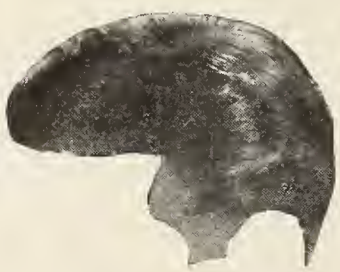
8. *A young Englishman, brought into prominence by Von Sternberg.*

9. *A much-discussed star, who has won great praise of late.*

10. *An Irish leading man, well known for his happy smile.*



11. *A very popular player of boyish rôles.*



12. *A star, beloved by every one, now appearing in light comedies.*

13. *One of the best-known heroes of Western feature pictures.*

14. *His fans have hot debates with the fans devoted to No. 9.*

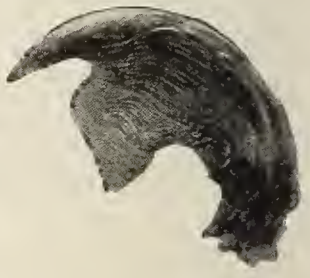
15. *He is widely known as the father of three splendid children.*

16. *An athlete, and a Yale man, who had a hard time breaking in.*

17. *Once a Sennett comedy gag man, now a star in comedy films.*

18. *Member of a famous stage family, now identified with films.*

19. *He can play wistful, pathetic parts as no other actor can.*



20. *Once, but no longer, known as the "male vamp" of the screen.*

21. *A De Mille player who was married not very long ago.*

HOW well do you know the physical characteristics of the screen actors? How many can you identify by their hair alone, for example? Here is a chance to put yourself to a test. On this page we have reproduced incomplete photographs of twenty-two male stars or leading men—just enough to show the complete outline of their hair, as they usually have it cut and combed. To assist you slightly, we have added a few words, which in a general way characterize each player without telling who he is.

Study these over carefully—see how many you can identify—and then check up your results by turning to page 108, where you will find the entire list of names, with numbers corresponding to those on this page.

22. *Introduced to films by D. W. Griffith, now with Cecil De Mille.*

Louise Fazenda at lunch in her breakfast room.

A Star Goes Treasure Hunting

Through many years of collecting, Louise Fazenda has accumulated in her home a valuable store of beautiful old things.

A TOUR of Louise Fazenda's new home would make the directors of a museum positively green with envy. For there is housed therein such a rare collection of antiques—of all sorts and descriptions, from china to chairs—that you wonder how on earth one lone individual could have acquired them all.

The simple truth of the matter is that Louise has been crazy about old things ever since she was a child, and that she has been collecting them ever since she could remember—most particularly since success in the movies has given her the opportunity to buy whatever she wants.

Since the auspicious day on which she received her first big salary check, she has blazed a collecting trail all over the country. She has assiduously gone to auctions in Los Angeles and elsewhere. When she made a personal-appearance tour in the East and South, she collected. She picked up things in New York, Boston, and other New England towns; then in Philadelphia, in and around Washington, Atlanta, Macon, and New Orleans—making a complete circle. Paying freight bills became so common with her that a day seemed a dull one unless a truck stopped at her door with more things. The result was that there eventually had to be a bigger and better home, to hold all her possessions.

And now that Louise has completed one new home, she will do more building in a year or so, for she has some choice property where the ocean's expanse will be her mirror for summer moods. This summer home will be no simple structure, according to her present plans. So she is still collecting treasures!

Her collection of old china is really enviable.

A new home was needed to hold all her things, so the spacious Tudor mansion shown at the left was the result.

Continued from page 71

She asserted that the contract was terminated about a year ago, although it did not expire until last fall.

Magnificent Competitors.

They *must* be rivals now!

The title of Jack Gilbert's next picture is "Bardelys, the Magnificent," and of Ramon Novarro's, "Bellamy, the Magnificent," and they both, of course, play the title rôles.

Jack's feature is a story of swashbuckling adventure, adapted from the novel by Rafael Sabatini, and Novarro's is an adaptation of an English play, written around a *Don Juan*-like character, who demolishes feminine hearts with a sort of ironical gallantry.

The pictures are both going to be pretentious affairs.

Modern Sheiks Dethroned.

And speaking of *Don Juan* reminds us that each and every fan may as well be prepared to be overwhelmed with the bacchanalian orgy of beauty that will be disclosed to the film-going world when John Barrymore's production of "Don Juan" comes to the screen. It is not scheduled for release—except in some of the larger cities, we believe—until the end of the year. But it is an achievement that will be worth a lot of anticipating, no matter how far off its arrival may be.

It is the one picture in which Barrymore remains consistently youthful and handsome—at least, in the playing of the main character of the story. There is a prologue, however, in which he plays *Don Juan's* father, where he is made up with the dark beard of a Spanish grandee, but even in this, he resembles a Velasquez portrait.

During his entire *Don Juan* portrayal, he appears in a blond wig, which serves to bring out to a flattering degree his resemblance to Apollo.

These prophecies and comments are inspired by the fact that we actually got a glimpse of "Don Juan" at a preview at one of the neighborhood theaters. And outside of "Ben-Hur," "The Big Parade," and one or two others, we have never known any film to be greeted with such a gasp of delight as greeted this one when the title was flashed on the screen, to the delight of the audience.

Sorrow for Favored Star.

We heard with a great deal of sadness of the death of Marie Prevost's mother in a motor accident which occurred some weeks ago in New Mexico, and though we have not had a chance to see Marie before writing these lines, we know how deeply she must be stricken. The accident also nearly resulted in the death of Vera Steadman, the comedy player, who was driving the auto that was wrecked, and of Al Christie, who was accompanying the party for a short portion of the journey.

The accident was due to the unexpected breaking of one of the wheels of the machine.

Jazzy Wedding Jingles.

In behalf of brighter reflections, it may be just as well for us to mention right here that marriages and romances continue to keep refreshingly in the foreground.

We have already told about the mating of William Boyd and Elinor Fair. And now, Robert Z. Leonard, the director, Mae Murray's ex-husband, and Gertrude Olmstead have announced their engagement. To the accompaniment of a jazz band at a railroad station, Leonard placed a huge diamond ring on the finger of his fiancée.

We also must mention, among the newlyweds, Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon, who were married in New York; Louise Glaum and Zachary M. Harris, the director; and Marion Harlan, who has announced that she is leaving the screen, now that she is the wife of Walter Kennedy. Kennedy's father is owner of a large hotel at Mineral Springs, Indiana.

Epics Becoming a Luxury.

Filming epics is becoming a costly diversion! It will be, anyway, if all the people who file million-dollar suits against the producing companies every time one is picturized ever collect.

About a year or so ago, Paramount had a lawsuit leveled at them as a result of "The Covered Wagon." The daughter of the real Jim Bridger, the character played by Tully Marshall, objected to the fact that her father was made to seem somewhat inebriate, and careless in his associations with Indian squaws. The court, by the way, ruled in favor of the company, holding that different decades have different standards of proper and improper conduct, and that the old pioneer had not been libeled.

Now, Paramount again has been attacked for another million, but this time they are charged with plagiarism. The story about which the fuss is being made is "The Pony Express."

Because of the constant likelihood of having to defend such suits, most of the companies have stopped even considering the purchase of unsolicited stories. Their only chance to be safe from such attacks is to adapt stories that have been published or acted, or which have been written by some well-known professional writer.

Bouquets for Leatrice.

Leatrice Joy's appearance in a stage play, recently, was a gala event for the film colony. She appeared in a big emotional part in a play that was given at a little art theater in Los Angeles. This playhouse has never perhaps drawn such a dressed-up audience in its history. People generally slip down to these art-theater performances in their everyday attire.

A play with Leatrice Joy, however, was different. The colony always don their gayest garb, whenever they are going to greet one of their own members in a stage venture. There is nothing, in fact, that means quite so much to all of them. The reason is that, in every film star's heart, there lurks a love for the stage that never seems to lessen. And in seeing some other film star on the stage they are probably only gratifying a wish that they too may some day have the chance to make such an appearance.

In a few years, it may be predicted, many of the favorites of the movie fans may be playing quite regularly on the boards in Los Angeles. Legitimate theaters are being built in increasing numbers, and more and more are the picture players taking part in performances. Lionel Barrymore and Bert Lytell, among the more prominent, have appeared recently, and Ruth Roland, and others frequently go on brief tours in vaudeville.

Leatrice was overjoyed over her chance, as she had not played since she was in stock some years ago in San Diego. Her voice was unusual in its richness, and she played a very trying rôle in a drama that was somewhat gloomy, according to the best foreign traditions.

Robert Ames, the C. B. De Mille leading man, shared with Miss Joy in the acting honors.

Return to Silence.

Even the lure of the stage can't keep a good actor away from pictures.

H. B. Warner, who was starred several seasons ago, is the latest to return, and is successively to be seen in "Whispering Smith" and "Silence." Warner has done practically nothing in the films during the past few years, except the lead in Gloria Swanson's "Zaza." He is in California indefinitely this trip, having brought his family West and settled in a home of his own.

Continued on page 96

Yes, Ma'am, that's My Dolly!

Some proud mothers with their dolls.

The stylish thing in the way of a gift, just now, is a doll. Seena Owen was recently given a little Parisian doll, Nanette.

Edmund Burns gave Leatrice Joy her wee mandarin doll, Chow-Toy.

To Dolores Costello came Esther, a little American girl. But poor Louise Fazenda hasn't got any doll at all, and has to be comforted by her little rag dog. Alice Calhoun was given a Shriner doll, with fez and all.

Continued from page 94

Graduates as Stunt Performer.

It had to happen to Bebe, too!

Miss Daniels was visited by the Goddess Bad Luck during the filming of "Miss Brewster's Millions," her final production before returning East. And the worst of it is that the goddess' infliction took the form of a bad bump resulting from a fall from a bicycle.

Bebe was doing a stunt for the picture, and was supposed to ride up close to a motor truck while the truck was in motion, and grab what was presumably a rope, but in reality a lion's tail—this all while attempting to escape from motor cops who had been pursuing her for miles.

While Bebe was being photographed from the truck, this vehicle gave a sudden swerve, and in trying to keep out of danger, Miss Daniels swung around too suddenly and upset the bicycle. She hit her head on the pavement as she fell, and she suffered a slight concussion that laid her up for a few days.

"They may talk jokingly about being knocked off a bicycle, if they want to," said Miss Daniels after she had recovered, "but I know from experience that it's no joking matter."

Theodore Roberts Improving.

Theodore Roberts has been getting around very well lately with the aid of a crutch and a cane, after having been confined to a wheel chair for many months. Following his appearance in a picture for Famous Players-Lasky, he has gone into vaudeville for a time. Your chance to see him again on the screen will be in a production starring Betty Bronson, and called by the very highbrow name, "The Cat's Pajamas."

The funny part of this title is that the story to which it is attached was written by Ernest Vadja, the Hungarian dramatist, who is considered quite ultra and literary.

Change of Address.

Not all the big money goes into stars' salaries and big productions. One or two of the companies on the West Coast have been looking for new homes for their activities, because they have outgrown the old ones, and one of the companies recently to make a purchase is Paramount. It has taken over the United studios, at which the First National units have heretofore worked, and it is generally understood that the buy cost Paramount more than a million dollars. Very soon, when they move into their new quarters, therefore, you'll have to change the street addresses on the Christmas and Easter post cards that you send to your favorite stars with that company, while First National will also probably soon have another abode.

Charlie Stands Pat.

From reports at this writing, Charlie Chaplin seems just about to justify his faith in Josef von Sternberg, the director of "The Salvation Hunters," for which he acted as sponsor about a year ago. For, when Edna Purviance's new starring picture appears on the screen, Von Sternberg's name will probably flash on the title sheet as director.

This would seem to dispose of the assertion made in some quarters that Chaplin was playing a practical joke when he sponsored the five-thousand-dollar Von Sternberg film.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

City contest last fall, was dragged into the picture. She is a passably comely young lady, who photographs badly. Esther Ralston is the unfortunate *Miss Centerville.*

Hearts and Flowers.

In a little village, two men and a girl grow up together. As one boy seems to be in a fair way to eclipse the other in the young lady's affections, the defeated one packs his bags and sets out to seek his fortune. The other boy marries the girl, and they settle down to domesticity, with a baby to keep them home at night. During the long evenings, the pretty wife gets to worrying about the man she might have chosen and didn't.

In the meantime, the rejected one also has his moments of reminiscence, but being a martyr, he returns to his home town disguised as a swaggering, vulgar boor, in order that his ladylove may stay with her husband and turn from all thoughts of him in the future.

This is the plot of "Memory Lane." Conrad Nagel is the young husband, Eleanor Boardman is the wife with the good memory, and William Haines is the boy with the big heart.

The Gentleman Cowboy.

"The Yankee Señor" is one of the best pictures Tom Mix has had for a long time.

The story, centering, of course, on the star, who is splendid in amazing versions of a cowboy suit, is a complicated and breezy one. There are all sorts of misunderstandings, but they aren't annoying ones.

There is a beautiful, dark-haired young lady called Olive Borden in it.

Society's Problems

It seems odd that a modern young woman like Natacha Rambova, or as the parentheses have it, Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, should have chosen a Laura Jean Libby plot for her début on the screen. The story is aged. It is about a young wife who helps her husband to succeed, only to find that he has grown away from her. And then, of course, she wins him back.

Called "When Love Grows Cold," this is the poorest picture of the month, or of almost any month, for that matter. The interiors are bad, the costumes atrocious. Miss Rambova is not well dressed, nor does she film well, in the slightest degree.

Clive Brook appears discouraged in his rôle of the husband.

Mrs. Wallace Reid supervised "The Red Kimono." It is the story of an abandoned woman, and is supposed to make a great big lump come in your throat, but it doesn't.

There is something said to the effect that "a home is where a mother smiles on her children, any other place is just a house"—which knocks into a cocked hat the older theory that "a house is a house, but a home with children is a madhouse."

"What Happened to Jones" is another bit of good luck for Reginald Denny. Lately, this good-looking young man has run into a whole string of amusing plots, and this, after years of bad ones, should make the dawn of a new day for him.

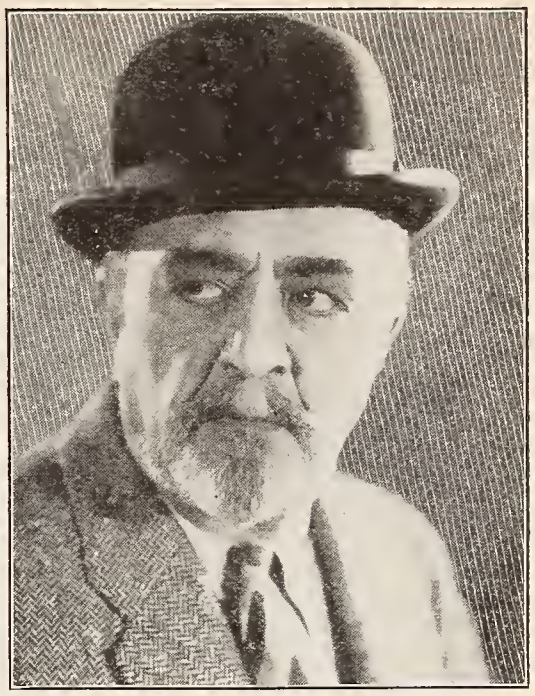
The film was adapted from the stage play by George Broadhurst, and it deals with the many complications of *Tom Jones.* Zasu Pitts is very good as *Hilda,* a maid. The picture was directed by William Seiter, with Marian Nixon as Mr. Denny's leading lady.

"Dancing Mothers," adapted from the stage play by Edmund Goulding and Edgar Selwyn, has found its way to the screen, with Alice Joyce, Conway Tearle, and Clara Bow in the cast.

This is a conventional story of the younger generation, and Herbert Brenon has stepped from the fairy tale of "A Kiss for Cinderella" to handle it in a conventional way. Alice Joyce is extremely beautiful in a very thankless part. Norman Trevor is good—call it adequate—too.

At the left, you have ISIDORE COHEN, *who would like to sell you a suit of clothes.*

At the right, you see STEVE HOGAN, *the big city politician, leader of the first ward.*



How a Hat Can Change a Character

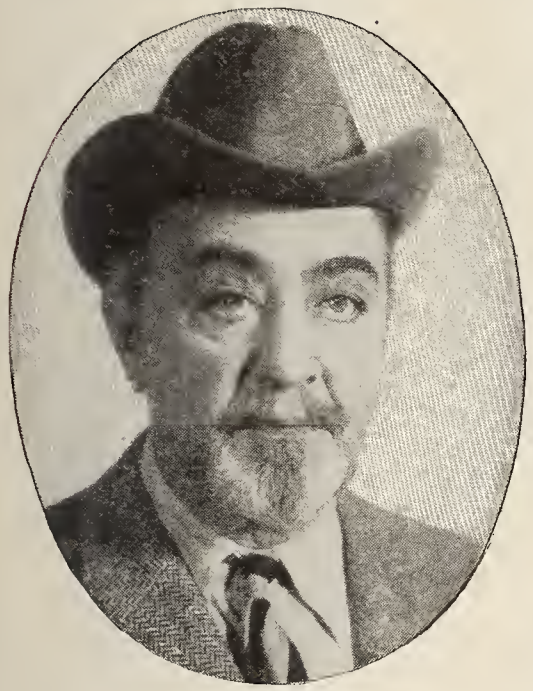
STUDY these pictures and see how so small a part of personal apparel as a hat, and the angle at which it is worn, can alter a person's entire appearance! Without a change of make-up, Robert Edeson, now playing in De Mille productions, presents a series of separate characterizations, each distinctive and easily identified.

Edeson is one of the veterans of the American stage, a matinée idol of a generation ago. He began his career in 1889, and was starred in the original stage productions of "Classmates" and "Strongheart," to name but two of his successes.

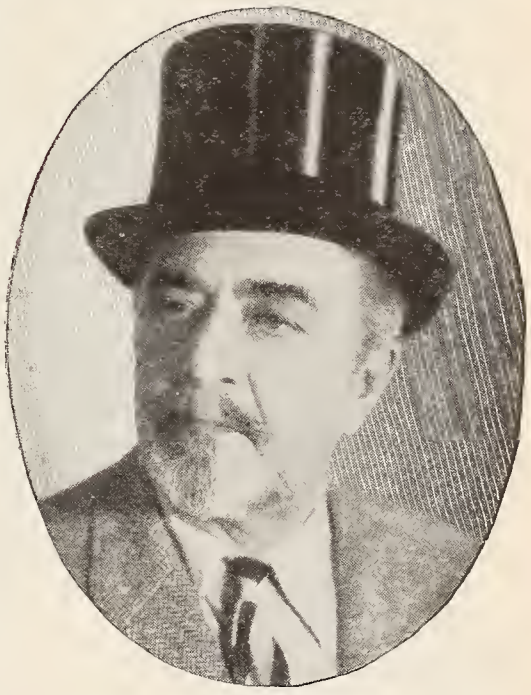
He has appeared in many motion pictures, including "Foolish Wives," the Metro production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the Goldwyn production of "The Spoilers."

The beard that he wears in these pictures was grown for his rôle in "The Volga Boatman."

All the hats shown in these varied characterizations are from the private collection of Edeson. Throughout his long career he has collected different forms of headgear, and he has, in all, more than seventy different hats which he has worn in stage and screen productions.



Here is the retired corn king from Kansas, giving the world the once over.



Beneath the shiny silk hat, the Wall Street banker looks out coldly at you.

No need to caption the man on the left. You know at a glance that he's from the West.

Nor this bleary-eyed fellow on the right —a discouraged down-and-outer, despite his nifty necktie.

Continued from page 29

are a few of the events that happened:

They hit her in the eye with a ripe tomato.

They broke a watermelon over her head.

A gang of "alley rats" fought her and a little negro boy bit her leg.

They knocked her down in a pile of turnips, parsnips, and cabbages.

They tore off one of her stockings.

They left melon seeds and melon juice in her hair.

They pelted her with potatoes, cauliflower and egg plant.

When she came out of it, she looked like some one who had gone into an Irish conference and endeavored to make a speech favoring the Ku Klux Klan. Patsy is exceedingly good natured and tried to take the "rough-housing" in the proper spirit but there was a look in her eye which seemed to say: "Now this has gone about far enough. Keep on and pretty soon I'll get mad. Then some of you alley rats won't be home for dinner."

They were filming "The Beautiful Cheat" at Universal. In the cast was a disgruntled, long-horned steer. Presto! An idea!

"Miss La Plante," said a hard-boiled director, "can you climb a tree?"

"I guess so," Laura replied. "I could, if I had to."

"Well, you're gonna have to or do some mighty tall running. You and that steer will play a scene together."

"Together?"

"Yes, together!"

"We won't be together long if there's a tree there."

"We'll pick out a nice tree for you —one you can sorter run up without much trouble."

"Won't be any trouble at all," said Miss La Plante, "if that steer is going to get chummy."

They bantered about for a bit, called for camera, and Miss La Plante gave every one present more reasons for believing the theory of evolution. If any of man's primordial ancestors ever showed greater ability in shinning up a tree, it was before the present physical development.

They're always getting the actresses into messes of this kind. They put little Vera Reynolds in a railroad wreck in "The Road to Yesterday," smeared her all up with dirt and grease and showered her with steam. It was one of the most thrilling scenes Cecil De Mille ever attempted. They sewed Nita Naldi up in a bag of jute in "The Ten Commandments" and made her cut her way out with a carving knife. Nita was talking Italian as she emerged and talking it fast. They put Evelyn Brent astride an enormous alligator and had her pull its nose till it opened its jaws and snapped. They had Bebe Daniels pull a lion's tail and Martha Sleeper go jump in the lake.

If any one is obsessed with the idea that the life of a movie star is just one round of tea parties and ballroom sets and love affairs, let him or her look into what has occurred. Some lovely illusions will be shattered. And when you see the players going through scenes such as I have described—give them silent thanks—if they entertain you!

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 50

miles to bring back some little lost lamb.

The first day we were here, we had a terrible time. These are not trained movie sheep, and no sooner would Mr. Raymaker get everything ready to shoot than one would wander off and all the rest would follow. One of the assistants would dash around—oh, his intentions were all right—and the frightened sheep would go in every direction.

One day Rin-tin-tin met his match. This part of the country is a beautiful, rolling, grassy, tree-dotted garden. In the higher mountains are deer which not infrequently stray down to crop the luxuriant bunch grass. One day, a splendid twelve-point buck and four does came close to where the company were working.

"Rinty" was after them like a flash, apparently determined to round them into the flock. But they soon winded him, and in half an hour he returned, tired and panting, with a hurt, puzzled expression in his eyes. He just didn't understand those amazingly fleet animals who refused to stay with the herd.

To-day Johnny Harron and the baby and I were seated at the table for a supper scene, Rin-tin-tin beside me. Suddenly, a huge nanny goat decided she craved food, and walked into our set and started eating. No one had the nerve to stop her, because she had been on a butting rampage all day. As long as the camera was cranking, Rin-tin-tin would not move. But just one word from Lee Duncan, his trainer, and Rinty was after the goat and out of the scene she went.

John Harron has to his own satisfaction exploded the ancient theory of comic artists and columnists: that goats have a gastronomic weakness for tin cans. With a whole flock of woolly beauties to experiment on, he threw onto the grass the tin foil from a package of cigarettes. A nanny spied the glittering object, nosed it, then chewed it with a beatific expression, finally swallowing it. Johnny offered the goat a cigarette which it consumed with relish.

Next, Nanny ate an entire package of cigarettes with great gusto. No untoward effects resulted. Johnny then presented a can of salmon. Nanny nosed it, carefully licked it out clean, and then passed on to a tuft of bunch grass. Johnny offered the can again. Nanny turned it down.

"Somebody lied," said Johnny, "or at least they exaggerated. I will give the truth to the world: a goat will eat tin foil but not tin cans."

And while I'm telling tales—Irving Asher, our business manager, drives a bright-red roadster. Coming back from the village yesterday, he took a short cut through what he thought was an empty field. Suddenly he heard a snort and a bellow, and right in front of him was a raging bull making for his nice, new, shiny automobile. (This is his story.) He swung sharply and the bull went plunging off down the field. He said the animal was so close that he was afraid its hot breath would take the paint off his car.

Little Mary Louise Miller, my child in "The Night Cry," has absolutely no fear. In one scene to-day, she and I had to walk through the flock of sheep. Mary Louise picked up her little stick and walked right into the midst of the herd.

We poke a lot of fun at Gayne Whitman. He is one of the Mexicans in the picture, has grown a scraggy beard, and isn't allowed to comb his hair—not much like the stock matinée idol we remember of a year or so ago! The old Mexican shepherds decided he must be of their nationality and engaged him in conversation, but when he replied in English and looked puzzled, they gave him a most disgusted look and wouldn't have anything more to do with him.

I wish I had time to tell you about the cañons we discovered and the skeletons and bones, but they are calling me now to come and take care of my child and to keep the Mexicans from shooting Rin-tin-tin, so 'by while I act heroic for the camera.

Sincerely,

June Marlowe.

A Famous "Mother" and Her Daughters

Never before have there been so many female impersonators on the screen as have been seen this season.

HOW many of these impersonators can you recognize? If you saw "The Unholy Three," you will know Lon Chaney, in the oval, as the crook disguised as *Mrs. O'Grady*. But can you name the others?

If not, the one in the upper left-hand corner is Sid Chaplin, made up for his rôle in "Oh, What a Nurse." This story was written for him as a vehicle suitable for following up his sensational hit in "Charley's Aunt."

Across the page from him is Julian Eltinge, the most famous of all stage or screen female impersonators, as he appeared in the Christie comedy, "Madam, Behave!"

Below, at the left, is Reginald Denny in "What Happened to Jones," an old stage farce almost as well known as "Charley's Aunt." And at the right you see Charles Chase, of the Hal Roach comedies, in "A Perfect Lady."

What I Admire Most in a Man

Continued from page 19

When Florence Vidor meets a member of the opposite sex, she intuitively takes in, at a glance, his teeth, collar, necktie, and shoes. If he measures up to her standard, he immediately interests her.

"My pet annoyance," Miss Vidor says, "is the overpolite man, the one who is too profuse with his compliments. He insults your intelligence, and certifies to his insincerity. I have a particular aversion to the man who interrupts your conversation—the essence of ill manners. And I confess to having had more than one evening spoiled completely by the type of man that strives to attract attention to himself by ordering waiters about, speaking in a loud voice, and filling the room with raucous laughter, as though to say, 'Look at me! Here I am!' Of all the male annoyances that exist, deliver me from this one! Incidentally, I greatly admire the man who has a sense of humor. That gift can compensate for even the most homely face."

Aileen Pringle is enthralled by "the man who dares!" "Every daughter of Eve," she says, insisting that she is no different from the rest, "admires a bit of recklessness in a man. The conservative chap who never takes a chance in business, in sports, or in life in general, is a comfortable sort of person, but he is never a Don Juan. Strangely enough, when a woman's advice is asked, she usually tells her husband to play safe in business matters. But deep down in her heart, she hopes he will not heed her advice, and will take the more daring course. By her advice she has alibied herself, and later may say, 'I told you so!' if his reckless plan falls through. But she admires the spirit which prompts a man to gamble with things in life."

Eleanor Boardman voices the following: "I like a man who is honest. If I ask his opinion about my frock or my style of hair dress, I like for him to tell the truth about it. If he admires everything I wear, unreservedly, I set him down as a negative person who does not know his own mind. I like a man who will argue with me, and will not be downed by feminine cajolery."

Jetta Goudal, exotic, temperamental little star, is decidedly a feminist in her opinions. Here is what she says:

"No matter how hard a man tried, he never could please me more than by just considering me his equal. Little superficial courtesies **are** pleasant, but not when accompanied by the 'superior male' attitude. Let him pay me those little attentions and also really believe that I am his equal, and I will say that he has—oh, what do you call it?—'made a hit with me!'"

Carmel Myers avers that, no matter how much of a feminist a woman may be, she likes to be treated as though she were a queen. "I have heard women say they did not want to be handled as though they were breakable," she says, "but a woman who repudiates admiration is one whose nature has been deadened by neglect. For it is woman's natural desire to be admired."

Marie Prevost thinks she has found in her husband, Kenneth Harlan, the best qualities of a man. This bit of information I deduced during a very pleasant hour while lunching at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Miss Prevost is one of the few people who think before they speak. She never gives an offhand reply. That old platitude, "A woman who speaks before she thinks usually has something to think about afterward," could never be applied to her.

She confided to me that what she admires most is a good disposition, thoughtfulness, a sense of humor, and dependability.

"I never am conscious of what a man wears, so long as he is carefully groomed," she says. "When I first met Kenneth, we didn't get along at all. In fact, I didn't care for him very much. But I later discovered his good qualities, and now see more of them every day, and I love and admire him for them."

The cinema colony can testify that, since their marriage, Mr. Harlan and Miss Prevost have not once missed having lunch and dinner together. If Marie is working, Kenneth calls at the studio or on location for her, and vice versa. Their home life is said to be ideal.

Alice Calhoun gave me a list of requirements that staggered me. She rattled them off like a comptometer. She wanted everything!

"The qualities I most admire in a man," she began slowly, but picking up speed as she progressed, "are aggressiveness, determination, sincerity, unselfishness, and ability to achieve a goal. He must be affectionate and tender. Physical and facial beauty doesn't matter. What I admire is beauty of soul, which is necessarily reflected in the face."

Others of the widely known actresses summed up their ideals in a few words. Here is what some of them want in men:

Seena Owen—understanding.

Dorothy Mackaill—kindliness.

Mary Astor—ability to do big things.

Blanche Sweet—amiability.

Madge Bellamy—enthusiasm and courage.

Norma Shearer—intelligence.

Madeline Hurlock—a strong sense of humor.

Margaret Livingston—just a "Romeo lover."

Anna May Wong—honor and good sportsmanship.

Jacqueline Logan—the ability to be a pal.

Patsy Ruth Miller—good breeding, dignity, poise.

A Star's Balance Sheet

Continued from page 49

"Liabilities," she continued, turning to the second column. "Unpleasant experiences—I have had more than my share. One producer who had me under contract died, and all of his business affairs were terribly mixed up, which kept me inactive for a long while. Then I showed a real gift for picking features that became involved in lawsuits.

"And I never have been so fortunate as to have a big opportunity or to be in the cast of a spectacular sensation. When a film makes a hit, every one in it, even those in inconspicuous rôles, shares the spotlight. My movies have always been in that mediocre class that might be labeled, 'They satisfy.'

"I'm not well known here, personally. A lot of people in pictures have probably never heard of me. Influential friends are assets that I lack, because I have never gone around much in Hollywood, except to girls' clubs and little parties. Social success counts for a lot in getting engagements if you're free lancing—you appear at premières wearing gorgeous gowns, and you meet directors and executives who are impressed with your personality.

"Then, I have been ill quite a bit, frequently missing engagements. Being off the screen for a few months is almost fatal.

"There, that's all I can think of. Have some more tea, and let to-morrow tell its own tale. It's fun, balancing, and it makes you stop and do some thinking, but after that, what?"

So saying, the serene and eye-filling Virginia, darkly beautiful and quite charming of manner, tossed her pencil aside and filled our cups again.

What will the closing of her 1926 books show? Perhaps the brief addenda will read: "Home run."

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The only way that removes all dirt and grease from the pores

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* * * *

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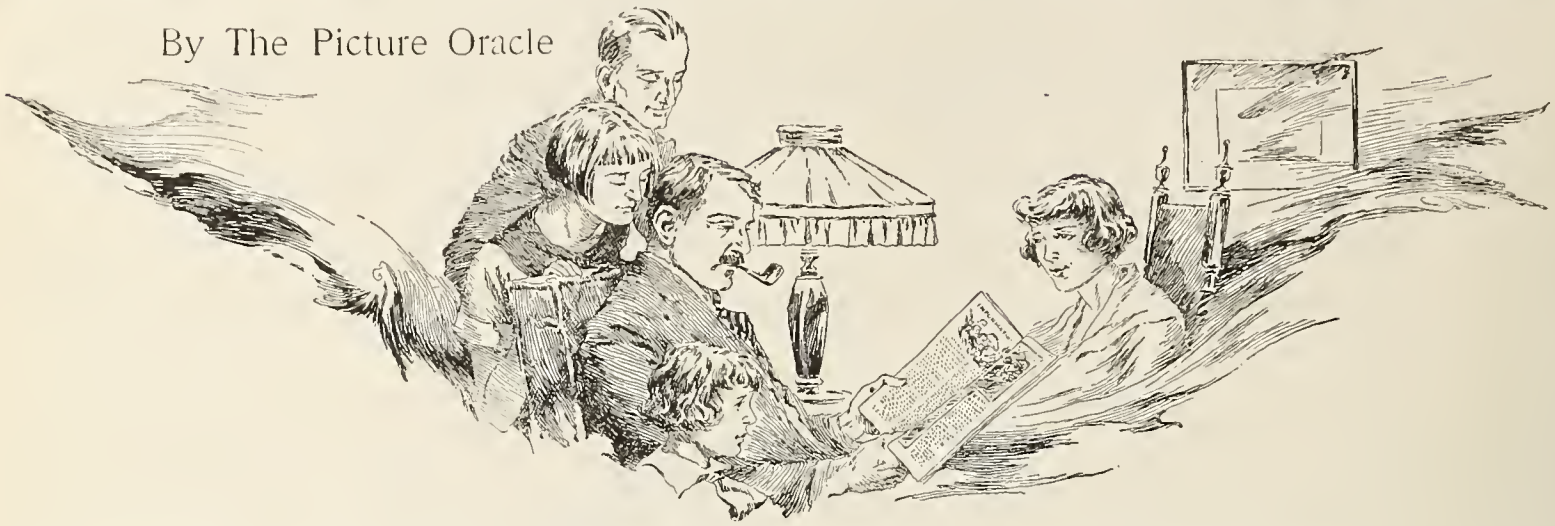
Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



GIRL FROM THE WINDY CITY.—Hasn't that wind stopped blowing yet? Pauline Garon is under contract to Warner Brothers; Laurence Wheat usually plays in Famous Players pictures, but I don't think he is under contract to them, and he doesn't give a home address. I can only suggest that you write him in their care. Lillian Rich was born in England. I don't know where Katherine Grant was born. About that snapshot of Olive Thomas—I didn't have your address, as you know, when I received it, and I put the picture away somewhere to save until I heard from you. I haven't been able to find it since; it was a tiny little thing, and I'm afraid it has been lost.

MARY CRISS.—Didn't you know, really, that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of the famous Doug whose new picture is "Don Q"—followed by "The Black Pirate"—and who is the husband of Mary Pickford? The reason you haven't seen Baby Peggy's address is that she is not playing in pictures any more, and I don't know where she can be reached. She started out making a vaudeville tour last year, but I don't know whether she is still appearing on the stage or not.

OLIVE.—You must have been going to a correspondence school—you write so many letters! However, if no one asked me questions, I shouldn't have any job, and what would poor Robin do then, poor thing? Constance Bennett was born in New York about twenty years ago. Priscilla Bonner was born in Washington, D. C.—I don't know when—and I don't know about her sister. Raymond Griffith comes from Boston, where he was born in 1890. Marion Davies is a Brooklyn girl. Ann Pennington free lances, and has no permanent address that I know of; however, she usually lives at the Hotel Algonquin when she is in New York. No doubt a letter would reach her there. I have included the other addresses in the list.

PETE AND REPEATER.—Why don't you buy a repeater? William Duncan hasn't played in any pictures for about four years. In fact, he has dropped out of the movie world completely; I don't know where he was born. He is married to Edith Johnson. As to who is the best scrapper on the screen, with the keenest way of handling his fists, I can't very well give my opinion without showing lack of tact. George O'Brien is quite a favorite among many of the movie people.

JACK BLOMSTRO.—I'm afraid Mary Miles Minter has retired from movie work for good. Roscoe Arbuckle is directing—helping out in Buster Keaton's pictures, I think. Gladys Walton had a baby last spring, and so her screen appearances have been rather infrequent, as she has domestic interests. *Rupert* in "Rupert of Hentzau" was played by Lew Cody. *Prince Gabriel's* special officer in "Graustark" was Roy d'Arcy. "Ben-Hur" is a Metro-Goldwyn picture. No, Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are not related; they do look alike, though, don't they?

A EUGENE O'BRIEN FAN.—Eugene O'Brien is forty-two, and is a bachelor. He is six feet tall and a blond, with blue eyes. Yes, he free lances, and is a leading man, but not a star. He has no permanent address, as he works in different studios, but he is probably most often engaged at United studios—address below. I don't think Gloria Hope ever played opposite her husband, Lloyd Hughes, though they both appeared in Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country" several years ago, in which Lloyd was the leading man. That, I think, was about Gloria's last film before she retired. There is no chance of seeing Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies both in the same picture, as it is too expensive for a producer to pay two high-priced stars salaries in the same production. The hero in Katherine MacDonald's picture, "Refuge," was Hugh Thompson. Betty Bronson will probably play in many modern films from time to time, though she is usually cast in old-fashioned stories because she is such a quaint type. I haven't seen any announcement of a picture version of "The Sporting Chance," the magazine serial you mention. As to forming a Norma Talmadge club—or any other fan club—I don't really know much about it. Notices are simply sent in to me that a club has been formed and I publish them. However, I should think you could gather a group together in your home town as a starter, and send notices to film magazines asking others to join you.

MIDNIGHT ROSE.—Many people feel somewhat "rosy" at midnight, but not, probably for the same reason you do! Gloria Swanson has her own office at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for the purpose of taking care of her fan mail. No, it is not always necessary to send a quarter for a star's picture, though few of them will admit that they send photographs free, because then no one would pay for them. One screen player's fan correspondence cost eighteen thousand dollars in one year! So you can see why no one admits sending out free photographs. Some stars have secretaries to take care of their fan mail; other players' mail is taken care of by the companies for which they work. That is why most players have their mail sent to them at the studios. Another reason, of course, is that an actor's popularity is judged by the number of letters he receives.

BYE-BYE.—So you'd like to kiss Ramon Novarro? Go ahead, as far as I'm concerned. If you have one hundred and ninety-three pictures of screen stars, you hold the record among Oracle readers that I know about. The previous record, if I remember correctly, is ninety-three, or perhaps ninety-six. Of course, I may be wrong—that *could* happen. Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are not related, though they do look almost like twins. J. Warren Kerrigan played in "Captain Blood" and then made a personal-appearance tour with the film. It was announced some time ago that he was to make a series of six Westerns, but I've heard nothing more of the plan. Yakima Canutt is an Indian, I believe, who was featured in one series of pictures. I don't think he plays in films any more. I have included the addresses you asked for in the list at the bottom of this department—at least, those that I know.

SOHPIE.—Is that supposed to be Sophie, or is it really a new kind of pie? As to whether John Gilbert likes Lillian Gish, I don't know why he shouldn't. He is thirty years old and is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Eugene O'Brien is forty-one and is a bachelor; so far as I know, that is his real name. Colleen Moore is Mrs. John McCormick; she is in her early twenties. Ben Lyon is about twenty-six; no, he isn't married, and neither is Rod La Rocque. Didn't you read in the papers that Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova were recently divorced? Rudolph is thirty years old, and Malcolm MacGregor about twenty-eight. Yes, Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters; Constance was born April 19, 1900. Norma gives her birth date as 1897. Marie Prevost is twenty-seven. The others you ask about don't give their ages. Estelle Taylor had an important rôle in "The Ten Commandments." The film, "Ben-Hur," was released in New York about Christmas time. The only way to get a picture of a screen star is to write to the star in question and ask for one.

Continued on page 119

A Case of Real Friendship

Continued from page 26

"She has retained that spirit. When things get jumbled up now—for success brings responsibilities and worries of a different kind—she veneers the situation with amusement.

"She loves dining in luxurious cafés—she loves the polished air of comfort, the little attentions. Yet she also adores chafing-dish suppers and making salads in her own kitchen.

"Clothes appeal to her, as to all girls. Athrill, she displays a new gown. But, in hiking suit and an old felt hat of her brother's, she tramps for hours up in the hills, and revels in being tired and dirty.

"She is good at sports, but hasn't lost a certain little feminine helplessness. She can lick me at tennis, match me at golf, outdistance me when we swim, and then collapse, in that delicious little way a girl has of giving up, which makes a man feel like Hercules.

"Her gameness, perhaps, has its basis in pride. When we were on location in the mountains for 'Lucretia Lombard' scenes, I asked her to ride with me. Our mounts were spirited and, feeling in fine mettle myself, I let mine have his rein. Because of the pace I set along the winding trails, it was rather arduous. I expected her every minute to call a halt, and admired her fine horsemanship and her endurance. 'Only a girl who rides every day,' I thought, 'could stick through this.'

"When we returned to the inn, hours later, she dropped from the saddle and, to use an inelegant term, sprawled into my arms.

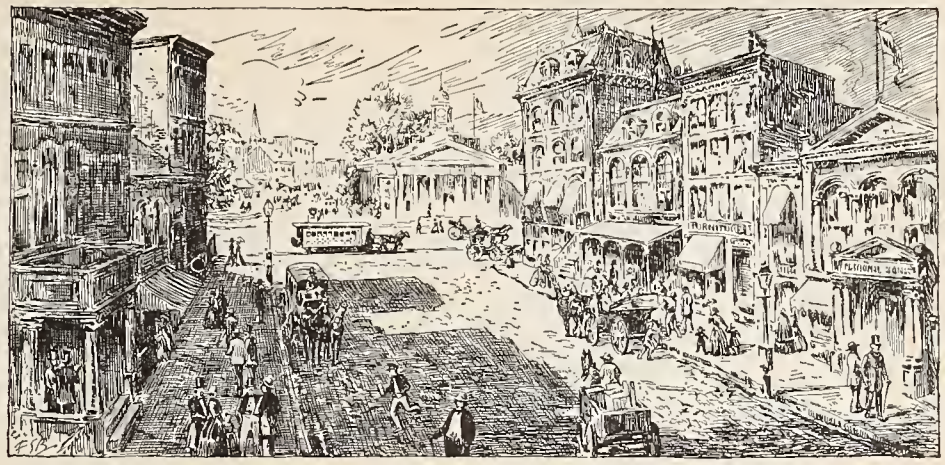
"'I'm so ashamed of myself,' she managed to whisper, with a disgusted laugh, 'but, John, I hadn't been on a horse in six years.'

"That is the Norma Shearer I know—and like tremendously."

John has been a little dispirited because his career has not kept pace with hers. Since "Kiss Me Again," he has not had a really satisfactory rôle. But now that he has left Warner Brothers, and is free-lancing, he hopes to be able to choose better parts for himself. While he was under contract, he had to play any rôle that was given to him, whether it was attractive or not.

Norma's faith in him is also a great encouragement to him.

And meanwhile, he watches the Norma Shearer who is like a sister to him and in whom he has always had confidence, go steadily upward, accomplishing the seemingly impossible thing of remaining genuine and unspoiled, in spite of success and flattery.



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PICTURES of pre-telephonic times seem quaint today. In the streets were horses and mud-splashed buggies, but no automobiles and no smooth pavements.

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The amazing growth of the country in the past fifty years could not have come had not science and invention supplied the farmer, manufacturer, business man and family with many new inventions, great and small, for saving time and labor. During this period of marvelous industrial progress, the telephone had its part. It has established its own usefulness and greatly accelerated the development of the industrial arts which have contributed so much to better living conditions and to the advancement of civilization.

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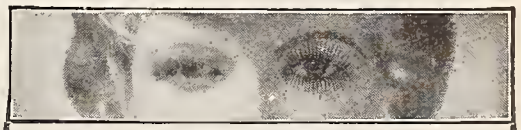

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Room 235-D, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

He Said "No, sir," to Cecil De Mille

Continued from page 83

"On these two thin dimes in my pocket?" Bill swung around and made for the door. *"No, sir!* I haven't that much time to waste. And what would I use for money? I've walked right in and now I'll turn around and walk right out again."

Interested, De Mille bade him sit down and started what became a habit—giving Bill Boyd advice.

The upshot of the interview was a note to Lou Goodstadt, casting director, who engaged the somewhat but not decidedly humbled Bill for extra work. After four days of this employment, he was sent to a smaller company and given a rôle in a serial which occupied him for six weeks.

Reporting back at the Lasky studio, he found that Goodstadt was sending a mob of extras North. His name was not on the list.

"We need men for this picture, not boys," Lou told him.

"In a week I can raise a beard that will scare you to death," the youngster bristled. "If I lick any man you pick out of that bunch, does little Willie go?"

"Now, now, wait a minute, be calm. All right!"

He went.

Then he was placed in stock at Lasky's, on a five-year contract calling for the payment of thirty whole dollars a week the first year, fifty the second, seventy-five the third, one hundred the fourth, and one twenty-five the fifth. Bill began to think he was up in the easy-money class.

At that time, however, the public did not welcome new faces, so that pictures starring the established favorites, with popular leading men in support, offered few opportunities for newcomers. The producers were afraid to take chances with the beginners in stock, and beyond sticking him in, here and there in brother and friend rôles, Paramount did nothing with Bill.

When three years of his contract had elapsed, he got out of it and launched upon the hazardous seas of free lancing. The year that followed almost took the buoyancy out of his sails, but it always revived.

He joshes about it now, but there must have been days when even Bill Boyd's good spirits lost faith in the silver lining—particularly when he thought his idol had forgotten him.

During his Lasky sojourn, De Mille had been forever advising him about his reading, his clothes, his contact with people, his work, and numbers of other things. He suggested that he play certain rôles, regardless of their unimportance, just for the experience that a wide range would give him, cautioning him against unwise steps, and promising to do something for him some day when he would be ready for a bigger opportunity.

But during those months of idleness there was no word from De Mille.

"Maybe," he thought, "I shouldn't have said 'No' to him those times."

De Mille doesn't resent a man's expression of his own ideas, however, nor does he forget. He made it his business to keep informed of what the boy was doing and of how he was faring, without Bill's knowing of it, and when he thought the youngster had had enough of the seamy side, summoned him. A bit in "Triumph," cleverly done, convinced him that Bill's talent was ripe for a bigger test.

"Lou Goodstadt called me and told me De Mille was going to put me under contract. Cabs being taboo because of financial disability, I got out there as fast as the street cars could make it, and demanded of Lou, 'Where's my contract?'

" 'Here it is, boy,' he said. 'Now, here's what we plan for you——'

" 'Never mind anything,' I groaned, 'but gimme that paper *quick!*' "

Without reading the document or even knowing what his salary would be, Bill signed his services to De Mille for five years.

His work in "The Road to Yesterday" won him the lead in "Steel Preferred," a Metropolitan production for which De Mille loaned him. He played the steel-mills worker with a dirty face that only once was washed—for the scene in which he called on the gal.

He now has the leading rôle in "The Volga Boatman." He longed for this big chance more than he had ever wanted anything in his life, even though he dreaded having to marcel his hair and let it grow in ringlets on his neck.

Bill—nobody ever calls him William, of course—has much the same big-boy quality that is Rod La Rocque's main charm. He isn't handsome. But he's the best tonic ever prescribed to relieve a dull evening for a young lady. He has that happy faculty of making a good time out of everything.

And a boy who has the nerve to "No, sir" Mr. De Mille, and be heard from again in cinemaland, can't be long abashed by anything.

Two Ways of Getting Into Pictures

Continued from page 88

ment is unusual, however, as most players have secretaries. Other young fellows, who know typewriting, get work to do at home, copying manuscripts for authors, and the like.

The first six months will be your hardest test, as there are thousands of people ahead of you.

Persevere, believe in yourself, study and learn all the while, and you will get ahead. And your success should be a lasting one, because, having advanced solely on merit, you will have learned the acting technique as you progressed and lessons of character which will prove valuable.

I'll now turn my attention to the rich boy with movie aspirations.

Though your chances for advancement and success are, in the long run, no greater than the poor boy's, you will find it much easier to break in.

You will not have to force your way in.

You will be *invited* in!

Because you do not need it, work will be offered to you.

You can avoid hardships and sacrifices. You won't have that annoying pastime of counting the pennies. You can have a nice home in which to entertain, an automobile, and an elaborate wardrobe to proclaim your prosperity.

Why, then, isn't it equally easy for you to win success? Because success can't be bought. Success depends upon ability and application. You may not have the former, or you may shirk the latter.

Your poor competitor must be on his toes every minute, for work means bread and butter to him. You dash off to a beach resort for a week-end. A telephone call may come while you are absent. When calls remain unanswered, the casting director turns to the more dependable, less wealthy beginners.

Money is an "open sesame" in Hollywood as elsewhere, to social, political, business or motion-picture associations. As a lever, it is advantageous, but it must be skillfully used.

You cannot buy jobs with bribes. But——

You can lease a bungalow next door to the home of a prominent director and become identified with the neighborhood. You can stroll out as he starts for the studio. You are not so crass as to introduce yourself. With a gruffness barely veneered with politeness, he'd put you in your place.

Instead, you drift into conversation only as occasion offers. Many fruitful friendships in Hollywood have been started with good-natured arguments over the respective merits of certain police dogs.

Soon your neighbor suggests, or takes up the hint which you casually let drop, that you might be interested in visiting a studio. You go.

There you meet other directors and stars.

"Bill Jones is my next-door neighbor," your host explains. "Just out of college. May settle here and go into business. Plays a cracking game of golf."

The second director is cordial. Mutual interest in sports fosters another friendship. You meet other people. You are established as a fixture. If your personality is a pleasant one, you are invited to parties, to dinners at their homes.

Social functions are the very best entrée to filmdom. For after you have made friends with the movie folk you can let it be known that, through association with them and the glimpses you have had of their work, you have become afflicted with the movie bug, that you fancy you would like to try acting, yourself. You might be a little sheepish about it, as though you hesitate to intrude.

Motion-picture people are the best-natured and most generous in the world, giving with a large hand, welcoming a vast crowd of friends, but—they are wary of being "worked" when the object of a friendship is made too obvious.

Just a gentle hint will do no harm, and will usually answer your purpose. If you make no issue of it, some director friend will probably be glad to offer you a chance.

And here is an important point: you will not be started in extra work, but in bits or small rôles. At one leap you bridge the gap between the poor boy and yourself. For he may have to do "atmosphere" for years before a director's attention spots him in the mob.

After that, it is up to you to make good. You can't build up a name and a public following on bluff. The money that you toss around carelessly, your home at which you entertain lavishly, your expensive motor—these, remember, furnish only an entrée.

And your entrée, by the way, should not be gilded too ornately.

Let your expenditures be quiet and natural, such as would be dictated by good breeding.

Go easy, be natural, spend well but not fabulously, and wait until you are *asked* to become an actor.

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

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City..... State.....

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M. Trilety's new lipshaper together with its thick lip astringent lotion, will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick, unshapely lips to normal and thus improve your facial features 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfortable, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.

Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

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Glorious Springtime!

HOW vividly attune with the colorful romance of the out-of-doors. And youth's keen ardor fairly glows in the fresh rosiness of Pert Rouge.

This is a smooth new handmade rouge compact, so delicately blended that its youthful coloring tones in perfectly with your natural complexion. Direct application to the skin before powdering effects more lasting adherence. A second application after powdering heightens the warmth of the flush.

Shades for every complexion, day or evening wear, in dainty metal case, 50c.

For permanent rosiness, use Pert Rouge in cream form as a base for the compact. In shades to blend with the compact, 75c.

Pert indelible Lipstick to match, 75c.

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Dr. Jeanne G. A. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

A Man Who Disfigures the Players

Continued from page 89

lashes so that it will blend in color with the eyeball.

"To produce the effect of age in a face, I apply fish skin which causes the natural skin to shrivel and become wrinkled. The wrinkles then are accentuated by the careful use of green paint."

Another difficult thing, according to Mr. Holland, is to produce a harelip, one which, at sight, may readily be recognized as an affliction. In "The Rendezvous," filmed quite a while ago, he played the rôle of such an individual.

"I wore false teeth," he said, "from which protruded a wire which had been fastened to the eye tooth on each side. It tended to lift the lip. I couldn't talk without 'harelipping' my words.

"A false mustache or beard must be lighter in color than the hair of the person wearing it," the make-up wizard said. "And I never give my approval to one until I have examined it from all angles with a little 'air filter,' a device which shows just how it will look under the light of the Kleigs."

It hasn't been told before that Mr. Holland made Douglas Fairbanks up as a double for Allan Forrest in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and photographed Doug's athletic back in place of Allan's because it was so muscular.

This probably is the only time on record Douglas Fairbanks ever doubled for any one.

In the production "Ben-Hur" Mr. Holland was given one of his greatest opportunities for proving his skill in make-up, and his accomplishments for that film probably will long be looked upon as classics. He transformed Kathleen Key and Claire McDowell, two of the beauties of cinemaland, into hideous-looking leper women. He likewise made Novarro up for the scene in which he drags himself across the desert, and his appearance is pitiful.

He put in four hours making "Bull" Montana up to resemble an ape for "Go and Get It," and also for "The Lost World."

During the time I sat in Mr. Holland's studio-workshop, there was a constant stream of persons, mostly men, coming to him for help.

At the studio, they tell an interesting story about him. When the company filming "Bob Hampton of Placer" had finished their work in Glacier National Park, the Blackfeet Indians who had taken part were invited to a big powwow. Holland borrowed an elaborate Indian chieftain's outfit, went to his room and made up as an Indian. Then he singled out a particular beauty, a former "Follies" girl, and asked her to dance. In a spirit of lark, thinking he was a real Indian, she accepted and started toward the dressing room to discard her cloak.

Instead of waiting, Holland grunted, and as though not understanding what she had said, started to follow.

The girl gave a shriek and fled.

He was introduced to another as "Chief Eagle Feather "

She tried to buy his moccasins!

He Has to Fight for His Parts!

Continued from page 90

When the introduction was made, Von Stroheim confessed that he could scarcely believe that he was the diffident actor of the day before.

Hersholt wanted to play *Krauss* in Constance Talmadge's "The Goldfish," and took a long chance, when Joe Schenck couldn't "see" him in the part, by cutting his hair short. Again, for *Hempel* in "So Big," he had to convince Colleen Moore and Charles Brabin that he could look realistically old.

"You're great in character drama, but this is a *comedy,*" they reminded him when he applied for the part of the Jewish money lender in "Her Night of Romance." The rehearsal of a scene, however, proved that he knew all about comedy.

Even though Fairbanks knew him well and had faith in him, tests were necessary before he was intrusted with the playing of *Don Febrique* in "Don Q."

Again, for "My Old Dutch," he had to convince the director that he could make up to play age. And for his parts in "Stella Dallas" and "The Viennese Medley," he qualified only after much persuasion.

And then, at last, to his surprise, he was given the lead in "The Old Soak" without any preliminary whatever of having to convince somebody. Universal, which has put him under contract, merely dropped the plum in his lap with a blessing, and he has his fingers crossed, for fear some one in authority will confront him with dubious attitude and send him back to his job of "convincing."

The Death of Barbara La Marr

Continued from page 47

"I want that boy!" Barbara exclaimed, gloriously excited. "Oh, please let me have him! I'll adopt him and educate him and care for him. Please let me!"

Immediately, the necessary legal steps were taken, and Barbara La Marr adopted her "Sonny," a bright-faced, bright-minded, sturdy child, now three and one half years old. During Barbara's final illness, Zasu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, cared for him, and now they have asked for permission to adopt him.

Barbara La Marr earned a large fortune during her meteoric career. Yet, when she died, her estate was valued at less than ten thousand dollars. Her money had flown—she knew not where. She never cared. Life, to her, was something to be lived, always on the crest, and she got the most out of her chances.

But the strenuous life she led during recent years, her late hours as a moth of Broadway, and the severe demands of her studio work undermined her health. A year ago, it began breaking. Last October, came her first collapse. The great, lustrous eyes dimmed. The flesh began receding from her body. Her voice faltered and nearly failed. A touch of tuberculosis appeared, but vanished. Her system absorbed nothing from nourishment.

"I can't give up! I won't give up!" she wailed.

Messages of encouragement poured in from all over the world. But Death, the tomb builder, was approaching, slowly, continuously, relentlessly. Her body, wrapped in a gown of pink and gold, eventually found its way to the gray casket. Four days it lay in state in Los Angeles, while crowds, estimated to number close to seventy-five thousand, passed her bier. It was a wonderful tribute to the memory of the talented actress. Pale-yellow roses, red roses, orchids, white lilies, lilies of the valley, pink roses, jonquils, and chrysanthemums were banked about the casket. Then, one afternoon, after a brief service, the doors of the mortuary swung open, and Bert Lytell, Tom Gallery, Henry Hathaway, Henry Victor, Alfred R. Green, and R. D. Knickerbocker carried the casket to a hearse and, with mounted police riding by its side to keep back the curious crowds, it was taken to the Hollywood Cemetery to be placed in a mausoleum—almost within sound of the studios where Barbara La Marr had worked.

The career of the "too-beautiful girl" had ended.

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A bewitching attractiveness of mystic depths. To possess it is to be assured of a subtle, alluring loveliness that overshadows all feature defects or blemishes. This fascinating, entrancing appearance can be yours in a moment's time. You can command a beauty that will compel the admiration of all, through the use of

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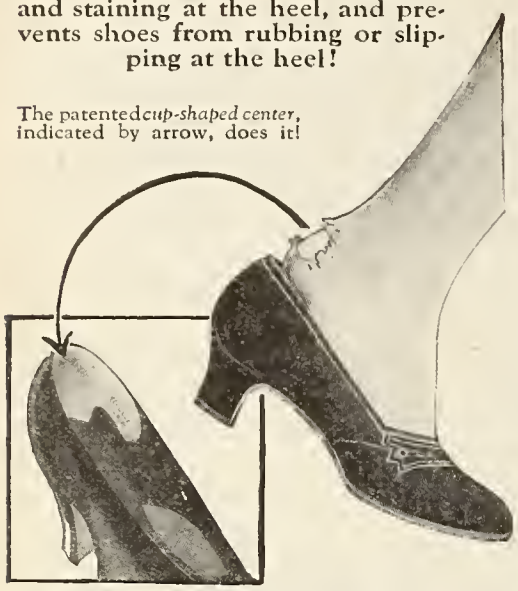

Think of the *saving* you will enjoy as a consequence of preventing your hose from *wearing out* at the heel; the *comfort* that will be yours by shoes that do not *slip* or *rub* at the heel, and the *pleasure* it will give you to keep your delicately colored silk hose from ever being marred by *stains* at the heel!

These are the benefits you get by attaching *Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner* in your shoes. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisibly worn in the shoes, being made in colors to match shoe linings. Sold in shoe and department stores everywhere—30¢ per pair. Do not accept imitations that disappoint. Insist on getting the *genuine*, with the cup-shaped center. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

From Matron to Sylph in Five Weeks

Continued from page 87

"Well, for friendship's sake I might take a three-fifty one. But not," she purred, "a *tent*."

"How in the world did you do it, Priscilla?" I demanded.

"My two kings did the job: King Calorie and King Charleston. It took only one, King Canute, to roll the waters back, but it takes these two to roll the avoirdupois away.

"I used to be crazy about any kind of sport or exercise until I got fat and lazy, so it was rather fun playing tennis again when I had time, and I suddenly became a wild devotee of the Charleston.

"Dieting isn't so easy when you've contracted a habit of gorging.

"I bought a book that explains how many calories are in each bite of everything, and propped it up before me at every meal. One thousand calories a day are the limit when you're reducing. For a couple of weeks I adopted an even more rigorous diet: six hundred a day. After the slim silhouette rewards your strenuous self-denial, you can treat yourself to a twelve-hundred-a-day calorie menu.

"The first thing I did on arriving at a town was to hop the scales at the station, and my good-by was always my final 'registering.' I love Detroit—I left five pounds there. I gave two inches of my arms as a gift to Des Moines."

Six days a week Priscilla nibbled sparingly at her food, celebrating the Sabbath by cutting loose and allowing herself about half of whatever she wanted. Three of her sample menus follow:

BREAKFAST.

Cup of hot water with lemon juice..	00 c
Coffee with cream	50 c
½ grapefruit	100 c
Rye crisp	25 c
	175 c

LUNCH.

Tea without cream or sugar	00 c
(Cream and sugar are 50 c each)	
Lettuce	25 c
Mayonnaise	100 c
One slice of toast with butter	100 c
	225 c

DINNER.

Coffee with cream	50 c
Clear soup	00 c
Roast beef, average slice	150 c
20 large stalks of asparagus	100 c
Bread and butter	100 c
Ice cream	200 c
	600 c

Total for day, 1,000 calories.

—o—

BREAKFAST.

Cream of wheat, no cream or sugar	100 c
Baked apple	50 c
Coffee	50 c
Corn bread, one piece	100 c
	300 c

LUNCH.

Fruit salad	300 c
(Orange, apple, banana, peach, grapefruit.)	
Tea, without cream or sugar	00 c
	300 c

DINNER.

Uncooked celery	15 c
Cauliflower	20 c
Sweet potato	100 c
Rock cod, average helping	135 c
4 lady fingers	130 c
Tea, without cream or sugar	00 c
	400 c

Total for day, 1,000 calories.

—o—

BREAKFAST.

Cup hot water, with lemon juice	00 c
Sliced pineapple, average helping	100 c
Toast with butter, one slice	100 c
Coffee	50 c
	250 c

LUNCH.

Brown bread	100 c
Combination salad	100 c
(Shredded lettuce, tomato, chopped celery, cucumber, grated carrot.)	
	200 c

DINNER.

12 oysters	100 c
Spinach	25 c
Tenderloin of beef	200 c
Lettuce and dressing	50 c
1 slice bread	25 c
Pie without top crust, small piece	100 c
Coffee with cream	50 c
	550 c

Total for day, 1,000 calories.

Can You Tell Them by Their Hair?

Continued from page 92

1. Rudolph Valentino.
2. Erich von Stroheim.
3. Wallace MacDonald.
4. Conrad Nagel.
5. Bert Lytell.
6. Richard Barthelmess.
7. Tom Moore.
8. George K. Arthur.
9. John Gilbert.
10. Jack Mulhall.
11. Ben Lyon.
12. Richard Dix.
13. Tom Mix.
14. Ronald Colman.
15. Pat O'Malley.
16. Malcolm MacGregor.
17. Raymond Griffith.
18. John Barrymore.
19. Percy Marmont.
20. Lew Cody.
21. William Boyd.
22. Joseph Schildkraut.

The Return of *Sheriff Nell*

Continued from page 59

She nodded vigorously. Ramon told her then, timidly, how he had always loved her comedies, had thought of her as a wonder.

"Aw, g'wan!" In a rush, she slapped his shoulder with a rough tenderness, because what she really wanted to do was to hug him. In her eyes were misty, unshed tears. Ramon intuitively understood, and then did a very sweet thing: he kissed her on her dirt-spattered cheek.

Thus was born a new friendship on the M-G-M lot. Every day, when he isn't working, the boy Ramon hangs over Polly Moran's set, smiling back at the shambling, grotesque figure.

"This son-of-a-gun, Tod, he's been so sweet to me!" she said later, explosively.

"So patient, teachin' me. It's like goin' to school again, in these grand movies they have now. Used to was, they'd hurry you along—now they slow you down. In the old Sennett days, it was like this."

From one side of the office to the other bounced Polly, hat cocked over one ear, eyes revolving, face squinting, giving a series of caricatures. Suddenly, she halted her wild capers and, with her face sobered, and her body held proudly erect, marched in funeral tempo.

"You're like to die of old age 'fore you get a scene done, the way they crawl nowadays. In one, I sell a flower to a man. For two hundred feet I've got to sell that flower. I stood it 's long as I could, then I says to Tod, 'For gosh sakes, I could sell the whole durn basket in ten feet, if you gimme less time an' more speed!'"

An hour with her is like a kaleidoscopic reel. Incidents slip back on the wave of her memory and pass before you on her mobile face, caricatured into exaggerated grotesqueries. You can't describe her, or reproduce what she says—it's the indelible stamp of her vital personality that holds you.

"I don't wanta do great things." Her voice, amused, carried a plaintive strain that made me howl despite the pity that tugged at my heart.

"There's a place for each of us, don't you think? I look at all these dressed-up, beautiful women, but I don't envy 'em. I say with the squirrel, 'Well, if I can't carry forests on my back, neither can *you* crack a nut.'

"An' "—again the smile broke out in a beaming wreath about that funny, lovable face—"I'm so doggone happy to be back, I could squeeze everybody!"

A Star Turns Reporter

Continued from page 56

Monta Bell, might be the object of her secret affections.

"Who is your idol?" I asked in a disinterested way, for fear she would fly away, like a frightened bird, and I should never know the answer. But no—the answer came in a burst, a torrent.

"Von Sternberg and Von Stroheim. I think they are both wonderful men, and have the courage of their convictions. Oh, yes, and Rex Ingram. I mustn't forget him, and I am in love with Michael Arlen."

One can imagine her putting a daily offering of fresh flowers before her hero's photo.

"These platonic, literary loves are all right in their place, but—how do you spend your evenings? Have you made any close friends here?"

"Well, I'm kept pretty busy writing. You see, it takes me quite a while to write my articles. Dorothy Manners is my closest friend."

"How long have you known her?"

"We met in a casual way on the 'Dorothy Vernon' set, and we both were surprised when we found each other's first article in a subsequent issue of PICTURE-PLAY. Since then, we've been awfully good friends. We criticize each other's work, and still remain pals."

A lull in the conversation. I look over my notes—she shifts in her chair.

"I'm afraid I am not good copy," she said. "If I were only half Spanish or something else that would be interesting." (She was born in Canada.)

"Can you Charleston?"

"Yes, I can do three steps."

"*That's* worthy of mention. Is there anything you would like me to say—something you want me to quote you on?"

"Yes." Her eyes suddenly twinkled. "Please tell my 'public' that I would like to shake each and every one of them by the hand."

A statement which proves that Margaret Reid has that rare, but necessary virtue—a sense of humor! And that she probably was holding back a good deal that a more skillful interviewer might have found.

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For Interest—
For Literary Merit—

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By H. G. WELLS

A Complete Novel

The Fall of Edward Barnard
By
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Six Short Stories by Eminent Writers

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By ANTHONY HOPE

Leslie Wood
By ANATOLE FRANCE

Francine's Muff
By HENRI MURGER

A Rose of the Ghetto
By ISRAEL ZANGWILL

The Hypotheses of Failure
By O. HENRY

The House in the Reeds
By SIGNE TOKSVIG

The May Issue of

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Sister to the Unknown Soldier

Continued from page 34

she said. 'Gawd! with those big eyes and purty shoulders and your hair done up on your head, you'll knock 'em dead. You're the prettiest kid in the house to-night. *Don't forget that,* d'ye hear? *You're the prettiest kid here!*'

"She kept on talking, pinning my mother's dress in here, taking a little tuck there and disguising a fold. Her fingers moved nimbly from place to place, always leaving the touch of the *artiste* or the skilled modiste.

"'But,' I protested, 'you haven't started to make up yourself!'

"'Never mind me, little one,' she replied. 'I had my chance. I tried—Heaven knows how I tried! But I couldn't make the grade. I didn't have what you got. *You're* goin' over. An' goin' big. You just forget about me. This is *your* night.'

"When she had finished, she stood back a few feet to survey her work.

"'I guess that'll do,' she said. 'Now remember, you are to walk like a vamp—all the swagger in the world. Put it on strong!'

"When I looked in the glass, I didn't recognize myself. I was a different being. Gone were my curls. Gone was my little-kid appearance. Gone completely was the Olive Borden that I knew, and in her place was a strange young woman who looked like the vampires of whom I had read in books. And I began feeling the part. I visualized myself as a vampire, and I thrilled with delight at the thought. I walked onto the stage with the obsession that I *was* a vampire, and drew a round of applause.

"'Who is she?' I overheard several ask.

"'Never heard of her!' was the inevitable reply.

"In one of the wings stood my mentor, watching every move, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. And when I came off, she threw both arms around me and exclaimed, 'Honey, I *knew* you'd go over! I *knew* you had it! You're all right, kid. Now see what happens!'

"And it *did* happen.

"The Lasky people gave me a bit in 'Children of Jazz.' They cast me as one of the models in 'The Dressmaker from Paris.' They offered me a contract. But Hal Roach made me a better offer. I worked there. Then J. Stuart Blackton—the 'Commodore,' you know—sent for me. Then Fox wanted me, and eventually cast me for a featured rôle in 'Three Bad Men.' And so on and so on. Now, I have signed with them for five years to be featured in special films. And I'm going to be starred for the first time in 'Yellow Fingers.'"

Olive was silent for a moment, possibly thinking of that night just a few years ago when the turning point came. Or, possibly, of the struggles encountered since she and her mother first turned their backs on their Virginia home and headed for Hollywood.

"And this girl?" I asked, interrupting her meditation. "What became of her?"

"Heaven only knows!" Miss Borden replied. "I saw her several times back stage that night. She seemed to be growing more vivacious, and at times her eyes lighted strangely. I do not know what caused it. Then, before I had had a chance really to talk to her again, she disappeared. That's all I know. She never came back and I never saw her again."

Olive Borden has arrived at stardom now. But she never has forgotten the "cynical, hard-boiled, gin-steeped girl" who came along when she was in despair—when she and her wonderful little mother (whom she calls "Pardner") were finding the sledding rough. Olive's father had died when she was only a year and a half old, and Mrs. Borden had taken up the task of rearing and caring for her daughter. She opened a little candy store at Norfolk, Virginia, and before Olive had completed a convent education, had developed it into a general confectionery store, earning a nice income. When it had appeared that Olive had dramatic talent, she had sold the business and started West to "The City of Disillusionment." And the sixteen-year-old girl had taken up the beaten trail between the studios. She had found the casting directors adamant.

The months had slipped by and the little bank account had dwindled, until it became apparent that all the savings soon would be gone. In desperation, Mrs. Borden, with her remaining capital, had opened up another candy store near the University of Southern California, only to find it attracted little patronage.

Once more Olive had turned to the studios with a determination born of necessity. She *had* to find work. And the Fates, or the Giver of All Good, or something, sent along the girl who did her bit, and passed on out into the night.

And Olive Borden is grateful.

But the girl has gone.

No one knows where.

The Sketchbook

Continued from page 23

And yet Colleen swept past the others until they looked as though they were standing still. I went over to her house recently, intending to ask her how it came about. But when I met her, I didn't need to. There is brisk efficiency in Colleen that would do credit to a captain of industry. One little word will sum it up—determination. She would never nag, never be disagreeable about going after a thing. She would just nicely and politely insist on having it. She must have known in her heart, long before other people, that she was an unusual actress. She merely insisted on having her ability recognized.

Personally, she is so charming and so simple in manner, so natural and unaffected, that you want to weep at the antics of other players who consider it necessary to pose and posture for the benefit of all comers. Colleen doesn't have a lot of suppressed desires to unload. She isn't misunderstood. And though her life pivots around the studio, not all her enthusiasms are centered there.

She has a lovely home which she manages charmingly.

She has a husband whom she adores and admires.

She has a lot of toys—trick lions, little artificial birds that sing, dolls that walk—all of which are a never-ending source of pleasure. Just at present, she is occupied with a doll house that will rival any in existence. Colleen told me, with a great deal of enthusiasm, that the bathtubs would be in very soon.

Last night, I saw a preview of her latest picture, "Irene." She has never been more delightful. And it must have been a great happiness to her, when the title sheet flashed on the screen, to hear that audience burst into a roar of applause at her very name. It must have meant a lot to a girl whose chances, in the beginning, were about one to a hundred. And the nice part of it is, she deserves every bit of it.

A New Home for Mary and Doug

Continued from page 61

Doug continued, revealing the thoughtful analysis of modern problems that had preceded his conclusions. "The mentality is stimulated by reading and thinking, the emotions, by creative work or by recreation or by spiritual satisfactions. The physique alone is apt to stagnate with modern machinery making effort needless. Nature demands activity of us, or we die.

"This generation's craze to perfect inventions complicates rather than simplifies life. Terrific energy goes into constant experimentation. There seems to be no stopping point.

"We are forgetting how to get real enjoyment from life. With our goals taking varied forms, we run full speed ahead until, of a sudden, we go to pieces with jangled nerves and overworked bodies. Even our pleasures eat up our vitality, for the idea now is that nothing can furnish a good time unless it employs a lot of energy. We seldom relax from high nervous tension.

"What will we do when we have used up all our reserve force?

"The olden days were picturesque and charming. Life is only worth while when it has plenty of leisure hours. One must work, yes. Mary and I expect to do so always. But as contrast, we need simple recreations, time and opportunity for rest and thought. And the Spanish atmosphere, with its romance and color, appeals strongly to us.

"Man has the animal world under control, and has turned many of the elements of nature to his purposes. Therefore, his instinct to conquer even further takes the form of inventions. These make possible the saving of time. But for what? For more experiments, or for more chasing after jazzy pleasures.

"A reaction is bound to come, man's 'physical department' will break through this web of artificiality which we call modern life, and somebody will start a 'back-to-nature movement' if"—he grinned—"there is any outdoor space left, by then."

All of which explains their plan for a simple life.

And Hollywood just has to copy Mary and Doug. It has formed the habit. Because they have for so long been enthroned on the pinnacle of the profession, because they are both so well liked, the title, "Filmdom's King and Queen" has been tacitly conferred upon them, and no contenders have wrested it away from them. So Hollywood sighs, in consternation, and wonders if the day will come when she will have to give up her gilded pleasures and her spotlighted appearances and follow Mary and Doug back to nature.

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A Persecuted Lady

Continued from page 74

about me, so long as it isn't lies. If they were to write, 'This Goudal now—she has a funny-looking nose,' I'd read it and say, 'That is quite true.' But when they say, 'Goudal is fired again. Cecil De Mille admits that even he cannot curb her bad temper, and therefore severs her contract,' then—oh, I am angry, I am furious!"

"It is not true, then, that your De Mille contract is broken?"

"It is a lie, with no foundation other than some people's vindictiveness. Ever since the first publicity I received on going into pictures, it has been the fashion to—how do you say it?—pan me. I don't mean that I am really a tame little pussy cat. I know I'm not. I drive costumers quite, quite mad. For, next to acting, I love best designing my clothes—and they must be made exactly as I dictate."

The little devils gleamed again in her eyes, as if she enjoyed this picture of herself causing costumers to go crazy.

"But," she continued soberly, "I am not the wicked, scratching wild cat they say. Sometimes I'm really quite nice—particularly if I'm happy. As, for instance, on this picture, 'Paris at Midnight,' which I have just now finished. The atmosphere of the whole company was in harmony, in tune. E. Mason Hopper was the director, and such a clever, delightful man he is. Last night, when the last shot was finished and we were dispersing, Mr. Hopper said, 'Jetta, when we knew you were to work with us, we all got down on our knees and prayed. We expected—total annihilation. Now that we have gone through a whole picture with you, and know what you're really like, we shall take any unfavorable criticism you may get in the future as personal insults, and demand apologies for what must be stupid lies.'

"As for the statement that De Mille dismissed me from 'The Volga Boatman' and broke my contract! Besides being malicious, it is absurd, considering his plans to star me now. When 'The Volga Boatman' was begun, my part was that of a cruel, calculating, merciless woman. But Papa De Mille decided that the theme was too heavy, too turgid, and he changed my part, injecting into it some comedy—quite broad comedy. Now, I know what I can do and what I cannot. And I knew that I could not give Papa De Mille what he wanted in his new conception of the part. So I begged his permission to step out. He did not want me to leave at first, but finally consented. So here I am—just finished with this Metropolitan picture and starting again with De Mille as soon as we find a story for me."

"What sort of story do you think of doing?"

"Well—they think I am crazy, but I want to play children. Not exclusively, but fairly often. It is one of the things I feel I can do well—with this silly face and funny-looking nose. Papa De Mille wails at me, 'Here I try to make you *Lady Macbeth* and you want to be *Little Bo-Peep!*'"

"Mr. De Mille is such a difficult person to please. Do you—er—hit it off all right?" I asked.

"O-o-h!" Jetta cried, completely deserting her pistachio parfait. "I am devoted to Papa De Mille, *devoted!* I owe him so much—for his faith in me, his kindness, his sympathy. He doesn't mind it, that I think thoughts of my own. 'That is what I want,' he always tells me. 'I don't want a troupe of "yessers." I don't want twenty little De Milles marching round the set. I hire individuals, and I want them to remain so.'

"Apropos, I wore the first bouffant gown ever seen in a De Mille picture. You know his weakness for slinky, form-fitting creations? Well, in 'The Road to Yesterday' I wore a bouffant black-velvet evening gown—and with his complete approval, too—because he knew I am happier in that type."

She appears to be sincerely hurt—this aloof, compelling Goudal—that people deliberately misrepresent her. And it is quite true, I believe, that the criticism aimed at her has been carried beyond the bounds of justification. Although she is as proud as Lucifer in her enigmatic shell, I think she wants to be liked. There is a faintly wistful strain in her, that comes to the surface but rarely, when she is unaware of it.

She has delicate little graces, as unmodern as her long, sleek hair. She has taut, sensitive nerves, yet her beautiful hands are always quiet.

As for the *tout ensemble*—I am sending form cards to all my friends and acquaintances, saying, "How could you be so mistaken about Jetta Goudal? You are wrong, all wrong. Why, she is a (I wish some one would coin a new word for this overworked adjective. But since no one does, and it is my favorite, here it goes again) charming person!"

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A Three-in-one Beauty

Continued from page 43

"'This is so sudden,' I said to Mr. De Mille. You see, I had no idea I should ever be so fortunate. He saw me in something or other and sent for me. There were fifteen girls in the office when I came in—he was looking for an actress for this 'Volga Boatman' lead, and intended to put her under contract. Fifteen minutes after I had arrived—and he had looked at me only once, mind you—I was signed. I went out in a daze, wondering whether he or I had suddenly gone crazy, or whether it was both of us.

"It was just one of those marvelous things that happen so quickly and surprisingly that they seem like dreams. Here I had been going along from year to year in a rut, with nothing startling occurring, and, blooey! like a snap of your fingers, here I am."

Her recent marriage to Bill Boyd, also of the De Mille roster, came with equal swiftness. After having known each other only during the first few weeks following the start of the picture, they eloped to Santa Ana, California's Gretna Green.

"I've only two high lights in my past," she continued, "if you can call them that—'The Miracle Man' and 'Driven.' But the work of others in those pictures was so much better that it overshadowed mine, and few people remember that I played in them."

Her screen career started with "The Miracle Man."

"No," she replied to a question of mine, "nobody ever throws that up to me, as they do to Betty Compson and Thomas Meighan. There's one advantage"—sagely—"in never having given an outstanding performance. You have nothing big to live up to. My future," she added firmly—though I am leaving out the "Ouch!" which punctuated her remarks every time the Lady of the Needle took not sufficient care where she stuck—"is all ahead of me."

A refreshing attitude, that, for a girl who has been practically brought up in the movies. Naturalness is her keynote, once you become used, as it were, to the three bewildering personalities of her, and once you cease wondering at the hint of the Orient in her Barbara La Marr eyes, the poise and carriage of a Swanson, and the vivacity of a Connie Talmadge.

"She is the only débutante of the screen that the motion picture itself has developed," was one of the things De Mille had pointed out to me. "Most of our young women who suggest college and the drawing-room, come to us from lives of ease, from finishing schools. And many of the picture girls, when their individualities have been smothered, become little jazz babies. Types, mere types, cut from the same pattern.

"It is an achievement of the motion picture that it can point to Miss Fair with pride. She has grown up in the studios, but she has the poise and breeding of a society débutante of the best traditions."

That is perfectly true. Too many of these darlings of the movies turn into crass little bottles of pep, crude in their artificial prettiness. They are not kept really natural, because their mothers too often make such a point of keeping them so "despite their unusual success."

Elinor Fair's mother must be very wise. Never feeling that her daughter had enjoyed any sudden fame which must not be permitted to spoil her, she has allowed her to grow up in a natural home environment, from which she went to work each day much as a stenographer goes to her office. I have not been in that home. But, judging from its main product, its daughter, I picture it is a place of refinement.

Coleridge's words, "And in to-day walks to-morrow," come to mind. In Elinor Fair's to-day what do we see of promise for the glamorous to-morrow offered her by the De Mille contract? She seems to me to be less malleable than most of the untrained girls he selects. She is no ga-ga ingénue—clay to be molded into one shape or another by the master hand. True, she suggests adaptability and pliancy, but already there is clarity of self-expression and a certain definition of personality.

Surmise is futile. When I found that so few of my predictions came true, I gave up the self-appointed chair of prophet. I refuse to herald this or that new star, because more than half the time I pick nags, and a dark horse pops into the race and wins right under my nose.

So I shall say only that here is a girl with a triple personality, a girl with many qualifications for appeal on the screen, placed by fortuitous chance in a position where she may nurture them into more resplendent foliage. A note will be changed here and there, of course, for the De Mille score must bear its own individual notations. We greet the overture, find it pleasing, and await to-morrow's full orchestration.

Now that Mild Weather is Here

Continued from page 73

ban of satin and gold completes this delightful costume.

As no collection of gowns is complete without evening frocks, I have sketched two new ones at the top of page 73. The first is of a conventional, though charming, style, and is one that should be particularly becoming to a full figure, as the tulle draperies, on each side of the front and back, give a long unbroken line from shoulder to hem line. This gown is most lovely in its coloring—the foundation is of silver cloth and lace, the draperies of black tulle, and the great, loose-petaled rose is an exquisite pink.

The other gown may be seen on Dorothy Mackaill in "The Dancer of Paris," and transforms that young lady into a most attractively vampish type of person. The close-fitting, cuirasslike bodice, and the long drapery on the side are of sequin-covered metal cloth; the flounce is of silver lace; and a huge bow of velvet depends from the side.

As the *robe de style* is one of my private and particular pets in the dress line, I could not resist drawing the beautifully bouffant one on page 73, worn by Gertrude Olmstead, Metro-Goldwyn player. It is of organdie, in two shades of rose, with a jeweled ornament fastening the demure, fichulike collar at the waist. Those who dislike the extremely short skirts of the moment should include a few frocks of this type in their summer wardrobe, as they are usually made with longer skirts.

Estelle Clark wears the next gown on the same page. It is a typical afternoon frock of the simpler type, and is of pale-pink, georgette crape. The very voluminous sleeves are an unusually smart feature of this frock, and the demure basque waist and full, circular skirt are splendid examples of the current mode.

New Feats of Movie Magic

Continued from page 17

At least three German pictures in which the Schuefftan process was used, are to be released in the near future in the United States. "Jealousy" was the first one in which it was used, and in that picture it was considered only fairly successful. In "Metropolis," its use was said to have been vastly more successful, and "The Wonders of the Universe" will perhaps reveal everything it can do, at least in its present development.

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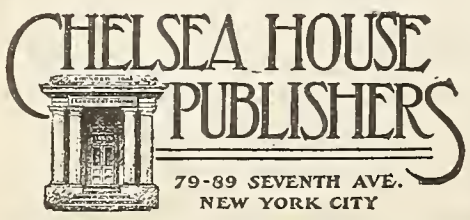

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

"What is that book you're hiding on your lap?" she suddenly demanded of me. "If it's Anita Loos' 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' hand it over at once.

"Any one who hasn't read it," Fanny raved on, "is just hopelessly out of everything. I hear that even in France and Germany it is the sensation of the season.

"Some of her remarks in this are just priceless. This, for instance—'A kiss on your hand may make you feel very good, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever.' And—'Doctor Freud said all I needed was to cultivate a few inhibitions and get some sleep.'

"It seems as though a lot of people whose names were big in the picture industry five or six years ago have drifted into something else. Pauline Frederick is back in movies again—making 'The Nest' right here in New York—but Sessue Hayakawa is on the stage in 'The Love City'—may he never have a worse play! Mabel Normand starts rehearsals right away, and Nazimova is looking for a play. Glenn Hunter seems to have lost all interest in pictures. He has been playing 'Young Woodley' on the stage for months. Ethel Shannon is back in pictures; she is making a picture called 'Charlie's Niece.'

"But drifting back to Pauline Frederick—Holmes Herbert is playing opposite her. I met him the other day for the first time, and really, if a cameraman ever photographs him to look like himself, I am likely to and write him a gushing fan letter.

"And that reminds me—I must run along and write Colleen Moore the bad news. You know, she is collecting a library of first editions, in her few idle moments between pictures. And Holmes Herbert, not knowing that, went and sold his thirty-two hundred volumes to a dealer here in New York. He had all the first editions of Galsworthy, Conrad, Max Beerbohm, and simply mobs of others, including some very old ones.

"I'd try to console her by giving her my library, but the only first edition I have is a Laura Jean Libby, and I don't suppose she would care for that.

"Oh, well, every life—even hers—has its disappointments. But speaking of first editions—for no reason at all, that reminds me of Louise Brooks. I suppose because she is so young and different. You're going to hear a lot of that girl. It wouldn't surprise me if she made a sensational hit in the next Menjou picture, 'A Social Celebrity.' In 'The American Venus,' her part was small, but she was so cunning, she made the featured beauties look quite inconsequential.

"Perhaps if we went over to the Famous Players studio right now, we could find her and get acquainted."

I needed no urging. Before Fanny could change her mind, I had grasped her firmly and hurried her to the door and a taxicab. So, perhaps you'll hear more about Louise Brooks a little later.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 66

"Hogan's Alley"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue in fantastic tale of New York's slums with melodramatic finish in which train wrecks, motor wrecks, landslides, airplanes, and dare-devil feats are all mixed up together.

"Infatuation"—First National. A triangle film, based on Somerset Maugham's "Cæsar's Wife." Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont, as the husband and wife, and Malcolm MacGregor, as the disturbing factor, all give intelligent performances.

"Irish Luck"—Paramount. Beautiful background of Ireland an outstanding feature of film in which Thomas Meighan plays dual rôle of New York policeman and Irish lord who between them foil the villains of the piece. Lois Wilson a personable heroine.

"Just Suppose"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in the rôle of a young prince who visits this country and falls in love with an American débutante, prettily played by Lois Moran.

"King on Main Street, The"—Paramount. Crisp, refreshing light comedy. Adolphe Menjou perfect as an amusing king who comes to America, with mistress in tow, and falls in love with American girl. Greta Nissen is the foreign lady; Bessie Love, the American.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the screen of Barrie's delightful tale of starved London waif whose vivid imagination finds expression in her fantastic dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as *Cinderella;* Tom Moore a delight as London bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar Wilde's story of a mother of doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from same mistake. Well done. May McAvoy in title rôle; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked

trains and engineers with hearts of gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.

"Live Wire, The"—First National. Johnny Hines in a stunt film full of excitement, comedy, and unique situations.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Mannequin" — Paramount. Fannie Hurst's prize Liberty Magazine story. Baby girl, stolen by her nurse, grows up ignorant of her real parentage, murders man, and comes to trial before her own father. Dolores Costello, Alice Joyce, and Warner Baxter.

"Man on the Box, The"—Warner. Syd Chaplin a hit in an entertaining burlesque which he handles to perfection, throwing in many a funny trick, and finishing off with an amusing impersonation of a maid.

"Masked Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fantastic tale of the Paris underworld, with Mae Murray in her usual dancing rôle. Francis X. Bushman plays big-hearted millionaire who lifts her from her sordid surroundings.

"Midshipman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing film of life at Annapolis, with Ramon Novarro in rôle of a midshipman. Marred only by some impossible situations and too much sentiment.

"Mike"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old-fashioned tale full of lovable ragamuffins, quaint characters, and amiable animals, but lacking in plot. Sally O'Neil pert and pretty in overalls; William Haines an engaging country boy.

"Mystic, The" — Metro-Goldwyn. Sister film to "The Unholy Three," showing the machinations of three fake spiritualists and a clever crook. Aileen Pringle is quite flashing in the title rôle, Conway Tearle good as the crook.

"Old Clothes" — Metro-Goldwyn. Jackie Coogan a little more grown up in a typical Coogan film full of hokum which his acting makes plausible and funny.

"Only Thing, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another of Elinor Glyn's royal romances. Conrad Nagel, as an English duke, and Eleanor Boardman, as a previously betrothed Northern princess, finally come together after many vicissitudes, including a gory revolution.

"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruesome story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as *Phantom*, pretty awful to look at, Norman Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Regular Fellow, A"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith delightful in an amusing picture satirizing the social life of a modern crown prince. Mary Brian opposite him.

"Road to Yesterday, The"—Producers Distributing. Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, and William Boyd play four modern young people who are carried by a train wreck back into the Middle Ages and are seen in their former incarnations.

"Sally, Irene, and Mary"—Metro-Goldwyn. A light, amusing comedy concerned with the evils and dangers of Broadway. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Sally O'Neil are three musical-comedy girls. William Haines is the hero.

"Satan in Sables"—Warner. Lowell Sherman as a rather dissipated but very attractive Russian prince who goes through life counting no costs, suffering for it in the end. Pauline Garon lively as a naughty but innocent little French girl.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"—Paramount. Hilarious version of the stage play; Douglas MacLean is the young author who tries to write a book in twenty-four hours, to win his publisher's daughter.

"Seven Sinners"—Warner. Marie Prevost, John Patrick, and Clive Brook are the three most important of seven crooks who simultaneously attempt to rob the same country house and all get locked in together. Good comedy.

"Simon the Jester"—Producers Distributing. Rather sentimental adaptation of William J. Locke's novel of a young man who falls in love with a circus girl. Eugene O'Brien, whimsical and wry; Lillian Rich, tearful as the girl.

"Skinner's Dress Suit" — Universal. Reginald Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy of young clerk whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dares not tell her he has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.

"Splendid Crime, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a lady crook who falls in love with a handsome young man, played by Neil Hamilton, and straightway reforms. Not an unusually exciting film, but worth seeing.

"Splendid Road, The"—First National. A fast and furious film of the California gold-rush days, with Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Frazer in the foreground.

"Stage Struck"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson in slapstick comedy; tale of small-town waitress with stage aspirations who joins a cheap traveling show with amusing results.

"That Royle Girl"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith picture—rather brassy melodrama featuring Carol Dempster, and including a murder trial and a cyclone. James Kirkwood, Harrison Ford, and W. C. Fields form the male contingent.

"Tumbleweeds"—United Artists. Return of William S. Hart as noble cowboy in film of homesteading land rush.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of prodigal son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"We Moderns"—First National. Colleen Moore very much alive as English flapper who loses heart to drawing-room poet and does some rather startling things in process of getting him.

"Womanhandled"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a delightful light comedy of a polo-playing young Easterner who, to win a girl, tries to become a man of the great open spaces. Esther Ralston is the girl.

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"Best People, The"—Paramount. Shopworn talc of wealthy, drinking, dancing family who make fuss when favorite daughter falls in love with model chauffeur. Warner Baxter and Esther Ralston head cast.

"Bright Lights" — Metro-Goldwyn. Rustic drama of a country boy and a chorus girl in which Charles Ray is made to look foolish in a type of rôle that he long ago outgrew. Pauline Starke is thoroughly suitable as the chorus girl.

"Cobra"—Paramount. A lethargic melodrama in which Rudolph Valentino, always impeccably dressed, comes under the spell of the serpentine Nita Naldi, who eventually meets with a dreadful end in a hotel fire.

"Coming of Amos, The"—Producers Distributing. A William J. Locke story done too elaborately, with Rod La Rocque playing uncouth but rich young Australian who lands at Riviera and falls under spell of scheming princess, Jetta Goudal.

"Compromise"—Warner. Badly done picture of supersensitive young girl who marries childhood playmate and soon afterward loses him to minxish half sister. Irene Rich, Clive Brook, and Pauline Garon appear.

"Everlasting Whisper, The"—Fox. Usual Tom Mix picture in which he makes all the villains look exceedingly foolish and helpless, and of course rescues a girl.

"Flower of Night" — Paramount. Loosely knit picture of fiery Spanish girl, Pola Negri, who goes to every extreme in attempt to rouse responsive warmth in the cold heart of a New Englander. Screen début of Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy.

"Hell's Highroad"—Producers Distributing. Story of a girl who revenges herself on faithless husband by ruining him financially and starting an affair with another man. Leatrice Joy in the lead.

"His Majesty, Bunker Bean"—Warner. Another good book ruined. Matt Moore turns Harry Leon Wilson's eccentric *Bunker Bean* into slapstick comedian.

"Joanna"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill, a comedienne of the first order, in badly directed picture of poor shopgirl who is suddenly thrust into a life of luxury by being given a million dollars to use as she pleases.

"Keeper of the Bees, The"—F. B. O. Gene Stratton-Porter's story; sentimental melodrama, that becomes ridiculous. Good cast, including Robert Frazer, Alyce Mills, and Clara Bow.

"Knock-out, The"—First National. Milton Sills in a film about a cultured prize fighter and a girl who owns a lumber camp. A log jam brings things to a crisis. Lorna Duveen is the girl.

"Lights of Old Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slight, unamusing film of old New York, bringing together Marion Davies, as the actress daughter of a belligerent Irish squatter, and Conrad Nagel, as the wealthy son of a proud old aristocrat.

"Lord Jim"—Paramount. A poor attempt to transpose Conrad's book to the screen. Percy Marmont, unconvincing as a sailor with a complex of fear, who deserts his ship and suffers for it. Shirley Mason, the South Sea heroine.

"New Brooms"—Paramount. A good comedy ruined by poor handling. Bessie Love's acting only bright spot. Neil Hamilton, handsome, but not funny.

"New Commandment, The"—First National. Jumbled, silly picture, involving a match-making aunt, a rebellious nephew, an aristocratic artist's model, and finally the war. A fine cast, however, with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon featured.

"Pace That Thrills, The"—First National. False, silly story of life of a moving-picture star, with Ben Lyon miscast in the leading rôle.

"Red-hot Tires"—Warner. Intended for high-speed comedy, but the featured players, Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, aren't up to it. Full of automobiles and accidents.

"Skyrocket, The"—Associated Exhibitors. Screen début of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who does rather well in a poorly directed picture of the rise and fall of a motion-picture actress.

"Son of His Father, A"—Paramount. Harold Bell Wright story of sister who visits brother on Western ranch and finds him tied up with band of smugglers. Bessie Love and Warner Baxter.

"Soul Mates" — Metro-Goldwyn. Adapted from an Elinor Glyn novel of a beautiful American heiress who is forced into a quarrelsome marriage with a young British peer. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe.

"Thank You"—Fox. Propaganda against the usual treatment of ministers in small towns, with Alec Francis playing a saintly old minister who has rather a bad time of it, and with George O'Brien and Jacqueline Logan furnishing the love element.

"Too Much Money"—First National. Long, involved slapstick comedy in which Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone are made to act in a very silly manner not at all suited to them.

"Tower of Lies, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old story of mortgage on the farm. Mediocre picture with Lon Chaney good as old Swedish father who loses mind and imagines himself an emperor and his lost daughter, Norma Shearer, an empress.

"Unchastened Woman, The"—Chadwick. Badly directed and badly acted film in which Theda Bara makes unworthy return to screen.

"Unguarded Hour, The"—First National. Poor entertainment. Milton Sills as an Italian count who, though pursued by women, remains cold to them, until finally captured by Doris Kenyon.

"What Fools Men"—First National. Rather a silly film in which Shirley Mason is a spoiled daughter and Lewis Stone an unreasonable father who doesn't know how to handle her. Barbara Bedford also featured.

"Woman of the World, A"—Paramount. Clowning and drama hopelessly mingled in clumsy film of a bejeweled countess, played by Pola Negri, who comes from Riviera to small United States town and falls in love with strait-laced district attorney.

Information Please

Continued from page 102

UTELLEM.—But I can't tell 'em in the issue in which you wanted to know! I don't blame you in the least for calling me "Picture Oracle;" after all, I brought it upon myself. Marian Nixon is about twenty; she was born in Superior, Wisconsin, and played on the stage in stock companies and in vaudeville before appearing in pictures. She has played in films about four years. Did you see Alberta Vaughn's sister, Adamae, in "The Last Edition?" John Gilbert is personally one of the most charming of the screen actors. In addition to his good looks, he has a brilliant mind.

LE SOLEIL.—In the February issue I was unable to tell you anything about a picture that you said had been made years ago by Pavlowa. F. C. G. has been kind enough to write in to this department that Pavlowa made a picture for Universal, about 1915 or 1916, called "The Dumb Girl of Portici." Douglas Gerrard, Rupert Julian, and Jack Holt also played in the production, which was considered quite a wonderful film in its day. Does this help you in what you wished to know?

F. C. G.—I am grateful to you for the information. I think it is very thoughtful of readers to write me the answers to inquiries which I am unable to look up.

P. M.—Never get a "case of stage fright" when you wish to write to me. Now a case of several other things I could mention might be highly prized these days, but what, after all, can you do with stage fright? You don't say from which address your letter to Jack Daugherty was returned. It should be possible to reach him at Universal studios in Universal City, California. His latest pictures are two serials called "The Radio Detective" and "The Scarlet Streak," and a feature called "The Runaway Express." The latter, I believe, has not yet been released.

O FROM GEORGIA.—Oh, is that so? Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello played the leads in "The White Rose." Yakima Canutt seems to have dropped out of pictures; perhaps the F. B. O. studios will forward a letter to him. Valentino's real name is Rodolfo dei Marchesi Guglielmi; yes, he is Italian. His first wife was Jean Acker, and his second, who recently got a divorce, was Natacha Rambova—in private life Winifred Hudnut. Jack Daugherty was at one time the husband of Barbara La Marr. I should suggest addressing a letter to him at the Universal studios. See the answer to P. M. *Napoleon Bonaparte* in "Madame Sans-Gêne" was played by Emile Drain.

EDNA PARRISH.—If I speak of retiring, it's only a temporary affair; I always have to get up in the morning, no matter how sleepy I am. Vivian Rich was born at sea and was brought up in Boston. She began her theatrical career in Gus Edwards' kid revue in vaudeville—Lila Lee also got her start that way. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. I can't find any record of any pictures she has played in in months, and therefore cannot make any suggestions as to where you might reach her. She doesn't give a home address.

JIMMIE.—No, I don't think you'd like my job! It's really very grubby work, looking up the answers to questions. And screen stars are just like anybody else to meet. Yes, Leslie Fenton played in "East Lynne." Bebe Daniels is five feet three and a half inches. There is already a Bebe Daniels Club. Address Dorothy Lubon, secretary, 2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City. Kenneth McKenna isn't married. I don't think Constance Wilson is the sister of Lois Wilson and Diana Kane.

A PICTURE-PLAY READER.—Yes, you're quite right; my chief occupation is answering questions—and you'd be surprised what a thirst for information there is in the world! The five thousand dollars offered by Robert Kane for a motion-picture department in some university was not accepted, so far as I know. Of course Famous Players have a school for actors at their studio in Astoria, Long Island; the tuition is five hundred dollars. The students are made up of a selected group of applicants who are adjudged to have screen possibilities. Universal announced recently that they, too, were starting a training school for actors at their studio in Universal City. No tuition is required; promising students are made members of the studio stock company and are paid for their work—when they work.

THE GREEN IMP.—You've been green for so long; aren't you ripe yet? Fred Thomson, I am told, is about the most popular of all the Western stars, with the exception of Tom Mix. His latest picture is "The Tough Guy." Yes, Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert are divorced. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was one of the last pictures in which Mary Miles Minter was starred. Sessue Hayakawa, as this goes to press, is starring in a new theatrical production called "The Love City," at the Klaw Theater, West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. I have added the addresses you wish to the list at the bottom of this department.

RAY'S FAITHFUL SALLY.—In answer to your query as to whether any screen players have February 2d for a birthday, Herbert Jurgens writes that Molly Malone was born on that date—in 1897, I understand.

HERBERT JURGENS.—Thank you so much for the information. I'm sorry I can't return with the answer to what you wish to know. Rod La Rocque doesn't give his birthday; very few screen stars do, as a matter of fact. It is only occasionally that I happen to know the birth dates of any of them. I can't think of any star who was born on September 27th.

OLIVE O'CONNELL.—It's too much for me to know the reason why any motion-picture star doesn't do this or that! It's quite true that many of them don't send out their photographs; it's sometimes because they haven't secretaries and couldn't possibly have time to do it themselves. If you could see the hundreds of letters which come in one week in a screen star's mail, you would appreciate what a great undertaking it is to answer them all. Sometimes, when a star is completely sure of himself and his position with the public, he or she just doesn't bother. I have no exact description of John Barrymore; he is about six feet tall, with brown hair, and, I believe, gray eyes. Yes, he wears a mustache in "Don Juan." May McAvoy's current picture is "The Road to Glory," a Fox film. Her next is "The Savage," with Ben Lyon, for First National. Mary Astor doesn't give her birthday; she is about twenty.

AMELIA DZUGAN.—No, indeed, your letter did not bore me; in fact, I hope you will write again. Fan clubs are conducted

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"I told him it wasn't too late if he would only make the start and he said he was going to send in one of those I. C. S. coupons right away.

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purely by correspondence. I don't know the details of the various clubs as to dues; many of them probably have no dues at all; some have dues, I believe, of something like twenty-five cents a year. A few of the clubs publish small magazines, to which their members may subscribe for a dollar or so a year. There is no age limit for the clubs, so far as I know. If you will tell me which stars you are interested in, I will tell you where to write to get in touch with their fan clubs, if they have any. Madge Bellamy's last name is pronounced Bell'-a-me, with the accent on the first syllable. She is honorary member of Our Club Fans. Address Julia David, secretary, 98 Waltham Street, Boston, Massachusetts. If you wish further information about this club, Miss David will be glad to give it to you. Yes, Clive Brook is married. *Soapy Williams* in "The Fighting Heart" was played by Victor MacLaglen.

DIANA.—You're the first person who has asked about Rockcliffe Fellowes in some time. He is married to Lucille Watson, a charming and talented actress on the New York stage. He was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1885, is five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His newest pictures are "Rose of the World," "Without Mercy," "Rocking Moon," "Eve's Leaves," "The Road to Glory," and "Dangers of a Great City." I don't know whether he is under contract to Cecil De Mille or not, but he seems to be working most of the time at the De Mille studios in Culver City, California. I will tell the editor you would like to see a picture of him in PICTURE-PLAY.

HARRIET DALE RICHARDSON.—No, I'm not the famous Delphic Oracle; I'm only cryptic—or dyspeptic, if you prefer! Richard Talmadge is an Italian American, born in New York City—his real name is Metzetti. He is in his late twenties and isn't married. He has black, curly hair, brown eyes, is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His two newest pictures are "The Badge of Honor" and "The Night Patrol." Ramon Novarro played the rôle of *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Alice Terry played the princess, and Barbara La Marr was *Antoinette*. Stuart Holmes played *Black Michael*, Lewis Stone was *Rudolph*, the hero, Malcolm MacGregor was *Count von Tarlenheim*, and Lois Lee played the countess.

FELIX THE CAT.—In answer to your inquiry some months ago as to the whereabouts of Ruth Taylor, Amos Hill Taylor writes that her address is 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood. Thank you, Mr. Taylor, for the information.

Addresses of Players

Buster Collier, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Alice Joyce, Bessie Love, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Billie Dove, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Donald Keith, and Kathlyn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Constance Bennett, May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sally O'Neil, Helene d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Lois Moran, Viola Dana, Dorothy Seastrom, Rudolph Valentino, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lloyd Hughes, and Eugene O'Brien, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Marc McDermott, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, House Peters, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobbs, Jack Daugherty, and Mary McAllister, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Jacqueline Logan, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Marion Harlan, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Charles Mack, care of D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Clive Brook, Don Alvarez, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Roche, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Alice Calhoun, Matt Moore, Huntley Gordon, and Dorothy Devore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Astor, Ben Lyon, at Biograph Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Reed Howe, Wanda Hawley, at Rayart Productions, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Walter Miller, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, 1762 Orchid Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

What Do the Players Read?

Continued from page 12

Raymond Hatton.

Since I was a boy in school I have been intensely interested in history, and books concerning the big dramatic periods of the past have always intrigued me. In "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," and "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells, I find very delightful reading material. Novels bore me. They seem all to have the same plot.

This handicap I overlook in Dickens because of his wonderfully true and engaging characters, such as "The Artful Dodger."

Biographies interest me, provided they are well done. Not well written from the standpoint of literary style, necessarily, but chock-full of informative facts which limn a definite and individual character.

I have never read methodically. But inevitably I return to one favorite book on medieval history. It is this period that I enjoy reading of the most. My only regret is that there were no writers then with a sense of humor. Incidents reflect that quality, so life could not have been deadly dull, but apparently the gift to express lightness in words had not been cultivated, and it was up to Mark Twain to turn out the incomparable "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," which never fails to make me chuckle.

Ricardo Cortez.

Novels for me, but stories of power and strong individualities, tales that have a swing and vitality to them. Conrad is my friend in all moods. An amazing figure, Conrad. He answers my restlessness, not alone with his yarns but with his own vigorous personality which seems to stalk between each line, and speak in each word.

Wasserman's "The World's Illusion" and John Masefield's "A Widow in Bye Street," will bear much rereading.

Raymond Griffith.

History, romance, and humor comprise my taste in literature.

The author who gives me the greatest enjoyment is Ring Lardner. There is a joyous soul! And secondly, Rafael Sabatini. His "Life of Cesare Borgia" I find absorbing. Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life" has a vigor and yet a sweetness of heart that elevate it to a high position on my list. "The Revolt of the Angels," by Anatole France, and Cabell's "The High Places," interest me mightily.

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Below—In "Bride of the Storm"

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Dorothy Dwan.

People have the wrong impression of girls just emerging from school. They do not read the slushy novels their mothers used to devour, but they are not all idiotic flappers. Most of them are reading good things and forming ideas of their own concerning life.

When I say that I like philosophy, people laugh. Why? Whenever I feel in a mean mood I grab a copy of Schopenhauer's "Studies in Pessimism," and simply revel in feeling blue and dispirited. Although he hated women, even his mother, he had a very fascinating attitude toward us.

Verse entertains me sometimes. I like Kipling and Keats. I'll never forgive William Cullen Bryant for writing "Thanatopsis"—I love it so much that I have recited it more often than the Lord's Prayer.

After you have read all this rough talk regarding our immortals you will probably suggest that I read Lord Chesterfield's letters and acquire a few manners. The idea of the day is to phrase things slangily—but that does not mean that girls haven't got their minds turned on.

Dorothy Phillips.

Books that deal with the mind and the soul, that attempt to explore the realms of mystery that these two subjects involve, are my chief diversion during reading hours. They make one ponder and think and speculate. With all that has been written, after centuries of study, their mysteries still remain unsolved, and mystery fascinates me.

I have read every line of Tolstoy that has been translated. His are books of real life, serious, with deep heart interest. Michael Arlen has won my fancy. "The Green Hat" I consider a masterpiece. He awakens me mentally and entertains me. A new author, Percy Marks, likewise has made me a devotee of his work. His "Plastic Age" is splendidly done.

Perhaps I will be accused of playing to the gallery when I say that I enjoy the movie magazines. To the fans they must be fascinating. The marvel to me is that they present so absorbingly, and yet truthfully, the prosaic details of our work for the screen.

Conrad Nagel.

Seriously, modern fiction has improved amazingly in the last ten years, but I still favor the classics and semiclassics. Charles Paul de Kock is fascinating. He creates with the brilliancy of a De Maupassant, the power of an Anatole France and the satire of a Balzac.

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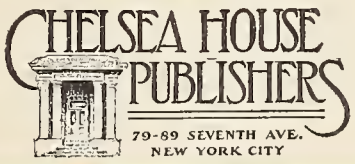

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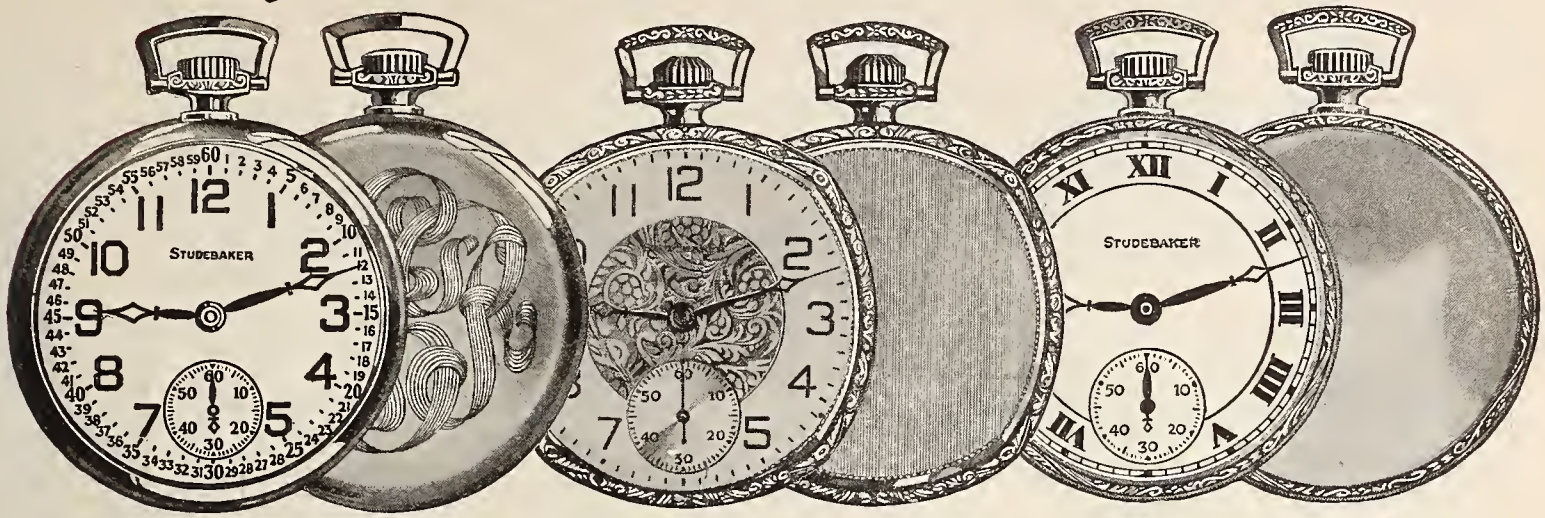

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Harold Lloyd *in* *"For Heaven's Sake"*

Directed by Sam Taylor. Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

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With Lila Lee, Directed by Lewis Milestone. From the comic story about Florida by Ring Lardner. Baseball! Sudden riches! Sudden laughs!

Douglas MacLean *in* *"That's My Baby"*

Directed by William Beaudine. Imagine riding in an aeroplane with a mischievous kid on each side of you trying to make you loop the loop! That's just one high spot among hundreds in Doug MacLean's latest and best.

Gloria Swanson *in* *"The Untamed Lady"*

With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Fannie Hurst author of "Mannequin," the $50,000 prize story. The untamed lady has a pretty face, twenty million dollars and an ungovernable temper. Picture Gloria in that plot!

Bebe Daniels *in* *"Miss Brewster's Millions"*

A Clarence Badger Production with Warner Baxter and Ford Sterling. From George Barr McCutcheon's "Brewster's Millions." Bebe Daniels inherits one million dollars with the promise of another seven millions if she spends the first million within one year!

Richard Dix *in* *"Let's Get Married"*

With Lois Wilson. Adapted by Luther Reed. From "The Man from Mexico," by H. A. Du Souchet. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The fastest, funniest Dix farce yet. If you saw "Womanhandled" you know what that means.

The Trade Mark of Romance — Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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THEIR FIRST YEAR IN PICTURES

How do you suppose it impressed them? We refer to those younger players who recently completed that length of service, or thereabouts. There are several of these girls—Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Dolores Costello, and nearly all of the Wampas Stars.

Dorothy Wooldridge has been talking to those young people, getting their impressions, and in our next issue she will tell you their outstanding comments on their first year's work.

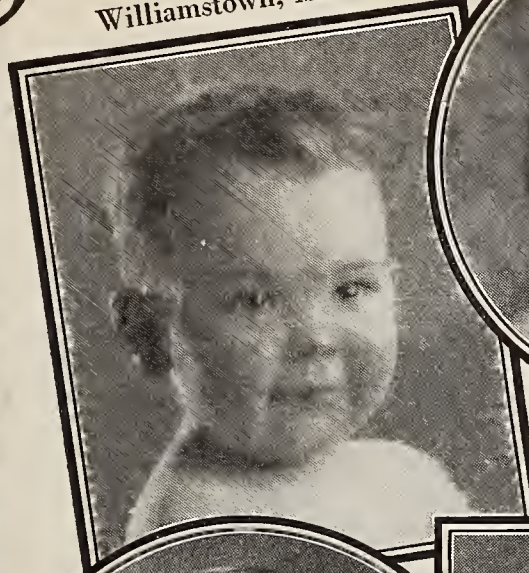
In the same number, Clara Beranger, one of the most famous scenario writers of to-day, will give a penetrating analysis of the screen characteristics of some of the leading players. This is a contribution that is bound to attract attention and to stimulate debate. Don't fail to read it, as it probably will set you to thinking along similar lines, and you will probably want to write out your thoughts for "What the Fans Think."

Fred Thomson is one of the most aloof, mysterious players in Hollywood. He avoids, rather than seeks, publicity, and seldom can he be induced to talk to an interviewer. But he did talk to Myrtle Gebhart not long ago, and her story about him in the next number will explain many seeming oddities about this unusual man.

Dorothy Manners has written, among other stories, an unusual description of Joan Crawford doing the Charleston, a story which has so much swing and rhythm that, as you read it, you can almost hear the jazz band playing and see the dancer doing her steps.

Margaret Reid will tell you, in the next issue, about Walter Pidgeon, Constance Talmadge's new leading man, while Malcolm H. Oettinger will give you his impressions of Norma Shearer.

Altogether, the next number is to be an unusually interesting one. Don't fail to get a copy.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Elloise Holland,
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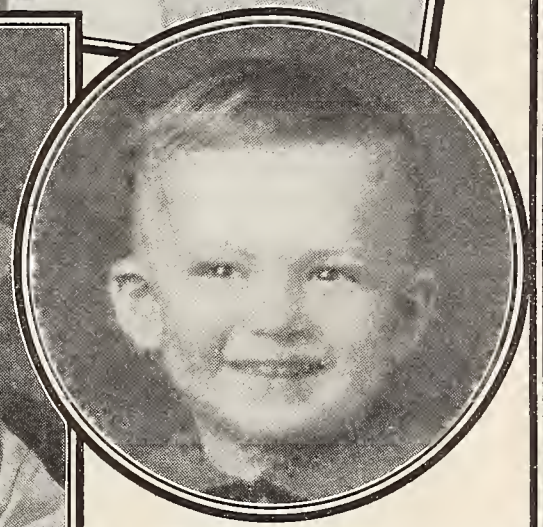
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Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants".

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What the Fans Think

Stars Need Friends, Not Fans.

I DON'T approve of fans and fanism! According to their letters in the press, fans are able to enjoy only the films of whatever stars are their particular favorites. I am sure one gets more enjoyment out of picture-going by *not* being a fan.

Because I enjoy the acting of Ramon Novarro, must I shun the pictures made by Rudolph Valentino? On the contrary, I am always delighted to see the work of that capable star. Because I see every John Gilbert film, I suppose his fans would require me to conceive a violent dislike for Ronald Colman, whereas I never miss a Colman picture.

No, I don't approve of fans. Fans only create a temporary breeze, and then the cooling process begins. The stars don't want fans, they want friends. Whoever had more fans acclaiming him than Valentino, after "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik?" Yet when he had the misfortune to make one or two pictures less good, instead of standing by him with "Better luck next time," they nearly all rushed off to find some one new to worship. But Valentino's *friends* are pleased to welcome him in each offering, merely hoping that some day he will be fortunate enough to secure another rôle to fit his personality as well as did that of *Julio Desnoyers*.

In America, there seems to be so much hysteria over players. You set him—or her—upon a pedestal, and after a few months of wild adulation, seem to delight in knocking the artist off said pedestal, and heaping upon him all the abuse available.

This is the line that is beginning to be taken with Gloria Swanson, yet she is as good to-day as she was a year or two ago.

The Latin races have for centuries called the people of my country "cold." Are they? Well, they are anyway sincere, and good stickers. We may add, year by year, to the galaxy of stars whom we love or admire, but we don't need to push one down to make room for another. Valentino is as popular here to-day as in the days when *Julio Desnoyers* was *le dernier cri*.

He has friends here, not fans.

No, the stars don't want fans—they need friends—stickers—stanch ones. Fans are only fair-weather things: they are no good when the cold days come. But friends are!

30 Lynette Avenue, London, S. W. 4. CHRISTINE MURRAY.

This Fan Has Had Many Crushes.

My latest crush is Ronald Colman. I think of him night and day. I go to see every picture he plays in, over and over. I have had several violent crushes before this. Ramon Novarro was the last one, and before him Valentino. Now, I can't see either one of them for dust. And before that I was *mad* about Eugene O'Brien, and before that about House Peters. But never have I had such a wild crush as I have for Ronald Colman. May he reign supreme, my hero.

Fort Wayne, Indiana. MAISIE ATTELBORO.

Till the Bitter End.

I want to boost Rudolph Valentino. He reigns supreme in my constellation of stars. It is a shame that he is given such poor parts when he is capable of the very best. It makes me angry when people say that he has lost out. They should have seen the local showing of "The Eagle," and the immense throngs that packed the theater. Despite anything that may be said, I know of one loyal group of fans who will stand by him till the bitter end.

San Francisco, California. MARY MCKINLEY.

How Our Movies Affect the Natives of India.

Cinema stories often produce strange effects on the natives of India. They seem to think that what is being enacted before them is actual fact.

One day, a traveling showman was invited to exhibit in the house of a zamindar. Among the films screened by him was one entitled "Watermelon Competition." It was a one-reel comedy, in which two negroes had taken part. Roars of laughter followed each scene.

A young son of the zamindar, however, believed that he was witnessing an actual scene. He felt inclined to eat a watermelon, and told his guardian, who was sitting by, what he wanted. The guardian told him, in jest, that at that hour of the night no watermelon was available, but that if he wished, he could snatch away one of the watermelons which the negroes had in their possession. So impressed had he been, that he rushed to the screen and grabbed at a melon which he thought was there! He found none and came back very much annoyed. Everybody laughed at him and his silly mistake, but he was not convinced and started to make a scene. Then his father—but that is another story.

In another case, a young lady had seen a picture in which the cruelties practiced on birds had been shown vividly. Next day, she was going along a bazaar when she saw a basketful of birds exposed for sale. She sought out the owner and rebuked him for his inhuman cruelties. Seeing that he was inclined to laugh at her, she raised her umbrella to strike him, when he begged her to excuse him, promising to be careful in future.

Continued on page 10

Miss Georgia Ingram Friedland's "Affairs of Anatol", Keith's Vaudeville

"My Night of Triumph!"

—as Told by Betty Brown

I WAS just sick with envy when Lucy danced gaily from the wings onto the big stage of our school auditorium. She looked so pretty in her fluffy ballet skirts and she danced so well. But deep down in my heart I knew that I could look as pretty and dance even better if I only had the chance. If I had the chance! That was the trouble!

The other girls in my crowd were all studying classic dancing. And I who had longed to dance ever since I could remember — I was left out.

Dad had been ill for over a year, and no matter how carefully we figured expenses, there never seemed to be enough left over to pay for my dancing lessons. One time I did get sufficient courage to go up to Madame Henri's studio and ask about the cost of lessons. Madame Henri was the only reliable teacher in town and her classes were so crowded that she could ask the most exorbitant tuition and get it. I went home from her studio completely discouraged. Even if dad was working, we could never afford to pay anything like the tuition she asked.

"Why Couldn't I, too, Dance My Way Into Popularity"

But I still longed, hoped, dreamed someday to learn to dance. Whenever a crowd of the girls got together they talked of nothing but their latest dance steps. Ruth, who had been pale, sallow, and overweight, was rapidly developing into a real beauty with rich color and the loveliest slender figure. She said it was all because of her dancing. And Peggy, who had never been a bit popular, soon became known as the most graceful girl in our class and was absolutely showered with invitations. No party was complete until Peggy arrived and did one of her gay, dashing character dances.

Finally the great day came for our class play try-outs. The leading part might have been written for me. Everyone said that I was sure to get it, but I hardly dared hope that the great honor would come to me. I was so excited at try-out that I could hardly speak.

The moment when the director turned to me and said, "Well, young lady, I guess you have the part," was the very most thrilling in my life. Then he continued, "Of course, you have studied dancing haven't you? I understand that all of you girls are taking it up now. There is a little dance in the second act, and the girl who has the lead will have to know how to dance."

"I Cried Myself to Sleep That Night"

My heart sank.

What could I do? I might say that I could dance. But he would find out soon enough that I wasn't telling the truth. There was just one thing to do.

Lucy got the part that was written for me, and I cried myself to sleep that night. I pretended that I didn't care. That just made it hurt all the worse. I wanted to dance. Oh, how I wanted to dance.

Almost a year later I was again in the school auditorium. The curtain was just rising for our spring festival—the greatest event in the school year—and *I* had the leading part. The director said it was because I had danced so beautifully. Lucy, Ruth, and Peggy were among the dancers that I led through a series of lovely ballets. As I waited in the wings, smoothing the ruffly skirts of my lovely ballet costume, I knew that my night of triumph had come at last.

"And Then— How I Surprised Her"

After it was over, Madame Henri rushed up to congratulate me and to ask me where I had learned such perfect technique. I am afraid it was with wicked glee that I told her of the wonderful method I studied right at home and at a mere fraction of the cost of studio lessons.

It makes no difference where you live, you can master classic dancing at home by the Sergei Marinoff Method. It is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have school or household duties that occupy most of your time. You can practice just as long as you choose whenever it is most convenient.

Mother and daughter can study together. Or, if you choose, you can organize a little class of your friends and pay for your lessons by teaching them just as you receive them.

It costs you nothing to find out how the Sergei Marinoff School will make your dreams come true. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it right away. You will receive, absolutely without obligation, full information about how this great school has made the joy, the grace, the health of classic dancing possible to thousands of girls and women.

Complete equipment for creating a dancing studio in your own home including a dainty practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and a dancing bar come with the course free of charge. Send the coupon today.

Sergei Marinoff School of Classic Dancing
1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio A-128, Chicago, Ill.

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Please send me full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing and your free studio equipment offer. I understand that this information is absolutely Free.

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_____ *Age*_____

Continued from page 8

I witnessed a curious scene at the movies one evening. A villain was torturing the heroine, who was crying out for help. A Hindu fan was so much impressed that he jumped on the stage, drew a knife from his pocket, and attacked the villain! He damaged the screen, of course, and only when other fans shouted out, did he realize his mistake and return to his seat, very much abashed. He explained that "something in him" had made him forget the actual situation and act foolishly.

S. B. Banerjea.
Bose Lane, Beadon Street, Calcutta, India.

Praise from Friend Husband.

I wish to praise Richard Dix for his portrayal of his rôle in "The Vanishing American." My husband, to whom all movie actors look alike, remarked on our way home from the movie, that "That young fellow must be an Indian or he could not have acted the part so well." Those who do not know my husband's idea of most movies cannot appreciate that compliment as I do. Jean.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

John Gilbert for *Frank Merriwell.*

This is from a fourteen-year-old boy who is interested both in the movies and the *Frank Merriwell* series of stories. I suppose every one has heard of the *Merriwell* books, and now I am wondering—wondering—if the *Merriwell* stories were ever brought to the screen, who would play *Frank*. Who would secure the unanimous vote of all the boys in the U. S. A. to enact the rôle of *Frank* on the screen?

For my part I wouldn't vote for one of those Latin sheiks, who would transform Burt L. Standish's dauntless *Frank* into an Elinor Glyn passionate hero. I'd pick an American with a perfect face and physique, a person you can trust; and John Gilbert, to me, comes the nearest to these standards. I know Gilbert has gained a reputation for a fiery, ardent lover, but that doesn't mean he can't portray *Frank*. He's my ideal *Frank*—as he was, back in the days when he was playing for Fox. I have never changed my opinion on that subject, and I never will. Thomas Sullivan.
Worcester, Mass.

Our Films Are Now Appearing in Germany.

Achtung! Achtung!

Here is Berlin on the air!

Did you know that we are having some quite recent films imported from the United States? Well, "The Phantom of the Opera" was first shown here and in other German cities in November. Wasn't it thrilling? It has been doing fine business, and at present, Warner Brothers' "Kiss Me Again" is at the Ufa-Gloria-Palast, one of the best and most fashionable moving-picture theaters here, something like the Mark Strand or the Capitol in New York. And speaking of names, we also have a Capitol Theater, and next week we will have a chance to see Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." How glad I am! In my fancy, I go back to those days when I saw, down in Mexico, "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "Pay Day," each of which I saw three or four times. I also had a fine time seeing a light comedy with Reginald Denny in it. The name in German was "Why Shouldn't He?" and he had Gertrude Olmstead as his pretty leading lady. Betty Compson and Raymond Griffith made a delightful team in "Paths to Paradise." A critic here said that German scenario writers should learn something from this picture. Other current releases are "The Man Without Conscience," "Six Shots in the Night"—with Louise Dresser and Jack Pickford—and a Fox production called something more or less like "The Club of Destruction," with Harrison Ford, Mahlon Hamilton, and Claire Adams.

Douglas and Mary, Chaplin, Griffith, Harold Lloyd, Norma and Constance Talmadge, are the most popular players. So is Tom Mix, who took the town by storm last summer. Buster Keaton is making a hit in "The Navigator." But I miss Tom Meighan's pictures, for in the eight months since I arrived here, I haven't seen one of his films. He seems to be quite unknown here!

I hope that "Tartuf," a German film with Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss—who may be remembered as *Doctor Caligari*—and Dil Dagover, happens to be shown over there, and if it is, *don't miss it!*

Herbert Henry Bunz.
Friedrichstr. 130, Berlin, Germany.

A Boost for "Picture-Play."

Hip, hip, hurray!!! Why this unseemly hilarity, you may ask? Why, just my quiet little way of expressing approval of Picture-Play. It's getting "bigger and better" every day in every way. I do think Picture-Play has the right idea in giving us such splendid articles as Dorothy Manners' "Sketchbook," and that novel idea of interviews by Carmel Myers. Even the fan letters in Picture-Play are much, much, more interesting than in any other magazine.

I don't like a magazine chuck full of pictures and hardly any reading matter, for, after all, you pay your two bits and you don't want to see and read all there is in a magazine in about five minutes. Nor do I like too many interviews, for I read only the interviews with stars I am interested in. Besides, I believe I know the life story, anyway, of every actor and actress on the screen to-day—almost. So news of just little everyday happenings to the stars, such as we find in Dorothy's "Sketchbook" or Margaret Reid's experiences as an extra, just appeal to me wonderfully. Keep up the good work! E. Carmason.
Box 314, St. Clair, Pa.

Let Us Say What We Think.

In a recent issue, Mr. George Canfield made a request that the fans should not speak so plainly. I disagree with him. I see no reason why people should not say just what they think on the subject of the movies or anything connected with them, especially in the department of a magazine that is made for that purpose. He also says, "Nothing is wrong with the movies." One might just as well say that nothing is wrong with politics, the economic system, with contemporary literature, or anything else. M. W.
New York City.

A Fan Who Resents Jack Gilbert's Attitude.

Your interview with John Gilbert in the March Picture-Play was most interesting. The ideas of that morose individual on the prying ways of the public were very bitter. However, in my poor opinion, that young man is very much in need of a verbal castigation, and I most assuredly would like to administer it.

It is quite evident that life has given him a drubbing, and that he would like to strike back at that playful jade through the dear public. We must not inquire as to the parting of his hair, the tying of his shoes, and the dishes that make up his breakfast. Why? Mr. Gilbert has an aversion toward giving pleasure other than through his "art." But honestly, ridiculous as it must sound, those little personal items *do give pleasure*. I suppose a psychoanalyst could tell him why. However, *I'd* like a try at explaining.

What fairy tales are to children, the movies are to the masses leading humdrum lives—magical, wondrous things, changing the drab of our lives into gossamer dreams that last long after the picture has been seen. With that effect in mind, it is not difficult to understand how utterly impossible it is to be impersonal. We cannot and do not admire a glorious bit of work because it has been put over by a fine actor, but rather because it has been put over by a personality we love, whether the acting is up to standard or not.

So the mere fact that he must part his hair—even as you and I—is a thing of interest, bringing him closer to us, making him almost a personal friend.

Mr. Gilbert appears to see us as buzzards awaiting tidbits to devour, not as kindly, warm-hearted folks, interested in him both personally and professionally, hoping he will have fine pictures for his fine talents, rooting for all we are worth for his personal happiness. And this prying is just a very human desire to share in it. Many of us travel from the cradle to the grave unwept, unhonored, and unsung, with lives as unhappy, and bitterness as corroding as that which has filled the life of Mr. Gilbert, without his compensating anodyne.

After all, Fate is handing John a bouquet for every brickbat she threw. Why deny us our crumbs from his overflowing hoard? Nancy C. Smith.
735 West One Hundred and Eighty-third Street, New York City.

Let's Not Label Gilbert.

Please, fans, let's not label John Gilbert "The Perfect Lover." He *is* perfect in such a rôle, that is true, but he is perfect in any rôle, and how unfair it is to label him, especially when he does not desire it. The March Picture-Play contained a surprisingly interesting, and unusually enlightening article on John Gilbert's desires, his attitude toward his work and toward the public; and I thoroughly enjoyed it and approved of his point of view. Mr. Gilbert has reached the height of fame because he not only *could* deliver the goods but consistently *did* deliver them. Whether as an imprisoned, unkempt count, a Russian aristocrat, a snob, or a doughboy, Gilbert has given us his best, and it isn't very sportsmanlike of us, the fans who are all for Gilbert, to allow him to be labeled "The Perfect Lover."

Mrs. Olive Thompson.
726 West Forty-seventh Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

From a True Gilbert Fan.

I am very indignant! To stand by and see my screen idol, John Gilbert, insulted is more than I can stand, so I am rising in his defense. He is a wonderful actor, and imagine any one saying, "What the fans can see in Gilbert is more than I can comprehend." Such is the statement made by Amy Anderson in the February issue of "What the Fans Think." Just one word more—remember this, Amy, if every one were like you, what a funny world it would be! A True Gilbert Fan.
Tacoma, Wash.

Do American and English Fans Differ?

I like your magazine, but every time I read it, I'm amazed at the difference between the Americans and the English. Americans don't seem capable of admiring a cinema star for more than a few brief weeks, or else it is that the fan magazines won't let them, because the fans in their

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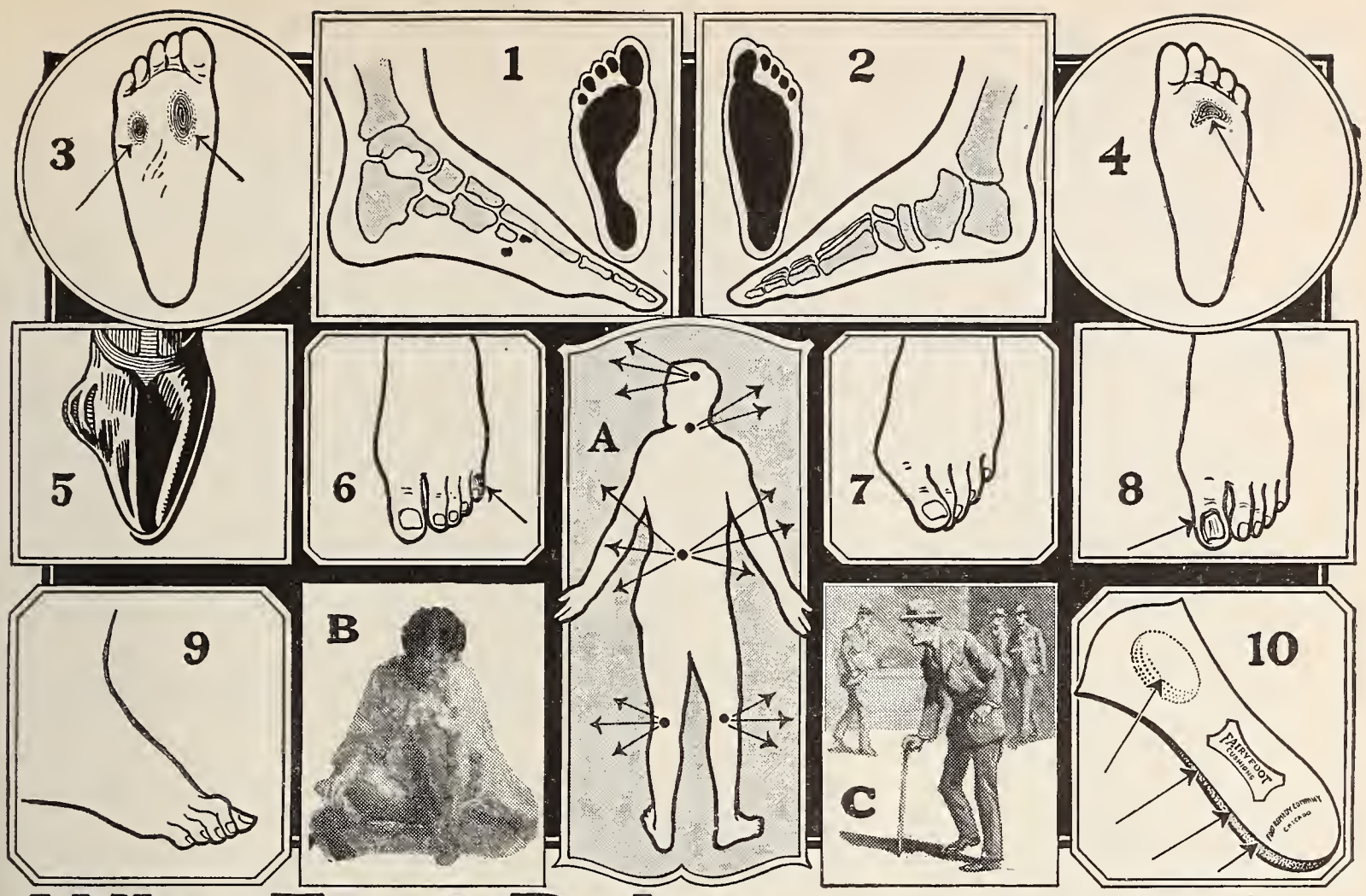

Why Foot Pains Go in 5 Minutes

Five minutes is now the time limit for foot and leg pains. Reports from people who were chronic sufferers tell of practically instant relief from all sorts of foot troubles, also relief from leg and back pains and headaches, caused by feet out of order. A wonderful new, scientific invention, known as Fairyfoot Cushions, has brought astounding, sensational results. The amazing reports seem almost incredible, but a very special offer enables you to prove without a penny's risk that this great invention will do the same for you.

What Ails Your Feet

Twenty-six bones form the arch of the foot. Even one of these bones getting out of place puts abnormal strain and pressure on the muscles and nerves—then the pains appear.

It is displacement of these bones by the weight of the body, too much standing or ill-fitting shoes that causes "flat foot." The weight of the body is thrown out of balance and the foot is often crowded down into the shoe causing bunions, corns, calluses, ingrowing toenails, hammer toe, or Morton's toe, and the shoes become misshapen and run over at the heel.

Then you have agonizing pains in the feet and often leg pains, backache, headache, "rheumatism" and nervousness. Let the arch drop ever so little and trouble starts. You can't always see that your foot is flat—it may look all right—but the merciless pains tell you that something has gone wrong.

How Fairyfoot Cushions "Position" the Feet

These wonderful Cushions (highly recommended by orthopedists and physicians) bring relief by "positioning" the feet. They point the toes straight ahead, causing the arches to take their natural position. They also direct the body's weight to the ball, heel and outer part of the foot, where Nature intends it to be. Every bone and muscle is put just where it belongs.

Fairyfoot Cushions are very flexible, and while positioning the foot normally, gently massage and exercise the muscles which have become soft and flabby and give them strength to support the readjusted arch.

Stiff metal devices can't give this kind of pressure and strengthening exercise. They act merely as supports and actually allow the muscles to become weaker. They usually have to be fitted and adjusted by experts. They are heavy and clumsy. Pads and bandages are mere makeshifts.

You don't have to adjust Fairyfoot Cushions, and they weigh less than an ounce. Fairyfoot Cushions are made in 50 different sizes to fit the daintiest slipper or heavy shoe—no costly made-to-order appliances to pay for. Last a year or longer.

Your feet also regain their correct shape. The instep, the heel, the toes all stay in their proper positions. Your shoes keep their shape, your suffering has vanished. Results are immediate. Guaranteed in five minutes.

Key to Diagrams

1. Normal Position of Arch and Print of Normal Foot.
2. Fallen Arch and Print of Flat Foot.
3. Calluses.
4. Morton's Toe caused by arch breaking across fore part of foot.
5. Bunion.
6. Corns.
7. Crowded Toes.
8. Ingrowing Nail.
9. Hammer Toe caused by foot pressing forward.
10. Fairyfoot Cushion. Showing built-up flexible layers and device for "positioning" foot.

A. Pains in Legs, Back, Neck and Head, originating in Feet.

B and C. Result of neglecting foot troubles.

Heed the Danger Signals

Any pain in your feet, legs or back means most likely that something is wrong with your feet—something that needs attention right away. Don't assume that these pains will "cure themselves." Even a few slight twinges may point to a condition that will mean serious trouble later on. Fairyfoot Cushions will correct the cause of the trouble and then the pain must go.

Proved by Thousands

Letters like these, from former foot sufferers, show what Fairyfoot Cushions will do:

"I had to hobble on a cane. With Fairyfoot Cushions I walk perfectly."

"Had a bad case of fallen arch. Fairyfoot Cushions have completely corrected it."

"Leg and back pains all gone now, thanks to Fairyfoot Cushions."

"Bunion and Morton's toe have gone, also my pains and nervousness. Fairyfoot Cushions did it."

"The first real relief I have had from foot pains in 10 years."

How to Order

Place stockinged foot on piece of paper and trace outline of foot with pencil held vertically, as shown above. Send this and also write size and width of shoe in coupon.

Send No Money

So sound are the scientific principles on which Fairyfoot Cushions are made, so remarkable have been the results obtained in "hopeless" cases, that we gladly send them on free trial.

The regular price is $3.00, but for a limited time we offer Fairyfoot Cushions for only $1.98. Pay only when postman brings them. Or you can send money in advance if you wish. Either way. Make the 5-minute test—see how quickly the pains go. Then wear them 14 days and if not satisfied return them and we refund your money. Send coupon today.

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Enclosed is outline of my foot. Send me a pair of Fairyfoot Cushions. I will pay special price, $1.98, on arrival, and will make the 5-minute test. Am also to have privilege of wearing them 14 days at your risk. If I am not satisfied, I will return the Cushions and you will refund my money.

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If it's action you want, the thrilling stories of brave-hearted deeds, then ask your bookseller to show you the fine, cloth-covered books that bear the "CH" mark on their handsome jackets. "CH" books cost only 75 cents apiece.

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BLACKIE AND RED.....David Manning

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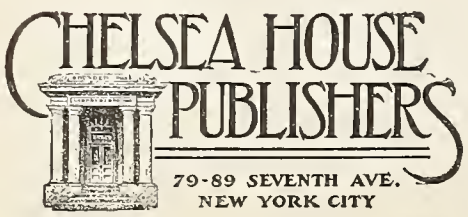

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

letters seem faithful enough. But the magazines—first they rave, and then, before the actor's day is scarcely begun, they say his day is over and prepare his obsequies. This clamoring for new stars is very feverish and eccentric, and also very unintelligent.

Rudolph Valentino is coming back to a bigger success than ever in the near future, and this is acknowledged, even in America, but why do we not hear more praise of this great artist, who is such a tremendous attraction? Can it be that, temperamentally, Americans cannot give the highest praise except to what is brand new?

Now, the Americans, or their magazines, are raving about John Gilbert, whom English people do not like. He has apparently been initiated in the art of love making after the unpleasant manner of penny dreadfuls, the sort of trash that has been a byword in England for years. Margaret Livingston, in your magazine, puts the truth in a nutshell when she says, "There has been no second Valentino, in spite of imitations." There is no one to approach Rudolph Valentino, and no words from my pen can attempt to describe his art. In England, we cherish merit.

WINIFRED GAGE.
42 Woodbourne Avenue, London, S. W. 16, England.

In Memoriam.

When the Great Director decided that Barbara La Marr would make a delightful addition to His heavenly cast, He nominated her to the roll of honor, and robbed us mortals of our sincerest and most lovable siren.

Lucky Babs! She will meet our dashing Wallie Reid, and will hear his lovable saxophone, as he plays his love song to Dorothy, that sweet wife of his on mortal earth below. She will renew acquaintance with Olive Thomas, who left for heaven a few years ago, and will tell Jack Pickford's former wife of her husband's exploits on the safe land we tread. And Allan Holubar, Dot Phillips' director-husband—perhaps Barbara will find him taking a few scenes for Thomas Ince, who perhaps possesses a few shares in the Cinema Club way up over the clouds. Babs will be kind enough to tell Allan and Thomas that we have their works firmly in memory. What of Kate Lester—that majestic woman who decided that heaven was a safe refuge for her? And Martha Mansfield? We miss you, but never fear, we have a place in our hearts for your memory. Babs will tell you all. Our sweet Lucille Ricksen—we know your leaving broke our hearts, but we have suffered in vain—you would rather play in heaven than on the screen below. The clouds make your stage, the moon your limelight, and the myriads of stars your footlights. We see you every eve, dancing up there.

Remember, Barbara La Marr, we love you forever! WYN WESTLEY.
23 Cedar, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

I was shocked to read of the death of Barbara La Marr, a grand and wonderful lady. She once sent me her photo, and across the bottom of it, she had written "Lest you forget, Barbara La Marr." Because I have not forgotten, I have penned the following lines while thinking of her.

LOST BEAUTY.

Beautiful, wonderful womanhood,
So perfect in form and in line.
Gloriously, radiantly lovely—
A classic of beauty divine!
Her face and her features are works of the gods—
Most perfect eye e'er looked upon.
Her body's a symbol of all that is art,
Her grace is the grace of the faun.
Her hair is spun midnight in Grecian coiffure,
Her eyes are dark mirrors of truth.
So radiant and lovely, she seems to be blessed
By goddesses, springtime, and youth.

And then, comes—Death!

The beauty once like a red flame in the dawn
Now yields to the shadow of gray;
The sparkle, the brilliance, the fire is soon gone,
There is left but the figure of clay.
The body that throbbed with fierce joy in its life
Now is senseless as marble, and cold—
And still as the silence that lurks in the dark
Which the wings of the nighttime enfold.
She looks in her death like a statue in ice,
Which once mirrored flames of the sun;
A temple of life from which fires have gone out—
God's masterpiece, finished and done!

How sad when we think that such beauty as this
Must lie in the depths of a grave.
Must be hidden, buried, and forever lost,
Yet there is no power to save.
Evolved from its Maker, return, then, it must,
And ashes are ashes, and dust is but dust!

Miss La Marr was one of the world's most beautiful women. It is sad that beauty such as hers should ever have to die. Yet, may the inspiration it has roused in hundreds of souls forever carry on!

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG.
929 West Seventh Street, Traverse City, Mich.

In the death of Barbara La Marr, we fans have lost one of our most talented actresses, and one of the screen's unique personalities. To me, the news of her death was a great surprise. I had followed closely the reports of her severe illness, and rejoiced at her apparent recovery.

In an interview that she gave out at the time she adopted her baby, she said, "I adopted a baby because I wanted something to love. I've had wisdom thrust upon me until it isn't hard for me to look ahead to a loveless, lonely old age, when what they are pleased to call my beauty will be faded—when they've forgotten the tinkle of this thing called fame, and my name is wiped from the slate of the world's favor." At that time, little did she realize that death would overtake her in a few years—that she would never live to a loveless, lonely old age.

As I look over my photograph collection, which I have taken great pleasure in securing, I find a charming study of the glamorous La Marr, on which is inscribed, "Lest you forget, Barbara La Marr." Indeed, I never shall forget Miss La Marr. She was my second screen crush, and has remained a favorite despite the poor pictures in which she, she alone, was the only enlightening factor.

JACK MCELVENY.
960 Iglehart Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Laugh If You Like—!

—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered,—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it.

"It's true, comparatively a few short months ago I didn't know one note from another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"But you all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so, I decided, it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but *real notes, catchy tunes*—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

Pick Your INSTRUMENT

Piano	Harmony and Composition
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Mandolin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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BROWN OF HARVARD

Kick off!
With the snap of a well coached team
This greatest of football pictures
Rushes into action!
Thrill follows thrill as quickly
As a quarterback barks his signals
And such a team of talent!
Jack Pickford as the heroic roommate—
Mary Brian (she's beautiful!)
And
William Haines as Tom Brown
Who played a great game of football—and love
To win out in the end!
Take "time out" to see this College Classic!

Directed by Jack Conway, adapted by Donald Ogden Stewart from Rida Johnson Young's celebrated stage play. Screen play by A. P. Younger.

Tom (William Haines) is good at any game. The girl (Mary Brian)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

APR 28 '26
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, June, 1926, VOLUME XXIV NUMBER 4

Photo by William Davis Pearsall

Jetta Goudal's dark, glowing eyes are of the type that are particularly well set off by a white wig. This striking portrait shows her as she appears in "Paris at Midnight." But she is much more interested just now in "Her Man o' War," for Cecil De Mille is starring her in that—for the first time.

The Gang's All

EVER since Tom Mix took that famous excursion to New York and across the Atlantic accompanied everywhere—well, almost everywhere—by his trick horse Tony, "Texas" Guinan has had a greeting for picture stars arriving at her night club in New York.

"Hey, Monte"—or Rudy, or Richard, or Johnny, as the case may be—"where's your horse?"

Thus is he informally introduced to the crowd—for there always is a crowd—and it is then quite *de rigeur* to pelt the famous picture star with cotton snowballs. Each table is supplied with them, and they are supposed to be saved until a chorus number about winter sports — outdoor ones — is sung, but who could be expected to play according to rules at an unruly place like Texas' night club?

From Greenwich Village up through the roaring Forties and Fifties, and thence northward to Harlem's black belt, are scattered the night clubs where the movie players forgather after the theater, when in New York.

This article takes you on a vivid sightseeing tour through these places of amusement, many of which are exclusive and almost impossible to enter, unless one is known along the Great White Way.

It really was quite necessary to devise some reason for supplying soft things to throw around up there. For, formerly, the guests had a cruel habit of throwing the wooden clappers that were meant only to facilitate applause. And one night a pretty young film ingénue, who had just had her nose made over, had to retreat under her table to escape being hit by them, and the impression somehow got round that she hadn't confined her drinking to ginger ale.

Almost every picture star who visits New York heads for Texas Guinan's club on his first night in town. It is the quickest way of rounding up all his friends and paying a social call on them. Whether his friends are in the theatrical business, politics, or the sports world, they are all likely to be there. For Texas has a charm all her own—a gusty, friendly, hospitable way of making you feel important even in a gathering of mayors, diplomats, theatrical celebrities, and industrial magnates. She never forgets a face, and just as you slide into a far corner table thinking you are unnoticed and hoping you are not, she calls out, "Hey, you! Thought you'd sneak in here with a new hair cut and fool me, didn't you?"

And film people who are usually rather conscious of their dignity and maintain an aloof manner elsewhere, feel no such restraint at Texas' place. There, there is no likelihood of the president of the Better Films Committee of Kenosha coming up to them to say, "You've been such a good influence on the boy scouts in our town. They've made you their honorary scout master, and they haven't minded the nine-o'clock curfew at all since they knew you always had to retire at nine in order to keep up your strenuous work in pictures." No, at Texas' place they are among friends who understand them.

Texas has had a mighty good influence on some of our young picture people. She may encourage them to stay up late, but they have to behave themselves. Just let her see a girl smoking too much, or drinking, or even eating rich food, and she will come over to the table and deliver a lecture that cannot be forgotten or ignored. Texas speaks, not as a jealous reformer, but as one who has known all the ups and downs of life.

It is always crowded at her club soon after the theater

Here by Helen Klumph

hour, and even at four in the morning there is still a crowd outside pleading for admittance. But if you aren't well known, your chance of getting in is slight.

A story is told of a stunning, middle-aged woman who arrived one night and was denied admittance. "Just tell Miss Guinan that I am here," she instructed the doorman. "She knows me." But the doorman did not recognize her and was unimpressed. From time to time he did go in, but only to come back and report that Miss Guinan was very busy with her guests of honor—they were Viola Dana and Bobby Agnew, I believe—and later, to say that Miss Guinan was singing. "And when a great artist like Miss Guinan sings, of course I can't interrupt her," he said.

The woman waited patiently, until in due course of time Texas did come out and the doorman was startled to see her fling her arms around the woman excitedly, laughing and crying as she exulted, "Mary Garden! You darling!"

Even if people didn't love Texas, I think they would go to whatever night club she was presiding over at the moment. It doesn't pay to ignore a woman with her sense of humor. The Dolly sisters must have once offended her in some way, for there was a time when Texas brought out of obscurity the dreariest, stringiest, tackiest sister act you ever saw. They were duly introduced, nightly, to a hilarious throng, as the "Dolly Sisters' Daughters."

If you knew the New York night clubs of a year or two ago, you will find that the places mentioned here have unfamiliar names, for the night-club patrons, in their continual search for novelty, demand new clubs each season.

This account, therefore, of the 1926 crop of clubs, will make you familiar with the ones that the players are patronizing *now*.

Everything is friendly and informal up at Texas' club, as Malcolm St. Clair, the clever young Paramount director, found on his first visit there. A girl at an adjoining table found him much more interesting than her own party—and who would not?—and slid along the divan so as to talk to him. He didn't seem to relish the idea, but some one with him—thus I veil my identity—urged her to tell about herself. She said that she came from Hollywood, where she had been working in pictures.

"Perhaps you have worked for Monta Bell?" I asked, all interest. "Do tell me about him." And then I heard things about Monta which, in all the years of our acquaintance, I had never suspected.

"Paul Bern," I went on. "What is he like?" More misinformation followed.

Finally, I asked, "Ever heard of Mal St. Clair? They tell me he is an awfully good director."

And to his intense surprise, Mr. St. Clair learned that she always played in his pictures—that he simply couldn't make one without her. And the young lady wasn't in the least daunted when she studied him closely and realized who he was. She just exclaimed, "Why, you're Mal St. Clair! You've never seen me before in your life. What a fool I've made of myself!"

Picture stars do go to other places in New York besides Texas' club, though often, when they arrive at any other place, they ask themselves why, and speedily repair the mistake.

There are a few good reasons, however, for some of the other clubs. Ben Lyon likes the Chinese food and George Olsen's music, for instance, at the Club Chantee. And Ben, a little bit timid and chastened by having to grow a luxuriant beard for his star rôle in "The Savage," was hesitant, for a while, about showing up anywhere where he was not known.

Even among his old friends at the Club Chantee, unpleasantness was likely to develop at the appearance of a svelte young man who looked like the leader of the House of David.

"Bring out Uncle Joe's mustache cup," a rude neighbor is reported to have said one evening. And as other jeering remarks became a little more than Ben could bear, he complained to the manager and had the offending party removed. Unfortunately, though, in his nervous embarrassment, he pointed out the wrong party. Hereby he offers humble apology and the further information that the right ones were later detected and also sent out into the cold world.

Picture stars who live in New York most of the time are rarely seen at the night clubs. Doris Kenyon goes occasionally to the Lido—supposedly a public place, but try to get in if you don't look like a page out of the blue book or a graduate of one of Broadway's finishing schools. The Club Lido specializes in good music, fresh air, and refined and brief entertainment. And there is no likelihood of a noisy buyer's coming over from a ringside table to greet Bebe Daniels with the remark, "You know, you're a dead ringer for Bebe Daniels, only prettier." Such an occurrence has come at least once into the life of every well-known picture star when she ventured out among the lights and noises of Broadway.

On the opening nights of big pictures or important plays on Broadway, one is apt to find May Allison at the Mirador or the Montmartre or one of the other more discreet, and smart, and resplendent dance palaces. May is always exquisitely dressed, and the springlike freshness of her eager blue eyes, golden hair, and creamy skin make you believe that it really isn't necessary for all the inhabitants to look gray and jaded and slightly sour by two a. m.

May spends all her week-ends in the country, so is never seen in the noisy throngs on Saturday night. Dorothy Mackaill reverses that procedure by living in a far-away suburb all week and descending to town for a whirl in the cabarets only on Saturday night.

"Doesn't she like to have fun?" May McAvoy inquired in some dismay, when first she saw Dorothy leave a theater at ten thirty in order to make the train home.

"Isn't one night a week enough?" I asked, a little surprised that May herself associated late hours with fun.

That was only a week or so after May had come to New York, and she was still imbued with the idea of cramming all New York's gayety and sparkle and late hours into a few weeks before going back to Hollywood and the early curfew. About ten days later, however, she had arrived at the conclusion that there was no interesting place to go after dinner. She could always dine happily at the Colony, where the quiet, small surroundings are shared by the season's débutantes, and where cooking is far from a lost art.

The grand tour of New York's night side shows—which every young picture player and director feels it his duty to visit in the interests of studying life in the rough, you know, and improving his art through a better understanding of human nature—begins way down in Greenwich Village. Tucked away in the streets around Washington Square are oddly decorated cafés that beseech trade until a late hour. But a mild, tea-room air hangs about them. They might just as well be called "Ye Olde Foode Shoppe," and replace their wild, Russian decorations with Aunt Prudence's doilies, for all the ribaldry they inspire.

To the night lifers, downtown means Barney Gallant's. Other places may spring up now and then and have a day of popularity, but Barney's goes on and on. Even Paul Whiteman and other entertainers from other cafés go there after their own evening's work is done.

At Barney's, the lights are shaded and dim, so you never can be quite sure who is there with whom, and perhaps it is just as well. But if you have a taste for scandal, that is provided with the show. If the name of some man of prominence has been linked with that of one of their entertainers, they don't try to hide it at Barney's. They come right out and announce her act thus: "Mr. Whoosiz presents——" and so forth.

From Barney's in Greenwich Village, the trail of the night clubs jumps up to the Forties, and after winding up and down the streets for the next twenty blocks, jumps to Harlem, many miles away, and two dollars and forty cents by taxi.

At least once—and probably many more times—in every actress' life, she feels that she must see Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana dance, so she and her party all go to the Club Mirador. This is one of the really nice places, where your fellow customers are inoffensive, and where no jokes are told in the show. And the decorations are luxurious enough to make any picture star feel at home. As for Marjorie Moss' dancing, that is indescribable. She is a slender, quiet girl who simply floats without effort through the air with the candid expression of one who is doing only what might be expected of her in the best circles.

She and her partner, Georges Fontana, are likely to be corralled to dance in some motion picture before summer and the Riviera call them. And I feel perfectly sure that girls all over the country, after one look at Marjorie Moss, will want to shed their *gauche,* Charleston manners and go in for refinement. She has affected a lot of picture stars that way.

The help at a place like the Mirador get pretty blasé about celebrities, but I did, one night, see chef, waiters, check-room girls, and maids crowded in a doorway trying to catch a glimpse of Mae Murray Mae always looks like a delicate study in pastels, like those little dolls of tulle and tinsel that one sees in French confectioners' shops.

It is always a joy to watch Mae Murray dance—she loves it so. One person who is never seen in the New York night clubs, since she gave up running one, is Gilda Gray. She works too hard in the studio and on personal-appearance tours, so is only too glad of a chance to do her entertaining at home. When people do see her dance, they pay well for it. On the other hand, a conspicuous figure at night clubs is Dagmar Godowsky.

Gloria Swanson rarely appears, but when she does, the head waiter advertises the fact for weeks afterward. She selects the places that have the best music, the little ones that boast Russian choruses, or the Plantation, where Florence Mills and other negro singers provide real melody.

The other dance clubs in the Forties and Fifties are mostly holes in the wall, or dark cellars where loud jazz bands play and raucous voices proclaim, "He had left her behind before," or "Show me the way to go home." One evening in one of these convinces the most determined sightseeing picture star that, in future, she would rather go to a nice, quiet motion-picture theater and watch Bessie Love do the Charleston.

For Johnny Hines to visit a night club is equivalent to electing himself to do an extra night's work. Johnny is notably good natured, and hostesses think nothing of

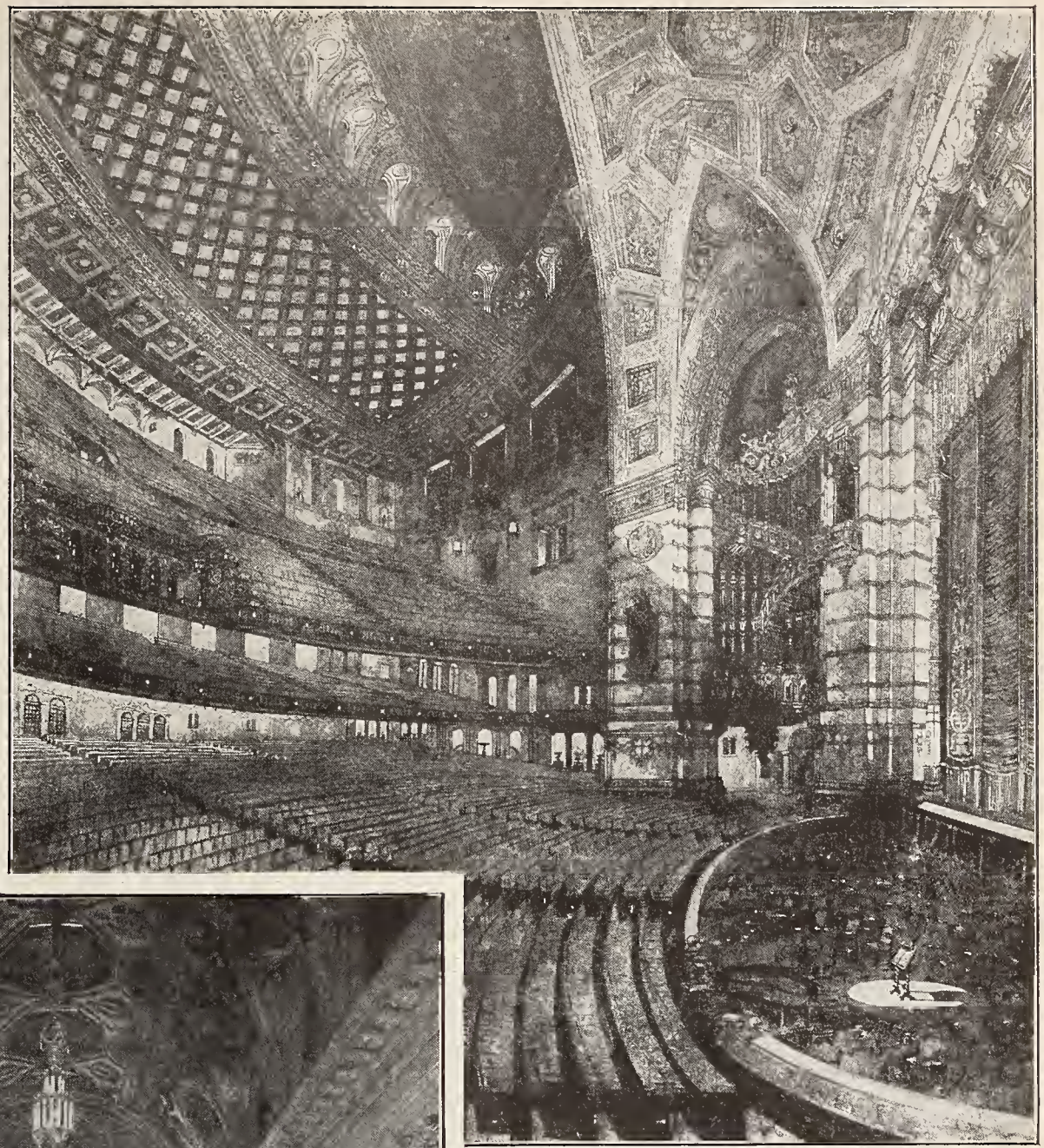
Continued on page 94

Million-dollar Housewarmings

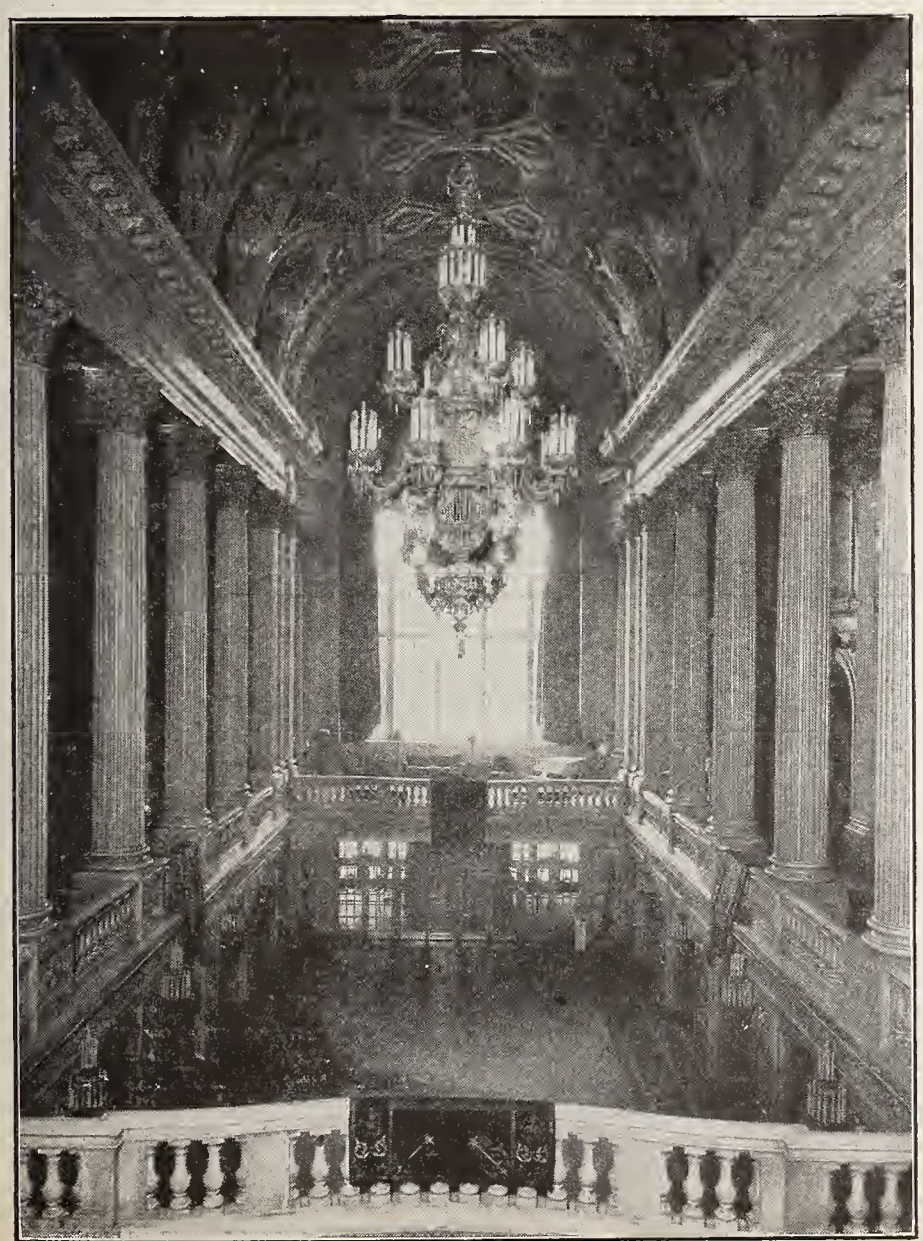
All over the country, palatial theaters, with lavish programs, are getting ready to open; what they will offer you in the way of pictures depends on the public taste in the try-out centers.

By Barbara Little

THE announcement that a three or five-thousand-seat theater, luxuriously appointed, is to be built in your neighborhood may seem to you a grand state of affairs. But with similar announcements being made in the next suburb, the next town, the next State, and all over the country, in fact, new problems arise which may affect picture making.



The new Roxy Theater, now under construction at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, is to be the last word in massive grandeur.



The lobby of Tivoli Theater, in Chicago, is a good example of modern theater architecture.

Hardly a day has passed in the last ten months that the *Film Daily*, the leading trade paper of the motion-picture industry, has not reported the building of another big movie theater somewhere—two new four-thousand-seat houses in Detroit, a new three-thousand-seat theater in Milwaukee, and five new fifteen-hundred-seat playhouses in Miami. Even little towns of a population of less than fifteen hundred break into print with the announcement of new five-hundred-seat houses. The merest glance at this colossal program of expansion raises the question of just where the owners are going to find audiences to fill these theaters.

Here, bluntly, is the situation, as outlined to me by men in all branches of the theater-operating business:

A beautiful new theater, conveniently located and equipped with pipe organ, orchestra, a large screen, and the most improved projection apparatus, holds out promise of entertainment presented in a manner to please fastidious people. For

A Gus Edwards presentation, of the type now being sent about to the different Publix Theaters.

fifty-five cents in the afternoon, or eighty-five cents in the evening, you may be able to bask in such comfort as was formerly known only in the big city theaters; hear music well played; and see a feature picture, a news reel, and a comedy. Note that I say, "may."

But, of those thousands of seats, more than half must be filled at every performance, if the theater owner is to make a profit. It is just possible that there aren't twenty-five hundred nor even one thousand people in your immediate neighborhood with the same tastes as yours. What is the theater manager to do? He is playing for crowds. Will he get them by raising the artistic level of his entertainment or by lowering it?

Don't answer. You would only be drowned out by the loud, harsh guffaws of book publishers, newspaper editors, and garment makers, in chorus with the theater owners and motion-picture producers. You can profitably maintain a high, artistic level in any product offered for sale, only so long as you have to appeal only to the cultured few. Appealing to masses is, in a way, an infinitely harder task, though one that calls for cruder materials.

The one outstanding fault of motion pictures—the one great block to their progress—has been that for sound, commercial reasons, they have had to be made to appeal to the greatest possible number of persons. They have had to be keyed down to an average level of intelligence and taste. They have had to deal almost entirely with the great common denominators of human interest—heavy sentimentality, lust, revenge, and lavish display.

Richness and ornateness are the characteristics of the new movie palaces. This picture is of the stage and orchestra platform of the Uptown Theater, in Chicago.

There have, however, been *some* really good motion pictures made in spite of the widespread acceptance of the rumor that four out of five of us are half wits. But in booking these, the theater managers have hoped only for the patronage of the fifth. There have been a few pictures more subtle in treatment than the "whatever I am is only what you have made me" school of fallen-woman melodrama; more sophisticated or realistic than the Cinderella or Horatio Alger themes; more restrained sartorially than the De Mille fashion displays and emotionally than the works of Elinor Glyn. But not many. The latter are sure-fire stuff. And the bigger the theater, the more dependent it is on trusted formulas.

A theater owner who is operating a house seating from eight to twelve hundred, in a town where competition is not keen, may be willing to take a chance on an adult—or shall we say Lubitsch?—entertainment, but that same man may not dare to take such a risk when he has five thousand seats to fill, and a competitor opening a new theater just around the corner.

If he does dare to book any such higher-class film, he will do it under what we may as well call the counterirritant system. Theater managers call it balancing the program. This consists of building up a diversified bill surrounding the feature picture, so that the program may find favor with those who do not like the picture.

Under this plan, we find that, with Lubitsch caviar, a nursery tea is served,

A scene from "Gypsy Follies," a Publix Theaters presentation, staged by John Murray Anderson.

consisting of some such number as a female quartette singing "My Wild Irish Rose" and "The End of a Perfect Day." With slapstick comedy, a dainty ballet with twinkling music and Louis XVI. costumes frequently varies the bill, though why any effort should be made to appeal to people with souls so dead that they don't like good slapstick, I don't know. It is when the feature picture itself is just a homely, sentimental offering that the theater director makes a great effort to build up a program that will appeal to persons of sophisticated taste. Rimsky-Korsakoff overtures, jazz bands playing Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," and Russian choir music have all found their way into picture theaters under such circumstances.

For a long time, there was a rage, even in small-town theaters, for atmospheric prologues to introduce pictures, but this, I understand, has largely died out. One trouble with such introductory numbers was that, when superlatively done by some such master of stage craft as Sid Grauman of Los Angeles, they stole the kick of the picture. For instance, after a Florentine carnival on the stage, done with vivid-colored costumes, expert dancing and well-chosen music, the mild-pictured revels of "Romola" brought little thrill.

Another trouble with atmospheric prologues is that frequently they put audiences in such a state of hilarious laughter that it is difficult for them to settle down and take anything seriously. Such was the case when, in introducing a certain war picture, a group of Red Cross nurses finished a sentimental ballad with a rousing Charleston; and when, in setting the stage for "The White Sister," a nun smilingly beamed from an illuminated rose window, while a soldier below sang "Ave Maria." But the chief fault found with atmospheric prologues is that, in sticking to the spirit of the picture, they do not widen the audience appealed to. Atmospheric prologues do not fit in at all with the new policy of putting something on the bill to suit every taste.

In order to fill the massive new theaters that are being built up all over the country, theater men feel that it is necessary to build up a new audience. The first step toward appealing to a larger public than would respond just to pictures was begun years ago, on Broadway and in a few big cities, by the introduction of symphony orchestras and classical music. Now it is possible, in the Capitol Theater in New York, for instance, to hear everything from the old reliable "William Tell" overture to the latest modernistic Russian innovations. And I can remember when the "Meditation" from "Thais" was considered way upstage.

The imposing entrance from the lobby of the Metropolitan Theater, in Boston.

But the attempt to attract music lovers of all types, with symphonic music, jazz bands, and colorful ballets, is just the beginning of the ambitious plans of the forward-looking theater managers. They figure that they must make inroads on the patrons of vaudeville theaters by appealing to them, too.

The most significant development thus far, along the line of offering diversified entertainment in picture houses, is the offering of the John Murray Anderson revues by the Publix Theaters. The Publix Theaters

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Photo by St. Elmo Boyce

Do Two Careers Endanger Matrimony?

Warner Baxter and his wife believe that they do if both careers are subject to the demands of screen acting, and so Winifred Bryson has given up a start in pictures that was much more than "promising."

By William H. McKegg

FROM now on, I shall be the only member of this household in pictures. Both of us have worked in them for the last four years; but I doubt if we could have gone on in a similar manner for five. The clash of two careers under the same roof was getting to be a strain."

Warner Baxter smiled across at his young wife and said, "Wasn't it, dear?" And Mrs. Baxter, formerly known to you as Winifred Bryson, replied that it was, there was no getting away from it.

How many a home in Hollywood, at first occupied by a happy professional couple, has been suddenly deserted by one or the other of the two, the separation culminating in a divorce?

"We still like each other," a young actress who had separated from her husband once told me, by way of explanation. "There is no hard feeling between us; but we simply cannot carry on both our careers and live happily together."

This statement, so often—too often—given, sums up the real cause of strife in so many marriages, particularly if both the husband and wife act under the Kleigs.

Consequently, when Warner Baxter was assigned to play opposite Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas," I was interested to learn that his wife, Winifred Bryson, had given up her screen career and had gone with him to Porto Rico, where the picture was being made; that from then on, she would be known only as Mrs. Warner Baxter.

Here, I said to myself, are the very couple who can give me first-hand information on how to avoid marital calamities. So, on their return to Hollywood, I went to their home.

In reply to my questions, Warner told me what I have told you in the opening paragraph. Feeling encouraged, I asked what, in particular, after eight years of wedded bliss, had started the strain in their home life. I wished to hear details from both sides. Therefore, let Miss Brys—I mean Mrs Baxter, speak first:

"To be perfectly frank," she said, "I still want to act —I love the work. Once you enter theatrical life, you can't so easily escape its influence. And I was becoming known to the screen fans.

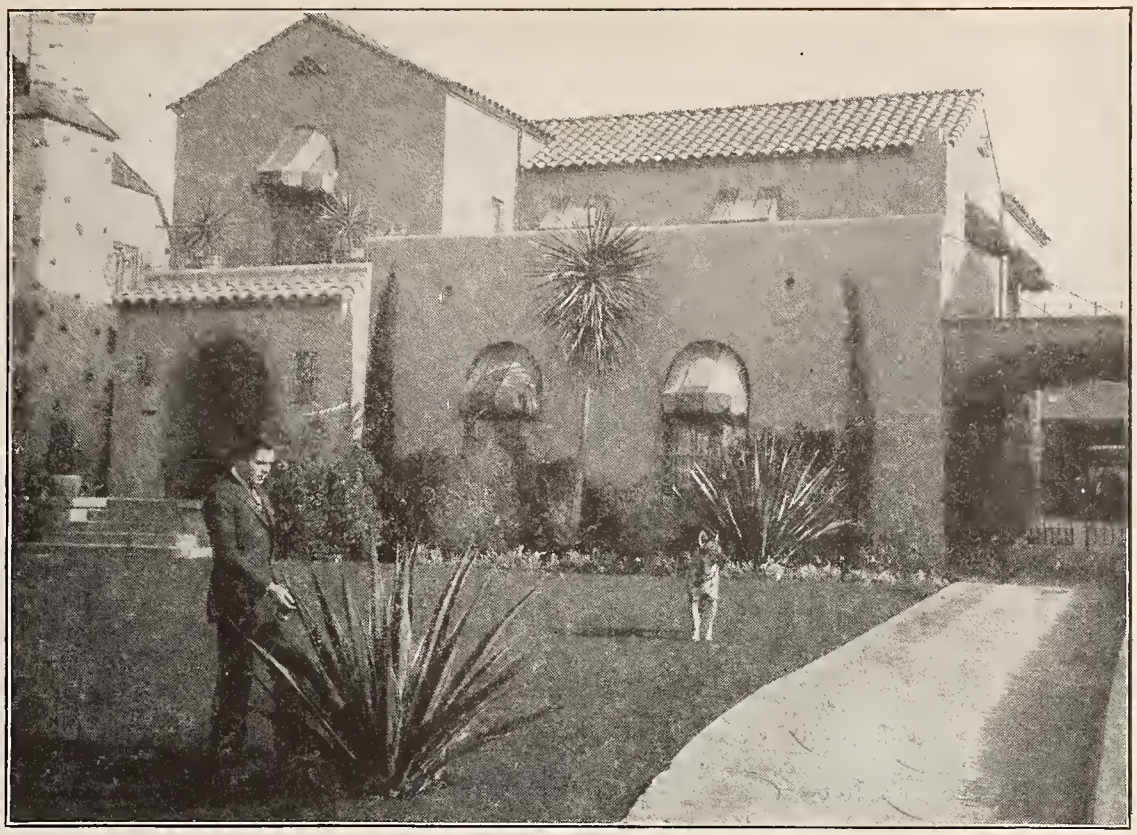
"At first, my work did not interfere with my home life. Later, however, when I began to get more calls from the studios, it did. When we were on the stage, Warner and I used to work together. We felt tired or lively at the same time. We could regulate our daily routine. But in pictures, that is impossible. More often than not, you work at different studios. And time goes unregarded in the movies.

"Many evenings, when I was working, I used to land home two or three hours late for dinner. It is impossible sometimes to leave the set to telephone home to say you are detained. In fact, to be truthful, during the last two pictures I made, I was beginning to forget all about domestic regularities! On the occasions when I was late, Warner, against my wishes, used to wait dinner for me. Then, after a hard day's work at the studio, my nerves would be on edge. The least thing would give me an excuse to give vent to my feelings. I would complain because Warner had waited dinner

for me. 'But how did I know you wouldn't be home in time?' he asked. . . . You see how these silly little arguments could crop up at the slightest provocation.

"Invariably, when I felt like going out, Warner would come home dead tired. And when Warner came home eager to take me to a show, I would come in ready for bed. It meant that one of us was constantly having to give in to the other, making both of us irritable throughout entire evenings—making us feel resentful toward the world at large.

"We arrived at the stage of arguing about every little thing. Harmony was being eaten away by little snaps. Naturally, something had to be done. It finally came to a choice between my career, with its precarious end, and my husband and a good home.



The Baxters' Hollywood home.

"I admit that the glamour of the studios was distracting me from home interests. With all these stupid little disagreements constantly getting on our nerves, Warner and I started wondering how much longer we could keep up under the strain.

They believe that perfect harmony will best be preserved by having only one professional in the family.

Finally, we threshed the whole matter out between us. Facing the cold facts, I decided to give up my screen career, for inwardly I love harmony and home life.

"What chiefly swayed me in my final decision was a recollection of certain circumstances in our early married life. During our early struggles on the stage, I used to notice how much Warner wanted to get ahead so that he could get me all those things so dear to feminine vanity. Everything he did was with the idea of finally benefiting me.

"On the stage, wages were none too big. It was impossible to save. Many times I got despondent. At that time it would have been very easy for Warner to give in, but he never did. He is a born optimist. 'Stick to me, dear,' he used to say, 'and you'll wear diamonds, yet.' I depended so much on him—I still do.

"When our last engagement on Broadway terminated, we had to look for new work that was then nowhere in sight. You often read about a young wife encouraging her husband through hard times. But in our case, Warner did all the encouraging. No husband could have done more than he did to keep up my spirits.

"It was because of his determination to strike out for something new, that we decided to come once again to California, and try our luck in the movies. And his optimism reaped a good return when, during our trip to New York last November, our first night in the city brought us face to face with his name in electrics over a theater door!

"When we began in pictures, we made it a rule never to be separated for any length of time. I would never accept an offer necessitating a long location trip. But it isn't separation so much that causes domestic trouble. Take any of the eight arts as a medium of expression. Soon you will find that all your thoughts are in your work. A little praise expands your vanity. Your one idea—this is especially true in pictures—is to start after that elusive bubble—fame. In the selfish struggle for fame, you are often tempted to forget other things of far greater worth.

"This was happening to me. I realized it just in time—after I had finished playing in

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Scenes for "Men of Steel" were filmed in the very midst of the actual activities of a big steel mill.

Milton Sills—

In connection with his latest thoughtful actor discusses

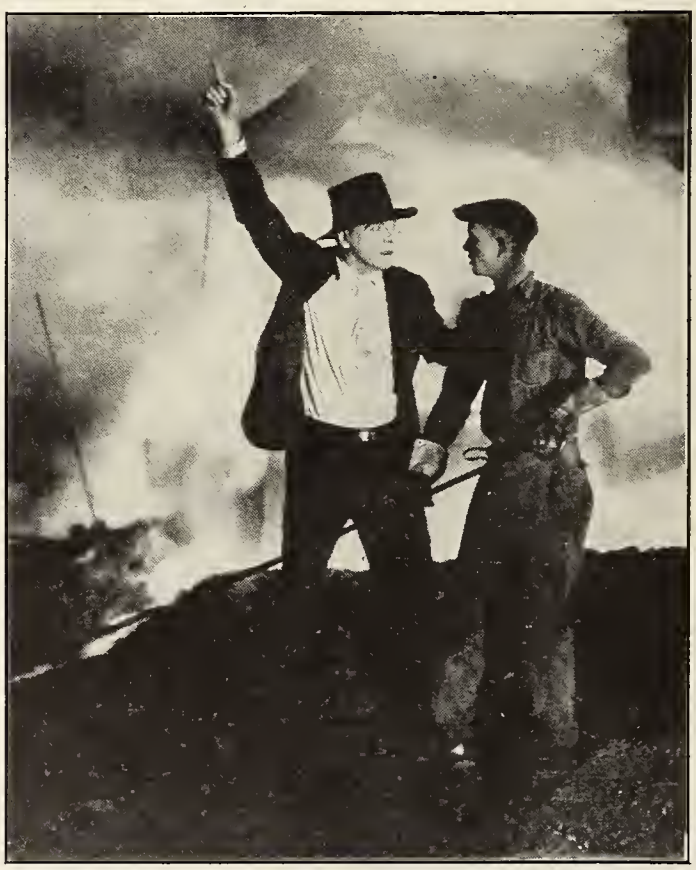
By Frances

THERE'S one thing about Milton Sills, he always has something to say, something worth listening to—something worth repeating. For that reason alone, if for no other, he should be the ideal hero of all serious-minded interviewers.

He was making that big steel-industry film called "Men of Steel," for which he himself had written the scenario, when I was delegated to go out to the studio and sound him on that in particular or on anything else concerning the trend of movies in general that he might like to discuss. He did not disappoint me.

I knew before I met him that he was considered a "high-brow," and could talk fluently on any given subject, particularly on matters popularly known as weighty, though according to Mr. Sills, some of them aren't nearly so weighty as we think they are. I therefore approached him warily.

But he was a delightful surprise to me, for he is as simple, as natural, as genuine a person as you can imagine, and he does *not* use big words. A tall, broad-shouldered, well-built man, he rose from his camp chair and greeted me very quietly and courteously. Some people make a pose of being quiet and courteous, and therefore seem consciously so, but Mr. Sills is just naturally that way, and is quite unaffected about it.



Mr. Sills, as a steel worker, had to act in the center of intense heat and gas fumes.

He is too well-known a figure, however, to need much description. There is nothing new to be told about his personality—that remains unchanged—but within the mind of this man, who devotes most of his leisure time to scientific and philosophical reading and thought, there is constant activity and expansion, a constant flow of ideas.

He and I had taken seats on the edge of the living-room set that was, for the time being, housing "Men of Steel." As the noon hour was in progress, carpenters, electricians, and players had gradually dispersed, leaving us in comparative quiet and seclusion. Mr. Sills had settled down comfortably against the canvas back of his chair, with one long leg slung across the other, and was talking in his deliberate, thoughtful way, idly playing with his cigar holder the while.

"Yes, it's a very good sign," he mused, "it's a good sign—the increasing variety that is to be found in the movies of to-day, and the increasing realism. You can't get new stories, of course; that would be impossible, after all that has been written, down through the ages, but you can take the old stories and treat them in new and original ways. That's what the movie producers are beginning to realize, and they are discovering all sorts of novel methods in which to present the same old material.

With a plant of the United States Steel Corporation as a background, the real spirit of the industry has been embodied in the film.

Steel Worker

big film, "Men of Steel," this the realistic trend in movies.

Rule

"This 'Men of Steel' story, for instance." He narrowed his strange gray eyes as he considered the various elements of the plot. "There's the impoverished immigrant who fights his way up to success, there's a murder, a mob scene, and there's a long-lost daughter—all old stuff. But it's the background, and the manner in which the story is handled, that is turning it into a big and unusual picture. Steel pictures have been done before, it's true, but never on so large a scale or with such a painstaking effort to achieve realism."

The company had spent eight weeks down in Birmingham, Alabama, at one of the plants of the United States Steel Corporation. Judge Gary himself had gone down to arrange for coöperation between the mill and the players. There had to be a great deal of rehearsing and a great deal of preparation, of course, but the scenes had been filmed in the very midst of the actual activities of the mills. There had been no need for extras—the steel workers themselves had furnished a quite sufficient background.

"It was difficult," said Mr. Sills, "and we had to work under very trying conditions—the heat from the furnaces, the gas fumes, and the constant noise, were not conducive to inspired acting—but I believe that we have managed to get into the film the real spirit of the steel industry. All the big movie producers are striving more and more, nowadays, to show things as they are.

Mr. Sills plays the rôle of an immigrant who fights his way up to success.

"Have you seen 'The Big Parade?' It's a great production—amazingly realistic. There's one incident in it, in particular, that struck me as illustrating how much more truthful the movies are now than they used to be. *Jim Apperson* comes hobbling home from the war on crutches, half of one leg having been torn right off. And his mealy mouthed brother comes up to him, claps him on the shoulder, and says, 'Well, Jim, you're looking fine!' *Jim* looks at him, with venom and bitterness gleaming from his eyes, then swears and says, 'Whadye mean, I'm looking fine? You know damn well I'm not!'" Mr. Sills sat forward. "And that's exactly what a man would probably say in real life, but such an incident wouldn't have been found in a movie of the past. The homecoming would have been all lovely and rosy and sentimental.

"But we can't have many movies that truly picture life," he continued despairingly, settling back again in his chair, "so long as there is censorship. We can't really show on the screen what life is like, we can't really present sex problems there, nor social problems, nor marriage problems, nor any other kind of problem, because the censors won't let us!"

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Behind the Silver Screen

Intimate observations—serious and otherwise—from the side of the movies that few of us are privileged to see.

By Jack Malone

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

THE constantly changing scene in Hollywood is peculiarly evident at the moment. United Studios—long the home of First National, United Artists, Samuel Goldwyn Productions, and other companies—has been sold to Famous Players-Lasky. United Artists has moved quietly to the Pickford-Fairbanks studios, now being enlarged to accommodate the newcomers, and First National has acquired a sixty-acre tract in the San Fernando valley, not far from the Lasky ranch and Universal City. Plans are now being drawn for their new studio. Early summer will see Famous Players-Lasky domiciled in their new home. The fate of the long, low buildings on Vine Street, left vacant by their moving, no one seems to know. Probably the space will be leased to independent producing companies. Whatever the outcome, the landmark will suffer a subtle change.

Thirteen years ago, Cecil De Mille directed his first picture for Lasky. He rented an old barn on the site we have long associated with Paramount productions. In that time, the amalgamation between Jesse Lasky and Famous Players was effected—now history. De Mille has since risen to great heights as a director and departed to Culver City, founding his own studio. Gloria Swanson rose to the dizzy heights of stardom on the Paramount lot, and the studio is redolent with memories of that ill-starred star of stars—Wally Reid. But a complete roster of the Paramount players who emerged from the gray background of the extra list to present fame and fortune would require a column of print. And a list of players who rose, but have since been forgotten, would be nearly as long.

The old Lasky studio is a storehouse of memories. The corner of Vine and Sunset is one of the busiest crossings in Hollywood. The ground will soon be too valuable for the extensive ramblings of a motion-picture studio.

If some one builds an office building there some day, we hope they commemorate the spot with a tablet saying, "On this ground once stood the home of the Lasky studios." For De Mille's decision to use that old barn as a place to make pictures, brought the developing industry to Hollywood, and made it the film capital of the world.

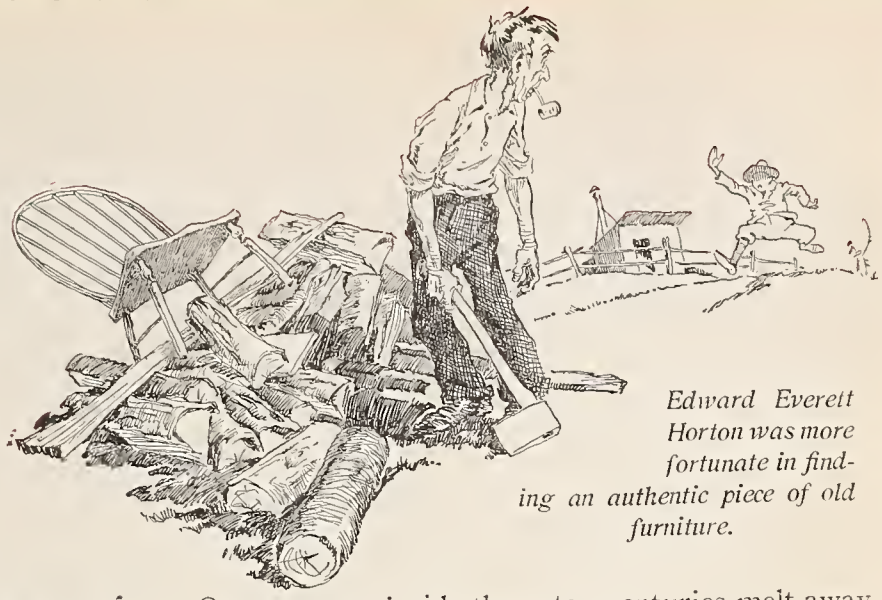
Hollywood's amusement problem drove our author to his barber for a talk about art.

With the announcement of eleven new theaters under construction, five of which will be used for legitimate stage productions, Hollywood will cop the title of the theatrical center of the West. As it already has a score of motion-picture theaters, large and small, its inhabitants will have even less time to be bored in leisure moments.

We were elevated to the dignity of "Answer Man" the other day, when some one asked us how Hollywood can support so much entertainment. Aside from the theaters, this person pertinently pointed out, we have a dozen beach clubs, eight polo clubs, twenty-nine swimming pools, a hundred and three tennis courts, eighteen bowling greens, Heaven only knows how many golf courses, seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-two miles of bridle paths, a place

for pitching quoits in every backyard, two hundred and nineteen beauty parlors, and the winter quarters of the Al G. Barnes circus. We didn't know the answer so we took an hour off and went to the barber, whose name is Dennis Abraham Schwartz, and talked about art.

Edward Everett Horton had a dinner party the other night, to celebrate the completion of his fifteenth picture. As guests, he had fifteen actors, each one having played with him in each picture, and also myself. I asked Eddie how I happened to be included, and he said that, inasmuch as I was "extra," I represented all the extra players. Anyway, it was a good dinner, even if I did have to change my personality every minute.



Edward Everett Horton was more fortunate in finding an authentic piece of old furniture.

I like Eddie, in spite of the fact that he collects antique furniture. I don't mind his collecting instinct, but I do resent the fact that he can prove the authenticity of his pieces. This because I bought an old sideboard once that was full of worm holes—worm holes that had been made with buckshot. The sideboard was really about six weeks old. So I do writhe when Eddie tells about how he "picked up" a certain Duncan Phyfe chair he has. "I was out on location once in the mountains," recounts Eddie maliciously, "and we came upon a little cabin in the clearing. We stopped there for water, and imagine my surprise when I saw that chair out on a woodpile in the backyard."

But the rest of the story is that he bought it for a song and was offered two hundred dollars for it just the other day.

Life is a gaming table—especially in Hollywood.

It is rumored that the Beverly Hills home that Tom Ince completed shortly before his death, is now on the market. There is no definite announcement concerning it, but local papers carried the advertisement of a confidential "Million-dollar Sale," and the description of the property tallies exactly with the features of the Ince estate, which is one of the show places of the picture colony. About forty acres of ground, developed in true old Spanish style, surround the house, which is architecturally perfect. Once you are inside the gates, centuries melt away, and it is as if the golden, sleepy days of old California had miraculously returned. Such was Tom's dream, which he lost almost before realization.

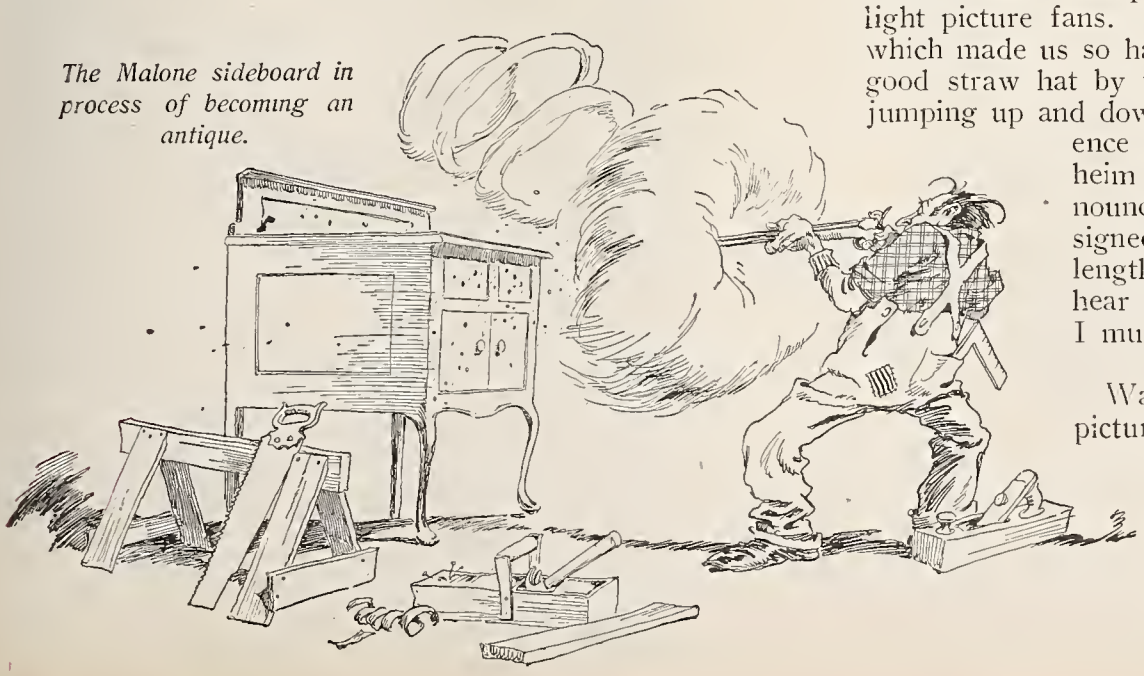
Life is a gambling table.
We lose. We win.
We lose again.
It doesn't matter what the stakes.
We play all the time and win for a time.
Then we lose for eternity.
If there was any variation of the rule, it would be high tragedy.

But there is no variation, so it is just the dead level of reality.

We met Tom Moore on Hollywood Boulevard the other day. Tom had been over in Ireland riding horses for several months. He had become an authority on riding breeches, boots, and liniment. He had a dozen pairs of breeches made by a London tailor, and several pairs of boots by the bootmakers recommended by the tailor. In Dublin, he found a haberdasher he liked better, so had him duplicate the order. Now Tom has enough equipment to wear out several horses.

Each month, we are going to write what we think is the news of the picture colony that will most delight picture fans. This month, the piece of news which made us so happy that we ruined a perfectly good straw hat by throwing it on the ground and jumping up and down on it—which made the audience think we were Erich von Stroheim directing a picture—is the announcement that Hal Roach has signed Mabel Normand for a feature-length picture. I don't want ever to hear any better news than that—for I must keep my dignity.

The Malone sideboard in process of becoming an antique.



Warner Oland almost copped the picture from Doug Fairbanks with his rôle in "Don Q." Doug, being a good showman as well as a good sport, let him romp away with all he could get—and he got a great deal. Oland has since played in a number

Continued on page 107

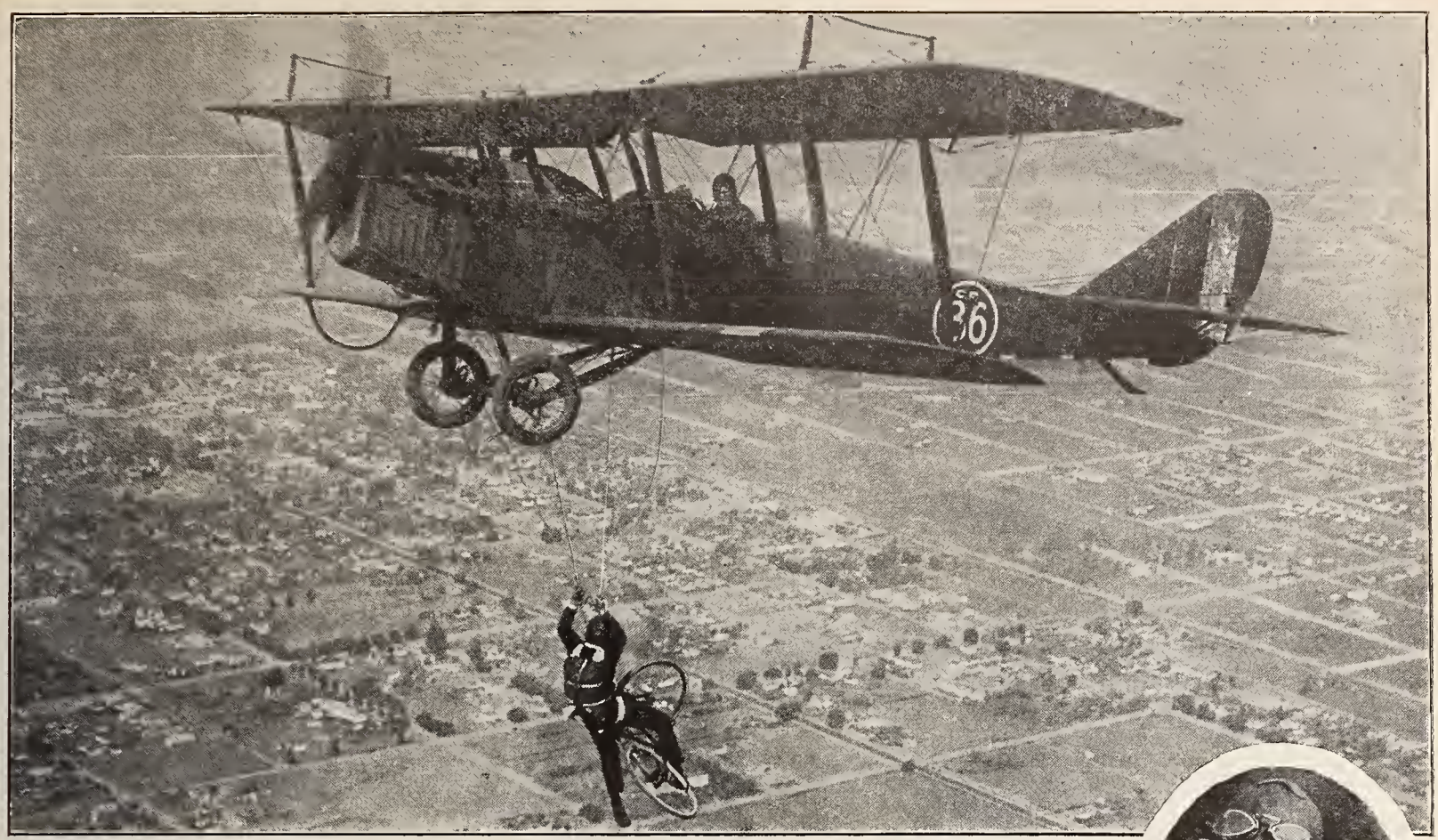
That Lenglen Look

All the tennis girls have got it.

It used to be that tennis for women was a mild-mannered game something like croquet, that was indulged in only when there wasn't much else to do. It wasn't considered ladylike for a girl to throw herself violently about, and her tennis-court manner was not a great deal different from her drawing-room manner. But *now*—since under the leadership of Lenglen, Mallory, Wills, and the like, the game has assumed international proportions, and the question of whether to wear a Lenglen headband or a Wills eyeshade is a matter of really vital importance—*now*, a girl is quite out of place on a tennis court unless she can grit her teeth, contort her face, and twist her body into all manner of startling positions, as she leaps with lightning rapidity from one side of the court to the other.

This is not a mere gesture on Norma Shearer's part — she really is one of the speediest tennis players in Hollywood.

At the top of the page, Florence Vidor pauses for a snapshot between games. Her court, at the side of her home, is one of the most attractive in the colony, for it is usually so beautifully shady. Below, is a picture of Betty Compson in action.



Photos by International News

Al Johnson, about to cut loose for a parachute drop, with his bicycle. The small oval shows Bon MacDougall, wearing the insignia of the organization.

The "Black Cats" of Hollywood

The airplane stunt men, whose death-defying feats you see both in the news reels and in feature films, have formed a permanent organization, for the betterment of their craft.

By A. L. Wooldridge

THROUGH the open window of my little den, high above Broadway, there came the whir of airplane motors. Below, on the street, sounded the sharp crack of police whistles, as traffic officers struggled with "jay walkers" and impatient taxi drivers, and sought to keep the Los Angeles stream of humanity moving. Across the table from me sat Bon MacDougall, president of the organization known in Hollywood as "The 13 Flying Black Cats." They are stunt men. Before me lay a printed blotter on which was the inscription, "If a Black Cat Can't Do It—It Can't Be Done."

"And," I asked, after a moment, "you really offer to crash a plane into a brick wall or drive it into a tree for twelve hundred dollars?

"Yes," he replied in assent, "and be glad to do it."

I looked at this clear-eyed, ruddy-faced young man—he didn't look more than twenty-five—and wondered if it was nerve. Or was it foolhardiness that would induce him or any other member of the Flying Black Cats to go calmly ahead and do these things that give us such thrills when we see them reproduced in the movies? For the movies, of course, are what draw these stunt men to Hollywood, and furnish them their means of livelihood.

MacDougall reached into his pocket and drew forth a piece of paper on which was printed what appeared to me to be the strangest price list ever compiled. The list is reproduced on this page.

"Here," he said, "is what the Black Cats do, and what they charge."

He spread the paper on the table. I felt like a criminal making a deal with Death, or looking over a list of men who were marked for ex- [Continued on page 116]

What They Charge for Their Stunts

Ship change	$100.00
Change from airplane to train	150.00
Change, automobile to plane	150.00
Change, motor cycle to plane	150.00
Change, speedboat to plane	250.00
Delayed-opening jump, more than 1,000 feet	150.00
Parachute jump	80.00
Parachute races, two jumpers	150.00
Ocean landing	150.00
Upside-down flying	100.00
Upside-down flying, with man on landing gear	150.00
Fight on upper wing, two men, one knocked off	225.00
Double parachute jump, two men on one 'chute	180.00
Crash ships, fly into trees, side of house, or anything	1,200.00
Loop the loop with man standing on center	150.00
Loop the loop with man standing up on each wing	450.00
Upside-down ship change	500.00
Crash auto into train at railway crossing	150.00
Head-on collision with automobiles	250.00
Ship goes down in spin to crash—smoke pots for fire	1,200.00
Ship spins down on fire, does not crash	50.00
Blow ship up in mid-air, pilot leaves with parachute	1,500.00

Doug Fairbanks and his director, Albert Parker—in the straw hat—discuss ship models with a naval architect.

A Hero to His Own Director

Few stars have that distinction, but Albert Parker, who directed "The Black Pirate," says that his admiration for Douglas Fairbanks is greater than that of the most rabid fan, and he tells some of the reasons why.

By John Addison Elliott

THE orchestra had begun the overture at a matinée performance of "The Black Pirate," and the audience had quieted down with that hush which always precedes a performance of which great things are expected.

Suddenly the music was interrupted by applause, beginning at the back of the house. Those further down in front turned to see what was the cause. In a moment the house was in an uproar, for they saw that Douglas Fairbanks had entered the theater and was about to take a seat in the rear. He stopped, nodded his acknowledgements, and then, as the demonstration continued, he apparently decided that the only way to let the performance continue was to withdraw, which he did.

It happened that, a day or so later, I met Albert Parker, who directed "The Black Pirate," and told him about the incident.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "That sort of thing happens to Doug everywhere; and it's amazing, really, when you think how long he has been in the public eye as a movie star. How many other stars who began when he did could 'stop a show' like that? Yet it isn't so amazing, either, when you think what he has accomplished—what he is continually accomplishing in pushing the movies ahead, year after year. There are few stars, you know, who are heroes to their directors, but after going back to directing Doug after an interval of several years, I'm more enthusiastic about him than his most rabid fan. Working with him on that picture was like taking a post-graduate course in college.

"You know, I've known Doug for twenty years. I was with him in 'The Gentleman from Mississippi,' the stage play in which he made his first hit. Then, later on, I directed him in two of his early screen comedies. In those days, Doug was still just an active, exuberant, boyish fellow. He wasn't interested in anything about the production except his acting. That was all he was responsible for then, you see. And we used to have to keep after him about little things—such as make-up, for instance. The minute his scenes were over, he'd be off to wrestle with 'Bull' Montana, and when I wanted him for a close-up, I'd have to send for him, and he'd come back, all out of breath and disheveled. I'd have to send him to the dressing room to get fixed up again.

"But what a difference I found when I went back to him! You know, of course, all about what he has done in the way of taking over the entire responsibility for his productions, and how each one of his films has gone a step further than any of the preceding ones. But you don't know—nobody can know, without working with him—how he is loved and admired by the people he gathers around him, you don't know the power he has developed by which he can get the best that a group of experts have to give, and yet be able to weld their efforts into a splendid unity which has his own, personal stamp on it.

"That's not an easy thing to do. For 'The Black Pirate,' there were fourteen members of the production personnel, not counting myself and my staff, each of whom had some-

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Mr. Parker rehearses Doug in a scene for "The Black Pirate."

The Sketchbook

Observations by a former film player, whose contacts about Hollywood have an intimate touch which only a person who has been allied with the acting profession can achieve.

By Dorothy Manners

Photo by John Ellis

Dolores Costello is taking her budding career in pictures very seriously, and is very anxious to do really creditable work.

EVEN if you *have* heard this one, you can't stop me.

Dolores Costello, daughter of your old friend, Maurice Costello, and pride of the Warner Brothers', is going to be the next sensation of the screen.

I don't mean maybe.

Critics say so. Barrymore says so. Warner Brothers say so, and now I've said it, which ought to be the last word, unless some one else wants to say so, too, and join the club.

Dolores came—we saw—and she conquered.

I met her the other day.

She is tawny-haired and deep-eyed, this girl Dolores. It was the first thing I noticed about her. I noticed a little later that she was gowned in black, which did nothing to detract from the picture, either

We met by appointment in the publicity department, and she stood in the doorway, waiting politely until some one should choose to introduce us—waiting a little nervously, not unimpressed. I can hardly wait to explain that she was neither awed nor unnerved by *me,* but by the startling circumstances that have made her, at the very budding of her career, a person of pertinent interest to the world and his family. As she told me later—while we strolled around the lot, to relieve the formality of official interviewing:

"The nice reviews in the paper—on 'The Sea Beast' —make me afraid." She looked at me seriously, from the most limpidly lovely eyes I have ever seen. They are so heavily lidded as to be almost sensuous, yet her gaze is as frank as a child's. Odd. But very fascinating. Men must find it quite devastating. "I feel responsible to the people who have made such flattering prophecies for me. I feel as though I mustn't, I can't fail now."

In her speech, Dolores is quite gentle, both in voice and sentiment. Throughout the rest of our talk I was conscious of an undercurrent of philosophy running through her most casual observations, as though she had made tolerant deductions from even the least pleasant of her experiences. I have noticed this before in people who make a working practice of their religion—whatever it may be. I think, also, that she has certain principles that she observes even in conversation. She seemed disinclined to criticize either her contract or her coworkers with bon mots, wise cracks, or other witticisms so dear to the professional heart. She was happiest in discussing the artistic and business problems that are beginning to loom before her.

"I have been paying a good deal of attention to stories, and I want to do character things like the rôle I did in Mr. Blackton's 'Bride of the Storm.' I think that is the sort of thing I do best. But whatever they decide on, Mr. Warner told me the other day that they were going to be very careful of my 'operas.'" Dolores laughed in appreciation of Mr. Warner's wit. "So far, everything I have done has been a distinct change from anything I had done before. In 'The Sea Beast,' I was an ingénue in costume. In 'Mannequin,' I had more of a dress rôle. In 'Bride of the Storm,' I was a waif. In 'The Grafters,' I am a lady crook. That is a nice variety, isn't it? Now, I should like very much to do a comedy."

For a novice, Dolores is amazingly picture wise. Being the daughter of a matinée idol, and having been associated with the theater and with studio lots from childhood, I suppose she has heard suitable parts and such discussed all her life. Certainly, she sees things clearly in gestures and effects—an instinct for "showmanship." This is an invaluable quality for a player to have. It is the reason why one girl goes on to brilliant success while another, of equal talent, lags behind. Even in an interview, Dolores has a knack of hitting on colorful little anecdotes that come out nicely in print. In telling how her rôle in "The Sea Beast" had come to her, she might have been weaving fiction, so graphic and complete were the details.

was to be
cycle.

Shot at Lasky's.

You may not know it, but I am supposed to have a picture made with some star every now and then to be used in this department. You may, or may not, know that I haven't been doing it. I'll tell you why: I'd rather take a beating than a picture. That self-conscious moment, right after they say, "Still, please," is agony to me. Another, and much more important thing is—I don't photograph well without a grease-paint make-up, and it isn't always convenient to wear one. You see? So I dodged those pictures.

But the other day, I dropped into Lasky's, and they called my bluff. They said they had had word from the East to take some pictures of me, and they thought they ought to do it. It wouldn't take long. We could just wander round the lot and see what could be picked up. Make-up? Nonsense! They boasted of a retouch man who could fix me up so that my own mother wouldn't know me. Led on by the promise of being made to look like Esther Ralston, I gave in, and in an entourage consisting of Mr. Harold Hurley, attaché of publicity, a camera man, attached to his camera, and a couple of curious Lasky cats, we started across the lot.

We hadn't gone any farther than three feet when we ran into William Powell, commonly called "Bill," and George Bancroft, commonly called "George," who are two of the screen's most personable heavies. Mr. Hurley, who was in charge of the expedition, explained our mission, and argued so well

been in conference with Mr. Warner, and from the latter's office they saw Dolores as she stepped into her car. Mr. Barrymore, interested, asked that the girl be "tested"—thus flying in the face of a contract with another player.

In the proper state of nervousness, apprehension and eagerness, colorfully described by her, Dolores made the test, and what is more important—got the rôle.

Since then, it has been easy sailing. And unless a lot of people are wrong, it is going to be even easier from now on. There are many things in her favor pointing to success other than her beauty and talent. She is taking her work very seriously, and serious concentration on the issue in hand has never muffed anything yet. She is seldom seen at social functions or dance rendezvous. Occasionally, she lunches quietly at a café with her mother and sister, or with a girl friend.

Just before I left her, I heard a young official of the studio invite her to the theater. She thanked him, but said she didn't think she could accept, because she was busy shopping for a new wardrobe.

"Shopping at night?" inquired the young man.

"No," Dolores smiled, sweetly. "But mother and I usually stay down to dinner and a movie."

"Oh," said the young man, who is a nice young man, too. He and I said, "Good-by," almost simultaneously.

This picture of Dorothy Manners, William Powell, and George Bancroft was an inspiration of the publicity man's. Its title is, "The Eavesdropper."

that he recruited George and Bill to a pose—both of them being amiable and charming gentlemen.

"Now, in this still," began Mr. Hurley, "George, you hang over the fence and listen to what they are saying. Bill, you take her hand, sheiklike, and say——"

"You can't talk in a still picture," Bill reminded him gently—oh! so gently—but firmly.

"Well, you can look sheiklike, can't you—or can you?" snapped Mr. Hurley, who isn't afraid of any couple of people on that lot.

"What'll *I* look like?" I inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Hurley. "Sort of—I don't know."

So they took the picture and that is exactly the way I looked. Mr. Powell obligingly looked sheiklike, and George Bancroft leaned over the fence listening to what we were supposed to be saying, though goodness knows you can't, as Mr. Powell pointed out, say anything in a still picture.

"Let's take another one," suggested George Bancroft, who was beginning to rather enjoy his perch on the fence, and hated to climb down.

"Can't waste the plate," Mr. Hurley said, and smiled just to show that we were all friends in spite of the picture. So bidding them an affectionate farewell, and calling the studio cats, we took up the pilgrimage again.

"I've got an idea for a picture," I told Harold, and when he said "What is it?" I explained that I would like to be photographed on a motor cycle.

"What for?"

"Oh, it would make sort of a cute picture," I alibied, because I didn't want to tell him the real reason, which is—that I have always had a yen to ride on a motor cycle. There is no class of women whom I admire so much as those trousered femmes who hang astride a cycle while clutching their chauffeur escorts for dear life. The thing has become a suppressed desire with me, hitherto unpublished.

"I don't think that's so cute," vetoed Harold, meantime trying to get the attention of Ford Sterling, who was trying to chin himself on a banister. "Oh, Ford!"

Mr. Sterling, who was not being any too successful in his chinning work anyway, lent us his attention.

Harold said, "Miss Manners—Mr. Sterling."

"Hello," said Ford, grabbing me by the neck and choking me in good-natured fun, seeing as we have known each other for lo! these many couple of years. "Where have you been hiding out?"

Well, that led from one thing to another, that might have gone on indefinitely if Harold hadn't reminded us that we ought to take the picture, because look at how the sun was going down.

And so, we were photographed—this time a gag picture of Ford trying to keep me out of a door I was trying to get in—and parted immediately after, Ford returning to his chinning work, and Harold and I in quest of whomsoever we might run across.

"I want to be photographed on a motor cycle," I insisted fretfully, when we were out of earshot of Ford.

"Oh, hush up!" said the harassed Mr. Hurley, who was beginning to show circles under his eyes. "Now you be a nice girl. You want people to love you, don't you? You don't want them to say, 'There comes that motor-cycle pest,' do you?"

And believe it or not, this story might have ended unhappily, with never a picture of me on a motor cycle, if we hadn't met Warner Baxter. Harold thought we ought to make a picture with Warner, but he couldn't think of a "gag."

"There's a motor cycle over there—we could take it on a motor cycle," I suggested innocently, trying not to look at Harold. There was a gust of wind at my side, which turned out to be only a sigh from Harold.

"Warner, will you take a picture with Miss Manners on a motor cycle?" he asked.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Baxter suspiciously. The way they photograph you now with lady crooks and things, you can't be too careful.

"For my peace of mind," said Harold, but that was over Warner's head, so he added, "You know Miss Manners, don't you?"

"No," replied Mr. Baxter, not without pride, for who in Hollywood would want to cultivate the society of a woman who had a yen to be photographed on a motor cycle? "I'm glad to meet you," he added, so as not to hurt my feelings.

After that, we were friends—photographed on a motor cycle.

There isn't much of a point to this thing. I just thought I'd let you know the way they treat you at Lasky's. If they do as good a job of retouching on those pictures as they promised—I'll ship you one.

Photo by Hartsook

Dorothy Dunbar has been attracting the attention of the cinema colony by appearing in public with most of the most eligible young men—and it is predicted that she will soon be seen in some featured rôles.

Odds and Ends of This Year's Wampas Frolic.

Little Sally O'Neil pulled the best piece of showmanship by taking her bow in an Irish-green dress that brought a whoop from the audience. That little mick will make a place for herself yet.

Hobart Bosworth and Blanche Sweet got hands second to none, which proves that the old favorites aren't forgotten so quickly after all.

Douglas Fairbanks' exhibition of his game called "Doug" was easily the most popular act on the bill.

I met Mrs. Huntley Gordon, that rather secluded lady, who is a charming French brunette.

At the finale of the affair, I ran into little Shannon Day, who introduced me to Gerald Beaumont, the novelist and short-story writer. Shannon is an actress worthy of a much better chance than she has ever had on the screen. For the last few months, she had been appearing on the stage in the Los Angeles presentation of "Fata Morgana," she told me. I'd like to see Shannon get a real chance in films. There are so many girls of less talent snapping right ahead.

Vital Statistic.

I have learned to do the Charleston with a couple of variations. Bobby Agnew taught me, at one of Katie

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New Tricks with Lip Sticks

The latest thing is to make your lips mirror your moods.

Choose any shape you want —hearts, diamonds, spades, or clubs—long or short—round or square. There are just as many styles in lips now as in hair, hats, clothes, or anything else. If you would look young and innocent, make them short and round, like Dorothy Dwan's in the picture above. If you would be pouting and coy, paint them in the form of a heart, as Lilyan Tashman has done, at the right. This is the most alluring shape of all—irresistible to the sternest of men.

But if you are feeling matter of fact and practical, some such sharp-pointed, cubistic style as is illustrated by Marian Nixon in the picture above, would be best for the time being. This plainly announces to the world that you are in no mood for sentiment at the moment. Then, as your cares drop from you, and you find yourself beginning once more to feel friendly and warm toward every one, you can soften the sharp edges and corners, to create the effect achieved by Marguerite de la Motte, below.

It all simmers down, as it were, to a form of lip-reading. You should be able to tell in a minute, from the way a person's lips are made up, just how she feels like being treated that day. In this age of feminine independence, however, the clean-cut, diamond-shaped mouth, as illustrated again at the left, by June Marlowe, seems to be gaining in popularity with the girls.

Favorite Picture Players

Photo by Bangs

DICK BARTHELMESS took all Hollywood by surprise when he arrived there to make "Ranson's Folly" and two other pictures, for it has been seven years since he last worked on the Coast.

Photo by Spurr

THERE seems to be no doubt that the talented Vilma Banky is here to stay—at least for a while. She is hard at work just now on "The Winning of Barbara Worth," with Ronald Colman.

hoto by Spurr

HELENE COSTELLO was signed by Warner Brothers at the same time as her sister, Dolores, but her first contract picture for them, "The Love Toy," with Lowell Sherman, is only just being released.

Photo by M. I. Boris

BESSIE LOVE has had her wish of late, and has had a chance to appear in several sophisticated rôles, but in "Lovey Mary," she will be seen once more as a sweet, old-fashioned girl.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

THOUGH she has been in pictures less than a year, Joan Crawford, one of the Wampas Stars of 1926, already has a long line of prominent rôles to her credit, and is now being featured in "Paris."

Photo by Nicholas Muray

QUITE typical of Constance Talmadge was her recent whirlwind marriage to Captain Alistair Mackintosh, which did not prevent her from starting work at once on "The Duchess from Buffalo."

Photo by Hartsook

BILLIE DOVE'S rôle in Doug Fairbanks' technicolor film, "The Black Pirate," is one of the most interesting she has had, with the added advantage of revealing to fans her lovely natural coloring.

Photo by Chidnoff

A VIBRANT hour spent with the magnetic Pauline Frederick gave Helen Klumph an insight into why it is that this actress, despite her infrequent appearances, still holds an unrivaled position on the screen.

The Pauline Frederick Legend

Absent from the screen these many months, credited with but a few fine performances and one magnificent one, Pauline Frederick is yet looked on as potentially our greatest star.

By Helen Klumph

EVERY time that a director or scenario writer starts to tell me about the "big, really worth-while" picture that he is going to make some day, I jot a name down on a piece of paper and make a bet with myself. When he gets to the point in his story where he says, "And, of course, there is only one person big enough to play it," I triumphantly hand him the piece of paper, on which is written "Pauline Frederick," just as he says the name.

He accuses me of being a mind reader; he marvels at my discrimination—have I not just coincided with an opinion of his own? He makes every observation but the obvious one, and that is that this is an old, old story that I have heard many times before.

This whole-souled worship of Miss Frederick may puzzle you. It did me, at first. For, I was judging her by ordinary, commercial standards. Because she has no million-dollar contract with a recognized producing concern, because she has been absent from our screens these many months, and because she has just made a picture for a little company you have probably never heard of, the industry's verdict on her—were she any one but Pauline Frederick—would be, "Dead and dug up."

But no such disrespect is ever shown her. Pauline Frederick is a dominating figure, one whose flashes of brilliance have given hint of great reserve powers. Either that, or every one who knows her is hypnotized.

I belong to the crowded ranks of those who look on her performance, years ago, in "Madame X," as an unparalleled achievement. But after I met her, I was willing to admit that, even if she had never done anything of consequence on the screen or stage, her personal magnetism would sway me to think she could.

"Smouldering Fires," the title of the last film in which she appeared, is perhaps the most perfect word picture of the power she suggests that could be contrived. On meeting her, I found her to be a pattern of unfailing charm—a glowing, joyous, dominating personality.

That meeting was something of an achievement. Miss Frederick's activities are hampered by no conventional notions of what is good business. Therefore, she airily waves all interviewers aside. I had to enlist the cooperation of Charles Whittaker—an old friend, who wrote the scenario for her last picture—and get him to take me to see her.

She had just finished making "The Nest"—a "quicky," as any production rushed through in three weeks is called. She had allowed herself a whole day for shopping, being photographed, arranging transportation, and talking business to the ever-increasing ranks of film producers who wanted to sign her up before she left for Hollywood. I might have been brushed aside without feeling offense, but since I was sponsored by a friend, she graciously bade me become a part of the chaos of that last day.

"Oh, I *am* sorry to keep you waiting," a vibrant voice rang out, as she fairly burst into the hotel room where her mother, Mr. Whittaker, and I, were talking. I was a little startled to see a gloriously alive and dashing person who looked all of ten years younger than the Pauline Frederick I had seen in Hollywood almost two years ago.

"How does she do it?" I kept asking myself. It wasn't long before I knew the answer. Enthusiasm—interest in big things and little things—a moment's shrewd judgment for her own concerns, and then complete abandonment to her interest in what is going on.

There is a tremulous, joyous note in her voice, as though she had just been completely overwhelmed by the beauty of something. There is, too, a breath-taking sweep about the range of subjects she covers in casual remarks.

She has poise without dignity—the rather startling combination of a grand manner and the disposition of an impetuous, impulsive child who knows she will be forgiven.

"My car is wandering around New York—no telling where," she announced breathlessly, as she sat down and took a common variety of cigarette out of a most-uncommon gold case. "The man from the company was down getting my tickets West for me. He was supposed to stop by for me, but I didn't see him and just couldn't waste any of to-day waiting, so I jumped in a taxi and came home."

"But he may wait for hours," Mrs. Frederick suggested. No one cared. That conversational way station had long since been passed.

"Did you ever read of anything more incredibly dramatic than that rescue at sea by the crew of the *Roosevelt?*" A sad note crept into her voice, but was instantly dispelled by one of exultation. "Oh, I am so excited! I have just come from the most marvelous photographer. I know he's marvelous, because he made me feel so good while he was taking my pictures. They ought to be splendid. Oh, let's run down and have some lunch before the phone rings again. It rings simply all the time. I don't know how I am supposed ever to do anything but answer it."

We progressed to the hotel dining room.

"I'll get back home in time to see Will Rogers," she gloated, as we sat down at the table. "Isn't he gorgeous, making Los Angeles a one-night stand? Just what he always thought of it. But I've missed the horse show. And we do have an awfully nice horse show."

She skipped airily from books to shows to night clubs, the momentum of her speech increasing with her enthusiasm.

"And right over there"—she indicated a near-by table—"I saw the most beautiful young creature you ever saw. She was simply heavenly. And who do you suppose it was? Norma Shearer."

Our party began to grow. An agent, laden with telegrams offering engagements. A producer's representative, come to plead his cause in person. He started to urge her to make a two-reel comedy, but found himself discussing polo, Will Rogers' book, and mutual friends who had been thrown while riding horseback. Three of us made an effort to pin her down to talking about herself, her plans, her hopes; but most of the time, she won and talked about everything else.

"Just now, I am going out to Universal to make a picture called 'Devil's Island'—maybe three more. These people who made 'The Nest' want me to come back and make more here. Maybe England—they've a play and some pictures they want me to do over there. Yes, I'd go back to the stage if the play seemed big. I'd do anything," she added, with a dazzling smile, "that seemed interesting."

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All is Not Glyn that Glitters

Beneath her tiara this Glyn heroine, Aileen Pringle, has a mind; her ermine cloak conceals a sense of humor.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE doorman from Plantation, made up to double for an East Indian potentate, would greet me at the door, examine me to see whether or not I had "it," and bid me enter. Then the lady would slink silently into the jasmine-scented chamber, smoke a few opium rounds with me, and give me my choice between jumping out of the window or being thrown out. And all the screen royalties would revert to Elinor herself.

That is what I was rather expecting when I went to see Aileen Pringle. After all, she had been a Glyn heroine for over a year, and that sort of thing must tell on one. But save for the fact that she is beautiful, no one would ever know the cinematic life she has been leading.

No one could have ordered a better setting.

There were silk-tipped cigarettes from Shepherd's, bonbons from Sherry's, tea of an indescribable flavor from far-away Jamaica, and—neat touch!—tulips arriving from Thorley's. There were phone calls, telegrams, special-delivery letters, breathless messages, waiting women, and bell boys with packages. There was a fine air of confusion and excitement; a tidal wave of popularity beat endlessly against the paneled door of her apartment, high above Central Park.

Aileen Pringle handles this sort of thing admirably. "To the manner born" might be the phrase, if phrase there must be.

She is dark and gay and proud and handsome. Her shoulders are square and broad, but her ankles taper prettily; her mouth is a curved temptation, but her chin a firm warning; and her hair is shingled smartly, daringly, making her head almost boyish, were it not so distinctly feminine in its allure. She is well up in the first flight of the screen's most beautiful women.

No less an authority than Joseph Hergesheimer has called her the "metal peacock," but she is neither unbending nor self-conscious. She is Circe reading the Almanach de Gotha and laughing at the more pretentious names; she is the incomparable *Campaspe Lorillard* created by Van Vechten—*Campaspe* listening to Cecil De Mille's directions with tongue in cheek; she is Diana on a still hunt of Fifth Avenue before appearing in a Shaw play.

If there were any justice in this world, she would be essaying feminine Menjou rôles in subtle comedies. And she would carry them off with precisely the spirit and grace requisite for such interpretations.

"Last night," she said, "I saw 'Ben-Hur' again. It's really a superb thing. When I went to the New York opening of the picture, my escort proved to be a lover of horses. Unfortunately, I hadn't known this. And when the horses were piled up and apparently trampled, in the race collision, my young horseman rose to his six feet and shouted, 'Boo!' vehemently. Before I could stop him, he had again booed. Every one near us stared, and an usher started in our direction in case of further cheering. It was all I could do to convince my escort afterward that no horses had been mistreated or hurt in the making of the entire race. This much I knew, for I had been in Hollywood when the scenes were shot."

She had just lunched, imposingly enough, with the National Board of Review.

"But it wasn't the bore I anticipated," she assured me. "I had Doctor Brill on one side, and Dean Kirchwey on the other—two tremendously interesting men with perfectly brilliant minds. And you know, I was delighted at the way they looked on pictures. They are *for* them, you see. For good ones, of course. Censorship, they told me, isn't a series of 'Don't-do-thises' and 'Don't-do-thats.' It's simply a means of preventing and abolishing bad pictures."

"That takes in most of them," I ventured.

"I should hardly say that," demurred Aileen. She *would* say it, but she is too tactful. As a matter of fact, she said many things, trenchant things well worth retelling, but for obvious reasons, they cannot be told. She talks frankly and easily, with a forthright manner that is enhanced by clarity and crispness of expression. There is no fumbling helplessly for the right word. Hers is the happy knack, also, of turning a neat, homemade epigram without looking surprised.

She is a thoroughly sophisticated, altogether fascinating woman of the world who fails to call attention to the fact. She has been in India, Egypt, Spain, and the Indies; she has traveled and absorbed—"cosmopolite" describes her most completely. Hers is typically British poise, coupled with Parisian vivacity and American energy.

"When I strike New York," she explained, "I immediately start to catch up with the new plays, the concerts, the more interesting art exhibits. I keep on the go from morning to dawn. Some people seem to tire so easily, but I've been dashing about every minute since I arrived here a week ago. Three or four hours of sleep in twenty-four should be enough for anybody. Yet my gay cavaliers droop at the hockey match, doze on my shoulder in taxicabs, and occasionally snore softly at the opera—though this last may be condoned, I dare say.

"But that's the joy of the city. You plan to retire early. Then, some one phones that the party is on its way to pick you up, and before you know it, you are out to see the latest revue, then on to Mirador or Lido to dance, then to hear Florence Mills chant her blues at Plantation, and finally, to look in on 'Texas' Guinan at her Three Hundred Club. Then"—she smiled—"there is always Reuben's for eggs and coffee."

Thus the Pringle spends her time away from the plaintive cries of the director. Park Lane dinners and Pierre luncheons and Marguery teas—Havana week-ends and Long Island house parties and Broadway first nights—dances and clubs and shops and all the rest of the whirl that the millions dream about and the hundreds touch.

"I can't eat, talk, and breathe pictures," she said. "Of course, I'm terribly interested in making good pictures and in doing good work. But not to the absolute exclusion of everything else. And New York is so perfectly compact. You stop here and peep in at the latest paintings—a dash of inspiring color to carry home with you, perhaps. You stop there and hear a genius like Rachmaninoff. He is my favorite pianist, and the piano is my favorite instrument. New York has all things for all people."

Of Hollywood there seemed to be little to report. She knew of no marriages, she said, no engagements, no elopements, no divorces pending, nor other minor casualties. It was apparent that Aileen is not of the giddy movie world. Her friends are numerous, but not in-

separably connected with things cinematic. And I gathered that she maintains a certain well-defined aloofness in her hours of leisure.

It was by way of a surprise to hear her speak enthusiastically of her work. After seeing Aileen Pringle as passion's plaything and fate's toy in a succession of simmering Cinderella dramas cooked by la Glyn, I had always felt that, inwardly, the brunet prima donna must be more than amused at the pictorial bunk she was engaged in manufacturing. If she had a sleeve, she would laugh up it, I fancied. The silly trappings of royalty, she wore with a fine disdain that was its own defense; even when she climbed aboard the bed of roses in "Three Weeks," she had suggested a lovely, cynical martyr rather than a stock-company Nance O'Neil. And who shall manage this in "Three Weeks" deserves acclaim.

But my impression had been wrong, she insisted. (And when Aileen insists thus and so, you change your impression. Indeed, she need not insist: she need only wonder how you could have thought of such a thing, and you begin to wonder, too.)

"When I was given the opportunity to play in 'Three Weeks,'" she said, "I realized that it would establish me more than ten ordinary pictures. It was my first big chance, and I prepared for it as seriously and as sincerely as though I were about to do Ibsen or Eugene O'Neil. I read the book—for the first time—and studied the character of the *Queen* with an eye to reality rather than to sensationalism. I grew to understand her, planned how I should play her, then did the picture with all the honesty in the world."

Photo by Arnold Genthe

Aileen Pringle is well up in the first flight of the screen's most beautiful women.

If Aileen were not such a bitterly frank, utterly convincing creature, I should be tempted to question that bit of autobiography. But she has set her hand and seal to it.

Though regularly employed in the temporal drama, from "His Hour" on down to the eventual "Split Seconds," which I predict will be filmed in slow motion, Aileen has constantly shown promise of better things. Here would be a fine running mate for Barrymore in some adult scenario, an adept pupil for Lubitsch or Bell or St. Clair, an engaging possibility for *Mrs. Cheyney,* say, in film form.

After appearing in two or three pictures (including an early pre-sheik lollipop with Valentino called "Stolen Moments"), Aileen made her stage début in support of George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," gracing the same rôle, *The Ayah,* that introduced Jetta Goudal to the footlights. In the course of the road pilgrimage, Los Angeles was reached, Madame Glyn met the impressive Pringle at a dinner party, remembered her eyes, and two months later, when Aileen was a member of the Goldwyn stock company, drafted her to be *The Lady* in the picture we have already mentioned too often hereinbefore.

No higher tribute can be paid her sense of humor than this: she played Glyn ladies with a straight face!

"A sense of humor is fast becoming a recognized necessity," she said. "Yet we all seem perfectly willing to shelve it sometimes. It seems so odd. Think of the publicity stories that go out and find audiences. The tendency in this country, of course, is to overrate.

Continued on page 115

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee.

Alyce Mills came East to play opposite Richard Dix in his next picture.

Over the

Fanny the Fan joins the rest of the world in charming and extraordinary people, and reviews

By The

FANNY was so engrossed in studying some little paper-covered booklets that she didn't even look up when I came into the Colony and slid along beside her on the divan. One was a catalogue of a sale of chain armor; another, of a sporting-goods firm advertising shin guards, head protectors, and all the padded paraphernalia the goal keeper of a hockey team wears.

"And what, if anything, does this mean?" I asked, when I could restrain my curiosity no longer. I figured that she might be studying up on armor so as to impress some one who was about to make a period picture—but why be so extravagant and uncommercial? As for the hockey outfit, I could see no reason for that unless she had an insane idea of trying to get Lois Wilson to appear in costume on the night when she was to drop the puck to open the final hockey games at Madison Square Garden. My guesses were wrong.

"Something drastic will have to be done before the next big picture opening," she began. "I don't intend to get killed in the rush to the Pickford picture. After all that happened on the night 'The Black Pirate' opened, any one who braves another crowd like that without protective armor deserves to get mauled."

"Was it as bad as all that?" I urged her on, as she leaned back and sighed reflectively. And while she held the pose of one who looks as though she thought she looked as though she were thinking, I quietly took all the marrons off the little plate of cakes in front of her. She shouldn't eat them; they're fattening.

"It was the most appalling crowd I have ever seen," Fanny proclaimed dramatically. "All Forty-second Street was jammed, from Broadway half way to Eighth Avenue. At least two thirds of the people couldn't see anything over the heads of the crowd, and anyway, most of the stars went in a back door. But some one up front would holler, 'There goes Richard Dix,' and a lot of people would cheer, and by the time the word was passed along to the people in the rear, they would have an idea they were cheering for Adolphe Menjou.

"This star worship is an amazing thing. Imagine standing for hours with no hope of seeing anything. They seem to get a thrill out of just being on the same street with celebrities.

"A lot of little boys were shrewd enough to go around to the stage door on Forty-third Street to wait, and when Douglas Fairbanks appeared, they gave him a clamorous welcome. A few hundred people had eluded the police guards and crowded into the lobby, and what early in the evening was a beautiful floral offering in the shape of a boat soon looked like the end of a rough night at sea.

"While the crowd outside resembled a five-alarm riot, inside all was comparatively as peaceful and gracious as a bargain-day sale. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks — I claim the distinction of being the

Marion Davies lent a note of brilliance to first nights and balls during a brief visit to New York.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Teacups

deciding that Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are the panorama of other stars visiting New York.

Bystander

only person who doesn't call them 'Doug and Mary'—sauntered down the center aisle, stopping here and there to chat with their friends. But in a few minutes, the crush around them was so great that he had to pick her up and carry her to their box.

"Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson are the most conservative and inconspicuous-looking of all Broadway celebrities. These girls who have visited abroad and met royalty have developed a desire to look plain that is almost an obsession. It is refreshing in a way, but when the public stand around for hours in the cold, waiting to get a look at a personage, I think they really want something spectacular.

"Marion Davies, Mae Murray, and Hope Hampton were all at the opening, and they looked magnificent enough to impress any one—even a reader of 'What the Well Dressed Woman Will Wear' in the theater programs. Georges Carpentier was there, the center of almost as much attention as was lavished on Cecil De Mille. Charles de Roche strolled in, and I don't suppose it made him any happier to hear people announcing 'There's Count Salm'—that is, if he heard it.

"Ann Pennington and Anita Loos and Alice Brady and Elsie Janis were all there. The fat lady on my left, whose vernacular had a strong burlesque flavor, almost wept because she hadn't brought along a copy of Anita Loos' book to be autographed. She confided to every one within hearing distance that her daughter was so depressed when she saw the title, 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' that she dashed to the nearest drug store, and her hair turned almost white overnight.

"As I looked around that audience, I decided that such a representative gathering of the society, sport, financial, and art worlds could never be brought together for any occasion but a Fairbanks picture. But a few nights later, I decided that I was wrong. At the Newspaper Women's Annual Ball, at the Ritz, there was just such a mixture of people, and about ten times as many.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were the extra-special de luxe featured guests of honor, the others being mere governors and mayors and the heads of the army and navy. Marion Davies brought a party of twelve, that included Norma Talmadge and husband, Anthony Asquith, son of the former Prime Minister of England, and Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn. Aileen Pringle was by far the most distinguished-looking and stunning person there, to my mind, and Doris Kenyon the prettiest. That girl's natural coloring is simply radiant. Dorothy Gish, just back from a hurried visit to Hollywood, was there with her husband. Thomas Meighan, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Betty Jewel, May Allison, Milton Sills, Adolphe Menjou, and Margaret Livingston were all there. Lois looked marvellous in a very tight, scarlet dress, and Margaret Livingston was conspicuous by virtue of wearing an evening dress that touched the floor. Incidentally, her hair is just the color

Photo by W. F. Seely

Alma Rubens, once a confirmed New Yorker, spent the first week of her honeymoon there moving from hotel to hotel, looking for the comfort and quiet Hollywood has accustomed her to.

"The Palm Beach Girl" is a comedy, but Bebe Daniels has faced tragedy in the accidents that have occurred while making it.

Photo by Arthur J. Zellner

Clamorous as the welcome for other stars may be, New Yorkers always stage something special in the way of a riot over Mary Pickford and Husband Doug.

of that rust-proof paint they put on iron fences.

"Even in that gathering of beauties, there was one slim little girl who was so utterly dazzling and lovely that every one went around clutching their friends and asking, 'Who is she?' Late in the evening, she came up and asked me if I wasn't ever going to recognize her. It was Edith Allen, the girl who played in 'Scaramouche' so long ago. She has been threatening to come back to pictures for months, but her social life occupies too much of her time. If she doesn't settle down to work in pictures pretty soon, though, I'm going to start a campaign to kidnap her and lock her in a studio."

Before I had a chance to ask Fanny if she didn't think it was a strange coincidence that on the very day that Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman got married, Pauline started a picture called 'The Virgin Wife,' and if it was true that Lowell Sherman was at last playing a hero rôle—in 'Hello, New York'—and if she didn't think that Rudolph Valentino had won the bad-manners sweepstakes of the world by denying that he intended to marry Pola Negri after Pola herself had loudly proclaimed it, she launched into an enthusiastic recital.

"I suppose you will tell me that I am only about ten years behind the times when I tell you that I have been quite swept off my feet by Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. All right—go ahead. I can stand any amount of kidding. I've never really known them before. I had just met them casually with mobs of other people. But I went up to see them the other day and had a long talk with Mrs. Fairbanks—see how I am bearing up under the strain of not calling her 'Mary'—and I found her as utterly delightful as Lillian Gish had always told me I would.

"She showed me a telegram from Ernst Lubitsch in which he said that he considered her new picture, 'Sparrows,' one of the eight wonders of the world, no less. 'I really ought to die right now,' she told me, 'because at last I've made a picture that my most critical friends like. It's never happened before. Even Charlie likes it.'

"Every few minutes we would mention some one whose name would remind her of some funny impersonation that Mr. Fairbanks does, and she would call him away from a business conference in the next room to do it for us. He would come bounding in—he is quite the most alive-looking human being you ever saw—and perform for us until we were weak and gasping from laughter.

"Mrs. Fairbanks has none of the exuding, magnetic warmth that is typical of actresses. Hers is the more subtle appeal of perfect naturalness and sincerity. I love her voice. It is a confiding little voice with a sort of startled breathlessness about it. It doesn't matter much what she talks about—it all seems awfully important and quite friendly and companionable.

"She has an amusing, terse way of expressing herself. She told me that they expected to be abroad for almost a year, and that she didn't suppose she'd enjoy it much, as she gets so homesick for the sound of American voices. 'But every woman has some cross to bear,' she philosophized. 'Some husbands neglect their wives and some drink; mine likes to travel.' She plans to do a lot of shopping here in New York, because she says that Mr. Fairbanks would never be content to linger in Paris while she gloried in exploring the treasures of the French millinery and dress shops.

Photo by Henry Waxman

Gertrude Olmstead, flashing a big solitaire, arrived in New York to play opposite Milton Sills in "Puppets."

"Of course, people have simply besieged them with requests to appear at charity balls and benefits and things like that while they are in New York. And Mrs. Fairbanks' explanation of why she doesn't like to do it seems to me a brilliant example of modesty and outspokenness—if there is such a word. 'It takes six months or more of planning, with a lot of help from

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A picture that was taken when Mr. and Mrs. Wooldridge visited Carmel Myers on the "Ben-Hur" set.

A Star Turns Reporter

The fourth of an unusual series of articles by this screen star, describing her impressions of "Picture-Play" writers.

By Carmel Myers

I WAS fifteen minutes late. I stubbed my toe rushing up the flight of stairs. I discovered on the way that I had forgotten pad and pencil—inexcusable—and I was conscious of a certain weakness about the knees.

What a start!

In answer to my timid knock, the door was opened, and the scene that greeted me did much toward changing my panicky feelings—that scene of hominess and peace. What did I see? This——

A cozy room with table spread and inviting. Shaded lamps threw calm rays on decorative photographs of "our well-known stars," that hung on the wall. Savory odors pervaded the air. Warmth. Cheeriness.

"WELL, WELL, *well,* well, Miss Myers!"

"Oh, my, I am so sorry I am late, but——"

"Never mind, put your things here. You haven't met Mrs. Wooldridge, I believe?"

With small ceremonies over, I found myself seated at the cozy table, and talking of whatever one does talk of before dinner is well on the way.

With the advent of the chicken—done Southern style—I forgot that I had forgotten my working tools.

With the coming of the jellies and corn—done in some sort of pudding arrangement—I forgot that my knees had ever felt shaky. Everything was hotsy!

Mrs. Wooldridge is a sweet Southern woman, who still retains her lovely accent. She speaks fondly of the girls she has come in contact with through her work on the magazine, as "my girls." She has a habit of calling her husband "Baby lamb," which brings protests from that gentleman.

Mr. Wooldridge is a personable, affable chap with snapping eyes and a dry sense of humor, who delights in teasing Mrs. Wooldridge, and she—like the good little wife that she is—turns the other cheek.

I complimented her on her cooking, telling her it was like my own dear mother's, than which there is no higher compliment.

"She gathered up a lot of recipes while she was editing a woman's page," said Mr. W., winking at me.

"It was really a page of etiquette," corrected Mrs. W., just as I was reaching for the salad fork. You can imagine my reaction!

We spoke of picture folk and new recipes, of recent arrivals from foreign lands, and why wives should not call their husbands "Baby lamb." Of how their ranch of forty acres in San Joaquin Valley was getting along, and wouldn't I please have just a little more chicken, the first was so small.

"Well," said I, accepting a second helping, "I *am* thankful for *this* assignment. Did you notice, Mr. Wool-

dridge, when we met in the publicity office at the studio and you invited me to come to dinner, how quickly I accepted, before you had a chance to change your mind? You see, like a real interviewer, I had hoped to promote a few teas, or perhaps a luncheon, out of this journalistic engagement, but I didn't expect to get into the dinner class!" Whereupon, we all laugh and help ourselves to hot biscuits.

And then, getting down to the serious business of interviewing, with borrowed pad and pencil, I took notes of the following facts:

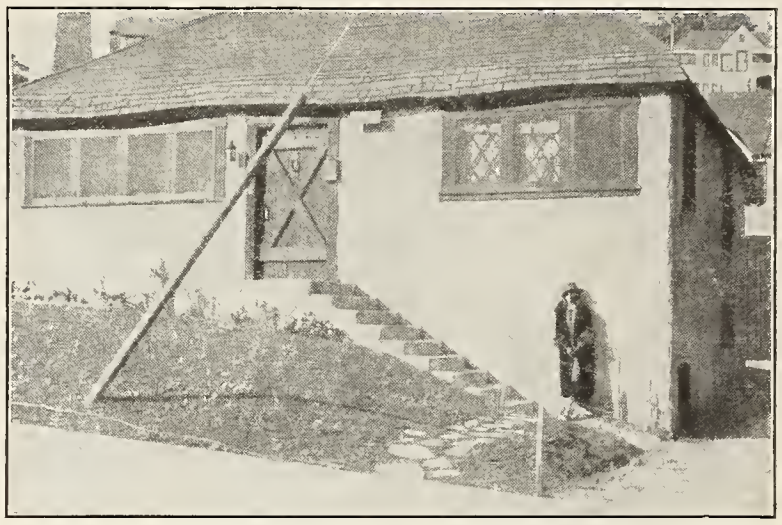
Mr. W. comes from Harrisonville, South Kansas—is the son of Judge J. S. Wooldridge. He was on the Kansas City *Star,* as a reporter, for five years. His beat was "the Junction of the World," the Union Station, through which passes, at one time or another, most every one who is any one—presidents, actresses, statesmen. He met all comers. What a keen training that class of work must have been!

With our Montmartre, our studios, or our boudoirs, as backgrounds for our interviews, it is hard for us movie actresses to visualize a cold railroad station as the frame for anything like that.

Mr. Wooldridge used to rush on board a train before it had actually stopped, "find his victim," and hoodwink, cajole, boss, coax, insist, or beg a story out of him, applying whatever method he found necessary. The statement that some men threw at him, that they "didn't give interviews," never stopped him from getting his story.

He's that way, you see.

He then took a trip himself, together with Mrs. W., and came out our way. He was made editor of *The Monrovia Messenger* and the *Arcadia Journal,* while Mrs. W. edited a woman's page, which, as you probably know, includes club work, bits and pieces about what to do if the baby gets the croup, how to make the jelly jell properly, and so forth.



The tiny home of Constance Palmer Littlefield and her husband, where Carmel Myers dropped in for tea.

Now he writes, besides all his work for PICTURE-PLAY, articles that appear in big-city newspapers, all the way from the New York *World* to the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

We looked through an old press album. Here was a picture of Mrs. W. as a Southern belle—a beautiful, girlish face with serious eyes; there was one of her in graduation dress. She had attended a seminary in Nashville, and later made her début at the exclusive Hermitage Club. Here was one of her taken while she was attending the Chicago Music School, where she was awarded the Ziegfeld Scholarship. And then, I saw pictures of her taken during the time when, having become Mrs. W., she had taken up social life in Kansas, and was putting her dramatic and musical education to effect by directing amateur theatricals.

She defines their marriage thus: "He's the brains, and I'm the energy." But I'm inclined to make it, "He's the power, and she's the brakes," for if he should be inclined, in writing a story, to be a bit ruthless of some one's feelings, or to tread on some one's toes, I can just imagine her laying a gentle, restraining hand on him and saying, "Now, Baby lamb——"

The charming hospitality of the Wooldridges, to say nothing of the taste of that delicious chicken, will linger long in my memory.

A tiny, toy sort of a house in the hills I found them in, Constance Palmer Littlefield and husband. To fully know Constance, one must also know husband.

Mr. Lucien Littlefield, the Public. The Public, Mr. Lucien Littlefield.

Of course, you've seen him on the screen—oh, innumerable times! He's a *swell* character actor—one of our very best—but, pardon me, this is Constance's interview, and you, Mr. Littlefield, will simply have to sit back for a while and smoke that nice peaceful pipe.

I told you it was a toy house, and oh, so cuddly! My arrival, late in the afternoon, after a tiring day at the studio, was conducive to much appreciation of the steaming cup of tea proffered me. One could almost hear a kettle singing on the hearth. The setting was perfect. Long shadows, quiet voices, rocking chairs, tea in gold-and-blue china, and chitchat. I feasted my eyes on row upon row of books that have been *read.* You know what I mean—pages cut and everything. What a cozy, restful atmosphere. But this wouldn't do. Questions—I must ask questions.

Constance told me she had not written anything for quite a long time. "Laziness, I guess, or old age setting in." (She looks every bit of twenty-five.) I scolded. She demurred.

"Well, I suppose it's my home and Poppie"—she nodded toward husband—"that's responsible. It's hard to serve two masters. I hope you'll pardon that onion smell—I'm cooking onion soup for Puppie." (I thought at first she meant husband.) "Oh, he looks so nice since he's been shorn." She *couldn't* have meant him!

"Pardon me, who for?"

"Puppie, my Scotch terrier."

"Oh, lucky dog!"

She told me she had been born in Duluth, Minnesota, and had attended college in Milwaukee. She came to Hollywood some six years ago, and wrote reams of stuff for the Philadelphia *Ledger.* I asked her if she had been nervous when she first started interviewing. Had she! Well, James Kirkwood had been her first assignment for PICTURE-PLAY, and maybe her knees hadn't shaken and her heart done the Charleston, when she approached him! She had hoped to make her first question very different—high-powered, in fact,—and she found herself saying, "How did you start?"

"But it wasn't a bad story," Mr. Littlefield interposed.

"Now, Wuppie," she admonished. "Oh, dear! I do hope that Woppie's onion soup doesn't annoy you."

"W-a-i-t a minute. Wait a minute. First your husband is Wuppie and then—your——"

"Oh, our dog is Woppie, and Poppie is Wuppie. It *is* a bit confusing."

And then Woppie made an appearance. A cunning thing, built underslung, with a nice face. We became friends. They asked him to crow—some sort of trick noise he could make. They begged him to crow. They *demanded* that he crow. If he heard, he made no sign, but continued calmly to lick my gloved hand.

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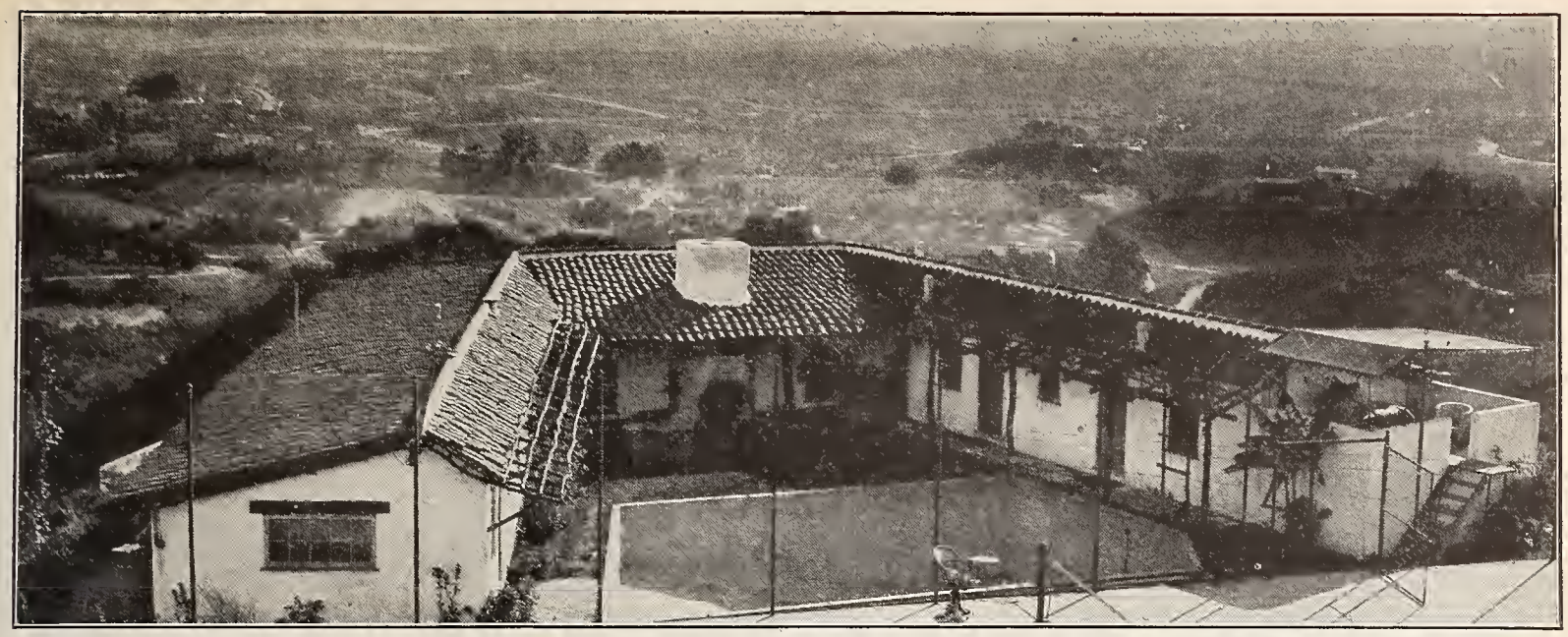


Vidor's hillside home offers a sweeping view across miles of country. The swimming pool and tennis court, in the foreground, indicate his keen interest in sports.

The Man who Made "The Big Parade"

From the outset of his career, King Vidor has shown himself to be a master craftsman, though his remarkable talents are only just now receiving popular acclaim.

By Edwin Schallert

TEN years ago, a chap with a round, good-natured, boyish face sat on a curbstone opposite the Astor Theater in New York, and watched the sun come up mistily over Broadway. He was without a shekel in his pockets, and he had spent the night riding in the subway for want of better sleeping accommodations. He had journeyed to the Eastern metropolis to learn about the movies.

To-day, from the same Astor Theater, flaunting its nightly electric rays athwart the thronging crowds of Times Square, there glows a legend of remarkable film achievement. It tells the news of a picture production magnificently successful, and emblazons simultaneously the recognition of a newly triumphing director. The picture has been seen by tens of thousands, and will perhaps be viewed by millions ere its passing; the director has been saluted as a rival, if not an actual successor, of D. W. Griffith, than which there is perhaps no higher honor in the land of the movies.

That briefly is the story of King Vidor, the maker of "The Big Parade."

The chap who sat on the curbstone, and the director whose name has been on the tongues of all who have seen the glorious war drama at the theater within whose shadow, almost, he had watched the sunrise ten years ago, are one and the same person. And the story of his rise to outstanding success is one of the strangest ones that has ever been told in moviedom.

First of all, though, let's estimate his newly acquired place of celebrity, and see how far he has actually traveled since his name first registered itself as important in the domain of pictures. For the favor with which King Vidor is now regarded is nothing new to that very discriminating group who recognized his talent even when he made "The Jackknife Man" some years ago, though that was far from being a widely popular achievement.

The fact that Vidor has seldom made a bad picture has long been realized by those who know his work. From "The Turn in the Road" on—and that production was made all of seven years ago—he has been considered a significant figure. Time and again, he has been mentioned by his more devoted admirers as possessed of an unusual intimacy and humanness in his direction, and has at the same time been credited with a rare and distinguishing virility.

He has been known for his dependable virtues as a craftsman, and for the fact that he could adapt himself to the most difficult of conditions in carrying out the requirements either of a star or of supervision. In this connection, he is the only director to have effectually maneuvered the talents of Laurette Taylor—this in "Peg o' My Heart" and "Happiness"—and to have appropriately met the radical demands of an Elinor Glyn, in "His Hour."

Also, a certain sensational attention has been directed toward his personal life—through the fact that, suddenly and without any apparent reason, the seeming peace of the Vidor hearthside, which had been considered one of the happiest in Hollywood, was broken, a few years ago. No clear-cut explanation has ever been proffered for this separation of Vidor and his former wife, Florence, and for all practical purposes, it re-

OF ALL THE GREAT DIRECTORS

of motion pictures, there are a few who so effectively put the stamp and seal of their own personalities on their work that the public become interested in them.

Every fan is familiar with the work of D. W. Griffith, for instance, and recognizes in his pictures certain qualities that are to be found only in his productions.

A Von Stroheim picture is as distinctive as a Maxfield Parrish painting.

Cecil De Mille has certain characteristic effects which only he seems able to achieve, and to the discriminating fan there are subtleties about every Lubitsch picture by which the work of the master craftsman from Germany may be detected.

King Vidor has recently reached a position of distinction which entitles his work to be given the thoughtful consideration of every fan; for his work, too, has certain outstanding qualities which you should be able to recognize, after reading this article; and, by having a better understanding of the peculiar qualities he achieves, you will find greater enjoyment in his future screen masterpieces.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Vidor appears to be an easy-going dreamer, but he has a determination and a persistence that form the basis of his success.

mains, even to this day, something of a mystery. Although it is known, of course, that since their parting, both of them have indicated new romantic interests.

All of this is, of course, entirely aside from Vidor's professional life, which has been consistently progressive. Destiny could not have made anything clearer than that King Vidor was one day to reach a pinnacle. From the very beginning, it might be said, it was not a question of the nature of his ability, so much as it was of his finding the right vehicle for this ability—something that would turn the trick in his favor. The fact that many of his pictures were good, but that none of them was great, was simply due to their subject matter, rather than to any innate lack of fitness on his part to accomplish the unusual. There is absolutely nobody in pictures whose work has shown such high promise right from the beginning. He was literally born to the films, and it really only needed a "Big Parade," or something of equal moment, to evoke the climax of fulfillment.

Vidor started making pictures when he was in his teens, down in Texas. He didn't know a thing about films, but he liked them. The first one that he saw was a scenic, and the idea of photography in motion captivated him.

To this day, it is this idea of motion that is the guiding theme of all his efforts. The importance of the acting, subtitles, bits of screen business—everything—is subservient. And if you have already seen "The Big Parade," you will recall how in all the war scenes, this theory of his is predominant. The effectiveness of the great scene of the departure of the troops from the French village; the grim entry of the soldiers into No Man's Land; the wild hysterical outburst of hate on the part of Jack Gilbert against the enemy, and even such a delicate episode as the mother's remembrance of her son's boyhood, are all expressed in the same terms of *moving pictures.* Nothing that may be said through action that can be photographed, shall ever be told in words, is the cardinal Vidorian principle.

It was with the camera that he started his career. He had no conception of story or of acting. He felt that, with a camera, he was armed to conquer the world, and as soon as he acquired one—made out of an old projection machine cast off from a theater—he set right out to make a picture.

In doing this, he fulfilled all the functions of director, camera man, and also actor, with the aid of a group of friends. This happened in his Texas days.

Whether the picture actually was shown publicly, I do not recall. It sufficed at least for the entertainment of various family circles—for, having made a camera out of a projection machine, it was only a step for Vidor to change this back again into its original status.

He had thrice run away from school during his youth, and had as many times gone to New York. Strong in his likes and dislikes, despite his native affability, he had taken an ardent aversion to his French teacher. That was what, according to his own accounting, drove him to play the long-distance truant.

These early visits to the Eastern metropolis, from which he was generally brought back by his parents in high disgrace, fixed it in his mind that the great seaboard city was the goal of all big and new endeavors. So, when he had exhausted the novelty of attempting to shoot impromptu scenes with his companions, he decided he would have to go to New York to give more serious study to pictures if he was ever to go on with them.

Hence, the peculiarly pro-

phetic trip to Manhattan, which I have chronicled at the beginning of this article. The result of this trip was that he procured some odd jobs around the studios that familiarized him with the technique of film making.

Then he went back to Texas. He married—the beautiful girl whom he took as his wife, now known as Florence Vidor, was singularly photographic as a type, and therefore admirably suited to appear in his pictures. Her parents were opposed, however, to any such a career for her, so Vidor and his wife decided they would come to California. He particularly wanted her to have a chance to work in the studios in Hollywood.

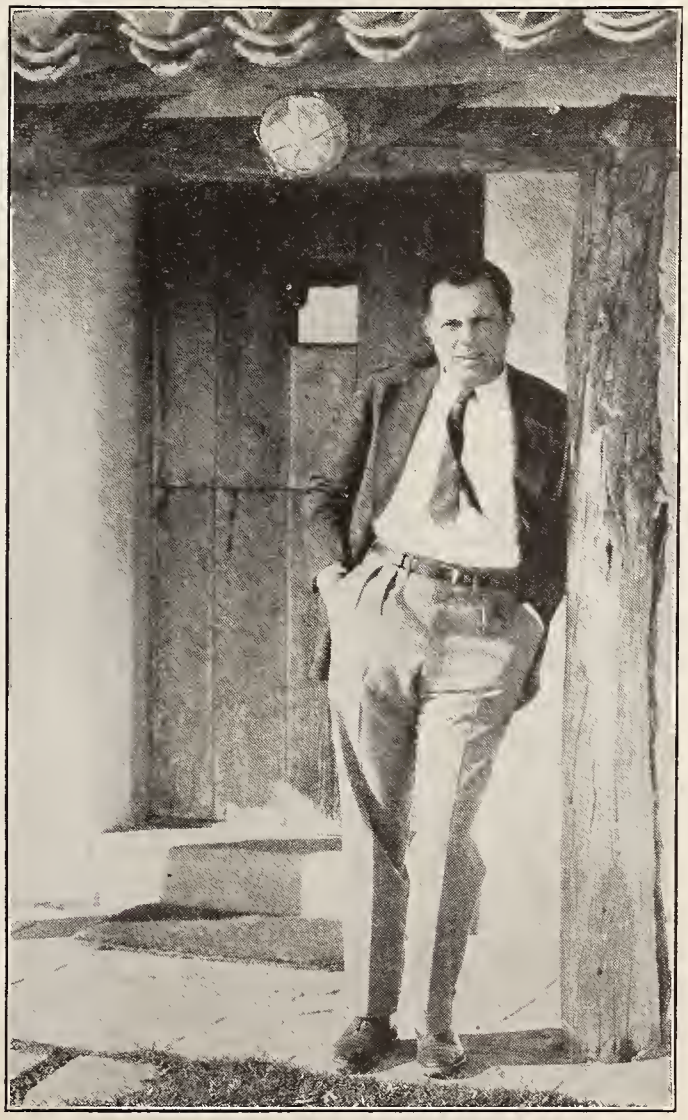
With very little between them and starvation, they made their way Westward. En route, Vidor eked out a living by taking scenics and showing them as he went, for they traveled to the Coast in a Ford.

When they arrived at San Francisco, he had less than a dollar, plus the Ford and a shotgun. So he pawned the shotgun, so that they could have a room and some supper. Subsequently, he sold the Ford, and they traveled by rail direct to Los Angeles.

He told his father, before coming West, that he was going to become a director, and in less than a year, he fulfilled this intention. The intervening time he had filled out with work as a camera man at the Vitagraph studio, where he had gone because he had known Corinne Griffith in Texas, and she was working there. She aided him in procuring the first job that he got in Hollywood.

It was with "The Turn in the Road" that he first came into prominence, this being one of his very first pictures. Like several others that followed, it was made at a small independent studio, then known as the Brentwood. Florence had gained recognition for herself, too, as one of the principal players in "Old Wives for New," made by Cecil B. De Mille.

He knows that achievement along creative lines demands time for isolation and reflective thinking.



He is quite as unaffected as when he came, unknown, to the studios from Texas; success does not seem in any way to have spoiled him.

It was at about the time of the making of "The Jackknife Man" that I first met Vidor. He was fulfilling a contract then for First National, and had financed a studio for himself that is used nowadays for comedies. He had just completed the Ellis Parker Butler story, and had done it as a piece of daring. He had striven in the film to avoid anything of the conventional sex appeal that was then, under the De Mille leadership of "Male and Female," so popular.

He had tried to make a production in which there was no love story, but which should at the same time be filled with humanness. There is no doubt that he succeeded, and that the resulting feature should have made his everlasting reputation right then and there, because "The Jackknife Man" was a work of art, as fine in its way and in its day as "The Big Parade" is now.

But the public was unreceptive.

The picture died a slow and tragic financial death, and even the people who appeared in it are by now completely forgotten.

Had, however, the present-day methods of introducing the merits of a picture to the public been prevalent then, I really believe that it could have been something of a triumph.

But it was put before the people hesitatingly and tremulously, and as

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John Gilbert as the struggling young playwright, and Lillian Gish as the self-sacrificing MIMI, *in "La Bohème."*

The Screen

Our reviewer and Felix the Cat cast

By Sally

THERE is no question that "La Bohème" has everything to make it happy. It has King Vidor as director, John Gilbert, Renee Adoree, George Hassell, Roy d'Arcy, Karl Dane, Frank Currier, and Edward Everett Horton. And it has that great big heart throb, Lillian Gish. You would hardly think, then, that the fragile, blonde Miss Gish could weigh heavily on her end of that imposing seesaw. But she does. She takes the lilting sadness of "La Bohème," and plays "Hearts and Flowers" instead.

I know that Miss Gish is supposed to have arrived. I know that she is considered a great actress. Joseph Hergesheimer and others have said so. She has flown in the face of tradition and played *Mimi* with her own blond hair. Heretofore, *Mimi* has been a brunette. Now it doesn't matter in the least what color one's hair may be, provided the actress herself isn't always a blonde in spirit. I do not refer to those fine, dashing Lillian Russell blondes, but I do object to the beaten, quivering, whipped blondness of old-time ballads. "Consumption has no pity for blue eyes and golden hair," as the old song says; and at the first glimpse of Miss Gish—cold, pale, shivering, and self-sacrificing—I knew she was gone from the start. As Dickens said, "Marley was dead to begin with."

The story is an old one, and a charming one. *Rodolphe,* a starving young playwright, and *Mimi,* a more starving little seamstress, live next to each other in a cold, badly furnished pension in the Latin Quarter of Paris. *Mimi* is about to be evicted for not having paid her rent when *Rodolphe* and his gay friends come to her rescue. She is adopted by them, and things seem to be going a little better. Then *Mimi* finds out that she is seriously ill, and rather than stand in *Rodolphe's* way to success, she runs away. He does write a successful play, and on the night of his success, *Mimi* crawls back to him to die.

Not much of a story for a picture, you will admit, but Mr. Vidor has done wonders with it. He has caught a little bit of Paris and put it in his studio. John Gilbert makes a romantic young Frenchman. He is careful with his gestures, his walk, his expressions, and he has really tried to enter into things. Miss Gish alone just wouldn't play.

A little French dressmaker may be a sensitive, hurt child, and capture the romantic fancy of an ardent young man, but she should have just the faintest showing of coquetry and one or two slight vanities. Miss Gish is as subdued and fidgety as a New England schoolma'am. Her shoes are heelless, her bonnets Quakerish. She is still the little white flower of D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms."

I cried throughout a greater portion of this picture, in spite of my harsh comments. And I knew, as I sobbed, that my emotions were being worked on deliberately.

The film is very well monopolized by Miss Gish and Mr. Gilbert. Renee Adoree is barely visible. There is a fleeting glimpse of Karl Dane.

Now that I have written this, I feel a little as though a not-very-well-liked acquaintance had gone out and committed suicide—even though I didn't like him very much, I might have been nicer to him, and spoken more kindly of him. Now it's too late.

Pirates in Color.

Several years ago, when Douglas Fairbanks deserted the stage for motion pictures, he was cast, time and time again, in the rôle of a brisk young millionaire go-getter. Or rather, he was a go-getter who eventually became a millionaire. He jumped over desks, turned offices upside down, and after exhausting every member of the company, carried away the banker's daughter. She was a nice little thing, as I remember, and went willingly enough.

After several years of this sort of thing, Mr. Fairbanks decided that he was through with it, so he branched out to make his own pictures; and for his plots, he uncorked musty, lovely, colorful old bottles, filled with the dreams he had had when he was ten years old. Every year, and sometimes oftener, he let one of these romantic, impossible, exciting visions loose. And they have all been rather amazing things to watch.

Now, there is "The Black Pirate," colored not only by the legends of all the pirates of fiction, but, to be downright practical and call the turn on it, by technicolor as well. I have always hated colored pictures. There is something about the Italian-wedding touch in them that seems impossible to me, but after seeing "The Black Pirate," I am willing to take back every word I ever said against color, and rub it in my hair. The colors in it are exquisite. There are no salmon pinks nor vivid reds, no Della Robbia blues. It isn't a bit like nature, thank goodness; it is art.

Mr. Fairbanks and his director, Albert Parker, have taken their colors seriously, and I believe they have made the first step toward popularizing this sort of photography.

in Review

a critical eye on the latest films.

Benson

Doug Fairbanks and two pirates in a scene from "The Black Pirate," which was successfully filmed entirely in color.

In other respects besides the color, "The Black Pirate" is unlike any film Mr. Fairbanks has ever made. In spite of its forbidding title, Mr. Fairbanks is less like a swashbuckling little boy in it than I have ever seen him. It has been said that he is not really an actor, but if he doesn't act in "The Black Pirate," and act remarkably well, then I haven't the faintest idea what he *should* do to be an actor.

It is a lovely, bloodcurdling tale of cruel and reckless pirates, with treasure chests, parrots, sword play, and plenty of good old rum. It might have been theatrical and stagy, but it never is. It is as romantic and real and clean as the ocean on a sunny day. There is a gorgeous scene where Mr. Fairbanks captures a ship single handed, swings to the top of the sails and slides down one holding himself by the hilt of his knife, and ripping the sail as he goes. I am afraid that isn't very clearly put—it may have been a sword, and it may not have been a hilt, but whatever it was, it was wonderful.

And then there is beautiful Billie Dove, who should always be photographed in color, and Donald Crisp and Sam de Grasse and hundreds of others, who are not noted for their beauty ordinarily, but who lent themselves beautifully to the picture. I do not know who did the subtitles, but they are very good.

Graduated Actresses.

"Fascinating Youth" is the first picture made by graduates of the Paramount Pictures School. As you may recall, some months ago sixteen young men and women were carefully chosen by experts, to attend this school and to learn just exactly how to become actors and actresses.

There is little room for argument, of course, as to whether or not actresses and actors can be made in a few months. Nevertheless, everything was done for the young folk in an effort to teach them to be little Bernhardts and Mansfields. They were taught to Charleston, to fence, to ride horseback, to play golf, and to fall without hurting themselves—so we were told—and the result is this picture, "Fascinating Youth."

The real star of the film, to me, was Chester Conklin, who had a small part. Assisting him were Lois Wilson, Adolphe Menjou, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, and Lila Lee. The pupils didn't really count. I don't want to be harsh, but they were exactly like so many little shadows running in and out of the picture.

I have not been reviewing pictures long enough to be able to say definitely that there was *not* a potential Mary Pickford or Harold Lloyd among them, but if any of these young people turn out to be stars, I shall return to my home and children.

The picture itself isn't much. It's about some young artists in a studio on Macdougal Alley. They paint and Charleston and play the saxophone. Later, they go to the country and try to run a winter resort at a place formerly occupied by a great many nice old ladies and gentlemen. The young folk push them out of their wheeled chairs, and rejuvenate the place. There is an ice-boat race, and one of the young men, we are told, is the villain (I wonder how his people will like that when they see him, he was always such a good boy at home!), but everything ends happily.

Truthfully, I could only distinguish the blondes from the brunettes, except for the leading man. I believe his name is Charles Rogers, but I have no program to remind me. Anyway, this young boy seemed to rise considerably above the others.

Ivy Harris was the heroine. The others were Thelma Todd, Mona Palma, Dorothy Nourse, Jeanne Morgan, Ethelda Kenvin, Iris Gray, Robert Andrews, Greg Blackton, Charles Brokaw, Claud Buchanan, Walter Goss, Irving Hartley, Jack Luden, and Josephine Dunn, who, by the way, is a very pretty blonde.

I saw most of these young people in person after the performance, and the girls were really lovely. I do not know why they did not screen so well. Perhaps there were too many of them, and when they have a chance to draw apart, they will show what their training has done for them. There is one thing I am sure of, and that is, that they can all Charleston.

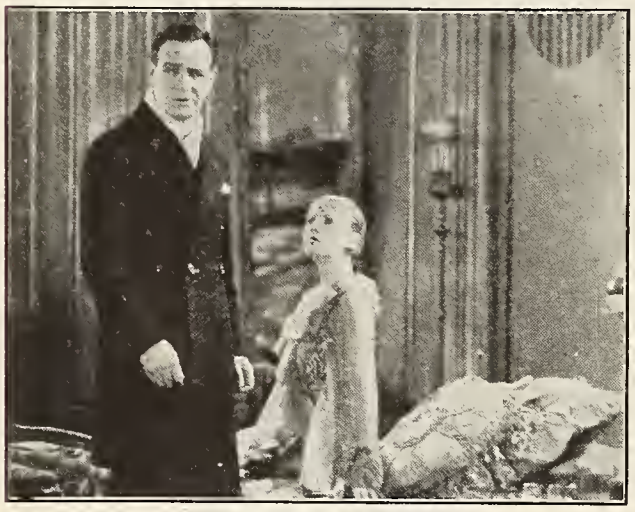
Comedy Relief.

About the pleasantest thing that came to town recently was the film "Irene," starring Colleen Moore. Adapted from the famous and favorite musical comedy of the same name, it makes a sparkling, crisp, and delightful picture, and has in it the only star who could have made it as good as it is. Colleen Moore is a breath of fresh air, or rather, a whiff of laughing gas.

I do not know who did the subtitles—it's never told—but they contribute almost as much to the film as Miss Moore, and that is saying a great deal.

This is a Cinderella story of a poor little Irish girl

"Fascinating Youth."



"The Dancer of Paris."

"The First Year."

"The Auction Block."

who becomes a model at a dressmaker's establishment through the very earnest efforts of a rich young man who is in love with her. She isn't a success at it, although, when her final chance comes, she doesn't fall down. But, during the rest of the picture, she does. It's that kind of comedy.

There is a fashion show in it and some unpleasant rich people, but Mr. Green, the director, has so successfully held on to his musical-comedy atmosphere that these things do not intrude on the film any more than a chorus does when it comes onto a stage at the end of a song.

Lloyd Hughes is the good-looking young hero, and George K. Arthur is very good as *Madame Lucy,* the fashionable modiste. Kate Price, Charles Murray, Eva Novak, and Laurence Wheat, are also in the cast. Charles Murray is a wonderful and intoxicated father.

The picture, however, is Miss Moore's—but for that matter, she can have as many pictures as she wants, as often as she wants them, with the best of luck with them, as far as I am concerned.

Greta Garbo and "Torrent."

"Torrent," by Blasco Ibáñez, is like a story told by a very little boy. It runs on and on. Children's stories are apt to be, "And then the monkey fell down and broke his leg, and next he broke his arm, and then he broke himself all over." "Torrent" does the same thing. The lovers are torn apart, they are torn apart again, and then they are torn finally and hopelessly apart. The young man who sat next to me said that it could very well be called "Tor(re)nt to a thousand pieces." But that way lies madness.

It has one very beautiful recommendation. I am speaking of Greta Garbo, who, to my way of thinking, is about the loveliest importation we have had so far. She is even more eye-satisfying than Greta Nissen, although she could hardly be called a perfect beauty. But I don't know what makes *perfect* beauty, anyway.

Her hair is dark, her eyes seem to be gray, and they are large, with the strangest form I have ever seen. They seem to be made up of hundreds of little angles which give them a sort of emerald-cut look. Her face is never the same. When I try to recall what she really looked like, I find I cannot remember. Elusiveness is the first mark of beauty, isn't it?

Anyway, Miss Garbo has a bad time of it in this, her first American picture, which deals with the rambling love affair between a small-town politician, and a famous singer. Ricardo Cortez ages, toward the end of the film, but then so do the audience.

There is a very bad flood, with miniature blocks of wood falling about. Gertrude Olmstead, Lucien Littlefield, Tully Marshall, and Mack Swain are in the cast.

More Pleasantries from Mr. Dix.

Gregory la Cava, the young director responsible for "Woman-handled," has turned out another light, hilarious comedy film in "Let's Get Married." This was adapted from the stage farce, "The Man from Mexico," and it is a fast-moving, entirely mirthful thing to see.

Richard Dix is a gay young man who gets into trouble with the police, not once but several times. He is finally given thirty days in jail, and in order to explain things satisfactorily to his fiancée, he tells her he has been called away to Mexico on a business trip. Just before his time is up, he accidentally escapes, and then a little real slapstick winds up the picture.

Edna May Oliver, whenever she is present on the screen, takes all the comedy and keeps it for her very own. She is the woman who was so very good as the aunt in "The Lucky Devil." Her comedy is perfect, neither overdone nor underdone. I should like to see her do some of Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Tish* stories. In "Let's Get Married," she is the inebriated head of a hymn-book company, who takes her fun where she finds it. Unfortunately, she is on the screen too short a time.

Lois Wilson is "the only girl," so the program says, and "Gunboat" Smith makes a very authentic plain-clothes man.

Syd Chaplin in Skirts Again.

Ever since "Charley's Aunt," Sydney Chaplin has found it difficult to keep out of skirts. Having provoked laughter once in them, he seems to feel that he will be three times as funny the third time he wears them. Unfortunately, this isn't so.

In "Oh! What a Nurse!" a story written by Robert Sherwood—that very excellent motion-picture critic who writes for *Life* and *McCall's Magazine,* and who, by the way, is more often right than any other critic I have read—Mr. Chaplin goes through a series of sure-fire gags one right after another. The story is a good one, the gags are funny, and so, sometimes, is Mr. Chaplin. That is to say, the first time he tossed a glass of liqueur into the fireplace and it exploded, I laughed. The second and third times, I did not laugh so hard.

Anyway, I hope that his next picture will see him in trousers again, or at least in bloomers.

From Crook to Special Agent.

Whether H. B. Warner is a master criminal or not, he is the one man I'd follow from theater to theater, after all these years of my faithful devotion to crook melodrama. In "Whispering Smith," released by Producers Distributing Corporation, he is a hunter of criminals, instead of a criminal. But it doesn't really make any difference, as long as he doesn't leave the underworld entirely.

"Whispering Smith" is an exciting story of a wicked railroad foreman who loots wrecks and divides the proceeds with his hard-hearted and heavy-handed band. *Whispering Smith* is called on to establish order, and then all the troubles start.

Smith is in love with the outlaw's wife, so you can see how things would appear if he were to shoot him. I won't tell you the story—it is exciting enough to be worth seeing.

There is a very fine railroad wreck, and an unusually good cast, including Lilyan Tashman, Lillian Rich, John Bowers, and Robert Edeson, not to mention, again, that erstwhile gentleman crook, H. B. Warner.

Smoke from "Abie's Irish Rose."

The American flag used to be waved at the end of every bad vaudeville act that was uncertain of applause on its own merits. Now, sure-fire approval is courted by assembling a number of Jews and Irishmen on the same stage, amicably talking together. There were the stage plays, "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Kosher Kitty Kelly," and now there is the picture, "The Cohens and Kellys."

I think they are all perfectly terrible. My only advice to you about this picture is to stay away from it. The members of the cast deserved a better story. Charles Murray, that overworked man, is cast as the Irish father, George Sidney, a very good actor, is the Jewish father. Both of them are called upon for impossible slapstick.

Vera Gordon and Kate Price are also in the cast.

Back to the Tropics.

Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, George Bancroft, and Mack Swain are the principals in a pleasant, tropical film of East Africa, called "Sea Horses." But George Bancroft almost steps over the principal boundary and becomes the star. After his victorious début in "The Pony Express," Mr. Bancroft won't remain in the background. In "Sea Horses," he attacks the natives and captures their cannon with a slow and easy-going manner that baffles them. Although he starts in as something of a villain, he sacrifices himself in the end, in order that the heroine may marry the captain of an English boat. Miss Vidor is very good as his wife, and Jack Holt is the spick-and-span captain.

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"Let's Get Married."

Ibáñez's "Torrent."

"The Cohens and Kellys."

"Sea Horses."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the *Zorro* type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's "latest and best." College football from an uproarious angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charlie Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Little Annie Rooney"—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York's lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines makes attractive hero.

"Mare Nostrum" — Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibáñez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading rôles.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Three Faces East"—Producers Distributing. Splendid mystery melodrama about World War spies, with Jetta Goudal, Clive Brook, and Robert Ames.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Ancient Highway, The"—Paramount. Jack Holt and Billie Dove in a decidedly pleasing picture full of action and gorgeous scenery.

"Beautiful City, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an Italian boy in a melodrama of New York's East Side. Dorothy Gish, delightful as his Irish sweetheart.

"Behind the Front" — Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both sublimely ridiculous as doughboys. Mary Brian is the girl.

"Black Bird, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good melodrama of London's Limehouse district, with Lon Chaney playing double rôle of a thug and a bishop. Renee Adoree charming as French dancer; Owen Moore a gentleman crook.

"Bobbed Hair"—Warner. Thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, one of the best. Marie Prevost excellent in lead, Louise Fazenda a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan a young man with money and a car.

"California Straight Ahead"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's fast-moving comedies. He loses his girl on the eve of his wedding day, and has to win her all over again in his own unique way.

"Cave Man, The"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny the rather thin story of a bored young heiress who tries to elevate a coal heaver to society.

"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl in a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as a young mechanic.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—First National. An entertaining film of a henpecked tailor of Colonial days who unwittingly becomes a pirate chief overnight. Leon Errol's unique comedy gifts given full play; Dorothy Gish is the shrewish wife.

"Dancing Mothers" — Paramount. Conventional story about fast-living younger generation, with Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, and Norman Trevor.

"Dark Angel, The"—First National. Old story of blinded soldier. Ronald Colman at his best. Vilma Banky makes first appearance on American screen—a very beautiful woman and fine actress.

"Eagle, The"—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino, as Russian lieutenant who turns bandit, gives a better performance than he has in a long while. Pleasant picture with complicated plot; Vilma Banky beautiful and natural as heroine.

"Exchange of Wives"—Metro-Goldwyn. Light, amusing comedy in which two young married couples become involved with one another, trying an exchange of husbands and wives for two weeks. Made very funny by Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Creighton Hale, and Lew Cody.

"Golden Cocoon, The"—Warner. Helene Chadwick very charming and human as wife of a man whose political career is almost ruined by a trivial but misconstrued incident in her past.

"Go West"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton and a Jersey cow called Brown Eyes, who follows him like a dog, are the center of attraction in an amusing comedy of the Western plains.

"Grand Duchess and the Waiter, The"—Paramount. Perfectly delightful comedy, with Adolphe Menjou at his very best, and Florence Vidor quite fascinating in the sophisticated rôle of the *Duchess.*

"Graustark"—First National. Norma Talmadge in film of George Barr McCutcheon's novel. Great box-office hit, but may be disappointing to any one inclined to be critical.

"Hands Up"—Paramount. Farcical romance of the Civil War, starring the inimitable Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy. Not quite so funny as some of his pictures.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with locale supposedly in Vienna. Constance Talmadge in dual rôle. Ronald Colman not so good as husband. George K. Arthur also in cast.

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Oh, for the Life of an Actor's Wife!

Every girl who is a real movie fan has probably fancied herself, at one time or another, as the wife of a player. Here is an impression of what such a life is like, as experienced by one of our contributors.

By Constance Palmer Littlefield

WHEN Lucien and I were married, almost four years ago, every one thought it an ideal combination—an actor marrying a writer for fan magazines. Think of the publicity I could give him! But somehow, it didn't work out that way. Lucien, in the first place, didn't like the idea of my giving him publicity, and I, in the second place, didn't like it, either. So—except for our friends and well-wishers—it was unanimous.

I'm afraid I can't tell a heart-throbbing tale of the way we have weathered, shoulder to shoulder, days of poverty and anxiety. There has been no barnstorming period, no looking for work, and no wondering where the next meal was coming from. Far less spectacular is the story of our saving and saving against the lean years that every actor must sanely expect. We both had had our share of poverty long before we ever met, and that taste was enough. The gods willing, and we remaining in our right minds, that specter will never dance on our doorstep again.

At the time that we were married, Lucien was in stock at Lasky's. He had been there, except for his twenty-six months in the army, for nine years. Incidentally, he had been the first man from the studio to enlist, and had been given by the studio a wrist watch engraved to that effect. To return, I had no particular ambitions for him then. In fact, neither of us realized that he might work at any other studio. Then, about six months later, the Goldwyn people made him a stock offer at twice the salary he was getting. A light gradually dawned upon me—there might be quite a career before my quiet, hard-working husband. But a different light dawned upon him—ah-ha! what a wonderful chance to save! Many times did I complain bitterly at *that* idea, during his subsequent year at Goldwyn's. It was not much fun to live isolated in an ugly cottage in Culver City, when, a few months before, I had been galloping around studios, meeting lots of new people, writing, enjoying everything. Dishwashing, pot roasts, and trying to make that dreadful house look like something, was a pretty drab contrast. Poor Lucien put up with a lot, I'll tell you, during that awful year.

Before her marriage, Constance Palmer contributed regularly to "Picture-Play Magazine," and since she became Mrs. Lucien Littlefield, she has been an occasional contributor. In this brief story about her home life, which she wrote at our special request, she gives you a picture which is simple and sincere—though it may upset many persons' ideas about home life in Hollywood.

Lucien Littlefield has been seen on the screen by every one who has attended the movies regularly. One of his recent rôles was his splendid characterization of the barber-music teacher in Ibáñez' "Torrent."

But anyway, the next year made up for everything. We moved back to Hollywood, and built a dear little house, where, for the first month, we used to go stamping around, inside and out, crowing, "It's ours! It's ours!"

Lucien now free-lanced, for the first time in his career, and enjoyed every minute of it. His salary went up some, and as he went from one picture to another without losing any time, his situation was satisfactory from every standpoint.

He is still free-lancing, and is as snug as a bug in a rug.

That's the background for the life of this particular actor's wife. Our daily doings are not very thrilling from the standpoint of copy, but they are very happy. There is always the thought that we are working side by side for a common purpose. Our life has had a steady upward trend, with a deep appreciation of the blessings that are poured upon us—health and strength, improving in both, and a greater sanity in our grasp of the real and true things of life.

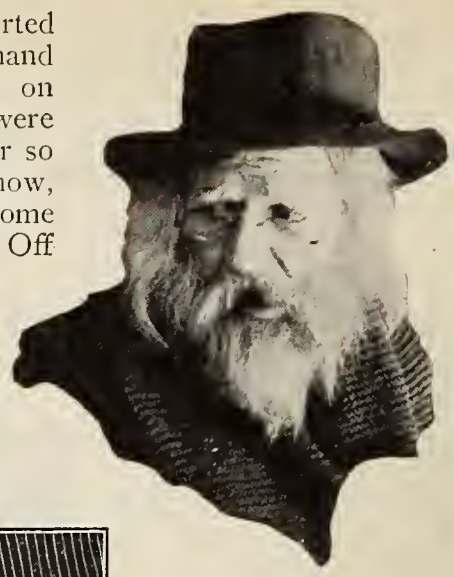
We don't go out so very much, even when Lucien has some days off. When we were first married, I thought it quite the thing to pour him into his dinner coat and drag him to the various doings at the Writers' Club, and to parties at private houses. Every one said we should mix with people more—that it was good business. But as the months go on, we seem to go out less and less. Perhaps we are making a mistake, but home is *so*

Getting up in the morning is lots of fun, too—if you can believe me. You see, Lucien's make-ups very often take hours to put on, which means getting up at four, five, or six at the very latest. We got up at four o'clock every morning for six weeks, during the making of "The Palace of the King," at Goldwyn's, and at four or four thirty for eight weeks for "Tumbleweeds," which was made during the early part of last fall. At the time I write, we are getting up at half past five or sometimes six, as Lucien is working at the De Mille studio in Rod La Rocque's picture, "Bachelor Brides."

Hunting up a wardrobe is something, though, that I will say, frankly and firmly, *I don't like.* In fact, I went on a flat-footed strike a year ago. You can hardly blame me, though, when you know the reason. When Pop is off on one of those still hunts, he won't eat! Now, I ask you, would *you* go with him?

A little while after I went on my strike, Lucien comfortable. I suppose we are getting old (Lucien's just thirty, and I'm some less) but anyway, after a very hearty dinner — I *have* learned to cook!— we're quite likely just to sit and read aloud to each other, until the book falls from the hand. The other doesn't mind —being asleep, too!

and George Bancroft started off to do the second-hand clothing stores down on Main Street. They were both leaving in a day or so for a location in the snow, and wanted to get some warm clothes to wear. Off they started on their tour, about ten o'clock in the morning, as chipper and gay as a couple of codfish. Time passed.



At half past six that evening, our noble portal slowly opened, and George, haggard and worn, staggered in.

"Constance—I don't want to alarm you—Lucien's outside—he's a very sick man—seems to be dizzy—nearly fainted." So saying, out he staggered again, and that, by the way, was the last time I saw of him for full many a moon.

In tottered what looked like a cross between an antelope and Barnum's Woolly Horse. After the creature had flung himself on the bed, I made out the pale features of my husband, as they emerged from the most preposterous fur coat I have ever seen.

Not a word did I waste. Time was precious. As it happened, there was a large kettle of lovely, nice, nutritious vegetable soup brewing on the stove. I took a small bowl—too

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The large picture above shows Lucien Littlefield as he appears unprofessionally. But that will not help you to recognize him on the screen. As a master of make-up and of character acting, he looks like an entirely different person in almost every part he plays. The small pictures on this page show him in some of his striking rôles.

Found at Last —Sally

Discovered not so long ago, the youthful Sally O'Neil has a refreshing spontaneity that has proved to be a real addition to the screen.

By Margaret Reid

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Not much more than a child, Sally is just her natural, high-spirited self, unmarred by any self-conscious tricks or mannerisms.

WHEN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced, last year, that Marshall Neilan had located that perennial wanderer, Sally, they neglected to add that, in so doing, the astute Mickey had unearthed an absolute, guaranteed novelty in the way of film flappers. When the first Sally-opus was publicly screened there were few to deny this new little comet a desirable corner in the stellar heavens.

The flapper vogue has been much questioned and criticized recently. The species has been hounded from pillar to post—in theory. In actual fact—flappers will always be "in," as long as parents have them for daughters. But film flappers, it is true, were on their last, defiant legs —until M.-G.-M. found Sally, a small roughneck who flaps with every excitable breath she draws, and yet, by the grace of God, makes you love her instead of want to strangle her.

This Sally—whom, they say, Neilan found dancing away an evening at Cocoanut Grove—is a pretty Irish blossom of probably the only genuine seventeen years in the industry. Mickey and Blanche Sweet, his wife, were simultaneously intrigued by her fresh youth—cocky and slangy as you please, but withal irresistibly appealing. Neilan studied her face —of childish contour, with wide blue eyes, short tilted nose, and full curved lips. Mickey, the technician, decided that here was perfect camera copy. Mickey, the artist, recognized an unspoiled, unstudied gamin spirit, with still the sweetness of childhood about it.

The aid of Sally's subcollegiate beau was somehow enlisted, and she was presented to the Neilans.

"Golly, I was dumb," she says. "I didn't know who Marshall Neilan was. I knew he wasn't an actor, so he didn't mean a thing to me. I recognized Blanche Sweet, of course, and I guess that made me dumber than ever."

Mr. Neilan asked her if she would like to come out and see him at the studio next day—have lunch and watch them make pictures and see some stars. Maybe meet a few.

"I thought—well, if here isn't old Pie-face me getting a chance to see the inside of a studio. Oh, boy! wait till I tell the family!" (The family being quite innumerable brothers and sisters, headed by a cultured Irish mother.)

Arrayed in her slickest little sport suit, she was driven out to Culver City next day by a chosen portion of the family. Leaving them parked, awestruck, at the gates, she sailed on through as Mr. Neilan's guest.

Seventeen is seldom overcome by the complex snags of awe and undue reverence that we run into later. The world is not even common property—it is the more or less lawful property of seventeen. There is something inspiring about the self-possession of this age. It puts to shame the poise of royalty. The good fairies were especially kind in seeing that Sally's chance came when she still retained the infinite wisdom of childhood, and was devoid of tricks or artifices.

Neilan showed her how the studio wheels went round,

and listened delightedly to her thrilled, excited enthusiasm. He casually brought his Irish eloquence into play, leading the conversation to more melancholy topics. And like a bird responding to the winds, Sally's quick, Gaelic sympathy shadowed her face and brought misty tears to her eyes.

Mickey led her up to the wardrobe department.

"Just for fun," he said, "let's see how funny you look in these old overalls."

So Sally slipped into the ragged overalls, and Mr. Neilan took her down to a corner of one of the stages, where he had lights and a camera in readiness.

"Now, how would you like to pretend you're an actress?" he suggested.

This was the best fun of all! Divinely unaware that she was enduring that most grueling and horrible of all tasks—a screen test—Sally romped and kidded before the camera with the keenest of enjoyment. With his unerring skill, Neilan brought to the surface all her harum-scarum moods, the swift transitions of childhood from ecstasy to misery and back again.

That done, he led her toward one of the most impressive suites in what is known as the front office—"to meet a friend of mine," Mickey said. The friend's name was Mr. Mayer, and after Sally had been presented, he and Neilan retired to a whispered conference in a corner.

When he and Sally were outside again, Mr. Neilan remarked, "I wrote a story a while ago. I called it 'Mike,' and I was going to direct Mary Pickford in it. But that's all off now, so I'm going to do it with you as *Mike*. How do you think you'll like that?"

Well, Sally giggled, Valentino wanted her for his leading lady, and the Prince of Wales had invited her over to London for the spring, but—she might think it over.

"When I realized he was actually serious," she says now, "I thought I'd faint, my knees got so shaky. *Me*—not only working in pictures, but playing a part intended for that beautiful, adorable Mary Pickford. I was so excited and petrified and thrilled that I felt sort of sick."

So they signed her to a contract, as Sally O'Neil. Whereby she was bereft of just about the cutest name a baby was ever blessed with—Chotsie Noonan. Her whole personality was tied up in a bundle and pinned together—with that name. But presumably, M.-G.-M. had to have a Sally, so little Chotsie Noonan deserted a name that invoked shamrocks and poets and wild Irish pride, for a popular musical-comedy label. But then, almost any name looks pretty on a generous and remunerative contract.

Sally has already made several pictures—among them, Mr. Neilan's "Mike;" Rupert Hughes' sermon on what happens to too heavily disciplined flappers, "Don't;" and Edmund Goulding's chorus-girl extravaganza, "Sally, Irene, and Mary." The last named reached the public first. As you know, Sally, who had the fat part of *Mary*, gave an ingratiating performance. As unselfconscious as a kitten, she played across the prodigal lavishness of the Broadway epic. Whether the picture was lifelike or not, I cannot judge, but it was certainly lurid. And Sally stood out like the only sense of humor present. Her impish little face screens with a refreshing difference, but she does not bother to preserve its prettiness rigidly intact. If an emotion reaches her heart, it twists her mobile features with intense feeling. And she isn't—glory be!—consciously, acutely "cute."

I first met her shortly after she had started work on "Mike." I forget how it happened—something casual, like arriving at the same time and the same saucer, with milk for one of the studio felines. But if you have once exchanged a "Hello!" with Sally, it means you are friends. She hails you on sight, in her lusty young voice, and wants to show you the latest contortion of the Charleston she has mastered. If you happen to pass her dressing room, an arm reaches out, snatching you inside.

Continued on page 106

Impressions of My Favorite Actress

Though it may be rather risky for a writer to play favorites, Dorothy Manners comes bravely forth and tells just why it is that she particularly likes Eleanor Boardman.

By Dorothy Manners

WITH the exception of one other lady, who, out of diplomacy, will be unnamed, Eleanor Boardman is my favorite star. If I were a man, she is the sort of girl I would fall in love with. If I were an out-of-town fan, she would be the star to whom I would write for an autographed picture, and just to prove I wasn't spoofing, I'd inclose a quarter and return postage. Greater admiration has no fan than return postage.

It is not considered tactful for a scribbler to play favorites, or at least to admit to them, because it is likely to prove embarrassing when the audacious reporter comes face to face with others, who have been more than generous with food, entertainment, and light refreshment. But by running a dark horse in the unnamed lady, I aim to insure myself—also future social activities.

Perhaps it would be more to the point to say that Eleanor is my favorite screen star on the screen. I know her too slightly, personally, to know whether she equals in vivacity the witty Bebe Daniels, or in graciousness the charming Mrs. Fairbanks, but the soft-focus blur of Eleanor's screen shadow intrigues me. I go to see her in all her pictures, and when the story or the photography or the direction is not quite up to par, I am always the first one to say, "Yes, but Eleanor Boardman is lovely, isn't she?"

In company with other fans, I like my favorite's looks. She is tall and slender and willowy, and has the mouth and sensitive nostrils of a thoroughbred. When she plays a young aristocrat, I can believe it. She floats through Fifth Avenue sets as though she had seen them somewhere before. When she waves the wardrobe fan in the face of the bad boy and says, per the subtitles, "Sir! I am a lady!" she is no strain on my good nature. Eleanor is one of the few ladies in ermine I can take without a grain of salt.

But where I have it on other fans, is that I see my favorite often in the clubs, the cafés, the studios, and other rendezvous of the celebrated; and it might be said, familiarity has *not* bred contempt. There are a great many girls in Hollywood whom I admire. I root for several. I'm even envious of a few, but I *like* Eleanor Boardman. I have liked her ever since the first impression I gleaned of her, some time ago, when she was playing the leading rôle in a crook story for Tod Browning, and I was doing a bit in ditto.

The minute Eleanor came onto the set, in a plain

little gray dress, almost Quakerish in style, and sat there speaking only when she was spoken to, I said to myself, "There is a girl who will go through life minding her own business." That is a rare distinction in this town where everybody's business is a community affair, all but voted on, in fact, and if you think you are getting away with anything, you're crazy. But I formed an idea about Eleanor that she would live and let live, and let it go at that. Before that day was out, she had a chance to prove it. And she did.

Along about the middle of the afternoon, a boy from the publicity department came over with a grievance. He let it out on Eleanor. He told her a long sob story about a certain shining star who wasn't what the interviewers had cracked her up to be. It seemed that the lady had made an appointment to have some very necessary photographs made. After a great deal of trouble and delay, the publicity department had got permission to use for a setting the grounds of a millionaire estate in Beverly Hills. Well, when they had got there and had the cameras all set, a little breeze had blown up. The breeze had rumpled the star's hair and thrown her marcel out of line, and the lady had refused to have any pictures made unless a hairdresser was brought pronto. As it was too late to get a hairdresser out there before the sun went down, the stellar lady had gone home in a huff, unphotographed.

"That," snorted the young publicity vender to Eleanor, "makes me sick."

Eleanor mulled over it for a moment.

"I don't know but that she was right," she said at last, in that husky voice of hers that is as fascinating as any you have ever heard over the footlights. "I know how she felt about it. Those pictures would have gone all over the country. The fans would have seen them, and if they had been unflattering, they would have said, 'Oh, ho! So *that's* the way she looks, away from the studio? What a frump she is without the spotlights!' It's better to have no publicity at all than bad publicity."

"Aw, she gives me a pain, anyway," complained the young p. a., sticking to his story.

But I thought it was awfully decent of Eleanor. It's so much easier to pan, and a lot more fun besides, especially before a sympathetic audience, with whom the Queensbury rules are out, and anything goes.

Since that first brief glimpse of her, I have seen and met Eleanor many times at various places. One day, on the outskirts of a set, we had a rather long talk together about happiness. Now, I have never thought that Eleanor was a particularly happy girl. On the day in question, she was between scenes of an Elinor Glyn picture, and she was wearing a blond wig and the regalia of a princess of a mythical kingdom. Other girls might have looked garish in the costume. But Miss Boardman looked like—well, like the princess of a mythical kingdom. She lent charm and dignity to her gown. Somehow or other, as I say, we got to talking about happiness and Eleanor said:

Photo by Kenneth Alexander *Her personality may not be as exclamatory as some, but Eleanor Boardman seems to Dorothy Manners to be not only a very beautiful girl, but a courageous and sincere one.*

"I have a great deal to make me happy—and yet I'm not—particularly. I have a sense of missing and losing something. I used to think that to have a successful career would make me thoroughly happy. Seeing movies in my home town, I used to dream what it would be like. And right there, perhaps, may be the key to why I am not able to appreciate things as keenly as I might. I have them all lived out in my imagination before they ever happen, so that when they do materialize, they come as an anticlimax—and by that time, I'm seeking something else. Unless you can revel in the things fame and celebrity bring to you, there is very little to it. I know players who love the positions they have reached, and really find in prominence their chief source of pleasure. Of course, it's nice to go into shops and be recognized—to be referred to and flattered and praised. I like that. Any one would. But I can't make it count for everything."

Not long ago, I saw Eleanor at the Sixty Club. All the cinema celebrities in town were present, because

Continued on page 107

If You're Making Sum

Here are sketched and described a few smart but
from the screen, that may be easily copied by the

By Betty

IN summertime the home dressmaker surely comes into her own. Not that she can't make her own clothes any time of the year, but in the heat of summer, when one day's wear of a dress renders it limp and wilted, one can hardly have too many frocks. Also, summer materials are easy to handle and can readily be made into smart frocks by even the veriest amateur. So it is with the home dressmaker especially in mind that I have arranged our department this time.

It is always a surprise to me that more girls do not try to sew. Although it is true that ready-made clothes are less trouble, on the other hand they are more expensive, especially if one realizes the wisdom of buying good material; and you can never be sure that a ready-made costume will not meet with its exact duplicate at any moment. But the gown made at home can be as exclusive in design as you wish. Touches of handwork, which are almost priceless in ready-made garments, can always be introduced by the girl who is clever with her needle, rendering a plain and simple little gown a thing of beauty. And above all, when you make your own clothes, they can be made to fit, which can-

A hint of what's in vogue this summer may be gathered from this group of sketches. Up in the corner is a white crape dress belonging to Dorothy Phillips; at the extreme left is a French flannel suit worn by Gwen Lee; on the immediate left and right are two silk frocks to be seen in "Mlle. Modiste;" the smart dress just below is worn in "That's My Baby."

mer Frocks

simple styles, selected
girl who likes to sew.

Brown

not always be said of the ready-mades.

Materials this summer are more fascinating than they have ever been. Printed crapes are here, in the most gorgeous colors, and are being used most often in combination with a plain material of matching or contrasting color. Bordered effects are also much used, and are made up in every imaginable style. They are particularly smart when made up in the two-piece style, which, by the way, seems to be more popular than ever.

The styles shown on these pages are easily copied by any clever girl—with one exception.

At the top of the opposite page, we have a delightfully simple, one-piece gown worn by Dorothy Phillips. It is of heavy white crape, cross-stitched in peasant colors. A broad sash, of the material, tied at the normal waistline, is a new feature.

Just below this dress, is sketched a chic two-piece suit of French flannel. The checked skirt has a kick plait on each side, and the black jumper is trimmed with the checked material. This is worn by Gwen Lee, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

The charmingly simple two-piece gown next to it is worn by Corinne Griffith in "Mlle. Modiste." It is of crêpe de Chine of a soft-gray shade, and its only touch of bright color is the tiny basket of flowers embroidered below the pocket; a jabot of the material itself completes the simple, girlish collar; and a belt of patent leather confines the tunic.

The smart, bordered jumper dress worn by the next young lady, who is seated on the ground, may be seen in Douglas MacLean's new picture, "That's My Baby." This is a good example of a bordered material, and would be charming made up in either silk or cotton. The skirt is of plain material, and is simple in style, having only a few plaits on each side.

The last gown on the same page is one also worn in "Mlle. Modiste," and shows a delightful treatment of the bordered chiffon which will be worn so much this season. In this case, the bordered portion is cut in tabs, which give fullness to the short skirt, and a soft sash of the material is tied at the side. This dress has the ever-popular matching cape.

Although the costume at the top of this page may be too fantastic to be practical, still it embodies some suggestions which could be charmingly used on an evening frock of the more simple type. The gown shown was designed for Claire Windsor.

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An unusual evening gown, of silver cloth and black velvet, worn by Claire Windsor.

This pajama negligee, consisting of a tunic of flame-colored satin and trousers of black satin, may be seen in "Mlle. Modiste."

Another pajama suit, most striking in its style—a batik smock, of Canton crape, over tight-fitting, black-velvet trousers.

Among Those

Brief sketches telling you interesting things about

Two Days

IN Colorado, where they were born, Alice and Marceline Day made a little game of their name.

"You can make of each day what you will," their mother told them, when they were old enough to realize their importance on the family calendar, and set out to fashion her two particular Days into characters of sweetness and charm.

The Days aren't perfectly molded yet, for they are still in their April morning, but their ingenuous lovableness promises an exquisite fulfillment of the mother's two daydreams.

In February, a bit over three years ago, Alice began extra work in the movies. And the next month, Marceline set forth.

For some time she followed, content to step into her sister's shoes, as one day succeeded another. Each, in turn, was a member of the Sennett beauty flock. When Alice was promoted from Harry Langdon leads to play opposite Ralph Graves, Marceline was chosen as the sweet, wistful foil for Langdon's comics.

Then their paths diverged, for days cannot always have the same experiences. While Alice remained to star in two-reelers for Sennett, Marceline played bits at several studios, and leads for Hal Roach and in Universal films.

Her big chance came when Frank Lloyd, noticing her naturalness in a crowd of overpainted and artificial extras, summoned her for an important rôle in his feature, "The Splendid Road."

They are as alike as the proverbial two peas, these Day sisters. No twins were ever more perfect editions of each other, though Alice has a couple more teens to her credit. Several times, in the old days, when she had a headache and Marceline had no call for the day, the younger Day used to don her sister's costume and play opposite Langdon, and when the film was shown, no one could tell the difference.

Their careers, from preliminary training to the threshold of success, have run parallel courses, with the next day now unfolding her hours for the camera's kind recording.

Hallor Conquers Odds

Breaking into the movies has now become a habit with young Ray Hallor. He has had to perform the feat three times during the twenty years of his professional experience, which began when he was five.

Hallor may be remembered from the days when, as a youngster, he appeared in the pictures filmed by the Thanhouser and Edison companies. He was also on the stage as one of the children in the Maude Adams production of "Peter Pan," and later, in "A Kiss for Cinderella." This comprised his first breaking in.

Two years ago, young Hallor returned to the screen. He had just recovered from a long illness, and the only rôles that he could at first procure were those of invalid and ascetic types. These, naturally, did not mean much for a juvenile. He played a small part in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and was Constance Talmadge's weakling brother in "A Dangerous Maid."

Now, he has entered the third, and what promises to be the permanent, phase of his career—but not without certain difficulties, due strangely enough, to his return to a normal state of health!

The pictures in which he appeared a couple of years ago, while still ill, identified him as suitable only for a very restricted line of youthful characters, and directors were in grave doubt as to whether

Present

some of the movie folk that you may not know so well.

they could use him in more virile interpretations. The question came to a head with the casting of Constance Talmadge's "Learning to Love." When his name came up for consideration for the juvenile lead, he was within a shade of being turned down, because of the sort of parts he had already played.

After his possibilities had been fully surveyed, it was decided to assign him to be one of the luckless swains of the flirtatious heroine. The result being that he quite satisfied the requirements.

Since then, he has had good dramatic parts in "The Titans," starring House Peters, and in "The Last Edition," a story of newspaper life. He also had a small rôle in "Inez from Hollywood." He seems to be winning a definite place for himself as a highly spiritualized and rather poetic juvenile.

Picked from Out Front

Various are the means by which aspiring youngsters get started on the screen. Elsie Lawson knew so little about how to set out to get a job, when she reached New York from her home in Roanoke, Virginia, that she consulted a telephone directory and calmly telephoned the Metro studios to ask for one. Strange to say, she was given it! A rôle in a series of Bushman-Bayne pictures.

Soon after that, however, Miss Lawson turned to the theater. In this manner: She was a member of a party that attended a performance of "Hitchy Koo," starring Raymond Hitchcock, and the stage comic, in his own fashion, singled her out of the sea of spectators' faces, and asked her if she wouldn't like to join his show. Though Miss Lawson tried to laugh it off, her friends prevailed upon her to test the sincerity of his offer, and when she did, Hitchcock assured her that it was genuine. Thus, she was engaged, as it were, from the front of the house.

Later, she was cast as *Irma* in the stage version of "Dancing Mothers," then for the same rôle in the film. Now she is with Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity."

Won Over to Films

Prominent on the speaking stage of New York and London for a quarter of a century, Norman Trevor has finally succumbed to the opulent lure of the films, and now has a contract that will keep him steadily occupied for some time, with character rôles in Paramount pictures.

Mr. Trevor's first rôle under this new arrangement will be that of *Beaujolais,* a major in the French Foreign Legion, in "Beau Geste." Screengoers who saw Gloria Swanson's "Wages of Virtue," about a year ago, will recall Trevor as the silent top sergeant of the Foreign Legion. His more recent performances—and the ones which have led him to forsake the Broadway boards—have been as *Nelson,* the theatrical manager in "The Song and Dance Man," and as *Mr. Westcott* in "Dancing Mothers."

Trevor is an Englishman. His youth was an adventurous one, and he has long been in the spotlight. He was born in Calcutta, India, and as a young man, was a tea planter in the towering Himalayas. Later, he braved the tigers of Bengal. Between 1893 and 1900, he was rated as the greatest all-around athlete in India. He was a member of the English team in the Paris Olympic games, one year, and was awarded a gold medal for possessing the best physique.

Out of the Trenches

A young, fair-haired boy sat hunched up in a trench, with the smoke of battle not far distant, and wrote. He didn't like war—who did?—but, being patriotic, he had enlisted and had served with his division through three major offensives—the Argonne, St. Mihiel, and Lysecaut.

When there was any fighting to do, he did it. When he got a chance, however, in spite of the annoyance of having hand grenades drop too close for one's peace of mind, he wrote, on scraps of paper, with a stub of a pencil.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

During the Argonne drive, the man who had been sending in the monthly divisional contributions to "The Stars and Stripes" had been killed. None of the fair-haired boy's stuff had ever been published, but he promised his buddy, in their last moment together, that he would carry on and make good.

The boy to whom war gave his chance to write was Darryl Francis Zanuck, who sits to-day at a desk in the Warner Brothers studio and types original stories and scenarios. Successful short-story writing, which followed his return from war, led inevitably to thought of the movies. And, in addition, he has to his credit two novels.

A Burglar on Occasion

Whenever they need a yeggman, they send for Eddie Gribbon. He has specialized in the art and craft of burglary for so long that he is presumed to know all the tricks of that nefarious trade As a matter of fact, he doesn't, but his smiling Irish countenance lends itself to surprising transformations in the portrayal of second-story men. "Seven Days" and "Under Western Skies" were two recent pictures in which he did Bill Sikes-ian duty.

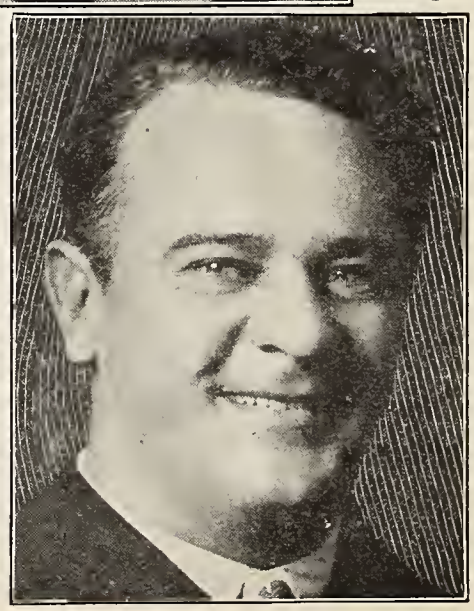
Successively, Gribbon was a prize fighter, a baseball player, and a singer in comic opera and in vaudeville. The first two pursuits had followed naturally on the heels of an energetic boyhood as the boss of a neighborhood gang in the Harlem district of New York City.

"But I grew tired of prize fighting and baseball later on," declares Gribbon. "They didn't seem to offer much of a future, and I had a funny notion that the stage would be better. I sang a good deal, and so I decided to go down and apply for a job at a theater in the neighborhood. They ended up by giving me one in the chorus."

He didn't stay in the chorus long, however, nor in the neighborhood theater. He soon was playing parts in popular big musical shows of that period.

A cross-continent tour with a vaudeville quartet landed him in Hollywood and the movies. He obtained a job at Sennett's, and was made a Keystone cop. From cop to burglar appeared to be a natural progression. He did any number of yegg rôles in the short reelers.

It is only in the past year that Gribbon has been gaining his chance as a comedy heavy in feature films.



An Accidental Actor

Some are born into the theatrical world, others achieve it, but Ned Sparks had it thrust upon him.

The proverbial wolf was too close to his door for comfort when, as an adventuring lad in his teens, he found himself stranded in Alaska. A chance meeting with the manager of a dance hall brought him an engagement to entertain the patrons with his clear tenor and his character impersonations.

Later, while appearing in a small bit in "Little Miss Brown," on Broadway, he was clowning in the wings of the theater one evening in an impromptu characterization which he labeled *The Grouch*. He was seen by the stage director and told to introduce the number into the show. It took on, and for twelve years he played variations of *The Grouch*.

While in California, he called on an old friend, George Fitzmaurice, and found him tearing his hair because a member of his cast was a. w. o. l. Sparks was thrust in front of the camera. Liking the work, he decided to stick to it.

No Hardships for Laura

Laura de Cardi, native of Milan, Italy, has found an easy path to both stage and screen, since her arrival in this country a few years ago. David Belasco "discovered" her at a school of dramatic art and expression in New York City, and impressed her into service. Later, she was offered leading rôles with two or three shows, the most important of which was "Rose Marie."

"No!" she said, "I want to visit California."

The hand of Fate seemed to be guiding her steps. In Culver City, she came to the attention of the director general of the Hal Roach company, and her type appealed to him. He asked her for screen tests.

She gave them. A contract was thrust at her. She was put into Clyde Cook comedies, as the feminine lead.

Hal Roach, himself, has said, "She's a 'wow!'"

Miss de Cardi was educated in a convent. Her parents died years ago, and she turned to the stage for livelihood. She is a wonderful dancer, and is vibrant with personality. She has taken up her screen work with such remarkable enthusiasm that she makes things "hum" on the sets.

All in Six Months!

A true daughter of destiny is Louise Brooks, the petite brunette, who is regarded by Paramount as one of its best feminine finds in years.

Only eighteen years old, Miss Brooks has attained the enviable distinction of winning fame in the Ziegfeld "Follies," and of carving out what seems to be a permanent and extremely lucrative niche for herself in the film world. And all this in six months!

You may already have seen her in "The American Venus." Her part was not important, yet she captured the favor of the critics. After that film was shown, Paramount signed Miss Brooks to a five-year contract, and she was assigned to an important part in Adolphe Menjou's new picture, "A Social Celebrity." And W. C. Fields is to have her as leading woman in his first Paramount starring comedy, "It's the Old Army Game."

Miss Brooks comes from Wichita, Kansas. She wanted to be a dancer from the time she was old enough to kick. Three years ago, she left home and entered the Ruth St. Denis school. For two years she toured the country with the St. Denis dancers; then she danced in George White's "Scandals;" and then became the featured dancer at the Café de Paris in London.

Last year, Florenz Ziegfeld, struck by her sparkle and personality, engaged her as a featured high-stepper in his "Follies," and later, when she became a huge favorite with Broadway audiences, transferred her to his "Louie the Fourteenth."

She was taken from "Louie the Fourteenth" for her film début.

Promoted

The international officer of the screen has been promoted.

Lewis Stone, soldier in real life and the actor most often cast as an officer in the movies, has been commissioned a major in the United States Reserve.

In ornate scenes of gilded splendor, he wears uniforms decorated with much gold braid, always stern of face and erect of figure—a gallant champion of the weak, a rigid disciplinarian of the ranks under his command. He has the Pershing mien: silent, graven, with a suggestion of a twinkle in his eye to hint at humanness beneath that mask of dignity.

Photo by Freulich

"Scaramouche," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and other cake-frosting films have presented him as an officer of kingdoms real and mythical, always the young girl's ideal of a commanding hero in immaculate uniform.

It was not his perfect simulation of the rôle, however, but his achievements in real life that won for Lew Stone his new rank. He has served his country bravely under fire, and behind the lines, he has taught the recruits to its service its ideals of loyalty and courage.

His military career began with the Spanish-American War, when he enlisted as a private, saw service in Cuba, and became a sergeant. When the United States entered the World War, he gave up his theatrical work, and enlisted at Plattsburg as an infantry instructor. The close of the conflict found him holding a captaincy. Recently, he took a military examination and passed with flying colors.

So now you may address him as "Major Lewis Stone."

A Pilgrim

"Your fate is written in the sands," a fortune teller, in solemn voice, assured Arthur Lubin.

"Hollywood is but one stopping place on your pilgrimage. You will see strange lands, odd sights, meet with many unusual experiences. But these will affect you little. You have the gift of standing aside, interested in, but not a partaker of, life, surveying it without becoming wholly a part of it. [Continued on page 106]

Hollywood High Lights

The whirligig of events among stars and studios.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

BUSTER COLLIER was a good loser. He sent Constance Talmadge a telegram, at the time of her marriage, in which he said that no girl in the world was more deserving of happiness than she, and that he hoped her wedding to Captain Alistair Mackintosh, scion of a wealthy Scotch family, would bring her everything of joy. Which was the nicest thing any young gentleman could do under the circumstances.

Thus is one of the chief perplexities of the film colony disposed of—the mystery of how a popular young actor is supposed to react when the bright star to whom he had consistently been reported engaged for more than a year, suddenly up and becomes the wife of another man.

Connie told us once, with her characteristic candor and humor:

"I never could marry an actor, much as I might care for him. I couldn't bear the thought of talking shop at home. It is enough to have to make pictures in the studio without having to face the terrible situation of having your husband come in for dinner, drop wearily into a chair, and tell you what a frightful day he has had making a scene in a picture Not only that but, despite his fatigue, he is apt to go right along and act it out in front of you."

Buster knew of this viewpoint of hers but we can assure our readers that he is hardly the sort of actor to indulge in the kind of performance she described. Connie was speaking generally. Buster might talk about his work, but he would never give a show while he was doing it. In respect to his profession, he is one of the most unassuming young chaps in all of Hollywood, although he has loads of ambition.

Connie's wedding was really staged very unexpectedly. Very few film people were acquainted with her husband, although she herself had known him for several years. They were married in Burlingame, California, a swagger social community outside of San Francisco, at the home of Jean St. Cyr, stepfather of William Rhinelander Stewart, who by the way is said to have introduced Connie and Mackintosh to each other.

Mr. Mackintosh is well connected socially, from all accounts, and has been making a fortune in Florida real estate. He had to leave Constance very shortly after the wedding to settle up some of his business affairs in the famous winter resort.

Lest you should be misled by the reports that Connie is going to leave the screen permanently, she has stated herself that she will stay just as long as the public desires her presence. The only thing is that she will not sign any more term contracts after the one with First National is completed. In thus not retiring and yet permitting announcements that she will, she is living right up to the conventional Hollywood traditions.

Well, Connie is a splendid girl, and we wish her lots of happiness.

Dorothy Gish took a flying trip from New York to Hollywood to visit her sister Lillian before sailing again for England. This photo was snapped on "The Scarlet Letter" set.

Get-rich-quicker Jobyna.

Being a leading woman to a comedian is much more fun than it used to be.

This has been definitely proven in the case of Jobyna Ralston, leading lady to Harold Lloyd. She had a chance to play in a feature picture for First National, and was paid three times her usual salary. So she indulged all her girlish fancies for spring perfumes and Easter bonnets while she was working on her contract, and incidentally refurnished her Hollywood bungalow.

The salaries of comedy leading women, as a rule, are not excessive, and Harold, recognizing this fact, very kindly consented to allow her to keep every cent that she made on the picture, even though she remained under contract to him. This is not the usual procedure, as at most studios a fifty-fifty division of such extra profits is the rule.

Moreover, Harold is going to permit Jobyna again to work in a feature picture for another company, probably after he finishes his next comedy. He is making a story of a mountain youth this time—a chap inhibited by cowardice, very much like the type of rôle that he played in "Grandma's Boy."

The First National production in which Jobyna appears is a bootlegging affair called "Sweet Daddies." She appears as a Southern belle, this being one of those exceptional instances where a girl really has a chance to be herself in a film. Jobyna, of course, came from the South.

Mary Has a Winner.

The Mary Pickford whom fans have been missing for a long time might almost be said to return to the screen in "Sparrows," her latest feature, which was originally called "Scraps." We have seen this production, and

think that, without doubt, it will not only delight those who have been her unfaltering admirers, but will also meet with generous praise from a majority of her harsher critics. We can't see how anybody can be exactly unaffected by this pitiful story of a group of orphaned children, marooned in a swamp and at the mercy of a cruel taskmaster on a dreary Louisiana baby farm.

"Sparrows" may or may not be a production for grown-up and sophisticated audiences, but it is a heart-appealing melodrama that recalls in many ways those good old pictures that Griffith used to make.

It is the sort of production that will probably net its star a profit of millions. It seemed to us better and more sincere in its plot even than "Daddy Long Legs," and if you see it, you will probably watch with bated breath the climax wherein the toddling youngsters make their way across the fear-haunted and muddy morass, infested by quicksands, alligators, and other horrors.

In its setting, the picture is drab and Dickens-like. Yet, though it portrays the most wretched sort of living conditions, it is beautifully photographed. Mary is the sympathetic guardian of the flock of children, the arch-enemy of their persecutor, and the general trouble maker for his sneaking and tattle-taleing youngster.

We imagine that you can tell from this description just about what the story is like. Its Oliver Twist atmosphere is not unfamiliar.

Mary has produced the picture with such artistry in detail and with such absorbing dramatic embellishments, that it is bound to be hailed as one of her finest achievements—and probably also as one of the big pictures of the year.

Vera Gordon, famous for many mother rôles, is taking an especial interest in the film career of the young Russian actress, Elvira de Brand, who makes her screen début in "Sweet Daddies."

"Kiki" is Kicky.

We also had a glimpse of the film "Kiki" recently, and had we not already seen the stage play, we should have been amused to death by Norma Talmadge's portrayal of a famous footlight heroine. As it was, we had an exceedingly agreeable time, and couldn't restrain loud chuckles when we saw Norma marching away from the other chorus girls, bumping into the prima donna, and eventually falling into the harp in the orchestra pit, during the progress of a stage revue in which *Kiki* is supposed to take part.

The best part of the entertainment for those to whom the play is familiar will be the new gags that are introduced, and the portrayal of a sedate but romantic French show producer by Ronald Colman.

The film is one of the spiciest yet made —if that is any recommendation.

And while we happen to think of it, there are those who will probably say "Kike-ee" for "Kiki," when it should be like "Kicky."

Which reminds us of the big butter-and-egg man who insists on referring to Chaplin as "Chape-lin" whenever he speaks of the celebrated comedian.

And also of the ebullient dowager who, when she heard somebody discussing "The Black Pirate" as a color production, exclaimed: "What! You don't mean that Fairbanks appears in blackface?"

Even your dog must go with your costume these days, so Clara Bow has a red chow to match her auburn locks.

One of De Mille's Best.

While we're on the subject of new productions, we must say one thing more, and that is that from all we can judge, "The Volga Boatman" is going to be one of the big pictures of C. B. De Mille's career. The film was shown at two previews at points a considerable distance from Los Angeles, and opinions were very glowing.

De Mille hasn't had a really big picture since "The Ten Commandments," and he really needs one right now. In "The Volga Boatman," he has an exceptionally romantic story, and he brings out the talents of a pair of rare lovers in the case of Bill Boyd and Elinor Fair—for, as you may recall, they were lovers in real life as well as reel life while the picture was going on, and, as we reported before, eloped as soon as it was completed.

Further Hollywood Adventures of Samuel Pepys.

Sunday—Up betimes and drank my morning draft of milk, which occasioned me to think what a wondrous place is Hollywood, with its rolling hills, its grand and hospitable homes, and its fine dairies. My thoughts, howbeit, took wing from things of beauty and peace, when there did pass beneath my window a noisy newsboy shouting an extra of the trial engagement, "love test," or what not, of Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino. After considerable restraint, I did finally yield to the impulse of spending a few pennies for a paper, and forthwith regretted the investment when I did read that La Negri again chose picturesque Del Monte for the scene of her second romance since arriving in Hollywood. Her amour with Chaplin a season or two ago having also found a setting in the enchanting beauty

of Del Monte, I was prone to conclude that, in points of romantic geographic locale, she displayed not the versatility that she does in matters of the heart.

Monday—The better part of the morning I did spend at the tailor and presser's, where I sought advice on restoring my hat to its original graceful form, it having been knocked boldly from my head at the première of Colleen Moore's fine picture "Irene," and stamped upon by some lout in the big crowd assembled outside the theater, who pushed, shoved, and otherwise became unruly, to get a look at Tom Mix with his beautiful white coach, Tom being garbed true to form in a purple tuxedo suit, huge white sombrero, and fancy white kid gloves. For which witnesses can be produced to prove the accuracy of this description, also to verify that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, Tom was not going from the theater to a fancy-dress ball, but merely dresses that way, he being different.

Tuesday—On this day I did do no work of moment except to figure out ways to pay my income tax, and thus became so fatigued, that for dinner I did take my wife to a wild night club in Sawtelle, where we did feast and pretend to be very gay, but later fell to discussing the lawsuit of Agnes Ayres against the Producers' Distributing Corporation, of which Cecil B. De Mille is vice-president, for ninety-three thousand dollar's damages for alleged breach of contract, because of assertions by the corporation that Miss Ayres allowed herself to become fat, thereby detracting from her charm and facial beauty, and justifying them in not fulfilling their contract with her. My wife did naturally defend Miss Ayres' stand, and chirped saucily that she had a mind to enter suit against a man she knew for at least ninety-three dollars (I could not help gather she meant myself) because in one of his facetious moments he called her a "fathead." So, weary of argument and caterwaul, did drive home and to bed.

Photo by Richee

Here they are together—Connie Talmadge and her new husband, Captain Alistair Mackintosh, who comes, you know, from Scotland.

Wednesday—Up very betimes and was greatly pleased to learn that my good friend, Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria von Stroheim, has taken out his first papers for admittance as a citizen of the United States, and henceforth will be known here and abroad as merely Erich von Stroheim. Erich did wisely, to my mind, in dropping the Oswald Hans Carl Maria, yet, notwithstanding, I could not help reflect how much better luck he drew in names than, for instance, Sigmund Jacob Fritzie Gustav Dintenfass and Mischa Vogel Adolf Albert Lachenschnitzel, two erstwhile splendid and talented men I have known.

Thursday—Was phoned betimes by Sir Raymond Griffith, and to very good purpose did devote part of the morning to trying out his new sailboat, Raymond being always excellent company, whether talking picture plays or steering a sloop. At night we did meet my wife and Ann Pennington and together attended Lionel Barrymore's stage performance of "The Copperhead," which we did all enjoy to the very fullest, since it was a noble example of the very fine art of acting the spoken drama.

Friday—Two good pieces of news come while I still lay abed—one telling of the arrival of Mabel Normand at the Roach studios where she will make one star comedy, and the other telling of the return of Estelle Taylor. Did receive with much elation an invitation from Estelle to attend upon her for dinner, because that I recalled Estelle had a parrot of a humorous disposition like unto that of some of our best comedians. This parrot having, indeed, upon one occasion not only sung, but also danced to our great amusement, and then after his performance did characteristically indulge in profanity at which I blush.

Saturday—Did encounter Herr Lubitsch, and he did regale me, with his usual enthusiasm, with information concerning his new picture, "Reveillon," and did tell me of two strangely romantic dachshunds which he does possess and which do sit together beneath the moon and strangely sing their love for each other. All of which progressed most entertainingly until a lady—whose name I cannot mention—did cause her butler to hurl a boot across the neighboring pasturage, whereupon the canines did flee ki-yi-ing. Thus, said Herr Lubitsch, you have the not inevitable, but usual, tragic ending.

An Auburn Fascination.

Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, they say, is his best. At least, she's just the kind that should interest every girl who reads these pages, and capture the eye of every man. She is peppy as can be, and has style and class—is not the least like the languid Edna Purviance, nor the suppressed and inscrutably attractive Georgia Hale.

She is just the sort of girl that you might choose as a sorority companion, or that would be the life of a prom party. She can dance and sing, and can flash a sparkling, flirtatious eye in any direction. Her gorgeous red hair is the talk of Hollywood. What is more, she photographs exquisitely in the light, fluffy circus costume that she wears in Charlie's next film.

All of which makes it look as if Charlie had another discovery to his credit.

Le Roi S'Amuse.

Chaplin himself does some rare performing in this production. One of his stunts consists of a tight-rope walk, during which he indulges in a lot of typical comedy antics.

He had to do this stunt in front of a large aggregation of extras—spectators at the circus—and though he had a platform to jump to should he lose his equilibrium, there was a sheer drop of thirty feet if he happened to make a misstep and fall the wrong way.

As usual, Charlie's comedy has been progressing at a fitful pace, what with the anticipated arrival of another heir, the almost too ideal spring weather, the difficulties that he always encounters over his stories, and his peculiar periodic aversion to that thing known as work.

Champions of The Sixty Club.

Pola and Rudolph walked off with the first prize at a fancy-dress ball given by The Sixty Club. They would!

Rudy wore a Spanish costume à la toreador, and Pola was attired as a dancer, with a gay shawl to match.

This fancy-dress party was evidently regarded as belonging, in its honors, to only a certain privileged few, because a number of the stars failed to appear in costume.

There were enough, however, to make the prize awarding fairly exciting. Erich von Stroheim and Elinor Glyn

were among the judges, and naturally had a lively argument. Erich wanted realism to be the theme of the decision, and Madame Glyn, with her customary dignity, declared for Victorian romance. Fatalities were momentarily expected, but the evening passed off quietly, with Erich and Elinor exchanging the most admiring glances that were possible under the circumstances, while friends expressed the wish that they might some day make a picture together.

Winners of secondary awards were Ruth Roland and Dorothy Cumming.

Premières with Variations.

Something to talk about of late has been the interest aroused by a musical comedy called "Patsy." The music for this was written by no less a person than the ex-husband of Carmel Myers, namely I. B. Kornblum.

Carmel herself attended the première, which won the tribute of a great ovation from the film colony, and applauded as zestfully as anybody for the success of her former spouse.

The occasion reminded us just slightly of a certain other, and perhaps even more celebrated, première, when Willard Mack, formerly the husband of Pauline Frederick, and identified with scenario as well as play writing, attended a stage play in which two of his ex-wives—one Marjorie Rambeau—performed, while Miss Frederick looked on from a box. Mack himself was accompanied by a fourth wife whom he had just married.

The expression on his face that night was a memorable one. Only in Hollywood, perhaps, or New York, could such a conjunction of mixed destinies as this take place.

Ronald Colman in the Desert.

The picture colony hasn't seemed quite the same during the past month, for the reason that Ronald Colman has been away on a desert location, working in "Beau Geste," the Paramount production.

It is predicted that this picture will be one of the big ones of the year, and in addition to Colman, the principals are Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton. Forbes was recruited from the stage, but formerly played in films in England.

Another prominent actor in the cast is Norman Trevor, also from the stage, who does the heavy.

Mary Brian is the girl, and it's an especially fortunate chance for her.

Wallie's Lunch Basket.

Believe it or not, Wallace Beery is an advocate of the simple life.

There was a party given at the Paramount studio to some newspaper representatives, at which a number of players and directors were present, among them Wallie. There was the usual luncheon menu, ranging from avocado cocktails through fish, filet mignon, salad, ice cream in fancy molds, a four-deck layer cake, petit fours, and so forth.

But when it came time to eat, Wallie failed to join in with the rest. Instead, he produced a box containing an apple and a sandwich, such as is generally tendered extras on location.

And now, everybody wants to know whether Wallie is becoming stoically democratic in his taste for food, or whether he has suddenly gone on a diet.

The facts are, of course, that he is sincerely afraid that any fancy foods may add too much avoirdupois, and turn him into a rotund comedian, so that he wouldn't be able to continue in his present versatile way, playing both amusing characters and also heavy villains.

Nagel in Slapstick.

Conrad Nagel and Edith Roberts are the latest slapstick team. At least, we hear that the picture, "There You Are," in which they are both featured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has plenty of boisterous humor.

It is something, too, to imagine Conrad, whose personality is essentially æsthetic, doing a series of funny falls. He has, however, been quite good in light comedies of not so boisterous a character.

Clara Bow will Wed.

Another romance is settled, and it began as a screen romance.

Clara Bow has announced her engagement to Gilbert Roland, with whom she appeared in "The Plastic Age."

Mr. Roland is a film juvenile, and Miss Bow, of course, one of the champion flapper stars.

Priscilla Dean is up against the largest pipe ever built for an organ, which she dedicated when it was installed in the Roosevelt Memorial in Los Angeles.

Lubitsch Chooses Patsy.

Patsy Ruth Miller is Ernst Lubitsch's latest "discovery." She is playing the rôle of wife to Monte Blue in the noted director's film "Reveillon." Lilyan Tashman also has a sparkling opportunity as a Parisian dancer in that same film.

The picture is of the same intimate type as "The Marriage Circle" and "Kiss Me Again."

It is the last of these smaller pictures that Lubitsch will make before embarking on a huge historical spectacle, according to announcement.

All is Forgiven.

Mae Murray and Robert Z. Leonard, the director, are good friends, anyhow. The announcement of his engagement to Gertrude Olmstead hasn't interfered a bit. They met again when Miss Murray returned to the Coast, and Mae tendered her congratulations to Bob with cordiality.

Miss Murray is again busy with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under a new contract, which was proof of the very pleasing impression made upon the company by her success in "The Merry Widow."

***Uncle Tom* Selected.**

Whoever has heard of, read of, or seen the play "Emperor Jones," the celebrated stage success by Eugene O'Neil, is undoubtedly aware that the title character in this was played, and is still being played, by a negro actor, Charles Gilpin. He is rated quite an excellent actor, too, having gained transcontinental applause, as they say in the press notices.

Gilpin is now to be seen on the screen as *Uncle Tom* in the Universal production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And he is probably the first colored trouper to gain such notable recognition in the movies. [Continued on page 108]

Before they left, a camera man took this picture of Percy Marmont and Dorothy Manners.

As Others See Him

Percy Marmont talks to an interviewer while watching himself on the screen.

By Dorothy Manners

PERCY MARMONT and I had just completed an interview. That is, I had just completed probing him about things—that were really none of my business—concerning his professional and private life. By means foul and fair, I had extracted childhood anecdotes, favorite colors, opinions on flappers, and a few odds and ends of his career. To wit: He was born an Englishman, had played on the stage, both in this country and England, as a light comedian, and was really a pioneer in pictures, having supported Alice Joyce in the heyday of the Vitagraph episode of her career.

We were on our way out of the studio, and Percy was beginning to breathe easily again when we ran into Arch Reeve, major-domo of publicity at Lasky's. We stopped to talk with him for a minute, and as Percy was still the subject of conversation, we fell to orally reviewing some of his pictures—in particular, "Lord Jim." Arch and Percy were contributing some pertinent observations on it when suddenly they noticed, in shocked surprise, that I wasn't saying anything.

The reason I wasn't saying anything—and the *only* reason—was because I hadn't seen the picture. "Well," said Arch, relieved to know I wasn't pouting about something, "how would you and Percy like to see it run before you leave?"

"Why, fine," said Percy, who had an appointment and was crazy to get away.

I muttered, "That's a different angle. Mr. Marmont sees himself as others see him."

"What did you say?" inquired Percy, politely. But I didn't tell him.

So, after a time and a few miscellaneous telephone connections, there we sat, Percy and I, waiting in "2" while the operator fiddled with the film in the cubby-hole above us. Percy said, "Do you mind my smoking?" Then, "Please, will you be perfectly frank and say what you think of it. Don't feel that you have to—to"—he felt for a word, missed it, and decided to skip it, anyway—"just because I am in the picture. Promise?"

I said it would tickle me to death to pan it if I thought it wasn't good, because that is the sort of a girl I am. If there is anything I like better than cold cracked crab, it is criticism.

Just as we shook hands on it, the lights went out. In the blackness of the "dejection room"—that is Percy's, not mine—the credit titles flashed:

"Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor present 'Lord Jim.' Adapted to the screen by So-and-so from the novel by Joseph Conrad. Directed by Victor Fleming."

We were off.

There was no music, just the clicking of the projection machine as the story opened with scenes of a tropical seaport. In those introductory shots, Victor Fleming had caught heat, dry and merciless, and a *feel* of impending drama.

I whispered, though there was no one to be disturbed, "South Sea island location?"

"San Pedro," Percy whispered back.

Just then, a tall man in a sailor's cap strode down that lazy street and vanished into a building near the wharf. That was Percy Marmont.

You know him on the screen?

If you don't, you have missed some of the most sensitive characterizations this art industry has to offer: *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes;" that gentleman of nerves in "The Clean Heart;" the embittered dreamer of "The Light That Failed;" that artist of doubtful talents in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

Sensitiveness is his specialty.

Heartbreak is his forte.

Even in the first reels of "Lord Jim," I could see that Percy was well on his way to another of his own things.

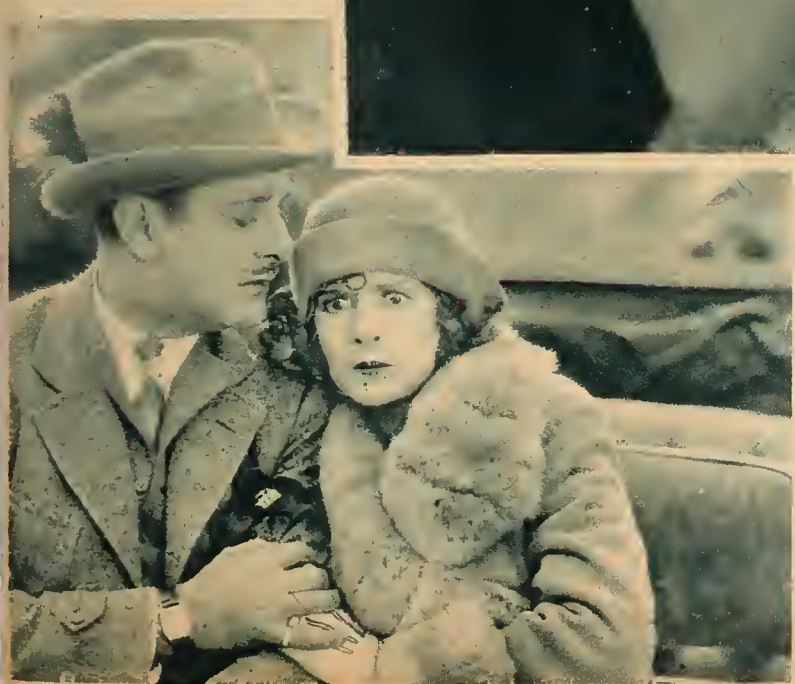
He is a type. A very definite one.

Just a few moments before, we had had an argument about this type thing, as we sat in Gloria Swanson's former dressing room—a mirrored, lounged, cushioned, and draped doll bungalow that is now an interviewing room. Most actors don't want to be types. Percy was no exception. But, in expounding my pet theory, I had pointed out that the only marked personalities of the screen were and are types, and reinforced the argument with such names as Gish, Mae Murray, Pickford, Fairbanks, Swanson, Ray, Negri, and Valentino. They all have their specialties and stick to them. Percy, with insidious flattery, granted me my point. I'll tell you something about these Englishmen: They can be more subtly devastating, with their deference to your whims, than a whole cargo of hand-kissing Latins. Exhibit A—Percy Marmont. Exhibit B—Ronald Colman.

Continued on page 105

Ever a Favorite

Photo by W. F. Seely



Anita Stewart is so lovely to look upon that it is always a pleasure to hear that she is making another film. She has completed two of them recently, "The Prince of Pilsen" and "Rustling for Cupid." A scene from the former, in which Allan Forrest appears with her, is shown at the left.

The Greatest Lov

Photos by Hartsook

As nothing has more universal appeal than a pair of lovers, Joan Meredith and Earle Hughes have done a series of poses representing those lovers, of both fiction and history, who are considered the greatest of all time. The most familiar of all, perhaps, are *Romeo* and *Juliet*, in the upper left-hand corner. Just above are *Carmen* and *Don José*, while at the left are Mary, Queen of Scots, and Rizzio.

ers of All Time

Photos by Hartsook

there was Dante, depicted at the
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which he has immortalized in
dramatic poems. Just above is
Madame Butterfly, whose love
young American naval officer,
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The Greatest Lo

Photos by Hartsook

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Carmen and *Don José*,
are Mary, Queen of S

Photo by Hartsook

ers of All Time

Photos by Bartsook

Then, there was Dante, depicted at the right, and his transcendental love for Beatrice, which he has immortalized in his great dramatic poems. Just above is Japanese *Madame Butterfly*, whose love for the young American naval officer, *Pinkerton,* in the opera of her name, ends so tragically; and in the upper corner, are *Faust* and the ill-fated *Marguerite*, who also sacrificed her life for love.

Shanghaied

As the tomboy daughter of a sea captain, Leatrice Joy finds herself in China, in her next film, "Eve's Leaves," and goes through the thrilling experience of being shanghaied, along with William Boyd, shown with her above. Robert Edeson, to be seen in the picture at the left, plays her father.

A New Star

Photo by Autrey

Any one who has been watching Olive Borden, particularly in recent films, will understand why the Fox company has decided to star her.

"Yellow Fingers," a melodrama of the Malay islands, is her first starring picture, and in it she plays the emotional rôle of a beautiful half-breed.

Favored of the King

From the slums of London to the court of the king is the course of Dorothy Gish's career in her rôle of *Nell Gwyn,* the famous and fascinating mistress of Charles II.

Miss Gish went to England to film "Nell Gwyn," and is said to give an unusually sparkling portrayal of the madcap fruit vender who came to be the king's favorite.

A Rising Vampire

Dorothy Revier shows every sign of becoming one of the most effective screen sirens of the future.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

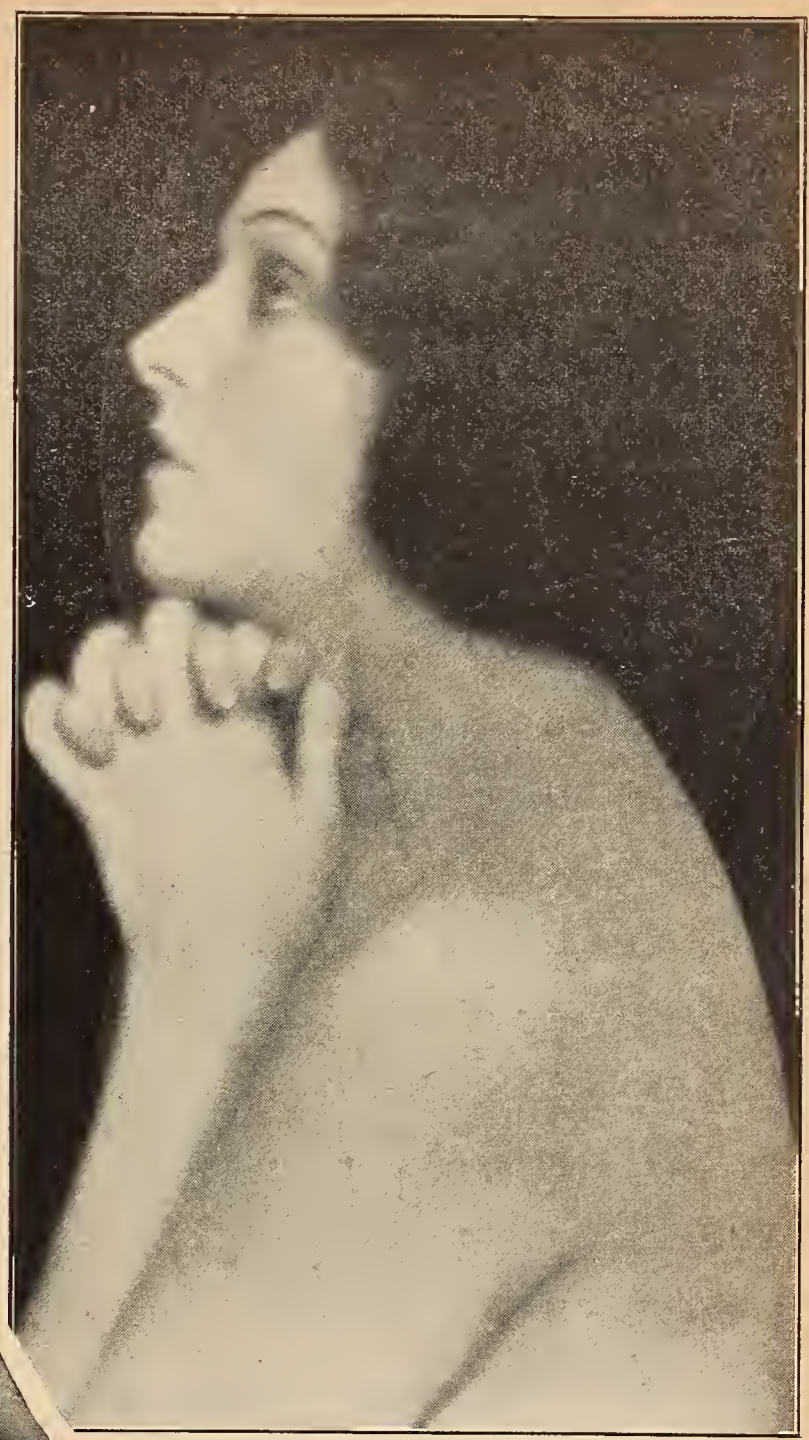
SHE has the face of Norma Shearer and the eyes of Gloria Swanson, and yet she is forecast as one of the best potential vamps of the newcomers to the screen.

Such is the paradox of Dorothy Revier, 1925 Baby Wampas star. A fan letter published in a recent number of PICTURE-PLAY from George A. Abbate, said of Miss Revier:

> To my mind the greatest newcomers of the screen this year are Dorothy Revier, Lawrence Gray, and Priscilla Bonner. When an unknown player practically steals a picture from such seasoned luminaries as Conway Tearle, Percy Marmont, and Claire Windsor, it is time to begin using one's choicest adjectives. That is just what happened to Dorothy Revier in "Just a Woman." To see her is to visualize another Gloria Swanson in the making. Here is a personality that challenges attention. And that is just what I think makes her akin to Gloria. If only Valentino would make her his leading woman, her future is bound to be glorious.

Mr. Abbate does not stand alone in his opinion of Miss Revier's portrayal of *Clarice Clement,* the vampire in "Just a Woman." His seems to be a popular opinion except, perhaps, for the broad statement that she stole the picture from such personages as Conway Tearle, Claire Windsor, and Percy Marmont. I should say that that is going a little too far. It is true, however, that her beauty, grace, and acting certainly stamp her for greater and bigger things in the future.

It was a bit of good luck that I happened to see that picture.



Dorothy Revier's perfectly chiseled features and the oval contour of her face remind one of a beautiful cameo.

I went in company with several other writers primarily to view "feet sequences" for a story I was writing. When Miss Revier appeared on the screen, a chorus of voices exclaimed—mine being one of them—"Who is she? Isn't she beautiful!" and other similar comments.

Leaving the theater I determined to seek this girl out and find out something about her. So here's her story:

She is twenty-two years old and was born in San Francisco. Her parents are of foreign birth. Her mother, who died several months ago, was born in England and her father in Italy. She did not inherit any dramatic traditions on either side, except perhaps from an aunt, Ida Valerga, who was a great singer in Adelina Patti's time. At the age of six, Dorothy made her first public appearance as a dancer. She studied under the best masters, and when sixteen made a tour of the Coast as a member of the Russian ballet, headed by Alla Moskova.

Homesickness and a desire to be with her mother caused her to leave the company and return to San Francisco, where

Continued on page 103

Our Stars and

Mary Philbin is very proud of her roses, for she has cared for them herself.

Colleen Moore does not assume the care of her garden, but she enjoys cutting the flowers for the house now and then.

Here is Norman Kerry, getting a bit of exercise by spelling off the gardener, while Marian Nixon, shaded by her big sombrero, tries her hand at tree pruning.

You'd never think that Adolphe Menjou would be interested in gardening, but here he is, to prove the contrary.

their Gardens

Marion Davies has one of the loveliest gardens in the colony, and spends much time in it.

It is easy to associate Mary Pickford with a love for flowers; a new and lovely rose has been named for her and is being widely grown.

It wouldn't bother Conrad Nagel much if his gardener quit, for he is quite handy with a hoe himself, as this patch of corn shows.

Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell are shown above enjoying only a few leisurely moments among their flowers, and perhaps that's the best way to enjoy them—if you don't have to do the work. But Noah Beery apparently likes to take a hand now and then in setting out trees on his place.

Next to Monte Blue's six feet two, Viola Dana's four feet eleven and a half don't look like much.

The Tiniest

Though the camera usually makes them look taller, many

By Helen

Mildred Davis lacks a quarter of an inch of touching the five mark, and looks almost elfin beside the gigantic Mack Swain.

Diminutive Sally Rand finds stilts convenient when talking to any one as tall as Jack Dempster.

CAMERAS play funny tricks. They take a diminutive girl, "pint size," and give her a queenly stature. Who would believe that Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Betty Bronson, Mildred Davis, Viola Dana, and a lot of others whose names adorn electric lights at the theaters, are less than five feet tall?

"Nobody!" you say.

But it is true.

The big dog, Ilak, who appeared in Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush," is taller than Priscilla Dean. Mary Pickford can comfortably stand under the outstretched arm of Douglas Fairbanks. And he is only five feet, ten and one half inches tall. Mae Murray would have to climb a stepladder to get as high as Francis X. Bushman, and Betty Bronson would almost need a telephone to communicate directly into the ear of Director Mal St. Clair.

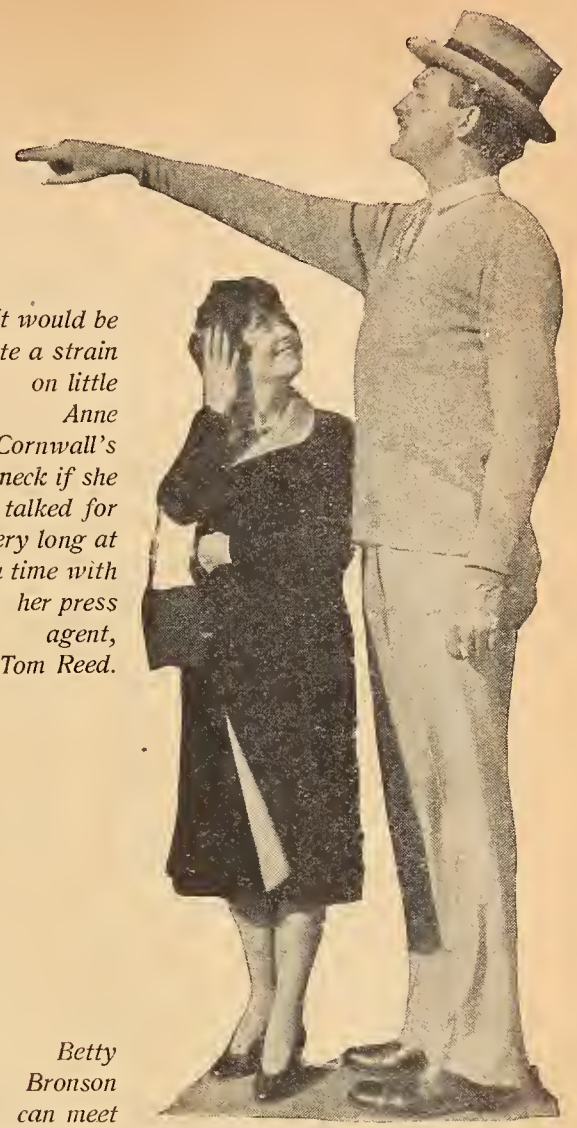
When Anne Cornwall stands under the arm of Tom Reed, publicity director, she can very reasonably ask, "How cold is it up there?" And when Sally Rand, member of

Girls in Pictures

of the female stars are less than five feet high, or just barely above it.

Ogden

Though Doug himself is not very tall, Mary Pickford's childlike height lodges very comfortably under his arm.



It would be quite a strain on little Anne Cornwall's neck if she talked for very long at a time with her press agent, Tom Reed.

Betty Bronson can meet Mal St. Clair on equal terms only by climbing a stepladder.

Cecil De Mille's stock company, gets in the vicinity of six-foot Jack Dempster, supporting Rod La Rocque in "Braveheart," she might be referred to as "a member of the underworld."

Percy Marmont is six feet one, and beside him, Shirley Mason is "away down yonder." Mary Philbin isn't as tall as a few stairsteps and Laura La Plante doesn't half fill the height of a doorway. Dorothy Devore could stand beneath a five-foot buzz saw without losing more than a lock in her marcel wave, and the saw would have to crowd action to touch anything at all.

One of these days some one will step on Mildred Davis, and then Harold Lloyd will be without a wife. Mildred hasn't yet made the grade to five feet, and when she stands by the side of Mack Swain, who is appearing with her in Raymond Griffith's "Hands Up," she doesn't seem tall enough to be on speaking terms. Mildred and her husband went to a movie recently, and when Harold handed over the money for tickets, the box-office man looked out and remarked,

"You don't want two, do you? You want a ticket and a half!"

A traffic officer once said to Priscilla Dean, [Continued on page 104]

A Star Who Has Twenty-five Servants

Harry Carey is the player who has this unusual household, and all his servants are Indians.

At the left, Harry Carey's Indian laundress.

Harry Carey with his Indian chauffeur.

OTHER stars may boast English valets and French chefs, but Harry Carey prefers the patient, loyal services of Indians.

On his ranch of twelve hundred and fifty acres, located thirty miles from Hollywood, he has a reservation housing twenty-five Navajos, who maintain the ranch, look after Carey's string of horses, and do the housework. There is a trading post at which they sell their handicraft, beadwork, and jewelry of beaten silver. A stalwart redskin chauffs the car, and a bronze-faced squaw is nurse for the kiddies.

As the Navajos converse mostly by sign language, few words are spoken. Silently, stolidly they serve the Careys, grateful for the good home given them. The peace of one household, at least, is never ruffled by the modern servant problem.

A view of Harry Carey's ranch, which his Indians take care of.

Hollywood's Dark-horse Comedian

Douglas MacLean has always worked quietly and without ostentation, but he has been steadily creeping forward until he now holds a place among the first comedians of the screen.

By Edwin Schallert

DOUGLAS MacLEAN is the young chap who has made all Hollywood sit up and take notice. He is the dark horse in the race for comedy honors and has turned out to be a sensational winner.

He was in the past year entered into a big releasing contract with Paramount that has been the talk of the film colony. It is still spoken of on the Boulevard with both superlatives and expletives, and occasionally, too, with some good old-fashioned cuss words of astonishment.

"How the blankety-blank-blank did a star of his presumed rating manage to knock down such a fantastic agreement with such a big company as Paramount?"

It is common gossip that if Harold Lloyd had entered into a similar deal, it should have netted him something like ten million dollars. That is, what MacLean is making out of his contract would compare with such a figure for the more famous comedian, when the difference in their appeal to the public is taken into consideration. Of course there may be some exaggeration in all this. Hollywood has always been given to the elaboration of salary figures. In one respect, however, one star is just about the same as another —they have all been gilded with the same extra coat of glitter financially, and there is no gainsaying that MacLean's success in a monetary way must have been extraordinary to attract so much attention.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee *MacLean has a large store of experience behind him, having had extensive training on the stage before he entered films.*

If you knew him personally, you would hardly say that he would contribute very much to the spread of such an auriferous impression. There is nothing in either his private or public life to suggest a wild debauch of money. He is shrewd, Scotch, and conservative, and is said always to have saved half of everything he made.

MacLean's career has been that of a good, smart business man rather than of a great artist. His outstanding assets are his foresight and preparedness. He has a very winning personal charm. There is a transparent sincerity about him, a cheerful sort of optimism that is quite captivating. When you are talking with

him, you do not see in him any of that intense heaviness of purpose that sometimes pervades the studio atmosphere—that terrible desire to achieve some artistic embellishment in a picture while at the same time keeping a weather eye on the treasury.

MacLean talks about his plans more with the naïve ebullience of a real-estate salesman. He has something of the sunshiny sweep of a land developer. If it were raining pitch, and were gloomy as the Styx, I think that I should always have the feeling, when I met him, that it was a bright day.

How well and popularly he is known as a star to the great majority of the public is not important. He has made good laughable pictures ever since "The Hottentot." Every feature since that, such as "Going Up," "The Yankee Consul," "Never Say Die," and "Introduce Me," he has done independently. He has worked in somewhat secluded studios, where the so-called "poverty-row" features are not an unknown quantity, and where it is difficult as a rule to quest him out, because his habitat is off the beaten track, and because, when he is working, he works very swiftly.

I have been acquainted with MacLean for quite a long while, but I must confess that I do not see him frequently. One seldom encounters him in the usual haunts of the filmers. He is not a gadabout whom one meets at every Sixty Club party, or every convocation of the gay and giddy, on Tuesday nights, at Cocoanut Grove, or on Friday nights at the Montmartre. He goes to these places occasionally with his wife and a party of friends, but when he is busy, he religiously adheres to a strict discipline.

My acquaintance with him, I believe, dates back to that time, about ten years ago, when he was appearing on the stage in a stock theater in Los Angeles—when he was having his ups and downs in popularity because of a certain self-consciousness, which has always been characteristic of his personality, and which he seems to overcome best in comedy.

I will say, too, that he has always interested me. He is a good conversationalist and has very sound opinions, particularly about acting. His talk, as a rule, is light, healthy, breezy and rapid, with an occasional emphasis on clean, broad humor. Most of what he says is serious. Yet he is what you would call an excellent mixer, and knows a large majority of the people in Hollywood, even if he does not go about with them to any great extent. His life—that is, the real part of it—has always been aloof.

The beginning of MacLean's success as a comedian dates back to the film, "Twenty-three-and-a-half Hours' Leave," made shortly after the close of the war. He suffered a slump subsequently, but this was really his first big picture.

Before that, he had been a leading man in the films, playing opposite Mary Pickford, Dorothy Gish, Enid Bennett, and various other stars. He had a fine stage training before he ever came to the cinema, for he attended Sargent's school and studied very earnestly while there, and made his stage début in the lead opposite Maude Adams in a curtain-raiser, by Sir James Barrie, called "Rosalind."

It was during this period on the stage that he married. His wife had also attended Sargent's, and their romance has always had the steadiness of a beacon gleam in Hollywood.

Though he had had a brief fling at the stage previously, it was really his work in the graduating play at Sargent's that won him the recognition of the footlight producers. The graduating exercises were attended by all the leading celebrities of the New York stage. Douglas Fairbanks, at that time not so famous, was one of the audience.

The production was a costume play by W. S. Gilbert, and MacLean had to appear in a pair of green tights, wear a sword, and otherwise array himself in a way that usually proves disconcerting to the young amateur.

The majority of the students were not altogether at ease when they got into this fancy rigging. Even the practice that they had had in the dress rehearsals did not altogether eliminate their tendency to trip over their swords. And their embarrassment was greatly increased by the presence of a brilliant audience.

Not so MacLean. His foresight had been working, and he had come provided for the occasion.

Just as soon as he had been assigned the part in the play he had gone out and procured a costume—and wore it continuously. The other students had laughed at him and thought it an affectation, but he had kept doggedly on in spite of their kidding.

Naturally, he had the laugh on them at the performance. He had lived in those green tights for so long that he was not in the least conscious of his appearance, and no unexpected idiosyncracy that a sword might display could baffle him. He got over in great shape, and it was only a few days later that Miss Adams sent for him.

MacLean has always been painstaking, and to that must be attributed his success. He never leaves loopholes, and thus he insures a smoothly running production, and one good for laughs. Each picture that he makes is previewed half a dozen or even a dozen times in the small theaters around Los Angeles, and MacLean and his corps of assistants go to the utmost length to find audiences that are not "wised up" by having seen a lot of other previews.

Certain of the scenes in his pictures he takes in two different ways. One has a lot of comedy business in it, and the other is played straight, with action instead. If the comedy business is slow when it is shown to the tryout audience, MacLean cuts it out and throws in the action before the final screening. But he photographs both versions at the start, to save time and money.

Every picture that he makes also has a big touch of hokum in it somewhere. He has what almost amounts to a superstition about this. The runaway auto in "The Yankee Consul" and the snowball stunt in "Introduce Me" are typical of this fancy of his. Even in his newest picture, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which is more of a straight comedy, he includes another similar bit of hokum.

MacLean has always been noted for taking suggestions wherever he can find them. Even the minor employees on his sets are encouraged to give him hints on how to make scenes better, and he pays a bonus whenever any of these are acceptable. One stage carpenter who works for him gets quite a good-sized extra stipend, it is said, during the making of his pictures, because he is rather clever at offering tips for gags.

MacLean also has a remarkably loyal and efficient organization, which has been, in a very large measure, responsible for his success, and he has always exhibited a desire to keep them together. About the only prominent person who has left his company permanently, in the past few years, is Raymond Griffith, who assisted him rather importantly in "Going Up" and one or two other pictures, but who is now being starred himself by Lasky.

It may still be a fact unknown to a majority of the public that MacLean is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and that he originally studied to become a civil engineer. He found, after he had gone to school a year or two, that he didn't care for this, and so became

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The three pioneers in the old-fashioned buggy are J. Farrell MacDonald, Olive Borden and Tom Santschi, and that's George O'Brien leaning against the side.

A Letter from Location

Written by Olive Borden from the wilds of Wyoming during the filming of "Three Bad Men."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

DEAR MYRTLE:

Here I am far from sunny Hollywood, in the great primeval, where boulevard stops, traffic cops and cushion roads are unknown, and I love it. It is my very first location trip—and the first time I have ever been away from telephones and bathtubs, and things like that. It's "Three Bad Men" that we're making here, you know.

I was not enthusiastic in the beginning. Director John Ford told me such wild tales of the terrible things that still happen in the unsettled parts of the West, and I believed him. Finally, the Irish twinkle in his eye made me decide to wait and see, before I got excited about being held up and kidnaped and all the other cheerful things he mentioned. Why, Myrtle, to hear him talk, you would have thought that the uncivilized Indians still scalped three people every morning before breakfast.

The biggest thrill of the trip was the last sixty-five-mile lap, made from the end of the railroad line, at Victor, Idaho, to our camp at the foot of the mighty Teton mountain range. This was traversed in an automobile, over roads that would make a good comedy gag—one of those gags where the machine falls to pieces because of the bumps—and the fastest we could "speed" was five to seven miles an hour, on the good parts. I thought I would pass right out of the picture. Only the moral support of mother, George O'Brien, and Lou Tellegen saved me from total wreckage.

Then jog, jog, jog upward for miles, it seemed, over the famous Teton Pass, twelve thousand feet high. We went past the celebrated tree where *Trampas* was hanged, in Owen Wister's "The Virginian." There I go, giving publicity to Kenneth Harlan, and he works for another company, but I don't give a rap, I just *adored* him in "The Virginian."

And we skated around innumerable thin ledges from which we could—if we had wanted to—have gazed over the side of our car and looked miles straight down. I peeked every now and then, but you know how afraid I am to be over two feet from the ground, so mostly, I let them tell me about the chasms.

At last, we reached the summit of the pass, and then I did look, and simply couldn't stop looking. I never will forget that sight: the magnificent Tetons, formidable and serene, with snow-capped peaks, and those tremendous valleys, broken only by the winding, twisting course of the Snake River.

At first, I was a little timid about camping in a tent. At home, in Norfolk, Virginia, we had a two-story

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a consequence, the general public were afraid that it was going to be a disappointment, and so did not go to see it. But those who did see it, though there were only a few, have always held for it a tremendous sentiment. It is one of the few pictures about which I can say that I have never heard an adverse word.

At that time, Vidor was an easy-going, unself-conscious type, given strongly to reminiscences of his youthful struggles and of his experiences in going through three different tidal waves in Galveston; and absorbed in his simple, almost rural, ideas of art in the movies. He was a believer then, even as he is now, *loyally a believer* in the films' great opportunity for artistic advancement. He talked with a marked Southern drawl, and made his pictures with a quiet form of persuasion that inevitably got results.

The Vidor that I know to-day is different only in the more superficial attributes of personality. He is just as easy-going, in many ways, but he has lost the Southern drawl. He is as much a believer as ever in the artistic future of the movies, but he goes at his work now with the air of a professional rather than that of a somewhat blind novice. He has acquired a new sort of determination, which sometimes may take the form of obstinacy. This has carried him along, and made possible the cultivating of bigger opportunities than were his in the earlier era. He has undergone a kind of awakening—one that is perhaps as much due to a certain personal defiance of conventions, as it is to any gaining of success that he may have had as a result of recent pictures. This success seems, in truth, to have left him absolutely untarnished.

In many respects, Vidor possesses the genius quality. He was full-fledged right from the beginning. He has an infinite capacity for taking pains with the details of his pictures. He works to a huge degree by inspiration—at any rate, very spontaneously.

There was no script or story for "The Big Parade" that was worthy of that name. There were the broad lines of a theme and a plot provided by Laurence Stallings; and there was a continuity which held the whole together, devised by a young chap named Harry Behn. These two, of course, deserve credit for their contribution to the idea and the form of the picture, as does Irving Thalberg, production manager of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for his supervision of it.

But the things that really tell—the intimacies of "The Big Parade," its magical processes of motion, the fact that it stirs by its humanness and its reality in that it really gives an impression of a soldier's life during the war—are all owing to Vidor's effort. They are due fundamentally to that freedom from rote and rule with which he enters into the making of a picture—to the fact that he so often lets a chance incident develop itself on the set, while he himself stands by and acts as a stimulus and a critic.

The chewing-gum scene between Gilbert and Renee Adoree, in "The Big Parade," was a mere happenstance, and it is perhaps one of the most broadly appealing heart-interest episodes in the whole picture. It was wholly and entirely the result of the fact that nobody knew just what to do, when the love scene was to be pictured, and that Miss Adoree happened to be chewing gum at the time.

Vidor recalled the fact, through Miss Adoree's prompting, that gum-chewing was an unknown dissipation among the French before the war, and that one of the quickest ways for the American soldier and the provincial girl to become acquainted was through his introduction to her of this familiar American custom.

Had he not been alert to these small incidents, Vidor would probably never have made the scene. It is because nothing passes by his keen but calm sense of observation that bits like the one described above are so often incorporated in his pictures. I am reminded, when considering this phase of his character, of the statement once made by a famous writer that "He who would do a great thing well must first have done the simplest thing perfectly," for it is in these minute pick-up details that Vidor truly wins his victory.

The scene of the departure of the soldiers was accomplished by a different method. It was designed purposely to achieve a certain grand effect, and it discloses the newer and more self-conscious side of Vidor's character. It reveals him also as the expert technician.

Every moment in that great episode was timed.

"I have often used a metronome to get the tempo of a scene," Vidor told me. "Music and the perfect timing that results from music are absolutely essential for any scene of real greatness. Such a scene must have not only movement, but an increase of that movement—a steady, beating, growing rhythm.

"At the beginning of the shots of the departure of the soldiers, we used the simple steady rhythm of the march in ordinary time. When we were taking the culminating scenes, we went out on location and increased this movement to double time.

"We found, subsequently, that some of the scenes that we wanted for the climax were in ordinary marching time, but by carefully cutting the picture, we were enabled to avoid any lack of harmony."

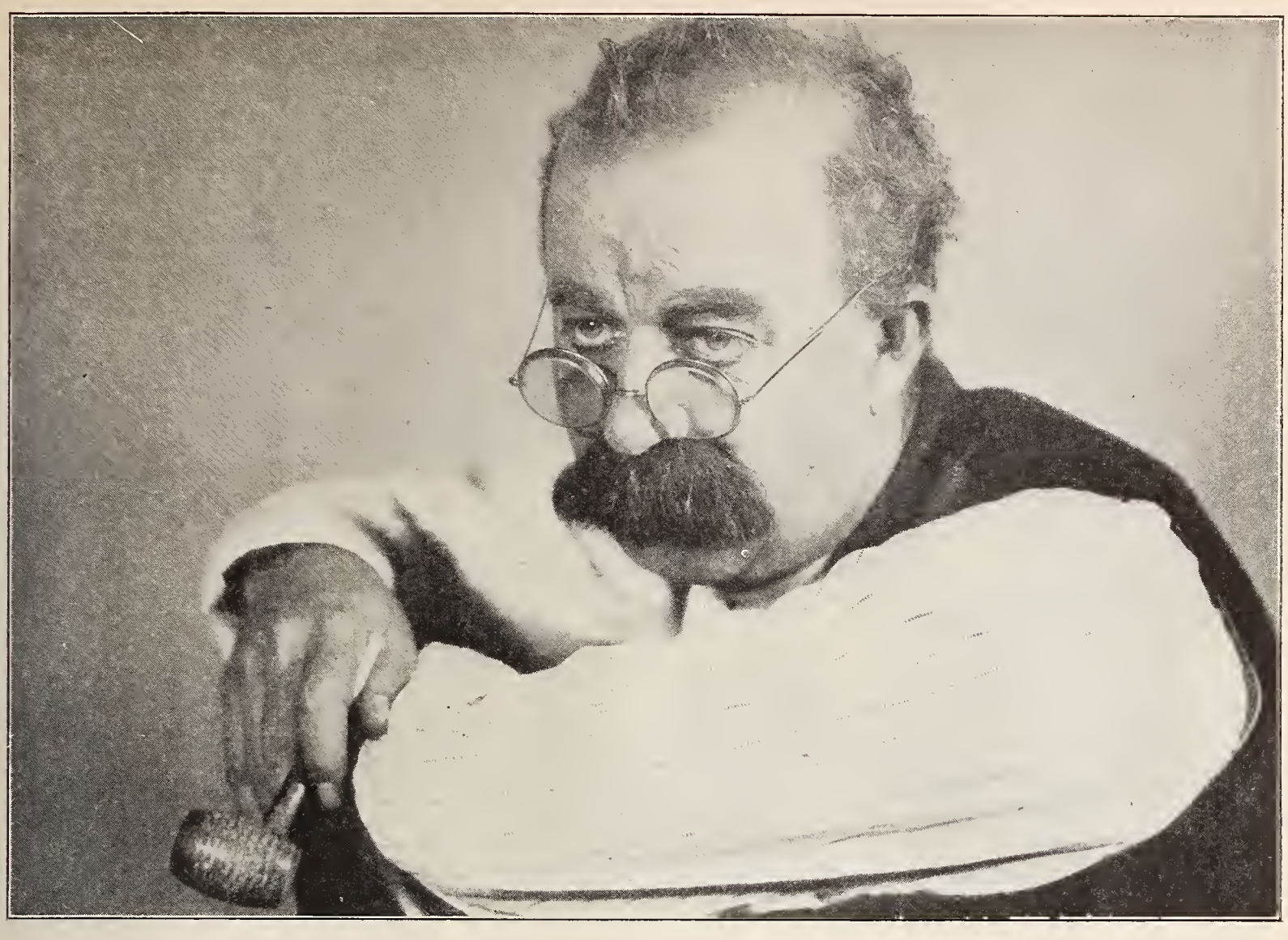
The latter assertion discloses the very ready cleverness of Vidor. No proposition is too baffling for him to tackle, and when he cannot surmount an obstacle, he will get round it.

He had such a problem with Tom O'Brien, the chap who played *Bull* in "The Big Parade." O'Brien had fared badly in films for a long time. He was thoroughly disheartened. He could not seem to rise to those lighter scenes that comprised the beginning of the picture.

Vidor had intended to shoot the scenes in continuity. But instead of trying to force O'Brien to do the unnatural, he changed his plans and shot first those episodes which showed *Bull* after he had been stripped of his chevrons—when he was naturally depressed by this loss of rank.

Before he had made "The Big Parade" even, he had applied for the privilege of being freed from program routine, in which he had long done such efficient service. His next production is "Bardelys the Magnificent," a colorful adventure story, written by Rafael Sabatini, in which Jack Gilbert is the star. He also made "La Bohème" recently, which was out of the ordinary as a subject.

Though he has won his spurs, and may now have at least a small "bigger-and-better" complex, I do not believe that Vidor is ever going to run wild in the fashion of so many successful directors. He has won fame at a late date in the movies, when fame is not such a singular prerogative. He has also an estimable poise and balance, which come largely from the fact that he seems to regard himself as nothing and his work as everything. He has remarried, and always will remain to a certain extent isolated, although he is a thoroughly "good fellow," and knows well that most sagacious of all film precepts, that it is best to get out into the world and know what the world is doing, and not stay too close to the studios. He goes constantly to stage plays and to the opera, and he also associates rather widely with people not connected with his profession. He brings something to the business of picture-making as well as taking away from it his share of monetary gain. In all respects, indeed, he may be described as a splendid craftsman, with a rare perspective, who is just now reaping the reward of a long struggle for his rightful preëminence.



A Player Who is Contented

Chester Conklin, after a long, hard training, has won recognition as a comedian of distinction, has a hobby that satisfies him, and is at peace with the world.

By Charles Carter

THE comedians have to be taken seriously nowadays.

By that I mean that, when the former rough-and-tumble fellows who used to appear in the weekly output of the old Keystone and Sennett studios, are contributing such splendid bits of work as they are now, we begin to wonder what they are really like personally.

Take Chester Conklin, for example. Beginning with his finely drawn rôle in "Greed," he has given a series of characterizations in feature productions that command attention and respect.

I met him recently in New York, where he was working in "The Wilderness Woman." We were to have met at the Hotel Astor, but he begged to have the meeting place changed to the Algonquin. The reason, I learned, was that he was sensitive about his appearance. His rôle demanded a full beard, and at that time it had only a four-day start.

"I don't mind coming here so much," he observed, after finding the most secluded corner available in the Algonquin dining room. "Folks here understand. But in other places, I get stared at, and it's not comfortable."

And that from one of the oldest troupers in the business!

"I don't care much about the limelight, anyway," he went on. "I'm pretty much of a stay-at-home person. Too much so, perhaps. You see, I was a vaudeville trouper for years before settling down in Hollywood, and I appreciate a home—and my wife's cooking. I miss that in New York."

I asked him about his change from slapstick to high, or at least higher, comedy.

"It was an easy change," he admitted. "The slapstick training was the best in the world. The proof is that all of our old crowd have made so good in the new kind of work. The producers realized that we had the technique. And I give Cecil De Mille credit for having started the movement when he took Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels out of the two-reelers and made them legitimate stars.

"People think that the old slapstick was just rough and tumble. It wasn't. Everything was thought out and timed. Why, we used to count through every important bit of business like a music pupil beating time. For instance"—he went through a bit of pantomime to illustrate—"look up, one, two, three—turn right, one, two, three—down, one, two, three—back, one, two, three. That way, not a move was missed. And another trick we practiced until it became automatic. We always acted as though we were in a theater with a single one-eyed man in the audience, and we played to get his attention. You're going to be noticed, if you do that."

Like his old associate, Ford Sterling, Conklin has be-

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Gracious offers of food and cigarettes. A friendly hostess. Not at all the manner of the subject of an interview—which, if you haven't already guessed, is the manner of one who has something to sell.

"My dear child, I am *so* sorry. What did you want to ask me? Don't ask me anything about technique. People are always asking me about that, and I haven't the faintest idea what it is. Charles, my dear Charles"—she turned to him, her hands clasped as though in utter despair—"won't you tell me what technique is, so that I will know, the next time I am asked?"

"Just what you are doing now," he answered decisively. "Technique is to fit perfectly the gesture to the emotion. Look at your hands, the intent way you are looking at me."

There was a perfectly good beginning for an argument, but she airily disposed of it.

"You writing people can explain anything. Isn't that a gorgeous part in Will Rogers' book where he says he wishes that some of these sport writers would tell him what to do when a polo pony bounces him in the air—come down or wait for the horse to come up?"

She was irrepressibly gay—a natural reaction after three weeks of intense work.

"I've never made a picture so quickly before. I hadn't the faintest idea I could do it. But that Will Nigh! He is a wonderful director. He gives you the greatest confidence in yourself. He makes you feel that you could do anything. I'm sure I have done my best with him. I was so keyed up all the time——"

Turning suddenly to me, her jocular manner changed to one of earnestness.

"You can't realize, unless you have worked with them, how few directors there are who are like that. Some of them won't even listen to you. They give you a few cut-and-dried directions and seem constantly to be trying to repress you rather than direct you. But Will Nigh! Every time you make a suggestion to him, it makes him think of a better one, and then you're stimulated to try to improve on his. Oh, there's satisfaction in working like that."

"But tell me, Miss Frederick," I asked, "if those happy engagements are so rare, why do you go on? You have won fame and money, and you have plenty of absorbing interests outside your work. What else is there in it for you?"

"Hope," she said, without hesitation. "Hope of another 'Madame X.' Each successive picture holds out that promise. People say I reached the heights in that—I want to again. I am free now, free of contracts, and I need do only the pictures that promise to bring me some feeling of achievement."

That, I think, is the key to her greatness. She has no desire for money for itself, though she demands tremendous sums for her work. She knows the measure of respect in motion pictures. She has no simple desire for power, that can be satisfied by seeing her name in electric lights. She has no self-conscious feeling of a duty to her public—only of one to herself.

When I left her, buoyed up as I have not been by any one else in a long time, I met a man who has long been prominent in the motion-picture industry, and I asked him why we all admire her so and hold her in such awe.

"Because everything about her is big," he told me. "She is a consummate actress, but not only that—she is a personage. We know that one great part would make her the dominating player on the screen. And we know that, even if she doesn't find it, she won't keep herself in the public eye in trivial ways. We all have to look up to her, because she never comes down to our tawdry level of self-ballyhooing."

The Gang's All Here

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asking him to get up and entertain a crowd. He dances quite a little better than some of the professional cabaret knights—quite a bit better, in fact, than you expect any one to. And humor always flourishes wherever Johnny goes. Hearing an orchestra playing "My Old Kentucky Home," he dubbed it "The Censors' Charleston," and now I suspect several people of bribing orchestra leaders to play it so that they can spring that line as their own.

A new café that attracts many professional people, both at the dinner hour and after the theater, is Twin Oaks, just east of Broadway on Forty-sixth Street. Arthur West, an affable master of ceremonies, who made the acquaintance of most of Broadway's pets during a sojourn at Barney's, is there to receive them and explain, as he did to Monte Blue, that the applause that has just greeted them really doesn't mean a thing.

Twin Oaks is far more picturesque than most New York cafés. It is built like the courtyard of an old inn, with cottages on the sides, and massive oaks growing out of the dance floor. The tables are on a flagstone terrace and on an overhanging balcony.

Another attraction that has caused word to be passed around to all the visitors in town that they simply must go to Twin Oaks, is the dancing of Teddy Francesco. Every film ingénue who Charlestons—and who does not?—studies him in the hope of learning the secret of his nimble feet. Teddy Francesco is a jockey who wore the colors of the Lavin stables at the Tia Juana track last season, and now he is dancing, to keep down his weight while he recovers from an injury that is keeping him out of racing temporarily.

A place where all the picture stars in town go is the Mayfair Club, which meets at the Ritz every other Saturday night. Only members can attend there, and the requirements are strict. In fact, it is so exclusive that even the men who organized it are not eligible to join. The membership is made up of stage and screen players, and of writers. The club opens at about midnight and closes by three. There, one finds Dorothy Gish and her husband James Rennie, Adolphe Menjou, Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, Diana Kane—the stunning sister of Lois Wilson—Mrs. John Harriman, known as Alice Laidley on the screen, Betty Jewel, and any other screen celebrities who happen to be in town.

When a taste for slumming and rowdyism hits our excursionists—and not infrequently, that taste is developed by a visit to Mayfair—they go to Harlem and the black-and-tan cabarets. But a visit to the Cotton Club, the most flourishing of the night clubs up there, may have its aftermath of depression. Leaving a show where all the inborn grace and melody and vitality of the negro have been exploited, where the spirit of youth and success have brought exhilaration, one comes on a lonely figure out at the door, calling cabs. It is Jack Johnson, once heavyweight champion of the world, once rich.

The sight of him makes some of our favorites who are now at the pinnacle of success, pause and ask themselves, "What is ahead of me?" "Which road escapes ruin?"

Charles de Roche Returns

And brings with him a picture which he made in France, in the hope of showing that films suitable to meet the demands of American audiences can be produced in his country.

By Edna Foley

NOW that the German film producers have found a means of getting some of their best products shown in the United States, the producers in other European countries are likely to make similar attempts. France, in fact, has already sent Charles de Roche as a commercial emissary on a mission of this sort.

De Roche, who is already known to American fans through his former work in American pictures, has brought to this country the print of a film called "Princess and the Clown." This picture, in which De Roche plays a gypsy, a king, a clown, and a lover, was made with the express aim of pleasing the American public. Having had two years of experience in the New York and Hollywood studios, De Roche was given the supervision of the production. A scenario editor who had worked for American producers was engaged, and no effort was spared in the making of the picture. French locations of interest to Americans were selected—such as the Champs Elysées, the Rue de la Paix, and the Rue de Rivoli, and by way of spectacular interest, a huge mob scene was taken outside the Olympia, one of the great Paris theaters.

Although, like "The Merry Widow," the story is laid in a "Graustark" land of fancy, the incidents are said to be taken from the true story of an authentic prince, according as it took place during the chaos of the recent revolutions that upset the thrones of so many European nations.

In his new picture, "Princess and the Clown," De Roche plays four distinct rôles, two of which are shown here—at the left, a gypsy, and above, the lover.

During the making of the picture, De Roche conducted a campaign of publicity in France, in an attempt to overcome the resentment against the exclusion of French pictures in America.

"I have tried to show," he explains, "that there is no ban against French pictures provided they can be made to please the American public. The Germans have learned that, and as a result, their pictures have at last found an American market. In the past, our pictures, like theirs, have not been adapted to the American taste, either in the development of the scenario, in the photography, or in the direction. These things we have tried to overcome in 'Princess and the Clown,' and I hope that we may convince the American producers to that effect, for I have dedicated this picture to the American public in gratitude for the encouragement that was given me during my former stay here."

De Roche, it will be recalled, had the misfortune to be introduced in America as a successor to Valentino, at the time that Valentino temporarily left the screen after quitting the Lasky lot. Despite the protests and the abuse that such publicity brought down upon his innocent head, he made many friends through his work with Pola Negri and other stars.

After disposing of his French picture, he plans to return to Hollywood, and to appear once more in American productions.

In France, De Roche is one of the best-known screen stars, and besides his work in films, he had a long and varied career on the stage. At one time, he appeared in an act with a dog on the same bill in a variety show, "A Night in an English Music Hall," in which Charlie Chaplin took the part of the drunken spectator. Later on, he became leading man to Sarah Bernhardt. He went through the war, was captured by the Germans, and was sent to prison in Bavaria. He is master of many languages, and at one time specialized as a dancer. In France he is quite an idol, and is the most popular of all the French stars of the screen.

Do Two Careers Endanger Matrimony?

Continued from page 23

'Broken Barriers.' I was ill for a few weeks. During that brief illness, I was able to balance in my mind the true worth of my husband and home against the value of my career.

"Just before I went with Warner to Porto Rico, I had another good offer. I was tempted to take it, but I declined. The engagement would take me from home for possibly four weeks. I would be unable to accompany my husband; and that would mean we would be separated for at least three or four months. I could stay back and accept—for it offered me a splendid part which would possibly establish me on a firmer footing with the public—or I could refuse it and go with my husband. I refused.

"The illness that I referred to came at a fortunate time. It forced me to think over many things I was beginning to forget. Therefore, I feel that, in choosing my husband and home, I have done best, for I really couldn't do without either—certainly not the first!"

This is the wife's version. It clearly explains why the Baxter home, instead of running the risk of being vacated, has had extra parts built onto it.

Now permit Mr. Baxter to finish the discourse.

"To begin," he said, "I never wanted my wife to work in pictures. After leaving the stage, I was lucky enough to get sufficient work at the studios to keep us both. Besides, say what you will, a man—I'm speaking from my own point of view and from that of men of my type—likes to be the breadwinner.

"When we first entered pictures, we always had some time to ourselves. We used to drive to the desert once in a while, and have a good day's outing. Later, when bigger parts came along for Winifred, I began to see less of her than I liked.

"One evening, some friends came. Just before they arrived, Winifred had a call to appear in some night scenes for a picture she was making at Universal City. When asked where my wife was, I had to say she was out working. Naturally, it was quite all right, but to me it seemed all wrong. I felt annoyed.

"Husbands, in many cases, are more to blame than wives when families break up. Many a wife, I might add, has good cause for seeking a career of her own. I have noticed that various actors, after achieving a little success in pictures, take on absurd poses for everyday life. They assume the rôles of sadly misunderstood supermen.

"Many contend that they have to live certain parts in reality in order to play them well on the screen. To me, that is not acting. Imagine what home life must be with an actor who is always living a part! I pity the poor wife who has to put up with him!

"One thing above all which perhaps best explains why we were able to avoid a break is, that we both have a great love for home life.

"No one appreciates my wife's sacrifice more than I. I would not have urged her to come to Porto Rico with me, when I was sent there to play in that South Sea story, if she had not wished to come; but if she had chosen the film offer made her, I should have realized that she preferred her career to me and her home.

"So you see, two professionals can live happily as husband and wife if only the husband does the work! It is all right for a wife to have a career if it does not separate her from home life. As for an actress giving up her career after marriage—well, once again, I maintain that it all depends on whether she prefers her career to her home, doesn't it?"

Million-dollar Housewarmings

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Corporation ostensibly controls only one hundred and eighty theaters, of which nine are playing these revues at present. But any move made by the sensationally successful Sam Katz, who is the president of Publix Theaters, is bound to be widely imitated. And viewed by the picture world at large as *l'enfant terrible* of the theater business, he is fondly suspected by many people of controlling the destinies of thousands of theaters.

On the success or failure of the John Murray Anderson revues in these nine Publix Theaters, and in four others where they are playing, hangs in a way the fate of theaters all over the country. At the Rivoli Theater in New York, where the first five of them have played, in connection with pictures, both good and indifferent, they have played to good business, and out in Detroit and up in Boston, they have jammed the very aisles of the theaters. Apparently, a great part of the public like them.

To a jaded New Yorker, surfeited with seeing all the "Follies" and "Scandals" and ambitious vaudeville offerings of the last five years, the revues themselves offer little that is new. And to the person who goes to picture houses in search of quiet, they are sometimes disturbing. But to the bargain hunter in entertainment, they are immense.

Handsomely staged, and combining all the vocal and terpsichorean revue tricks of the last few years with tumbling acts from vaudeville, they offer variety, to say the least. As yet, they have not shown the swift pace and gusty humor of vaudeville, nor the luxurious ease of resplendent revues, but that may come in time. Even as they are, they offer a lot for the money.

But—the longer the program, the less importance the picture seems to have. In many cases, according to letters from all parts of the country, the picture is hurriedly run in order to finish the program on schedule time. And this brings us to the peculiar cycle that pictures have traveled in.

Some ten years ago, they were used as a sort of chaser offered at the end of vaudeville bills. Then, pictures by themselves began to prove profitable, so theaters were built where they alone could be shown. Then, as profits grew, theaters grew. Added attractions were put in, until now we have almost reached the stage, in many of our theaters, where pictures once more occupy the position of chasers at the end of bills, differing from vaudeville only in that they are called "revues."

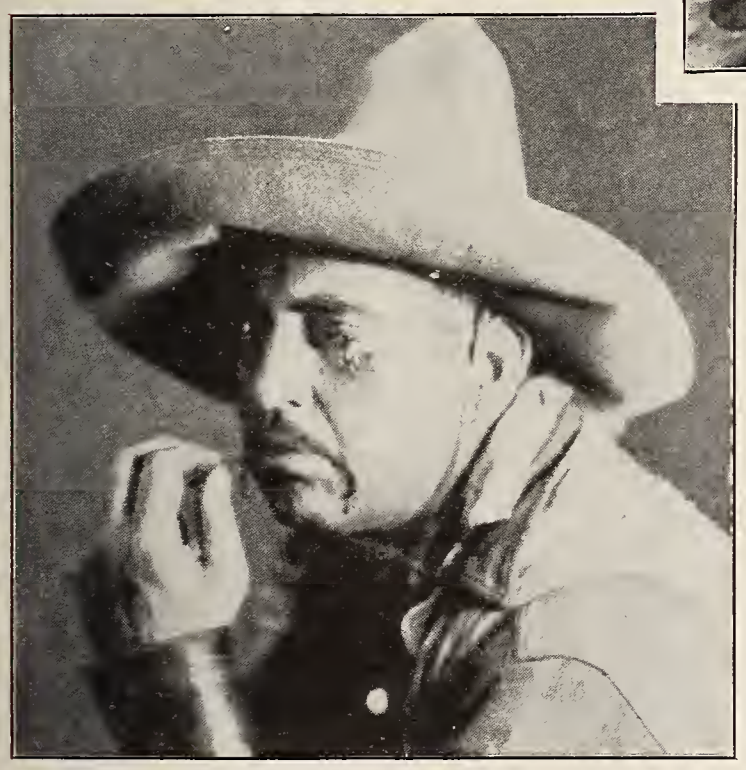
Tremendous, luxurious theaters are the golden eggs that films have laid. And so movies, like the famous goose, seem to be facing a horrible fate.

There is one swelling note of cheer, however, in the current march of the theater business. A few of them are being operated which show nothing but pictures. The jewel-box little Embassy Theater in New York operated profitably for many months, running "The Merry Widow" and nothing else. Theater owners all over the country are considering opening similar small theaters for patrons who like pictures and pictures only. But the admission price is high.

Psychologists say that one reason for the tremendous popularity of films is that we live in a noisy age, so that it is a relief for people to rest their ears with soft music while quiet entertainment is offered to their eyes.

It is putting a severe strain, however, on the picture fan to charge him two dollars to see a good picture, and only eighty-five cents to see a pretentious revue with a fairly good picture at the finish.

How Villainous is a Villain?



You have often seen Clarence Burton in all kinds of wicked and bloodthirsty rôles, and have probably writhed in your seat at the mere sight of him, but he is just another of those deceptive villains who is like a lamb off the screen. Any one seeing the pleasant picture, at the upper right, of Mr. Burton and his baby would never suspect him of being the repulsive creature to the left of it, but that's just how he looked in "Adam's Rib." Nor would you think that he could be the sinister Mexican shown just above—his rôle in "Below the Border." The Italian blackmailer at the right is Mr. Burton as he appeared in "The Danger Girl."

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writers, to devise some way of making ourselves appear interesting on the screen," she told me, 'and yet people expect us to get up just anywhere, on a moment's notice, and make a good impression on a crowd!'

"It's wonderful to have a brand-new enthusiasm. It makes me feel young again. I am glad in a way that I never knew the Fairbanks family before."

For ten minutes I had been trying to interrupt Fanny long enough to mention Alma Rubens. Some drastic measure was necessary, I was sure, to make her change the subject. Not that I wasn't interested in the Fairbanks family, but I've heard just such raving about them many times before.

"Alma!" Fanny's eyes flashed. "How did I ever bear New York while she was away, and how will I bear it again when she goes back to Hollywood in a few weeks! It has been just like old times having her here. She is a perfect companion—she never discusses clothes or her work, she has always read the books you want to talk about, and she always thinks of unusual things to do, instead of just sitting around here, or at the Ritz, gossiping.

"Of course, I'll never forgive myself for not being able to see her the first week she was here. I was in the throes of recovering from influenza. Incidentally, the first day that I knew or cared whether I was alive, I glanced up and there was a big pot of red tulips and pussywillows. I knew without looking at the card that Lois Wilson had sent them. If I were stricken with loneliness, even in some far-away land, I'd expect to find some assurance from Lois that she was thinking of me and ready to console me as best she could.

"But to go back to Alma. The first day I was up and around, she had the bright idea of organizing a beauty-parlor bat. I had always wondered what 'facial æsthetics' meant, so we went to the establishment dedicated to them and found that it meant lounging in an easy-chair while a nurse assaults you with bags of ice and pungent lotions.

"We felt simply too beautiful for this world after they had worked over us for two hours, but when we got back to Alma's apartment, her husband didn't notice that we had changed at all. This trip is really a honeymoon for her and Ricardo Cortez; when they were first married, they were both busy working on pictures. Ricardo is here to work in Griffith's 'Sorrows of Satan,' but Alma is having a vacation.

"He is having the most beautiful slave necklet made for her—not the ordinary brass-ring affair that looks as though it belonged around the top of a pickle jar, but a gorgeous circlet of diamond links.

"They never attend any openings or big parties. Alma has become one of those quiet girls who would rather go places unnoticed. When I think of the way the crowd bore down on Jack Gilbert on the night 'La Bohème' opened, I don't wonder that stars are timorous about appearing in public. Incidentally, if you want to see Alma fly into a seething rage, just pretend you think Lillian Gish isn't the most exquisite, finished artist of the screen.

"For no particular reason, mentioning finished artists reminds me of some who aren't—the Paramount junior stars. At the graduation exercises of the Paramount Pictures School, they showed 'Fascinating Youth,' the first picture made by the pupils. Feeble is the word for it. Youth alone isn't enough to fit people to compete with players who have skill and charm. These youngsters are utterly without magnetism or distinction of any sort. There are any number of 'bit' players in pictures—Cecile Evans and Barbara Pierce, to mention two at random—who are infinitely more promising. Of all of them, I liked Thelma Todd and Josephine Dunn best. *They* aren't anything to rave about, goodness knows, but each seems to get across the possession of a sense of humor.

"Incidentally, the orchestra leader at the Ritz that night had a strange sense of humor. When the pupils marched in, he played 'The March of the Vagabonds.' The girls of the school wore the loveliest dresses you ever saw, especially designed for the occasion by the studio costume department. Some one remarked that they looked just like De Mille telephone covers.

"But speaking of clothes——"

I cut in just long enough to remind Fanny that she admires Alma Rubens for not wasting time talking about clothes, but that didn't stop her—thank goodness.

"Gilbert Clark has completed his contract with Famous Players," she went on, "and now somebody besides their stars can have lovely, distinctive clothes. He is now with Milgrim's, and is designing clothes for most of the stage stars in town, as well as for the screen players. If you want to just lose your mind and covet your neighbor's bank roll, go up to his studio and watch his models parade. He made Bebe Daniels' clothes for 'The Palm Beach Girl,' and some for Aileen Pringle for 'Hello, New York,' and now every one in town is rushing up there. I saw a model wandering around in a trim little mannish suit that looked vaguely familiar, and sure enough, it proved to be one that had been designed for Mae Murray.

"Incidentally, Bebe certainly seems to have run into a streak of bad luck. First, she had some accidents while making 'Miss Brewster's Millions,' and now she has had a series of them in 'The Palm Beach Girl.' Mae has signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn and gone West to make pictures again. Her ex-husband, Robert Z. Leonard, was here for a few days on a flying trip to see his fiancée, Gertrude Olmstead. She is playing opposite Milton Sills in 'Puppets.' I met her one day at luncheon with Edna Murphy, but all I remember about her is a confused impression of lovely, big blue eyes and a fresh, fair skin. I was just coming down with influenza, and people's faces had a disconcerting way of swimming around in front of me. I must have impressed her as a slightly dazed half wit, because I hadn't the faintest idea what she was talking about. I probably recited 'Seven stars have Metro-Goldwyn' to myself in an effort to keep from fainting, but I don't recall contributing anything to the conversation."

"Never mind, darling," I said soothingly, "you can always keep right on talking whether you have anything to say or not."

For once, Fanny was almost speechless.

"For that," she said, "you really don't deserve to know that Alyce Mills has come to town to make a picture with Richard Dix. You told me once that you thought her interesting looking. And if you weren't in an insulting mood, I might take you over to the Famous Players studio to meet her."

"You not only might, but will," I informed her, grasping her firmly by the arm and starting out. But knowing that Adolphe Menjou was working over at the studio, I really hadn't much hope of getting Fanny past his set to see any one.

They've Crowned *him*
Monarch of Merriment ~ Sultan of Smiles!

HARRY
LANGDON
in
"Tramp Tramp Tramp"

7 Reels *of* Long Langdon Laffs

No doubt about it now!....

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" answers the question—"Who's the funniest film comedian?"

For years followers of HARRY LANGDON'S 2-reel comedies have been saying—"He's the greatest yet!"....

Now millions more will join the chorus when they see him in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"!

First National's enterprise enables you to see Langdon at his very best in a full-length feature worthy of his amazing comedy talent—his *first* 7-reel picture.

Here's hilarity close on the heels of pathos.... Only the truly great screen artists possess the formula for that subtle mixture of sentiment and smiles you'll enjoy in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"!

Presented by
HARRY LANGDON CORP.

A First National Picture

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He was silent for a minute, then suddenly turned to me, with half a smile on his face, and an amused expression in his eyes.

"But do you know what I think?" he said. "A good deal of life is just bunk, anyway, and our so-called hokum movies are really very representative of it. We spend our lives pretending and exaggerating. We work ourselves up to false enthusiasms, we allow ourselves to be carried away by false emotions. We may think it is all spontaneous and real, but a large part of it is just forced. When we think we ought to be having a good time, we set to work and *make* ourselves have a good time.

"I was so impressed with that at a football game last fall. Thousands of people gathered together cheering themselves into frenzies. Over what? Nothing. All being stirred up to wild and artificial enthusiasm by blaring bands, shouting students, and four or five violently gymnastic cheer leaders.

"And it's the same thing with a lot of other things. Our theaters are full of bunk, our concerts, our radio programs, our social life, our politics. We are eternally kidding ourselves along.

"You know people, for instance, who come home from the opera and go into ecstasies over it, just because they think it's the thing to do." He clasped his hands together and modulated his deep voice into as feminine a tone as possible. "'Oh, wasn't it *mar*velous! Wasn't it exquisite!' you hear them gush. They may really have been quite bored, but they wouldn't dream of admitting it.

"We are all governed so much by what we think we ought to feel under various circumstances that we don't dare confess, even to ourselves, that we feel any other way. If an occasion calls for sorrow, we show it, even though we have to feign it; if it calls for joy, we smile though it hurts us.

"I believe that one reason, perhaps, for our false enthusiasms is the high pressure under which we live. We drive ourselves so during working hours that when we go out in the evening, we feel that we simply must enjoy ourselves, and so we go on driving ourselves even in our pleasures."

About that time, the tray bearing our lunch, which had been ordered from a neighboring rotisserie, appeared in the distance, and we moved toward a small table near by. Mr. Sills proceeded carefully to set the table himself, murmuring that he could never tell what might be in store for him, and that as he had already played almost every kind of rôle, he might at any time be called upon to enact a waiter. Certainly, no one could have been a more attentive host.

We somehow got on to the subject of Von Stroheim.

"Now, there's a man who is supposed to be a realist," he said, "but to my mind, he is no more of a realist than are the most fantastic romancers. He goes to the opposite extreme, and overloads his films with unpleasantness, drags it in quite unnecessarily. It's an affectation with him, quite as much an affectation as too much sweetness or loveliness would be in some one else.

"There is really far more of brightness in life, anyway, than there is of tragedy. It *must* be so, or else everything would simply cease to be. Isn't that true? If tragedy predominated in this world, it would inevitably wipe things out, now wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said I, "I suppose so."

"For that reason, I can't agree with these long-haired extremists who think that a play or a story simply can't be artistic unless it has an unhappy ending. Usually, the happy ending is much more fitting and true.

"And people remember the pleasant moments of life far longer than they do the sad ones. It's surprising how quickly we can recover from unhappiness and forget about it. This nation in particular is endowed with optimism. We don't like for our plays and our movies to be tragic. We're not like the Scandinavians with their Ibsen, nor like the Russians with their bloodshed and oppression. Life looks very bright to most Americans."

Strains of a jazz orchestra had been floating over from the adjoining set where Michael Arlen's "The Dancer of Paris" was being made, with Dorothy Mackaill and Conway Tearle in the leading rôles. We sauntered over to see what was going on.

The set represented a Paris café. The orchestra, in Russian costumes, were playing behind a filmy curtain at the far end. Extras in evening clothes were sitting at tables, or dancing.

Conway Tearle was strolling about off set. He was disturbed about his new dress suit. First the sleeves had been too long—now they were too short. He fussed with them.

"First new dress suit I've had in seven years," he remarked, rattling his words off in truly British fashion. "Get awfully attached to clothes, y'know. Can't part with them."

Mr. Sills smiled his broad smile, and his twinkling eyes disappeared behind two slits.

"Conway had a blue suit," he said slowly, "and he wore that suit for every picture, for every part, for every occasion. It was famous. It couldn't be dragged away from him."

"'S fact," said Conway, turning to me with raised brows. "I *loved* that suit. And every time it was cleaned, it got shinier and shinier. Could see your face in it. Then, about two years ago, I was to play the part of a French diplomat in a film. Director came to me and said, 'Conway, about that——' 'Stop!' I said"—he held up his hand—"'I know what you're going to say. It's that suit. Well, what's wrong with it?' 'There's nothing wrong with it,' he said, 'it's a very nice suit, but it's English, and this—this is a Frenchman.' 'I've worn that suit,' I said"—he drew himself up—"'I've worn that suit for *every* nationality!' Five minutes later, caught it on a nail and ripped it so badly it couldn't be repaired—might still be wearing it.

"But it's no good getting a new suit in the movies nowadays. Ruined the first time you wear it. Don't know what these girls use, but your sleeve's in a mess after one embrace. I don't believe in long love scenes, anyway. Make yourself look ridiculous. You've got to have a sense of humor to do a love scene. Cut it off short."

Some one standing by caught a young press agent by his collar, flung him into the crook of his arm, made as though to kiss him, and then flung him back again.

"That's how Conway made love to Dorothy Mackaill yesterday," he said, "all without one change of expression, then brushed his hands together, and said, 'That's that!'"

Conway raised his eyebrows a little more.

"No fun kissing a girl with make-up on, anyway," he said. "Doesn't taste the same."

Mr. Sills and I wandered back to the "Men of Steel" set.

"Have you heard," I asked him, before I left, "that Paramount is going to make a film called 'The Greatest Show on Earth,' based on the life of Barnum?"

He looked at me, and a smile hovered.

"*That* ought to please us," he remarked, "for *there* was the original exponent of bunk. What was it he said, 'A sucker born every minute——'"

"Yes," said I.

His face spread into a broad grin, and the twinkling gray eyes again disappeared behind two slits.

"What a great movie that ought to make," he said with a chuckle.

60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't—I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead, he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes, during which time Bob talked to me.

I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say." And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On the way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the *roots* of the hair and awakened them to new activity. I must confess I never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book.

Then I recalled what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

I continued the treatments and every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluids" on the leaves.

Yet that is just what thousands are doing, when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—*at a cost of only a few cents a day.*

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

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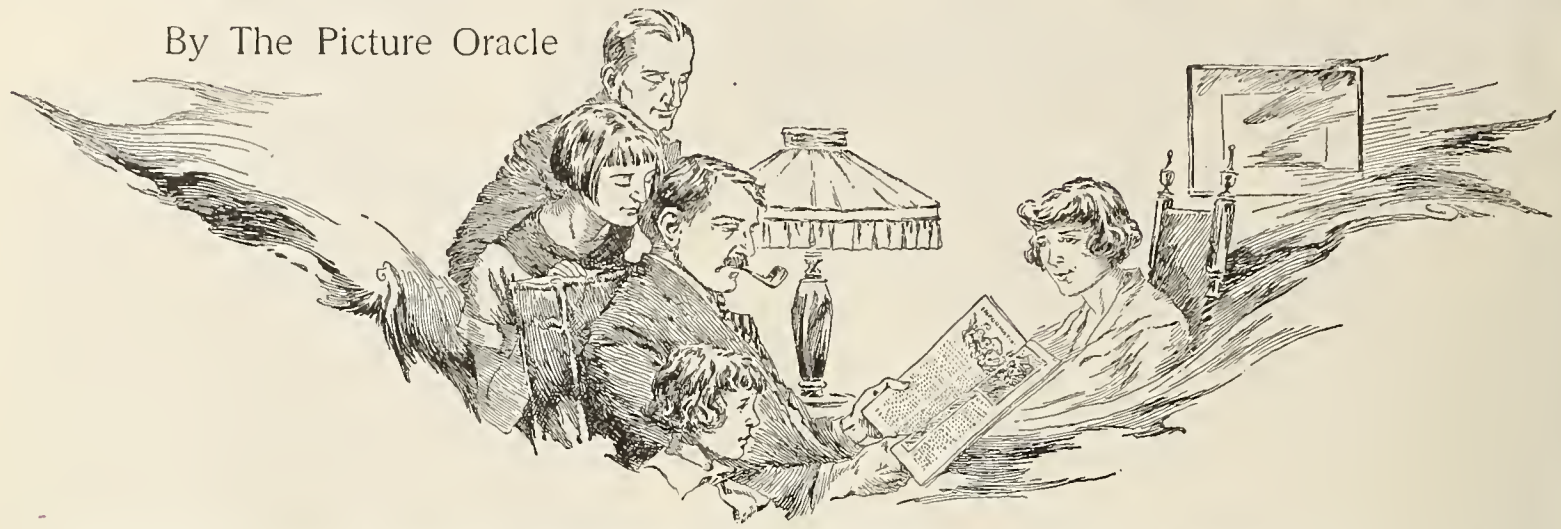
A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



DUANE.—Yes, our liking for cats does give us something in common, doesn't it? The minister in "The Road to Yesterday" was played by William Boyd. Roy d'Arcy made quite a hit in "The Merry Widow," in which he had his first real opportunity. He also played in Mae Murray's next picture after that, "The Masked Bride," and in "Pretty Ladies" and "Monte Carlo." He was married, by the way, last December 31st, to Laura Rhinock Duffy. I agree with you that Ronald Colman's work in "The Dark Angel" was among the best performances of the year. I can't settle your argument as to whether Jack Holt ever played in a picture without his mustache; my memory doesn't go back that far, and there's no way of looking up a thing of that sort.

V. MARGUERITE DARRELL.—Vera Reynolds would doubtless be pleased to know that you think she is perfect. So few of us can aspire to perfection! Miss Reynolds was born in Richmond, Virginia, twenty years ago. She is five feet one inch in height, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She began her screen career by playing in Mack Sennett and Christie comedies; her first real rôle in a feature picture was in "Prodigal Daughters," in which she played Gloria Swanson's sister and made quite a hit. Later she appeared in "Icebound," "The Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," and "Feet of Clay." Her newest pictures are "Without Mercy," "The Road to Yesterday," "Steel Preferred," "The Million Dollar Handicap," and "Silence." Vera is Mrs. Earl T. Montgomery.

R. VAN BILLIARD.—I'm sorry, but I don't know that it is possible to obtain a complete continuity in the form used for making a picture. I don't imagine that any of the companies would be willing to send you one. Incidentally, if you are planning to submit a story to a film company, they prefer to receive it in synopsis form—about five hundred words telling the plot. All picture companies have their own continuity writers to adapt stories for use in their own way.

JUST ME.—So you think I am "Miss Mystery?" All the more reason for my keeping you guessing; that's the best thing a "miss" does. I have added Mary Astor's address to the list. The leading players in "The Old Homestead" were T. Roy Barnes, Fritzi Ridgeway, and Theodore Roberts. In "The Turmoil," the leads were played by George Hackathorne, Eileen Percy, Pauline Garon, and Eleanor Boardman.

SHORTY.—By the time I get all your questions answered, you probably will have grown considerably, and will have to call yourself "Lengthy" or "Longy"—it's up to you, of course, which you prefer. As to sending you my photograph, would you like the one I had taken at the age of two, holding a rattle in my hand—or perhaps it's a milk bottle (the picture is blurred and I can't be sure)? Are there really one hundred and eight steps to the Charleston? That's unfortunate; I can't do more than five or six, and I refuse to devote the rest of my life to learning the rest. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is probably about eighteen; yes, he and Jesse Lasky, Jr., are both quite devoted to Betty Bronson; Betty says she doesn't play favorites, but lets them come to see her on alternate nights. Winston Miller is about nineteen, I think; he doesn't play in pictures very often. Perhaps you can reach him in care of his sister, Patsy Ruth. I can't tell you everything I know about all those stars you mention without getting out a special issue of PICTURE-PLAY for you. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia, about twenty-six years ago, and spent his boyhood in Baltimore, attending Baltimore Park School and the City College there. He played on the stage for some time before adopting a screen career. Ben isn't married. Neither is Richard Dix. Richard was born in St. Paul in 1894, and attended the University of Minnesota. He secured a part in a theatrical company which was playing in his neighborhood, and thus his theatrical career began; he played for two years in a Los Angeles stock company, and from there went into the movies. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899; he also played on the stage—for five years—before Rex Ingram discovered his screen possibilities and gave him the opportunity which made him famous.

BASHFUL GIRL.—No, unfortunately you may not—in fact, I'm sure you won't—see your reply in the issue you asked for, but I'm doing my best. This is as soon as it could be done. Vivian Martin hasn't played in pictures for some time, but she is still charming her public on the stage. As this goes to press, she is playing on the Broadway stage in a show called "Puppy Love," at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, New York City. A few years ago, she appeared in a play on Broadway called "Just Married," a most amusing farce. After its New York run, it had a long road tour which kept Vivian busy for several seasons. She also played it in England for a short time. So, you see, your favorite is still busily at work.

MISS MONTREAL.—You make me feel exceedingly ignorant, because I really know nothing about Jack Boyle, the writer of "The Sporting Chance." You see, he is not a scenario writer by profession, but the author of many short stories, so he really does not come under my scope of knowledge, and I just don't happen to know him. Perhaps you could find some information about him in "Who's Who"—I haven't a copy to refer to, but your public library doubtless has one.

A NORMA SHEARER ADMIRER.—There are plenty of those, I'm sure! Norma was born in Montreal, about twenty years ago; she isn't married. She posed for fashion photographs, so I am told, before playing in pictures, and got her start in movies in that way. She played in many pictures made by some of the smaller companies; then she appeared in Universal's "Leather Pushers" series, and in several pictures for First National. Metro-Goldwyn saw her possibilities and signed her to a contract. Her new picture is "The Devil's Circus," first called "The Light Eternal," then "The Devilkin," and finally by its present title.

ONE GIRL FROM COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.—Only one? Gladys Walton doesn't play in pictures very often these days, it is true. She was married to Henry Herbert about three years ago, and had a baby daughter in May, 1924. So she has plenty to do, even without playing on the screen. She has worked, however, in a few pictures—one last year called "A Little Girl in a Big City." I don't know where you could reach her at present.

GLORIA FAN.—No, I won't tell your right name! Agnes Ayres retired from the screen and married S. Manuel Reachi, a member, I believe, of the Mexican embassy. I don't know where she can be reached now, as she has dropped out of the movie world. George K. Arthur is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, so can always be reached, of course, with that company. Viola Dana, as this goes to press, is playing in a Universal picture called "Crashing Timbers." Kenneth Harlan is featured with her. Gloria's new picture is "Fine Manners."

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A Rising Vampire

Continued from page 83

she became a headliner in the revue at Tait's Café. Her beauty and grace attracted the attention of a movie director and she was given her first screen opportunity in "Life's Greatest Question," a picture featuring Roy Stewart and Louise Lovey. The results were neither flattering nor encouraging, in her opinion.

"I was simply awful," she said. "Positively homely! But I have since learned that the fault was with my make-up and it has proven to me that make-up has much to do with making or marring a beginner's chances in the picture game."

Spurred with a renewed ambition of some day becoming famous as a dancer and touring Europe, she continued at Tait's until the expiration of her contract. And at this point, just two years ago, Fate stepped in disguised as a little vacation trip to Hollywood, and again Opportunity knocked timidly at her door. Various and many offers were made to her by producers and managers of the cinema colony and—accepted.

She was first cast in the rôle of a vamp in "A Wild Party," at Universal. Then an independent company secured her services for four or five pictures—"horse operas," she calls them. Universal called her back to play the part of *Florine,* the vampire in "Rose of Paris," with Mary Philbin. When arrangements were being made to produce "The Triflers," featuring Mae Busch, she was given an ingénue part, but hers was the face on the cutting-room floor and she is still wondering what became of her scenes.

She believed her days in the picture world were about to come to an end when she was cast as the *Virgin* in a film by that name made by an independent company. Harry Cohn saw the picture and the result was that she was signed up to a long-term, personal contract by him last February. Since that time she has been starred in six different films.

She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-four pounds, has brown hair and grayish-blue eyes with long curled-up lashes. Her perfectly chiseled features and the oval contour of her face remind one of the original of a beautiful cameo.

The why of me keeps questioning and wondering, where, oh, where were De Mille, Warner Brothers, Lasky, and a few others of the discriminating producers, when Dorothy Revier stepped onto the horizon of cinemaland? She is worth watching.

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P. P. 6

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Hollywood's Dark-horse Comedian

Continued from page 90

a bond salesman. He was so fortunate in this line that he accumulated enough money to go to Europe, and was on the verge of setting sail with a friend of his, an American novelist, living in Italy, when the trip was canceled.

At a dinner in New York, MacLean became acquainted with Daniel Frohman. During their conversation he made known something of the secret longing that he had to go into the theater. The only chance that he had ever had to express this was in plays at school, and he hadn't taken this very seriously. Besides, because of his father's religious associations, there was a natural parental opposition.

Frohman became so interested in him that he gave him a letter to John Emerson, now a scenarist, and at that time a stage director.

Emerson offered him a chance for a tryout, but the play was subsequently held up in production. MacLean took part in only one matinée, going through all the usual qualms of nervousness, but Emerson thought he showed talent.

"After it became apparent that the show wasn't going on," MacLean told me, "I made up my mind to go into a stock company and get some experience, but Emerson advised against this.

"He said something that I have always regarded as very important. He said, 'MacLean, you'll make a mistake if you go into stock, particularly at this stage of your experience, because the danger in stock work is that you may lose respect for your audience. You're too likely to let down—take it easy.'

"His words struck me, and have stayed with me. I think that he was perfectly right. He advised me to go to Sargent's instead, and I did."

MacLean has occasionally suffered criticism, of course, for his mannerisms on the screen. Yet his grin, one of the most obvious of these, appears to be considered his greatest asset, since he recently insured it for $250,000, the sum to be paid in case illness or accident makes it impossible for him to smile his well-known smile.

The Tiniest Girls in Pictures

Continued from page 87

"Do you often stay out after curfew?"

Anne Cornwall, who has not yet reached stardom but who is winning her way in pictures, is four feet, ten and one half inches. They call her the "half pint." She is always the butt of some jibe about height.

"You wouldn't let her stay up at night, would you?" a friend recently said to her husband at the Montmartre Café in Hollywood.

Mary Pickford is one of the smallest as well as one of the greatest of all the movie stars. She is only four feet, eleven inches tall, and weighs but ninety-five pounds. She wears a number three shoe and a number five glove. When costumes are being obtained for her films, child-size clothing is bought for her. She can be fitted in a girl's romper, apron, stockings, and shoes. Yet, in "Rosita," the camera made her appear stately and queenly!

Cecil De Mille explains why girls small in stature are so much in preponderance.

"The world looks upon the tall, square-shouldered, brawny man as the protector of womankind," he said. "It would never do, in pictures, for the feminine lead to be a large, husky-looking, domineering woman. There is a dash and a snap and a bit of vivacity about smaller girls which doesn't usually exist in larger women. The camera takes care of discrepancies."

Nita Naldi, sloe-eyed vamp, is a little better than five feet, eight inches in height, and is about the tallest of the more prominent cinema celebrities. But there is only one temperamental, dashing, devil-may-care Nita. She has an individuality all her own.

Try these heights out on the measuring stick and see how nearly they conform to your ideas of how tall the movie stars are.

Anne Cornwall	4 ft. 10½ in.
Mary Pickford	4 ft. 11 in.
Mae Murray	4 ft. 11½ in.
Viola Dana	4 ft. 11½ in.
Shirley Mason	4 ft. 11½ in.
Mildred Davis	4 ft. 11¾ in.
Betty Bronson	4 ft. 11¾ in.
Priscilla Dean	5 ft.
Sally Rand	5 ft.
Bessie Love	5 ft.
Dorothy Devore	5 ft. ¼ in.
Mary Philbin	5 ft. 1½ in.
Renee Adoree	5 ft. 2 in.
Laura La Plante	5 ft. 2½ in.
Carmel Myers	5 ft. 4 in.
Aileen Pringle	5 ft 4 in.

As Others See Him

Continued from page 74

In person, in direct antithesis to his screen personality, he is to all outward appearances a gentleman without a care. He has a gorgeous and very English sense of humor. He is wholly the Briton, tall and fair. His compatriot, Ronald Colman, is a "black" Englishman. Another countryman, Reginald Denny, is an English-American. Percy, on the other hand, is just an Englishman, unqualified. He looks English, talks English, and is as English as a broad "a" in "afternoon." When he speaks he has a way, decidedly British, of accenting descriptive words. It was *very* cold. They are *awfully* nice at Lasky's. He or she is *perfectly* charming.

You remember he had asked me to be *perfectly* frank about the picture. I had every intention of doing so.

As I had been mentally comparing the real Percy with the shadow Percy, the film had clicked by until we now found *Lord Jim* about to commit the act that would brand him among seafaring men for the rest of his life. He was on the verge of abandoning his ship. He paused for a moment, the rain and sleet blowing into his agonized face, and then—he jumped to the safety of the lifeboat below. A gentleman had become a coward. That was a piece of splendid acting.

"Ah," said the gentleman who had done the acting, "that was *cold*. Worked at night to get those scenes. Just like ice."

Such is art to the artist.

Later, during the tragedy of the courtroom scenes, when *Lord Jim* is on trial for his honor, Percy leaned over to tell me an amusing anecdote about the dog in the story. In a rage, the villain is supposed to kick the dog. Of course, the actor didn't kick the little hound very hard, and to save their lives, or the picture, they couldn't keep him from wagging his tail when he was kicked.

"This is a man's picture," I remarked, after the third reel. "Men will be crazy about it. Women won't hand it so much."

"Yes?" inquired Percy. "Why?"

Knowing my sex as I do, I answered, "Because this is the fourth reel, and the love interest hasn't begun yet. Where is the girl?"

"Why, of course," Percy affirmed, so quickly that my vanity inflated like a balloon tire. "Of course. I hadn't thought of that. What a romantic sex you are—you women. But there is Shirley Mason now. She is really worth waiting for. What a little trouper she is. I love her work."

I'll admit that Shirley was worth waiting for. In the brown make-up of the island girl, she was like a little bronze.

And so we watched the romance develop, reach a climax and end tragically. Percy told me they had taken two endings. One was Conrad's. The other was absurd.

"They had us eating bananas or something like that," he said, "on a raft as we floated down the river. That would have been the orchestra cue to play 'Yes, We Have No Bananas!' and the audience would have gone home feeling happy and comfortable. Thank Heaven! that won't be shown."

Although Mr. Marmont passed not one comment on Mr. Marmont's performance, I think he enjoyed playing *Lord Jim*. He played the rôle with dignity and repression. I haven't read the book, but I am sure he has. He has every shading of such a man as Conrad would have written him.

I told Percy I was sorry I couldn't criticize the picture, as I had promised, because I sincerely enjoyed it.

I enjoyed Percy, too. Both of them.

A Star Turns Reporter

Continued from page 50

I should have loved to stay on in that restful room and dream a bit, forgetting for a time that there were such things as studios and the like. It was interesting to meet such an attractive young person—a person with a gift for writing but to whom a home and husband meant real happiness.

"Crow, Woppie," they continued to ask, but he refused to perform.

I rose and murmured the conventional thing about a pleasant time—what else can one say but the conventional thing?—and Woppie, feeling himself neglected, crowed!

My last glimpse of the toy house in the hills was the picture of the little group framed in the doorway. The girl Constance, her husband, and at their feet, their faithful dog. In this woman's day, when one hears frantic talk of careers, Constance Palmer Littlefield was a pleasant revelation.

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I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 678 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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Found at Last—Sally

Continued from page 62

"Look quick, what I've got. H-o-ot old puppy!" And she displays a picture, filched from the publicity department, of her latest crush.

Before the Goulding picture had been previewed, I said to her, one day, "I've just heard that you've done some awfully nice work in 'Sally, Irene, and Mary.'"

"Aw, don't let them hand you any of that bunk," she said scornfully. "The only thing you can say about it is, I wasn't scared to death like I was in 'Mike.'"

"Were you really scared during 'Mike?'" I asked.

"*No,* I wasn't really! Only petrified, that's all! I'd get in front of the camera and see all those people standing round looking as though they thought I was rotten, and I'd go perfectly stiff with fright. If any one but Mr. Neilan had been directing, they would have kicked me out the first day, I'd have been so terrible. But he just seems to know, sort of, how you're feeling, and so he does everything he can to help you.

"Nobody much wanted me to play in 'Sally, Irene, and Mary,' and I guess that got my Irish up. I made up my mind I wasn't going to be scared by heaven itself, and I wasn't! Gee, I'd give anything if I could work for Mr. Neilan again, now that I know a little more."

She also worked in "The Auction Block" for Hobart Henley.

"One of those little freshies again," she described her rôle in that.

"Would you like to have a dignified part some day, Sally?"

"I dunno," she grinned. "I guess perhaps not. Anyhow, I'm not a lady—I'm just a mick."

She is something different, undeniably. In that lies her charm. Her future, as is the way of all futures, is problematic. If they tell her she is "cute," if they try to pigeonhole her buoyant high spirits into irritating tricks and mannerisms, they will lose a rare gem. She is still feeling her way—a little uncertain, but equally unworried. There may not be the spark of supremacy there, and it cannot be said whether the artistry of her acting will ever overshadow her personality, but as long as she is permitted to remain herself, just Sally, there will be cause to hope that it won't.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 69

"You might have lived many yesterdays ago, or in the to-morrows yet to come. You do not belong to any specific time."

Almost any other young man would have smiled sheepishly and, before friends at least, regardless of his secret beliefs, derided the fortune teller's words. Not Arthur Lubin. He agreed, gravely, that he was not of common mold, that he had within the mysteries of his soul something which would lead him on and on, not boldly adventuring nor seeking a thrill, but quietly contemplative until he found that which he would think worthy of being put into his particular art form.

There is something about him—it is hard to say just what—that suggests mellow ripeness, something that has had color for so long that it has become a little faded, but remains none the less rich. A hint of deep, soft velvety rugs, of dim tapestries, of slow-pulsating melodies gradually swelling into tonal beauty—something old, very old.

"I style myself a character juvenile," he explains. "I wish to do the type of things in which George Hackathorne excels. The leading man of the screen has no glowing future. At best, he is secondary to a feminine star, with the privilege of sharing a few beautiful close-ups. The character actor, however, has no limit. Why can there not be a greater number of youthful Chaneys, Beerys, and Torrences? I am young, only twenty-four. I have time in which to develop, but every hour of it must add something to my art."

In the majority of Hollywood's actors he has little interest.

"They make no effort to improve themselves. They trade upon good looks and personality, attributes subject to change, qualities that pass away. They waste precious time."

An odd boy, Arthur Lubin. Ambitious for one so young, and yet not for the plaudits nor the riches of a quick success—rather with a deep realization that he has a gift which he must gradually develop.

Perhaps, after all, Hollywood will be but one stopping place on his pilgrimage.

Behind the Silver Screen

Continued from page 27

of other pictures in which his work was so good that it detracted somewhat from the star's work. One of the studios solved such a situation by cutting his work in a certain film down to a "bit"—and picture critics unanimously asked why they hadn't given Warner Oland more to do, and thereby made a bad picture good.

We heard a good one on a supervising producer the other day. There was being filmed a biblical sequence in which the Twelve Apostles were shown talking among themselves. This supervisor came in, looked at the scene, and said to the director, "That doesn't look good—you need some more extras in there."

Marie Prevost will be starred in "Up in Mabel's Room"—and Dorothy Phillips is returning to the screen under the M.-G.-M. banner. Anne Cornwall has a new dog called a "Schnauser," which is designed on lines heretofore not adopted by canines—and Marie of Roumania, most famous of European queens since the era of Victoria, has turned movie author. Gertrude Olmstead has admitted that Bob Leonard gave her that huge engagement ring—and what we thought was a new hotel in Beverly Hills is just Frances Marion's new home. Matt Moore has built a tennis court adjoining his Santa Monica home—and we hear that Mildred Harris has dyed her hair black. Pola Negri and Valentino are seen together everywhere—and it is rumored that Florence Vidor and George Fitzmaurice aren't going to be married after all.

Impressions of My Favorite Actress

Continued from page 63

that is what the Sixty Club is for—to see and be seen. Now, as much as I admire her, I cannot say that Eleanor was the most exclamatory personality present. Nor was her gown the most breath-taking and eye-catching. But to me, she was the most beautiful girl in the room. Her head was held so highly. That usually means stiff-necked arrogance, but in Eleanor, I am sure it is courage. Women are seldom fooled about other women, and I think Eleanor Boardman is a courageous, sincere girl.

On second thought, I think I will write to her for that autographed picture after all.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 73

At latest reports, more than a score of girls were said to have had a falling out over who was to play *Little Eva*—and also, though this is hard to imagine, *Topsy*.

George Siegmann will be the "terrible" *Simon Legree*.

Lillian by the Sea.

Lillian Gish has succumbed to the lure of the seaside.

When she first came to California, she stopped at the Beverly Hills Hotel, but now she has rented Mrs. Charlotte Pickford's house at Santa Monica.

"I am doing all the pleasurable and recreational things that I have wanted to do all my life," she told us not long ago. "I am sleeping out underneath the stars on a sleeping porch, going in swimming every morning, and am taking up horseback riding. I am going to ride along the beach, too, right at the edge of the surf, and splash through it if I want."

Incidentally, she has had a touch of loneliness lately, because of the fact that her sister Dorothy, who came to the Coast for a brief visit, is now in Europe, to be gone a whole year. Mary and Doug, too, with whom Lillian usually spends much of her time, have also left.

Syd in War Comedy.

Syd Chaplin has forsaken skirts.

His next release is the war comedy, "The Better 'Ole," which was such a success on the stage some years ago.

In view of the war subject, the question is now being asked, around the colony, whether "The Better 'Ole" will be anything like Brother Charlie's "Shoulder Arms."

We take it for granted, though, that Syd is going to be nothing if not different—from his famous relative—as he has pretty well proved himself to be that in his other comedies. His starring efforts thus far have been unusually popular, considering that he has had to work under the handicap of being the brother of the world's most noted film comedian.

Dick Plays Host.

Dick Barthelmess is now among the Hollywood home owners, and he has been joined by his mother and his little daughter.

Dick will be filming on the Coast for fully a year, and has already started his second production, "The Amateur Gentleman."

Though usually very reserved, he has also taken a fling at social festivities. He was host recently at a studio party, which was in the nature of a housewarming, and also in honor of Dorothy Mackaill's birthday.

Miss Mackaill received, among other things, a birthday cake big enough to dance on, and a rocking horse, and just to prove that she appreciated them, she impetuously gave Barthelmess a hug and a kiss in front of all the assembled guests.

Plums for Two.

The screen version of "What Price Glory" will bring two comparatively unfamiliar players right into the spotlight. One is Victor McLaglen, who will appear as *Captain Flagg*, the hard-fighting, hard-living army officer, and the other is Dolores del Rio, who has been cast as *Melisande*, the only girl in the production.

McLaglen is the Britisher who was discovered some time ago by J. Stuart Blackton, and who made his film début in "The Beloved Brute." He is a rugged physical specimen, having at various times been athlete, prize fighter, and wrestler.

He won out over all comers for the rôle of *Captain Flagg*, even including Mitchell Lewis. Lewis was turned down, it is said, for the very curious reason that he did not look sufficiently American in type. He had been the star of the stage production in Los Angeles.

Miss del Rio has already been featured in "Pals First," for First National. The rôle of *Melisande* is going to give her a bigger opportunity, however.

It has, by the way, recently been discovered that Miss del Rio is a second cousin of Ramon Novarro.

Upsetting a Precedent?

Public taste regarding what is acceptable on the screen *must* be altering, or else the case of Barbara La Marr is a singular exception.

Instead of being shelved, as are the productions of most players who have died, "The Girl from Montmartre" was released.

This fact alone is not so significant, perhaps. But very much to be remarked is the circumstance that some of her other films, recently shown at neighborhood theaters, have been drawing exceptionally well. One of her old pictures, "Thy Name Is Woman," which was selected for screening at a theater that specializes in revivals, proved to be a particular attraction.

It has always seemed to us that it was a rather abnormal sensitiveness that dictated the virtual entombment of a star's screen semblance immedi-

ately upon his or her death. There are many people, no doubt, who would like, for instance, to see some of Wallace Reid's pictures once again.

Will Rogers Entertains.

Will Rogers proved a sensation when he made a stage appearance not long ago in Los Angeles. He didn't indulge in many smart cracks about the movies on this occasion, but confined himself to digs at Florida, politics, traffic rules, and more general affairs. His roping stunts were a big hit, for he seemed to outdo even his own records in rope twirling.

Will introduced Bill Hart, Irene Rich, Raymond Griffith, Ann Pennington, and other stars. Hart and Miss Rich received the biggest applause.

When Rogers mentioned that he and Miss Pennington had danced together in the "Follies," there was a tremendous call for her to go up on the stage and perform.

However, Ann, who was accompanied by Raymond Griffith, hid her diminutive figure in the seat which she occupied, and because, apparently, of a sudden fit of stage fright, refused to budge.

The Sketchbook

Continued from page 33

Key's famous Italian dinners. Bobby and I are going up to Montmartre some night and win the cup. Maybe.

A Lady of Promise.

For a couple of weeks, my girl friends at Montmartre were awfully upset because all the eligible young bachelors in town kept showing up with a perfectly stunning, but aggravatingly unknown girl. Every one knew she was both regal and beautiful, but that was about all they did know. She had every one almost as upset as Robert Frazer, who is still dining alone.

Being curious not only by profession but also by preference, I found out that the young lady is Dorothy Dunbar, a new cinema recruit who gives every indication of getting into the "big league." Dorothy is exceptionally lucky, having drawn a nice bit in Corinne Griffith's "Mlle. Modiste" right off the bat, and if her possibilities are just half of what a certain director told me they were, you may look for her shortly in a big featured rôle.

Hope and Buddy—Off Duty.

Speaking of the carryings on up at Montmartre, I lunched there with Hope Loring and Louis Leighton the other day, and they seemed to be getting such a kick out of everything and everybody, you would never have known they were serious, indefatigable scenarists, responsible for every other script turned out last year, and in particular for that little gem, "His Secretary." Hope and "Buddy" are more than collaborators—they're married.

"You don't know what a pleasure it is to sit here and watch people having a good time without feeling responsible for their next move," Hope told me. "Buddy and I witnessed the beginning of a Hollywood romance the other night and went home simply chortling over the fact that we didn't have to write the next sequence."

"You get warped that way, after the first hundred years," explained Buddy. "It's reached the point where almost everything in our private life is just so much fodder for close-ups. Do you remember that sequence about the headache in 'His Secretary,' where Lew Cody pretends to be sick so that he can get Norma Shearer over to his house? Tell you how that happened:

"We wanted to get some of the love scenes out of the office, but since most of the action took place there, we were at a loss as how to go about it. We had discussed the thing with Mr. Rapf all day—from early in the morning until late in the afternoon—without getting anywhere. Hope got so tired, she got a headache. All of a sudden, she said with a burst of enthusiasm, 'That's it!' We said 'What?' 'A headache,' Hope went on. 'We'll give Lew a headache and have Norma come over to nurse him.'"

And that's exactly what they did. I thought it was one of the funniest things in the picture.

As soon as they have adapted "The Rainmaker" and a couple of other things for Lasky, Hope and Buddy plan to take a trip to Europe.

"It's going to be a real vacation," said Buddy.

"And we're going to take a camera along," said Hope, "and snap some of the most interesting out-of-the-way spots for future reference—and I am going to write a few articles for an Eastern magazine—and Buddy is going to make a detail survey of the German manner of production and besides——"

"And all in all, it'll be a real vacation," they summed it up in unison.

The moral of that one is, "Once in the harness, always in the harness."

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 57

There is a deluge and also a cyclone in this film, in case either one of them isn't enough for you.

Russian Heartaches.

"Broken Hearts" is a Russian-Jewish sentimental drama directed and acted by Maurice Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz, an actor and devoted worker in the Jewish Art Theater in New York, has not fared so well in this essay of his into moving pictures.

The film is an old story, full of old sentiments, and it is acted in a most dejected manner by Mr. Schwartz. The story and the task of both directing and acting seem to have rendered him almost entirely lifeless. It isn't exactly bad acting, but it is extremely boresome acting.

A young Russian idealist, under the cruel rule of the czar, is driven to New York. Arriving there, he hears that his wife has meanwhile died in Russia. Going on this slight rumor, he marries the daughter of a cantor, only to learn later that his first wife still lives and is awaiting his return. After a great many yes-and-noes, he does go back to her.

There are many bad subtitles, and a heavy cast. Lila Lee, as the cantor's daughter, also seems smitten with inertia.

Charles Ray in the City.

"The Auction Block" gives Charles Ray his first chance to be like other boys. It is not much of a picture, but it is infinitely better than the fake rural dramas that this badly cast young man has been burdened with.

In fact, it is so far from rural, that it centers around the winner of an Atlantic City beauty contest. Eleanor Boardman is the winning beauty, and Charles Ray, as the spendthrift son of a wealthy father, falls in love with her and marries her. When she learns that he is supported by his father, and when she sees the numerous pictures of young ladies around his so-called bachelor quarters, she runs home. He follows her. The rest of the story is mild and slow-moving comedy.

Charles Ray is a thousand times better than he has been recently, and with a really good story, I feel that he might come back to his former popularity. He should be able to do the type of comedy that Creighton Hale is so expert at.

Sally O'Neil plays the part of a bad little egg, and David Torrence, Ernest Gillen, and Charles Clary, come in for brief comedy moments.

Millions and Millions.

First, there was "Brewster's Millions." Now there is "Miss Brewster's Millions," and with such a good plot, there is no reason why there shouldn't be "Aunt Fannie Brewster's Millions," "Grandma Brewster's Millions," and so on and so on.

This film, "Miss Brewster's Millions," is a ridiculous, very funny comedy, played beautifully by Bebe Daniels and Ford Sterling. The story, of course, you must know. A young lady has to spend a million dollars within a certain time in order to win a bet of five million.

Miss Daniels moves through the picture like a comet, and she is just as brilliant as one. Her comedy training with Harold Lloyd has not deserted her.

It is a lavish film, showing lavish extravagances, ending with Miss Daniels on a bicycle being chased by a whole squad of motor-cycle cops.

Warner Baxter is a young man from Boston who doesn't know what it's all about.

Taming of the Shrew.

I rather wish that Fannie Hurst would confine all her literary efforts to magazine writing, and leave moving pictures alone. I don't think she is good for them. Her latest effort, "The Untamed Lady," is the old plot of "The Taming of the Shrew" made over. It has been said that every plot in the world can be found in Boccaccio's writings. Miss Hurst evidently feels the same way about Shakespeare.

Gloria Swanson is the star of this unfortunate picture. Or perhaps I should say that she is the unfortunate star. After the many very good films that Miss Swanson has made, it seems a shame that she should now have to be cast in a series of poor ones.

There are plenty of views of the lovely Miss Swanson in stylish clothes against beautiful backgrounds. And she has a brief chance for comedy when an irate young man, pushed, like Cousin Egbert, just so far, makes her stoke the furnace on his yacht.

Lawrence Gray is the leading man.

Screams in the Dark.

A month or so ago, I believe I said that the screen was the ideal medium for mystery melodrama. That was after I had seen that very fine picture, "Three Faces East." Now that I have seen "The Bat," I am not so sure.

The director, Roland West, evidently couldn't see his way clear to

filming the thrills and horrors of the stage play, so he has turned the shudders to laughs, and played up the comedy end of his story. Personally, I love to be half frightened to death, and I don't thank any one who makes me laugh instead.

I saw "The Bat" on the stage, and now I have seen it on the screen, and I still don't know what it is about. It's that mysterious.

Louise Fazenda plays the part of the housemaid, the part May Vokes made famous. Eddie Gribbon is the detective. They are both very funny.

In "My Own Pal," Tom Mix is again the hero who builds his plot around one incident. There is a little baby to be saved, and Mr. Mix saves it by snatching it up and riding away, pursued by an angry mob. He rides along by the side of a train, and then, believe me or not, Tony, the wonder horse, jumps into a freight car of the moving train.

Oh, for the Life of an Actor's Wife!

Continued from page 60

much would not be good—and put it under his nose. He sniffed. Then he rolled over with a groan.

"I'm a sick man—I nearly fainted!"

"Take this soup."

"No—*n-no!* I'm a sick man."

"Take it."

"Woman, it's not food I need! Call a doctor!"

"Will you take this soup, or must I pour it down your neck?"

After much grumbling and many remarks about how material I was, always trying to feed him, at *all* times, even when he was a sick man, he took his first spoonful, then the bowl, and then two more bowls. Finally, he showed signs of life—seemed to be able to distinguish objects about him.

"Papa, did you eat to-day?" (Sweetly.)

"No." (Weakly.)

Pause.

"Papa, what's that thing you have on?"

"A fur coat." (Slight evidences of indignation.)

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Twenty-five dollars." (Meekly.)

"What's it made of?"

"Horse."

"How much does it weigh, papa?"

Silence.

"It goes back to-morrow, doesn't it, papa?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you get anything else, papa?"

"Gotta paira bed socks."

"And what did George get, papa?"

"A plaid necktie, mamma."

"Do you want some more soup, papa?"

"Yes, please, mamma."

Yes, I admit that I henpeck my poor husband terribly—but if I didn't, who would? I'm quite proud of my henpecking ability, and as every wife knows, there are times in a man's life when a little browbeating is *absolutely indispensable.*

There are only two things in Lucien's world—his home and his work. I have not been able to decide, yet, which is the more important. I think they are equal, and that one is just as important to his happiness as the other. I have never known any one to be more conscientious about giving to each the very best that he knows. His ideals in both are of the highest, and in his treatment of both, there is a purity and clean knowledge of the difference between right and wrong that he has held in his heart ever since the days of his childhood, when his mother taught him the path on which to walk.

To me, he is more than my good husband—he is my true friend.

If You're Making Summer Frocks

Continued from page 65

The upper part is made of silver cloth, with a heavy-draped sleeve, while the lower part is of black satin velvet, trimmed with clusters of chenille tipped with jet. An odd headdress, with chin band, and streamer of black velvet, is worn with this unusual costume.

Pajama negligees seem to be becoming more and more popular, and as they are simplicity itself to make, I have sketched two of them on page 65. The one on the left is worn in "Mlle. Modiste," and is of flame-colored satin worn over short black-satin trousers. The long tunic bears a stenciled design in gay colors, while bands of ribbon edge the bottom and the voluminous sleeves.

The suit on the right was designed by René Bouillet, Metro-Goldwyn designer. Over tight-fitting black-velvet trousers, with a bell-shaped flare, is worn a smock of Canton crape, in a black, gray, and white batik design.

Clara Bow, *velvet-eyed Paramount Star*

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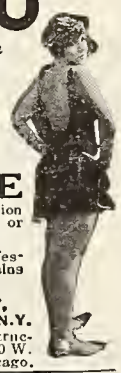

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A Letter from Location

Continued from page 91

house, and in Hollywood, we live in an apartment, you know, so this sleeping practically on the ground seemed funny. But after a night or two, I got used to it and now love camp life—even the bugs.

There are a lot of thrilling and exciting things I suppose I should tell you about the land-rush scenes, but I am not going to. I'd rather let you in on how the baby was cast.

Mr. Ford, being one of those lovable Irishmen, is inclined to be romantic, and every now and then, he thinks of some little sentimental touch to put in the picture. No matter what it is, "Lefty" Hough, the property man, who is Mr. Ford's right-hand man, manages to find the article or person needed.

Well, during the shooting of the rush, Mr. Ford was directing away like mad. Thousands of teams, wagons, riders, and drivers were all ready to come thundering down the pass. George, Lou, J. Farrell MacDonald, Tom Santschi, Frank Campeau, mother and I were sitting on the side lines, getting covered with dust but thrilled to the core. We were talking about those stirring times of long ago, when all of a sudden, Mr. Ford said, "Lefty, where's the baby?"

Nobody, not even Mr. Ford himself, had even thought of a baby before that minute, but Lefty said quite calmly, "If you want a baby, I'll find one some place, but you may have to wait a little while. They don't exactly grow around here."

There we were, miles from a town, with no one under eighteen in the vicinity. It looked hopeless for Lefty, but I didn't know that boy.

He went down the road and scouted around. Pretty soon, he spied one of those funny little covered wagons, which prospectors still use in the back country. Lefty hailed it. Sitting up in the front seat were a man and his wife, *and* a baby.

Half an hour after Mr. Ford had decided to have a baby in the foreground shot of the land rush, Lefty produced a dazed-looking man and his scared little wife and the sweetest baby in the world.

I am just crazy about my rôle in this film. The "three bad men," by the way, are played by J. Farrell MacDonald, Tom Santschi, and Frank Campeau, and all of them are perfect dears. Alec Francis is also in the cast, and he has made tea hounds out of Tom and the rest of them. It is a riot to see those big men, dolled up like hardened pioneers, having their "dish of tea" every afternoon.

Oh, I forgot about the twins. As if that were possible! They're of the very-much-present kind—Margy and Mary Agnes, by name. Cute as can be. But what Margery does, Mary must also do. Mr. Ford was in a dilemma over one bit of action. He wanted Margy to ride a bicycle in the land-rush scenes. And Mary raised a howl, because she thought she was being discriminated against, and insisted upon copying her twin. Not wanting two bicycles in the scene, Mr. Ford had a special tandem built, which allowed them both to ride.

George is perfectly adorable in his rôle, but I keep looking at Lou Tellegen, who is always so courteous and thoughtful, and it is impossible to realize that on the screen he will be a really terrible person.

Everything is lovely, and we are having lots of fun, but Mr. Ford has just sent for me and I must make a flying leap into the saddle and gallop to work.

With much love, and say "Hello!" to Hollywood Boulevard for me.

Wildly yours,

OLIVE BORDEN.

P. S.—I can ride a horse like a veteran now. O.

P. P. S.—I also won my spurs in a race. Isn't that great? O.

A Player Who is Contented

Continued from page 93

come very much interested in photography as a hobby. "It was through Ford that I became interested in it," he explained. "Of course, I'm not quite in Ford's class yet. He's exhibited his work, you know. I've been asked to do so, too, but I'm not quite ready for that yet."

Though this was his first visit to New York in several years, he was anxious to get back home, and hoped to see Niagara Falls on the way.

"I'm glad to be here for a while," he observed. "I've been able to take in some lectures of the sort I'm interested in, but outside of that—well, it's too crowded."

Few players seem to be at such peace with the world. Conklin enjoys his work, has plenty to do, and has worked out a philosophy of life that answers nearly all his problems. And that, in the best sense, is success.

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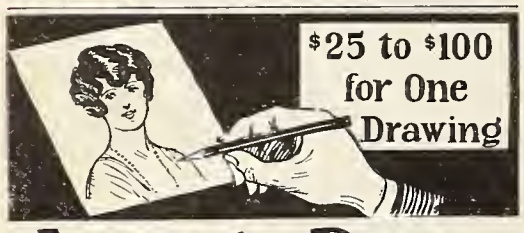

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A Hero to His Own Director

Continued from page 30

thing vital to contribute. Imagine the possibilities for clashes, for jealousy, for friction of all kinds. Yet Doug was able to avoid those things. He does it by keeping an open mind, by always being ready to listen to every one on the staff, and by his quick, precise judgment. If he didn't approve of a suggestion, he would say why not. He'd try it both ways, and then decide which way he thought was best.

"He gets the best work out of people by telling them the *result* he wants, and then letting them work it out in their own way. If the result isn't satisfactory, he may order a different method, but he always leaves the actual details to the people hired for the work. For instance, in this pirate picture he wanted a certain effect. The technical staff said it could be obtained by miniature. They were given *carte blanche* to go ahead. The models were made, the scenes taken. They were good, but not quite good enough. 'Let's do it life size,' Doug said, when he saw the result. Not a word of censure. He knew they had done their best, and that not all experiments along new lines can succeed.

"I have never known any one so eager to keep the friendship of his associates, and to keep them on good terms with each other. Once or twice, when we were working under pressure, some of the staff began to get on edge. Doug called a halt, and work stopped for a day or so, until every one was rested.

"Once, when we were making a big scene and things were at a tension, Doug said something that hurt the feelings of one of his players, a man who has been associated with him in a good many pictures. That night I spoke to Doug about it. 'Great Scott! did I say that?' he asked. And he couldn't wait to make amends. He canceled an important engagement, and made a long trip just to set the matter right.

"The pirate picture, you know, was planned three years ago. Doug wanted to do it before he did 'The Thief of Bagdad.' But he held off because he felt that it ought to be done in color, and no color effects he had seen up to that time had satisfied him. Then, one day he and I went to see an exhibition of old masterpieces of painting. In a flash he saw what he was looking for. 'These old paintings have the quality we've got to get,' he exclaimed. 'Not vivid colors, but quiet, blended, subdued tones.'

"Experiments were begun. I can't begin to tell you how long these took, or at what expense they were carried on, but finally he decided that the staff had developed the effects he wanted, and you saw in 'The Black Pirate' the results—colors that blended so delicately and harmoniously that you were never conscious of them after the first few feet of film.

"To be sure that the color would not distract the spectators from the story, he planned that the picture should start with some scenes that merely established the mood and tempo of the production, so that audiences would be able to lose themselves entirely when the real story began.

"Doug has one method, different from those of other producers, which is interesting in explaining the spontaneous results he gets. He does not use a detailed scenario, with each scene minutely worked out. Instead, he has a large blue print made, on which the different parts of the picture are indicated in squares—the whole thing being visible at once. The action for a particular scene is not worked out until the night before that scene is to be taken, so that the plans do not have a chance to become set and rigid in the minds of the company. And I learned that the way to get an idea across to Doug was to suggest it to him on the night before it could be used. He'd listen to it, let it sink down in his mind, sleep on it, and by morning he would know whether it was right or not."

"What trend do you think Doug will follow next?" I asked.

"That's hard to say," Parker replied. "You can be sure that he will continue to strive for new and different effects. You noticed, of course, how different the pirate picture was from any of his others—not only in color, but in tempo. I shouldn't be surprised if you'd see Doug beginning to develop a new line of character rôles—each one distinctive and different. In that, he would have an unlimited field.

"But whatever he does, you can be sure it will be along pioneering lines, and I can think of no better training for any one who wants to learn how to get the most out of people, than to be associated with him throughout a production."

All is Not Glyn that Glitters

Continued from page 45

Florida is the grand example. There are others, which diplomacy forbids me to mention. But let us say, the Moscow Art troupe, the newest Swedish director, the latest Polish pianist—all are accorded lavish praise. Isn't it merely a friendly gesture most of the time?"

"Publicity," I observed, "moves mountains."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," replied Aileen.

And as she talked, I realized the enormity of the task confronting me. It is difficult to catch a woman's charm and imprison it in cold, impersonal type. The lift of her eyebrow when she laughs, the curve of her lips as she blows a perfect smoke ring, the subtle impression she conveys that you are the only person sharing her tastes, these are the things that make a woman unforgetable—these trivial, intangible, inconsequential things that escape between the keys of your typewriter, however definitely they may be impressed on the matrix of your mind.

Thus far, as a personality, Aileen is more important than as an actress, but now that she has escaped the long succession of flaming Floras that were her lot under the Glyn régime, she may capitalize that personality to excellent effect. There is not a more marketable commodity in all celluloidia. Her current venture is "The Wilderness Woman," under the ægis of Robert Kane, who is borrowing her from Metro-Goldwyn. Concerning this *Saturday Evening Post* story, she is appropriately enthusiastic. At least it will be a new departure.

To say more about her is difficult, unless this catalogue of her tastes may serve as illuminating side light. She likes the caricatures of Covarrubias, the comedies of Raymond Griffith, Percy Hammond's reviews, Frisco, the Charleston as interpreted by Frances Williams, and calves' head *vinaigrette* at the Brevoort. She doesn't like Sophie Tucker, or soggy toast, or thick glasses, or boosters, or Cecil De Mille boudoirs, or symbolism, or early-morning calls.

Aileen Pringle, then, in a single paragraph, is a lady of parts, a veritable Munsey heroine, combining the best features of Gloria Swanson, Ninon de l'Enclos, Betty Blythe, Pompadour and Katharine Cornell. She is a smart, seductive example of what comes out of Hollywood—once in a hundred years.

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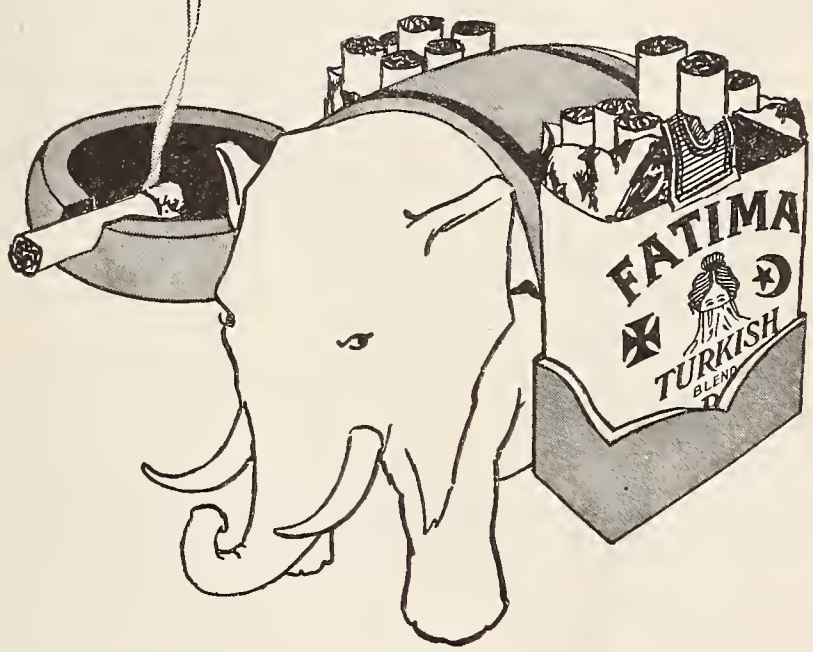

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The Chowder Club Chesterfield

By Samuel Taylor Moore and C. L. Edholm

An expert on "What's Wrong With This Picture?" has an awakening.

The "Black Cats" of Hollywood

Continued from page 29

termination. A man in my lazy nook, with its easy-chairs and couch and its rack of old brier pipes and its books and comforts in glorious disarray—a man there seeking opportunity to go up into the clouds and blow his ship to pieces. But it was his business!

MacDougall rose and walked to the window. The whir of those motors in the sky had attracted his attention.

"That's Al Johnson," he remarked, after shading his eyes with his hand and looking up into the limitless blue. "Al's putting on a funny one to-day. When he gets somewhere down the beach, he's going to cut loose from the ship and ride a bicycle to earth."

"What undertaker gets the remains?" I asked ironically.

"There's not going to be any 'remains.' He'll drop about one thousand feet, then pull the string that opens his parachute. He'll pedal his way down."

A news-reel photographer was close by in another ship to "shoot" the action.

"Any accidents so far?" I asked.

MacDougall fairly shouted.

"Course!" he said. "Funny ones, too. You should have seen Al Johnson down at that Santa Ana air meet. He started to jump from the ship—my ship—when we were about twenty-five hundred feet up, and his 'chute caught in one of the stagger wires. And it opened! We were going along about sixty-five miles an hour. The blamed thing yanked him clean through the plane and out over the back, broke two of my supporting wires, bumped him into the tail of the craft, and then, as he hung in his harness going down, he slapped against the side of a barn in landing. Ten days in the hospital!

"Then Art Goebel thought he'd do something smart, so he got out an old 1910 'pucher'—you remember, those planes with the propeller in the rear. Art took out the antiquated engine and substituted a ninety-horsepower Curtiss.

"Wow! That old singin' baby went up like a skyrocket for about three hundred feet. Then a wing broke, and down it came, nose first, with Art strapped in it. He recovered, though. We never even tried to salvage the pieces of the ship.

"I myself had a funny experience at the Burdette Airport not long ago. A fellow came to me and said he wanted to join the Black Cats—wanted to be a stunt man.

" 'All right,' I said, 'we'll try you out. We will swing a knotted rope from the bottom of the plane, and when we get way up yonder, you hop out, holding to the rope. That'll be easy and will show your nerve.'

"He did it all right. I looked down and saw he was hanging there safe and sound. So I flew—and I flew—and I flew. Until I knew he must be getting tired holding onto that rope. Then I sailed out over the ocean, and pretty soon he let go. I saw him swimming ashore. I haven't seen him since.

"We get a lot of fun out of practicing. Not long ago, I got 'Spider' Matlock on the end of a rope ladder beneath my ship. What do you suppose I did to him? Looped the loop! Swung him around like you do when you swing a bucket of water without spilling a drop. He called me names for that when we came down. Just kidding, though! Then Johnson and 'Fronty' Nichols got on the upper wings of my plane to play a little game of poker in the clouds. They sat in chairs which had been fastened down. Al got sick and fainted. Fronty caught him just before he slid off. Luckily, I didn't do any stunt flying that day."

I sat in amazement, as this cheerful, warm-blooded dare-devil told of the Black Cats romping around over airplanes, thousands of feet in the sky. And of their fun!

Fear of the number 13? Never! Superstitious of the black-cat symbol? Not a bit!

"Why," exclaimed MacDougall, "Art Goebel has a Chinese god painted on his ship, and it's got serpents about its feet! There you have it—black cats, 13, and snakes! Know any more?"

The membership of the Black Cats is limited to thirteen. And each man must have just thirteen letters in his name. Failure of any one of them to perform any promised feat automatically strikes that man from the roster. Reginald Denny is an honorary member. So are Al St. Johns and Wayne Allies, the latter being the adjutant of the Black Falcons, an organization of flyers sponsored by Sid Grauman. As now constituted, the list of Black Cats includes Bon MacDougall, "Fronty" Nichols, "Spider" Matlock, "Wild Billy" Lind, Arthur J. Goebel, Albert Johnson, Ivan "Bugs" Unger, Paul Richter, Jr., Sam E. Greenwald, William A. Stapp, Frank Lockhart, and Morrison Stapp.

Now count the letters in those names! And watch for the stunts of the "Cats" in pictures!

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 58

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

"His Secretary" — Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer shows how plain she can look in entertaining picture of homely stenographer who startles and fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

"Hogan's Alley"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue in fantastic tale of New York's slums with melodramatic finish in which train wrecks, motor wrecks, landslides, airplanes, and dare-devil feats are all mixed up together.

Ibáñez's "Torrent"—Metro-Goldwyn. Interesting film introducing the magnetic Swedish actress, Greta Garbo, to American audiences. Ricardo Cortez plays young lover whose mother's influence kills his romance and ruins two lives.

"Infatuation"—First National. A triangle film, based on Somerset Maugham's "Cæsar's Wife." Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont, as the husband and wife, and Malcolm MacGregor, as the disturbing factor, all give intelligent performances.

"Irish Luck"—Paramount. Beautiful background of Ireland an outstanding feature of film in which Thomas Meighan plays dual rôle of New York policeman and Irish lord who between them foil the villains of the piece. Lois Wilson a personable heroine.

"Just Suppose" — First National. Richard Barthelmess in the rôle of a young prince who visits this country and falls in love with an American débutante, prettily played by Lois Moran.

"King on Main Street, The"—Paramount. Crisp, refreshing light comedy. Adolphe Menjou perfect as an amusing king who comes to America, with mistress in tow, and falls in love with American girl. Greta Nissen is the foreign lady; Bessie Love, the American.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the screen of Barrie's delightful tale of starved London waif whose vivid imagination finds expression in her fantastic dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as *Cinderella;* Tom Moore a delight as London bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar Wilde's story of a mother of doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from same mistake. Well done. May McAvoy in title rôle; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Live Wire, The"—First National. Johnny Hines in a stunt film full of excitement, comedy, and unique situations.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

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"Mannequin"—Paramount. Fannie Hurst's prize *Liberty Magazine* story. Baby girl, stolen by her nurse, grows up ignorant of her real parentage, murders man, and comes to trial before her own father. Dolores Costello, Alice Joyce, and Warner Baxter.

"Man on the Box, The"—Warner. Syd Chaplin a hit in an entertaining burlesque which he handles to perfection, throwing in many a funny trick, and finishing off with an amusing impersonation of a maid.

"Man Upstairs, The"—Warner. Adapted from the story "The Agony Column." Good comedy-melodrama, with Monte Blue, Dorothy Devore, and John Roche.

"Masked Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fantastic tale of the Paris underworld, with Mae Murray in her usual dancing rôle. Francis X. Bushman plays big-hearted millionaire who lifts her from her sordid surroundings.

"Memory Lane"—First National. Simple tale of village girl who, having chosen between two admirers and settled down to domesticity, begins to wonder if she has chosen right. Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel, and William Haines.

"Midshipman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing film of life at Annapolis, with Ramon Novarro in rôle of a midshipman. Marred only by some impossible situations and too much sentiment.

"Mike"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old-fashioned tale full of lovable ragamuffins, quaint characters, and amiable animals, but lacking in plot. Sally O'Neil pert and pretty in overalls; William Haines an engaging country boy.

"Moana"—Paramount. Picturesque and interesting film of actual life of actual characters in the South Sea Islands, showing the gradual rise of a youth to manhood.

"Old Clothes"—Metro-Goldwyn. Jackie Coogan a little more grown up in a typical Coogan film full of hokum which his acting makes plausible and funny.

"Only Thing, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another of Elinor Glyn's royal romances. Conrad Nagel, as an English duke, and Eleanor Boardman, as a previously betrothed Northern princess, finally come together after many vicissitudes, including a gory revolution.

"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruesome story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as *Phantom*, pretty awful to look at, Norman Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Regular Fellow, A"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith delightful in an amusing picture satirizing the social life of a modern crown prince. Mary Brian opposite him.

"Road to Yesterday, The"—Producers Distributing. Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, and William Boyd play four modern young people who are carried by a train wreck back into the Middle Ages and are seen in their former incarnations.

"Sally, Irene, and Mary"—Metro-Goldwyn. A light, amusing comedy concerned with the evils and dangers of Broadway. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Sally O'Neil are three musical-comedy girls. William Haines is the hero.

"Satan in Sables"—Warner. Lowell Sherman as a rather dissipated but very attractive Russian prince who goes through life counting no costs, suffering for it in the end. Pauline Garon lively as a naughty but innocent little French girl.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"—Paramount. Hilarious version of the stage play; Douglas MacLean is the young author who tries to write a book in twenty-four hours, to win his publisher's daughter.

"Seven Sinners"—Warner. Marie Prevost, John Patrick, and Clive Brook are the three most important of seven crooks who simultaneously attempt to rob the same country house and all get locked in together. Good comedy.

"Simon the Jester"—Producers Distributing. Rather sentimental adaptation of William J. Locke's novel of a young man who falls in love with a circus girl. Eugene O'Brien, whimsical and wry; Lillian Rich, tearful as the girl.

"Skinner's Dress Suit"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy of young clerk whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dares not tell her he has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.

"Song and Dance Man, The"—Paramount. Clever, amusing picture of the ups and downs of vaudeville players. Tom Moore, Bessie Love, and good supporting cast, make things interesting.

"Splendid Crime, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a lady crook who falls in love with a handsome young man, played by Neil Hamilton, and straightway reforms. Not an unusually exciting film, but worth seeing.

"Splendid Road, The"—First National. A fast and furious film of the California gold-rush days, with Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Frazer in the foreground.

"Stage Struck"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson in slapstick comedy; tale of small-town waitress with stage aspirations who joins a cheap traveling show with amusing results.

"That Royle Girl"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith picture—rather brassy melodrama featuring Carol Dempster, and including a murder trial and a cyclone. James Kirkwood, Harrison Ford, and W. C. Fields form the male contingent.

"Tumbleweeds"—United Artists. Return of William S. Hart as noble cowboy in film of homesteading land rush.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of prodigal son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"We Moderns"—First National. Colleen Moore very much alive as English flapper who loses heart to drawing-room poet and does some rather startling things in process of getting him.

"What Happened to Jones"—Universal. Reginald Denny in another enter-

taining film, dealing with a young man who gets into all sorts of complications. Marian Nixon and Zasu Pitts add to the fun.

"Womanhandled"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a delightful light comedy of a polo-playing young Easterner who, to win a girl, tries to become a man of the great open spaces. Esther Ralston is the girl.

"Yankee Señor, The"—Fox. One of best films Tom Mix has made in some time. Complicated plot, with Olive Borden as heroine.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"American Venus, The"—Paramount. An elaborate fashion film centering about a beauty contest. Gaudy and uninteresting. Esther Ralston in leading rôle.

"Best People, The"—Paramount. Shopworn tale of wealthy, drinking, dancing family who make fuss when favorite daughter falls in love with model chauffeur. Warner Baxter and Esther Ralston head cast.

"Bright Lights" — Metro-Goldwyn. Rustic drama of a country boy and a chorus girl in which Charles Ray is made to look foolish in a type of rôle that he long ago outgrew. Pauline Starke is thoroughly suitable as the chorus girl.

"Cobra"—Paramount. A lethargic melodrama in which Rudolph Valentino, always impeccably dressed, comes under the spell of the serpentine Nita Naldi, who eventually meets with a dreadful end in a hotel fire.

"Compromise"—Warner. Badly done picture of supersensitive young girl who marries childhood playmate and soon afterward loses him to minxish half sister. Irene Rich, Clive Brook, and Pauline Garon appear.

"Flower of Night" — Paramount. Loosely knit picture of fiery Spanish girl, Pola Negri, who goes to every extreme in attempt to rouse responsive warmth in the cold heart of a New Englander. Screen début of Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy.

"Joanna"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill, a comedienne of the first order, in badly directed picture of poor shopgirl who is suddenly thrust into a life of luxury by being given a million dollars to use as she pleases.

"Keeper of the Bees, The"—F. B. O. Gene Stratton-Porter's story; sentimental melodrama, that becomes ridiculous. Good cast, including Robert Frazer, Alyce Mills, and Clara Bow.

"Lights of Old Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slight, unamusing film of old New York, bringing together Marion Davies, as the actress daughter of a belligerent Irish squatter, and Conrad Nagel, as the wealthy son of a proud old aristocrat.

"Lord Jim"—Paramount. A poor attempt to transpose Conrad's book to the screen. Percy Marmont, unconvincing as a sailor with a complex of fear, who deserts his ship and suffers for it. Shirley Mason, the South Sea heroine.

"New Brooms"—Paramount. A good comedy ruined by poor handling. Bessie Love's acting only bright spot. Neil Hamilton, handsome, but not funny.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

YVONNE AND JACQUELINE BEAUCAIRE.—Your questions were sent in too late for the March issue. They have reached me only in time, in fact, to be answered in the June number. I'm not sure that I like being called an "old aig." An egg, yes, a good egg, or even a fresh egg—but not an old egg! Ben Lyon was christened Benjamin Lyon. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, about twenty-six years ago. He is five feet eleven inches. The extras playing in a picture are never announced in the cast, and so it is very difficult to find out who they are. See Gloria Fan. So you have twenty-three cats? No, I wouldn't even want half of them—there's not enough catnip in New York to feed them all.

R. H.—I always appreciate any one's sending me information which I am unable to obtain, and I thank you very much for your trouble. Some one else wrote me just before you did, telling me the name of the Pavlowa picture Le Soleil inquired about, and I passed on the information in a recent issue. In case Le Soleil did not see that issue of PICTURE-PLAY, the Pavlowa film in question was "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

PEGGY MADDEN.—I am delighted that you find my answers more satisfactory than those in some of the other screen magazines—I certainly try hard, and none of us can do more, can we? Dorothy Mackaill is not engaged, and I think has no intention of becoming so at present. (I know her fairly well.) I do not happen to know whether she has any brothers or sisters, as the subject never happened to come up. Miss Mackaill is, as you say, a "refined type of girl." She is quite vivacious and lots of fun, but not loud. She is, I think, much more striking to look at in real life than on the screen. I would be delighted to see a copy of your story. Dorothy's new picture is "The Dancer of Paris" (story by Michael Arlen), and then she plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Ranson's Folly." Yes, she lives in Mount Vernon, New York, but I am not permitted, as a rule, to publish players' home addresses. You can reach her, of course, in care of First National.

HARRIET DALE RICHARDSON.—It takes about three months for an answer to appear in PICTURE-PLAY. "The Black Pirate" had its New York première on March 8th. Pedro de Cordoba plays in movies only occasionally; I do not know his address. Lloyd Hughes' address is added to the list at the end of this department. He is married to Gloria Hope.

BERT.—Why, Bert, I do believe you're maligning Conrad Nagel. I'm quite sure he doesn't wear a toupee, and that he isn't bald. He just has blond hair, which perhaps doesn't always show up well on the screen.

A FAN.—I can never guess who you are from that, can I? The heroine in "The Thoroughbred" was Virginia Brown Faire. She has also played in "Omar the Tentmaker," "Monte Cristo," "Fightin' Mad," "Vengeance of the Deep," "Storm Swept," and "Cricket on the Hearth." She hasn't appeared much lately. Write her at the address given in the list at the end of this department.

Addresses of Players

Buster Collier, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Alice Joyce, Bessie Love, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Donald Keith, and Kathlyn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sally O'Neil, Helene d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Lois Moran, Viola Dana, Dorothy Seastrom, Rudolph Valentino, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Eugene O'Brien, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Marc McDermott, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, House Peters, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobbs, Jack Daugherty, and Mary McAllister, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Jacqueline Logan, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Marion Harlan, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Charles Mack, care of D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Clive Brook, Don Alvarez, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Alice Calhoun, Matt Moore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Mary Astor, Ben Lyon, at Biograph Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Reed Howe, Wanda Hawley, at Rayart Productions, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Walter Miller, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.
Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.
Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.
Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.
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Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.
Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.
Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926.

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)
Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President,
of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1926. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 173, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1927.)

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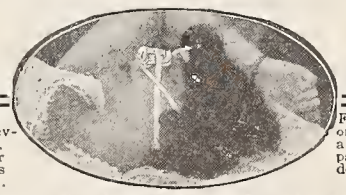

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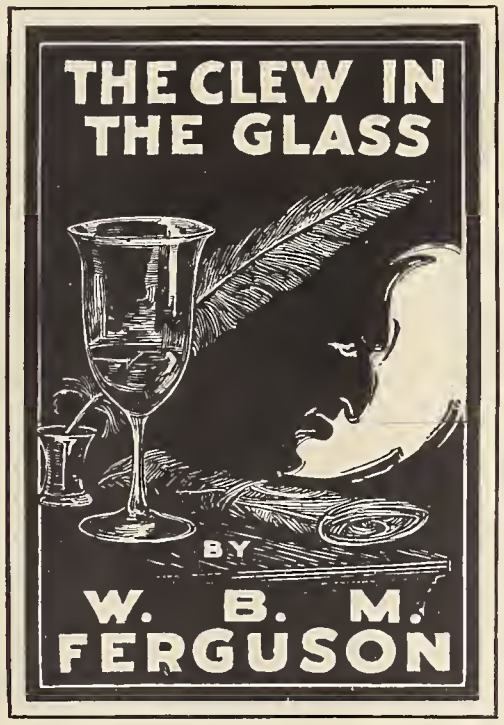

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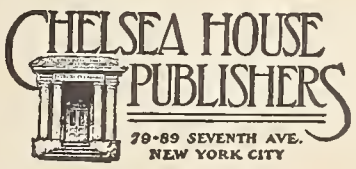

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JULY 1926

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Laugh If You Like—!

—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered,—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it.

"It's true, comparatively a few short months ago I didn't know one note from another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"But you all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so, I decided, it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but *real notes, catchy tunes*—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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With Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Esther Ralston, Louise Dresser. From the story by Arthur Train.

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"The Rainmaker"

With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavenbent" by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

W. C. Fields *in*
"It's the Old Army Game"

An Edward Sutherland Production. Meaning "Never give a sucker an even break." From J. P. McEvoy's "The Comic Supplement." Adapted by Luther Reed.

Pola Negri
in
"The Crown of Lies"

A Dimitri Buchowetzki Production. From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Zane Grey's
"Desert Gold"

A George B. Seitz Production. With Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, William Powell and Robert Frazer.

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Are Men or Women Better Actors?

THAT is a question that is to be debated by Helen Klumph and Malcolm H. Oettinger in our next issue, and the discussion is one which will interest every fan. Miss Klumph takes the stand that the women deserve more credit for their histrionic accomplishments than do the men, and Mr. Oettinger takes the opposite stand. Our readers who are familiar with the work of these two contributors will know in advance that the debate will be carried on in a spirited and clever manner, and we have no doubt that many of them will be sharpening up their pens in order to follow up the argument with their own views on the subject in "What the Fans Think," for the month following.

OUR YOUNGER READERS—AND OUR OLDER ONES, TOO—

will be thrilled by Dorothy Manners' account of her childhood days in Hollywood. She became interested in the players at quite an early age, and her description of her attempts to get acquainted with some of them makes one of the most delightfully humorous articles we have read of late.

YOU MAY BE SURPRISED TO KNOW

that a national council of churches is working with the motion-picture producers, and is helping them to simplify some of their difficult problems. How this "federal council," as it is called, coöperates with the producers in suggesting methods of handling certain stories so that they will be inoffensive to the churches, and at the same time, provide good entertainment, is an interesting chapter in the recent development of motion-picture making.

WE SHALL HAVE MANY PERSONALITY STORIES

but we are going to mention only one—a story about Vera Gordon, written by Myrtle Gebhart. It is a tale of such depth of feeling that we hope that every motion-picture fan will read it. After doing so, you will feel that you really *know* that big-hearted woman, whom you have seen in so many mother rôles, and whom you will see in many more to come.

The Cruise of the Colleen Bawn

By Frank Carruthers

Author of "Terror Island."

Shanghaied!

Certain big business interests wanted Sid Livingston out of the way for a while. That was how he came to be shanghaied on board the clipper-built schooner, *Colleen Bawn,* for a voyage to the Pribilof Islands, in Bering Sea.

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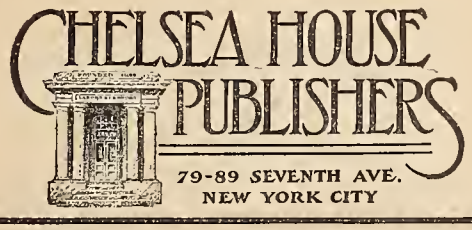

Index to Picture-Play Magazine

FROM JANUARY, 1926 TO JUNE, 1926

The following index lists the contents of the last six issues of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE under three general classifications: *Personalities, Screen Productions,* and *General Subjects.* The first classification gives references to all photographs, interviews, and articles pertaining to all persons listed. The second refers to reviews, picture layouts, stories, and location letters about screen productions. The third is a list of all general subjects covered.

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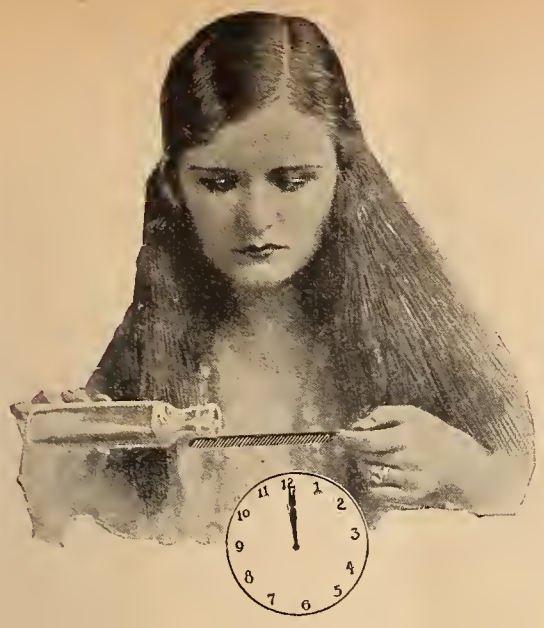


Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair beautifully curly *in 20 minutes*

THE SPANISH BEGGAR'S PRICELESS GIFT

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey, who used to put hurrs in our pigtails and angle worms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderful curly hair. But Charity and I could never coax ours out of a straight line.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's Eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the bobbing vogue first came in I had my hair cut, hoping against hope that would improve its looks. Realizing my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year's Eve it was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and, to my surprise, she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her—then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift.

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza, where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passersby. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him good-bye and pressed a gold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made.

"'*Hija mia,*' he said, 'You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita,* what it is your heart most desires.'

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"'*Oigame, senorita,*' he said—'what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero.* Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"'Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him,—go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, senorita, voya con Tios.*'

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me feel. I did not take it seriously, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he bowed and vanished into the rear of his store. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"By this time I was terribly excited—could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Breathlessly I watched Charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremblingly my fingers undid my hair and applied the liquid.

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror, I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal offer, which places this new found beauty secret within reach of all women, regardless of their financial status.

Now the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by injurious "permanent waves," for this remarkable Spanish Curling Fluid, called "Wave-Sta," will bring you beautifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer **now** and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.

A Matchless Marcelle

Lovely Curls in 20 minutes

New Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and marcelling problem for bobbed heads. Just a few drops when dressing your "bob," 20 minutes' drying and presto! you have a mass of beautiful ringlets, waves and curls. "Wave-Sta" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.

Wavy Bob

Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time we are offering a full-size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising, and selling, which we figured down to $1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of our special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him $1.97, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. We urge that you take advantage of it at once. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines Street, Chicago

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

COUPON

CENTURY CHEMISTS **Chicago, Ill.**
Jackson Bld., at Desplaines St. Dept. 1

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of $1.97, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

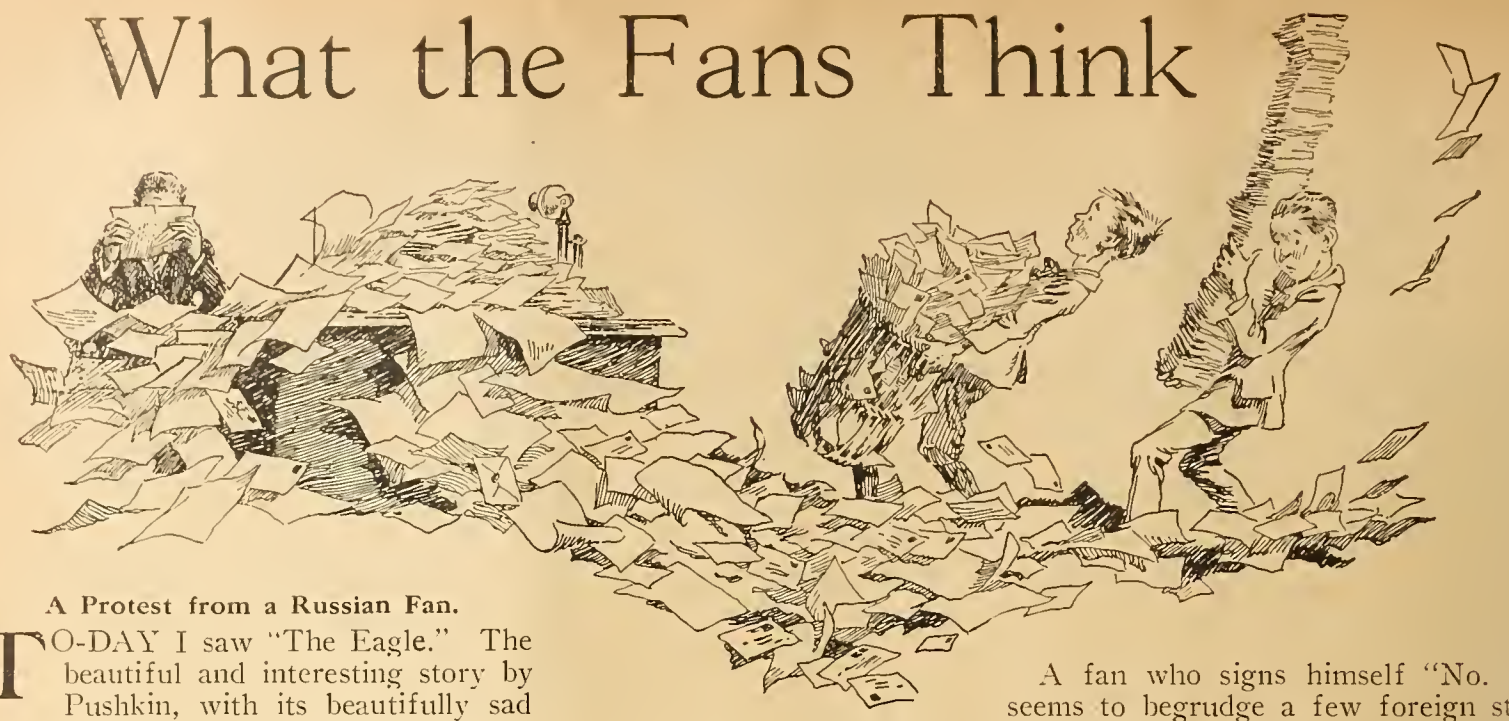
Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose $2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.

What the Fans Think



A Protest from a Russian Fan.

TO-DAY I saw "The Eagle." The beautiful and interesting story by Pushkin, with its beautifully sad ending, was turned into the usual American melodrama, ending happily. *Czarina* was more looking like a dancer from a café, with her awful manners. I never saw before such a badly elevated *Czarina*. The comic scenes were unbearable. Oh, poor Russian *Czarina!* What a caricature of Russian life and characters. *Czarina* in love with *Dubrovsky!* Oh, please don't say it to any Russian man! It was more than I could endure. I don't know what I did—what I cried in this moment—my neighbor was furious. Some scenes were nice, but they weren't Russian looking. Russian life was shown wrongly. What more can I say? Poor Rudolph—his sympathetic and childish smile charmed me. Certainly all the people, except Russians, will enjoy it. TZVETKOVA MARIA.

Montreal, Canada.

American Versus Foreign Stars.

What is the matter with these Americans?

Why do they praise and praise Valentino? Our American actors are just as handsome as he, some are even better looking than he. Every time he makes a move, it is published in the papers. Only the good moves, however.

An American girl am I, and an American man I would praise, such as Milton Sills, Rod La Rocque, Bobby Agnew, Thomas Meighan, or Douglas Fairbanks.

If the producers would give Mabel Normand a chance to come back—as she is an American girl—instead of importing more of these foreign actors and actresses, we might have no kick, but these foreign actors and actresses should stay at home. Why should the money of the American people go toward their huge salaries?

AN AMERICAN FAN.

Come on now, fans! Buck up! Tell us what you think, *truthfully*. Do we want a big foreign invasion in our motion-picture colony, or shall we stick to our own true American boys? Wouldn't the majority of us much rather see Ben Lyon or Richard Dix than a dark foreign man with no pep in him? If you wouldn't, I feel sorry for you. They say a dark Spanish type makes love more serenely on the screen than an American boy. Maybe so, but wouldn't we rather see a kiss that has meaning and only takes up a few feet of film, than a foreign kiss, where the film is wasted? Is Ricardo Cortez more popular than Wallace Reid was? Answer me that, fans. Let's stick to our own type.

ANNA MAY.

Chicago, Ill.

A fan who signs himself "No. 13" seems to begrudge a few foreign stars their popularity. I would not mind had he not mentioned Menjou and Cortez and Valentino. Whether we know their lineage or not, surely we do know that they have genius and truly deserve the little homage we Americans give. I am a true American, but I must frankly say that there is, at times, a fire, a certain genuine quality, about some foreign stars that our American actors lack.

What American star could have played Adolphe Menjou's part in "The King on Main Street" with as rare humor or natural technique? And Ricardo Cortez in "The Pony Express" gave a genuine performance that no other star could do as well.

I'm for a sincere welcome to any foreign star who can make her audience feel as keenly as Vilma Banky did in "The Dark Angel." Her ethereal, flowerlike beauty, her sincere appeal, attracted me so much that I did not stop to consider who her ancestors were or from what foreign land she had come.

Auburn, New York. THELMA JANE.

How can Amy Anderson, whose letter was printed in your February issue, say that Valentino is better than Gilbert? I wonder if she saw "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade?" I doubt it, because after seeing such glorious pictures, she could not possibly say John Gilbert is no drawing card!

Without a doubt Valentino has "dropped out of the picture." "The Eagle" was good, but that was because of the splendid acting of Vilma Banky.

Personally, I like only the American stars. Pola Negri, Valentino, Novarro, and Greta Nissen appeal to me not at all.

654 Chain Street, S. J. K.
Norristown, Pennsylvania.

An Answer to Two Letters.

There were two letters in a recent issue of your magazine which I should like to answer.

The first was from a "Disappointed and Disillusioned Fan."

Surely it is hardly fair to be so annoyed because Anita Stewart has not answered her letter. Just think of the hundreds of eulogies that actress must receive every day! And did the fan inclose stamps for postage? That is a considerable item in a star's expenditure. Perhaps, too, the answer may have arrived after all! I think the American stars are wonderful about the signed-photo business. In England, we have to be content with a post card. [Continued on page 12]

In the Lives of Other Women

You may find a simple solution of the greatest of hygienic handicaps

This new way insures charm, immaculacy and exquisiteness under the most trying conditions, offering 3 features unknown before, including easy disposal

Easy Disposal

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(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

TO MEET every day at your best, to wear your gayest frocks with a care-free mind, your sheerest things without a moment's fear!—do you wish it?

Millions of women—eight out of every ten in the better walks of life—have adopted this new way. A way that supplants the insecurity of the old-time sanitary pad with a protection that is absolute.

It has changed the hygienic habits of the world. It will make a great difference in your life, in your peace of mind and your health.

3 unique features unknown before . . . obtainable no other way

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It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad is de*odor*ized by a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

[There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.]

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind, and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent, Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Any substitute you may be offered will be entirely different in action, disposal and efficiency—merely an imitation, made to *look* like Kotex. You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

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PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

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Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

The second letter was one signed "The Prophet," though what the writer is prophesying I fail to see. This person asks several questions of the world at large, which I will do my best to answer.

Did any one see Mr. Valentino tango in "Monsieur Beaucaire" or "The Eagle," or "The Sheik?" Was he "sheikish" as the haughty *Duc de Chartres,* or as the very boyish *Vladimir Dubrovsky?*

As for "hogging" his films, the accusation is as absurd as it is despicable. I have had the great honor of meeting and taking tea with this great artist, and no one could be more absolutely unassuming and lacking in conceit. Mr. Valentino is a perfect gentleman—which is more than can be said of half the misnamed critics who delight in yelping when they dare not openly attack.

I should like also to answer "No. 13," who asks where all these foreign stars have sprung from. For the greater part I do not know, but surely every one who is in the least interested in the screen knows the story of Mr. Valentino's struggle before he won success in "The Four Horsemen." It is the most human and tragic story in filmland. He is just a dear, unspoiled boy, and I am ready to defend him against all comers! MERCIA STANHOPE.

"Highcroft," Warltersville Road, London, N 19, England.

Give Pola a Chance.

Why all the general excitement about La Negri losing out, so far as acting is concerned? It is perfectly plain that she is being wasted in stupid films. La Negri is a type, and in portraying that type she has neither equal nor superior. She was beyond compare in "Gypsy Blood" and "Passion," both foreign films. But—and here's the important point—during her entire sojourn in America, she has made only one passably clever picture, "Forbidden Paradise," and that under the direction of Lubitsch, a foreign director!

However, in spite of that, she has many, many fans. Why? Because she is too great to be kept down even by mediocre stories. In "East of Suez," bad as it was, one received glimpses of the force and personality of the woman. Give her a chance! A few good pictures with Lubitsch at the helm, and watch Pola hit her old stride again. OLIVE HINGLE.

16 North Ocean Avenue, Freeport, New York.

In Praise of Esther Ralston.

This letter is written for the joint attention of PICTURE-PLAY, Esther Ralston, and your contributor, Marie Price, of San Pedro, California.

It is surprising to me how a woman of Miss Price's intelligence—as the tenor of her letter suggests—can couple a word like "disgust" with Miss Ralston's splendid work in "The American Venus."

Miss Ralston is a complete personification of the many virtues which characterize the modern American girl. She is possessed of a womanly sweetness, a youthful vitality, a graceful movement of limb, and a buoyancy of spirit that few women can boast. She is more than twice blessed. If this is her heritage, is it not more godly to share it than to conceal it?

GEORGE BEACH.

1771 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

I think that Miss Marie Price is a bit too hasty in her judgment of Esther Ralston because of some photographs of the actress published when "The American Venus" was being filmed. Miss Ralston impresses me as being the most beautiful girl in motion pictures, and it is not a baby type of beauty nor that beauty which is only skin deep, but a beauty that comes from the soul. Perhaps it is unfortunate for Miss Ralston that she posed for those pictures, for there are probably many who think as Miss Price, but we all do not think as Miss Price does. There are many, many others who can admire beauty as an artist does. I pity those who cannot look at photographs of this sort without becoming disgusted; I feel that there is something sadly lacking in their make-up. To be sure, there are some actresses who go to the extreme in things of this sort—those who hope to gain a following by being sensational—but Esther Ralston is not one of these. To me she will always be the symbol of pure American womanhood.

ROLAND O. CLARK.

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

The Most Beautiful Star.

I beg to take the dare of Mr. Robert Ruffing and defy him when he says Norma Shearer is "the most beautiful person on the screen." A statement as broad as that lays itself open to discussion and criticism. There are three words that are often misplaced as synonyms for "beauty." They are, "charm," "personality," and "distinction." Human beauty, of course, is more a matter of personal taste than actual line—just as red is the favorite color of some, while blue appeals to others.

Miss Shearer most certainly has distinction, individuality, and a definite charm; but, when a phrase like "the most beautiful person on the screen" is used, it is sure to call forth comment.

How does Mr. Ruffing class women like Claire Windsor, Carmel Myers, May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Constance Talmadge, Marie Prevost, Dolores Costello, Laura La Plante, and Madge Bellamy (who is going to cause a mild revolution with her blond bob in "Sandy")?

I haven't mentioned talent, charm, or personality in naming these nine women—have just classified them as physical beauties, based on my impressions of them both on and off the screen.

I admire Norma Shearer a great deal, but I certainly *don't* think that, against so much competition, she can be rated as "the most beautiful person on the screen."

ELIZABETH CARMICHAEL.

"Gorilla" Company—en route.

Just Like Ramon.

I am particularly pleased with the May edition of PICTURE-PLAY, and being so pleased, I just have to write. *Every article was splendid!* I enjoyed "The Return of Sheriff Nell" very much. We will be glad to see her again.

I suppose I will be called a "softy," but tears came to my eyes when I read of Ramon kissing Polly Moran. It is just like our Ramon to do such a naturally sweet thing. BABE.

Chicago, Ill.

Why Men Go to the Movies.

Do men go to the movies just to see beautiful women and naughty eyes? To see which has the prettiest form? To see who is a vamp?

Men go to the movies to see:

1. The personality of a star.
2. The clothes the star wears.

Continued on page 112

The Greatest Adventure Romance of All!

THE SEA BEAST

starring

JOHN BARRYMORE

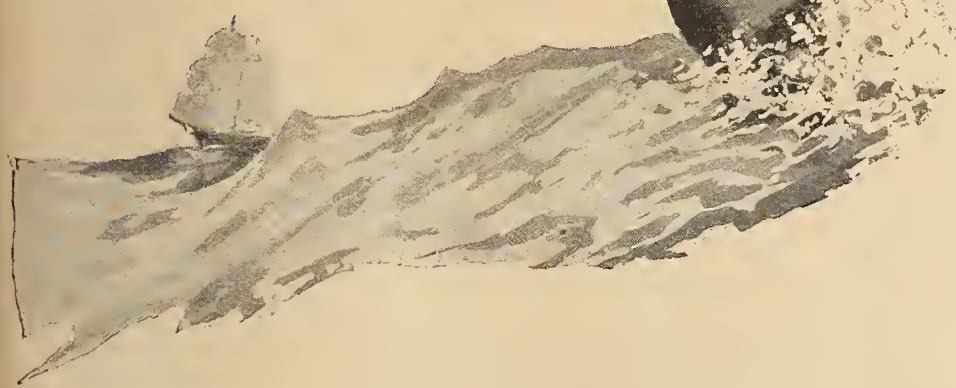
with

DOLORES COSTELLO

The great supporting cast includes George O'Hara, Mike Donlin and hundreds of others.

From the famous adventure novel, "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

Directed by MILLARD WEBB



Gripping in its dramatic intensity and photographic beauty, "The Sea Beast" has been acclaimed by millions as the greatest photoplay of many seasons. Against a background of stirring, colorful adventure at sea, John Barrymore enacts his finest role. Opposite him is Dolores Costello, the appealing heroine, who illumines the picture with the glory of young love, and justifies the prediction that she is to become one of the screen's most illustrious actresses. Truly, your round of entertainment is not complete unless you've seen "The Sea Beast". It's a Warner Bros. Production

Varied and Delightful Entertainment!

Watch for these pictures at your favorite theatre.

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An ERNST LUBITSCH Production

The directorial genius of Ernst Lubitsch brings to the screen all the subtle charm and delightful moments of Oscar Wilde's masterful play. Irene Rich in the stellar role portrays the woman of the world of sophistication. Sparkling, satirical, captivating. One of the year's outstanding productions.

—o—

IRENE RICH

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN

with Patsy Ruth Miller

The splendid stage play which was awarded the Pulitzer prize as the year's greatest drama—now more inspiring than ever on the screen. A monumental tribute to all that goes to make absorbing entertainment. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton.

—o—

RIN-TIN-TIN

THE NIGHT CRY

starring Rin-Tin-Tin

The famous police dog star in the most amazing picture of its kind ever screened. It is a story of the sheep country with melodramatic thrills, suspense and romance interwoven. Every lover of dogs or pictures, young and old, will want to see this. Directed by Herman Raymaker.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Even the most blase of theatregoers burst into spasms of spontaneous merriment at the antics of Chaplin. In this picture Chaplin becomes a groom just to be near the girl he admires. The ensuing complications make a mirthful riot from start to finish. Directed by Chuck Reisner.

—o—

SYD CHAPLIN

WHY GIRLS GO BACK HOME

starring Patsy Ruth Miller

You'll never guess why they do go back home! The climax of this picture will be a complete shock to you. Here is a flippant, lively and diverting story of Broadway theatrical life. Filled with absorbing situations. Directed by James Flood.

—o—

PATSY RUTH MILLER

OH, WHAT A NURSE!

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Oh, what a picture! Syd Chaplin in this latest and best. Funnier, faster laughing thrills than you've ever seen. In the big city—out to sea—and back again. Sure, there is romance, but it is funny! Directed by Chuck Reisner.

MONTE BLUE

WARNER BROS. PRODUCTIONS

1600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Drums of War Roll Beneath the High, Wild Laughter of Life!

The laughter dies. Vienna, city of pleasure, becomes the city of haunted nights . . . Defeat! . . .

There is the stage, set for the indescribable scenes of "The Greater Glory." Love blazes, flickers, dwindles in a starved people—yet never dies. Famine fights faith; hysteria runs with hope. But though thousands of players sweep across the stage, you never can forget the glorious woman whose beauty draws tribute from the squandering rich to succor the strange underworld of aristocracy that cast her off. Her romance completes this masterpiece.

The biggest theatres in America will play this magnificent

Written for the screen by JUNE MATHIS
Directed by . . . . CURT REHFELD

First National Picture

First National Pictures

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, July, 1926, VOLUME XXIV NUMBER 5

"The Deluge" is to be Cecil De Mille's next superproduction. As in the case of "The Ten Commandments," the theme was chosen by a popular contest, in which 38,000 persons contributed ideas. The first part will show the destruction of life in the time of Noah, and the later sequence will foretell a final destruction of the modern, sinful world by a comet. This picture, by Doré, and other drawings by the same master, will be used as models for some of the impressive scenes.

As an English lover in "Soul Mates," his method was to fascinate the girl, and yet stay aloof.

Making Love in

Edmund Lowe tells what he has the difference in the love-making

By A. L.

EDMUND LOWE has been having a whale of a time learning to love in French, Russian, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish, not to mention English. Just about the time that he has mastered the kind of half nelson which is *de mode* in Paris, he finds that an effort to get the same hold in London would be sufficient justification for summoning the "bobs." And he has learned that a Portuguese petting party attempted in Moscow would warrant his being shot at sunrise.

Edmund is rapidly becoming known as one of the great lovers of the screen, but the appellation has cost him many long hours of research and study. In cold, bleak Siberia, for instance, they don't make love in the same way that they do in Portugal, where warm summer nights and magnolia blossoms put romance in the air. Nor is the ardent yet somewhat formal love of England in any way similar to the passionate, all-devouring amours of Spain. The rapturous, soul-stirring kiss of the Latins, if administered in a British play, would make the gallery god exclaim:

"Wot's the moitter with tha bloke? Is 'e 'ungry?"

And a little, tender kiss, affectionately bestowed by a Londoner in a Latin play, would make the caballeros of Spain cry in disgust:

"*Sacre!* The hombre's shoes must hurt!"

Screen love-making must be true to country, and many a faux pas is avoided only by diligent search in musty volumes for pictures and descriptions of native embraces. In his last half a dozen pictures, Mr. Lowe has portrayed just as many different kinds of lovers. And he has had his ups and downs at the task, too.

Away back in the Thomas H. Ince days, when "Barbara Fritchie" was being made, Lowe was put on a polo pony which was as cantankerous as a horse from the sawdust ring.

"He tossed me in the air all day and caught me as I came down," Edmund says. "He was a wonder. He only missed me once!"

Then, in "In the Palace of the King," they put tin pants on his mount, then loaded Lowe himself with armor and told him to be chivalrous and make love.

"It can't be done!" he exclaimed.

Research into European manners and customs has convinced Mr. Lowe that amours in France are divided between love and wondrous passion—possibly the most ardent passion in the world. The French people love with an intensity and a constancy and a demand-for-all which to them transcends everything that exists. Love, to their way of thinking, is the greatest thing in the universe. When Mr. Lowe was called upon to play the leading masculine rôle in "The Winding Stair," with Alma Rubens, he found that his demeanor had to be one of ultrapoliteness, and yet sufficiently masculine and strong to sway the emotions of a maid.

As a Portuguese swain in "The Palace of Pleasure," he adopted an adroit, intriguing, yet persistent method.

"It was a story of the Franco-Prussian war," he explains, "and cleverly evolved. I, an officer, was thrown by my horse (there's that horse again), into the rose garden of a convent, there to see a beautiful, dark-eyed girl with all the beauty of sunny France painted in her features. An army officer and a convent girl! In a garden of flowers! Alone! Gad, what a setting!

"But the polite, ever-courteous gentleman in uniform could not forget his gracious manners, and though he was immediately enamored of the beautiful creature before him, he must preserve the gentle dignity of the well-bred Frenchman. Now, an American officer would probably have gathered himself together, appreciated the ludicrous position in which he had landed, grinned at his discomfiture, and said—'Well, look

Six Languages

learned in his screen career about technique of various nationalities.

Wooldridge.

There was something dignified, exquisite, about the impassioned scenes between the Russian lovers in "Siberia."

who's here! I'm Bob Brown from the —th Cavalry. Just dropped in for a little chat. I very often arrive that way. What's your name, please?' And he would have got away with it.

"But the French officer, according to tradition, must rise as graciously as possible, beg a million pardons for such a sudden intrusion, bow low, and make as though to depart—but with no intention of going. His knowledge of French maids tells him that if the little convent girl doesn't want him to go, she will not let him. This is the beginning of a romance, and the French work fast. A kiss on the hand, a kiss on the cheek, and suddenly a kiss full on the lips and they go 'blind to the world.' He leaves her bewildered, unsteady, but with the understanding that they will meet again—immediately.

"That's French love—a love filled with wondrous passion. Hot kisses make it so.

"Dissimilar in every way is the love-making of merry England. In Elinor Glyn's 'Soul Mates,' I played the rôle of a chap perfectly irresponsible, yet damnably attractive to a maiden of the isle. The idea was to fascinate her and yet stay aloof, to tease her with apparent indifference, and yet lure her on till the situation became maddening. Afternoon teas, fast rides, fox hounds, the chase! A hunting trip during which he is too lazy to rise early, so doesn't hunt! A kiss almost impressed upon the lips of the girl, but withheld. Teasing, tantalizing, exasperating, until the time arrives for cave-man tactics and he carries her away.

As a French officer in "The Winding Stair," Lowe played the love scenes with gentle dignity.

Chivalry had to be enacted in all the love scenes of "In the Palace of the King."

"Great story! That chap was the man for my heart. Aileen Pringle was marvelous as the girl, and I have never had a rôle which I enjoyed any more.

"Then there was, by way of contrast, Portuguese love as portrayed in 'The Palace of Pleasure,' with Betty Compson. If a Portuguese swain should adopt the system of that English lover, he would find himself sitting on the side lines watching the parade go by and wondering if it was because his clothes were hand-me-downs. They don't make love that way in Portugal. Theirs is the adroit, intriguing, yet persistent wooing which nothing can stop. It recognizes no obstacles. You possibly remember that 'The Palace of Pleasure' was supposed to portray incidents in the life of Lola Montez, the great vampire, and I played the rôle of a nobleman in the Royalist party. You remember, perhaps, how I became a bandit,

Continued on page 94

Enter the Tear

The cutie complex is ended, and is a sad-eyed girl whose chief

By Edwin

Photo by Melbourne Spurr *There's a wistful sadness in Vilma Banky's eyes that has proved to be very compelling on the screen.*

BE clever, be bright, be entertaining, or what you will, to your friends and acquaintances. But if you want to get on in the movies, be beautiful, of course, but above all things be sad.

Sorrow is the latest cultivated pose in Hollywood. Melpomene arises, while Thalia is overthrown. And that *plaza jocosa,* the Boulevard, is by way of becoming a *via dolorosa,* judging by the countenance of those who are now coming into fame.

The two outstanding hits of the past season were made by Dolores Costello and Vilma Banky, whose pensiveness is the chief source of their charm. The new runner-up in the race for honors is Georgia Hale, of the soul-tortured gaze.

There are also the pitifully impelling Belle Bennett, the wistful Lois Moran, the intense Greta Garbo, the austerely agonized Elinor Fair of "The Volga Boatman," and a minor group comprising Dolores del Rio, Joan Crawford and Marceline Day—none of whom is addicted to gayety of temperament. The Peter Pan girls are vanishing; the emotionalist, petite or grand, is coming into her own.

Even the established favorites are turning toward more lachrymal moods. Lillian Gish, long high priestess of suffering, will achieve a new apotheosis of pain in "The Scarlet Letter." Mary Pickford has turned to a deeper pathos in "Sparrows," which is probably the greatest feature that she has ever filmed. Gloria Swanson is reported contemplating a rôle of tears. Norma Talmadge, after a fling at comedy in "Kiki," is soon to offer an interpretation of renunciation and grief-fraught sacrifice in "The Garden of Allah."

The novice with a *penseroso* expression is more welcome to the producer than the idea for a million-dollar epic. It is the day of the girl with the tragic eyes.

This change of mood in filmland was to be expected. The flapper, with her hectic frivolity, had been enthroned so long that the pendulum was bound to swing.

Also, there is a reaction against too much comedy, and in favor of romance. The heroine in love cannot be the blithe and happy trifler.

The present has been exceptionally propitious to an advance along the line of seriousness in every way. The bigger pictures of the year, while they may in some cases have had the outward mien of merriment, are in essence inclined toward the mood *pathétique.* Some of the happy end-

Photo by Seely *One of the most poignant emotional performances of the season was given by Belle Bennett.*

The intensity in Greta Garbo's personality makes itself felt even in her most vivacious moments.

ful Heroine

the new type of movie heroine appeal lies in her pensiveness.

Schallert

ings have even been tuned in a minor key, while others have been genuinely tragic.

"Stella Dallas," for one, is professedly elegiac. "The Big Parade," for all its bubbling of humorous exploits of the doughboy abroad, toucnes in its climax on a dramatically potent grief, relieved only through the final and somewhat pitiful reuniting of the American soldier and the French girl.

In its love story, "The Sea Beast" radiates a motif of pain and tribulation. And for all its ornamental charm, "La Bohème" sinks gradually and flutteringly into the cavernous depths of romantic pain. Even "The Dark Angel," despite its felicitous finale, is a story of patience and pity.

The reigning idols among the men of the screen have set a new pace. John Barrymore, by his acting, and even though he may duplicate the "Jekyll and Hyde" mood in many of his portrayals, always leaves with one the desire for that sterner sort of vigor in characterization which is composed of bitterness as well as of an ironic joy.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Most typical of the new régime of heroines is the tragic-eyed Dolores Costello.

Elinor Fair is another whose sorrowful eyes are well suited to suffering rôles.

Photo by Pearsall

Ronald Colman has long furnished the ideal of the anguished hero. Heartbreak is invariably written upon his face.

Nor is a mood of sorrow quite beyond the acting power of Jack Gilbert either, although this is not superficially so apparent as the sparkling and dash with which he has perhaps won the majority of his admirers.

Ramon Novarro is also a master of a sort of spiritual dolor. It is a fact, however, that his greatest forte is that he seems remote from mundane influences either for happiness or grief. The strongest element that he expresses is a perfect detachment from the flesh.

In a way, it is fundamental for every great picture success to be based on a pathetic rather than a light impulse. D. W. Griffith set this mark long ago, and it still prevails. The background of nearly every pretentious and forceful feature that he has made has had a suggestion of lurking disaster, and nearly every happy outcome, in his pictures, was reached only after the principal characters had been on the edge of despair.

The pathos of a Chaplin interpretation has long been the canvas upon which he has sketched in broad contrast his comedy antics. I do not give Chaplin the credit for all the highbrow intentions attributed to him, and I do not think that he is a great tragedian, but I do admit a certain compassion in his portrayals.

Dolores del Rio, the newly discovered actress from Mexico, is decidedly serious in temperament.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise *Though she has not yet found a clearly defined place on the screen, Joan Crawford suggests distinct emotional possibilities.*

The only picture maker who is brilliantly light, without the least touch of pathos in his films from year to year, is Douglas Fairbanks. Harold Lloyd even excites a certain heart sympathy. Some of the funniest spots in "The Freshman," for instance, were also intensely pathetic.

It is the new and frank acceptance of the tragical type of heroine, however, that is most interesting. It portends the end, for the time being, of the cutie complex—the demolishing of the Pollyanna and Cinderella régime. Prettiness, as such, is now one of the least valuable of assets for the girl who aspires for a chance in pictures. Character is the thing that is sought preeminently—that and an utter and complete distinctiveness of beauty.

The most ideal discovery in this connection, I believe, is Miss Costello. I would personally give her first place, although I admit it is difficult to say whether she or Vilma Banky will go the further. It depends a great deal on their opportunities—the stories selected for them—and just at present, it might seem that Miss Banky has a slight advantage in this respect.

To me, Miss Costello is loveliness personified. She is the perfect romantic heroine. I do not know of any, even among the long-established favorites, who might surpass the old-world charm that she disclosed in "The Sea Beast." There is a hint of patrician sensitiveness in her presence, and were it not for her immaturity, one might be inclined to compare her with the Elsie Ferguson of a few years ago.

Miss Banky is more orchidlike. A single false touch is likely to destroy her beauty. In "The Dark Angel," I thought the effect bad in her emotional scenes. She was better, I felt, in the more reposed rôle of a daughter of the aristocracy in Rudolph Valentino's "The Eagle," under the qualified and cautious direction of Clarence Brown. She would not be a type for a D. W. Griffith or an Ernst Lubitsch, who deal generally in the less repressed, though more vivid values of dramatic acting. Her one drawback, perhaps, is that she needs such extremely careful handling while she is working before the camera. King Vidor might do much with her—since he has a remarkable faculty for adapting his style of direction to the requirements of his players—were it not for the fact that his pictures are always of a more action-filled kind. I expect Henry King to be very successful with her in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," even though this part is not so well suited to her personality.

Altogether, Miss Banky is the most interesting player that has come from abroad since Pola Negri, and it may be that her future will be greater in America than that of Pola. She may adapt herself more comfortably to the demands of films made in this country. Needless to say, she is not, and never will be the actress that Pola is, but photographically, she is a more perfectly alluring type.

For Georgia Hale, there are no end of possibilities. But everything in this girl's future depends on the quality of the films in which she is presented, the sort of direction that she may receive. She is as yet absolutely an unawakened being, with a strange moodiness of temperament, and a mysterious spirituality and sophisticated detachment as well. Her acting in the café scene in "The Gold Rush," when she was unconscious of the presence of Chaplin gazing at her, was to me unforgetable.

The Swedish Greta Garbo excited a mixed opinion in Ibáñez's "Torrent." She is exotic—strange—not to be compared perhaps with any of the cinema familiars, unlike any of her countrywomen that have come to us. Her one danger is in being classed as a vamp.

Elinor Fair is by all odds C. B. De Mille's most noteworthy recent "discovery." Her day seems to have definitely dawned, although she has long been in pic-

Continued on page 96

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

In Georgia Hale's temperament there is a strange moodiness that promises much.

By Special Dispensation

After waiting for many years, an admirer of Richard Barthelmess was able to thank the special Providence that sent him to Hollywood, thus making it possible for her to meet and interview him.

By Margaret Reid

DID you ever see a picture of Marguerite Clark's called "Three Men and a Girl?" It was made quite long ago, as time is reckoned in the movies, but in my memory it stands out as a charmingly done romance. The elfin Marguerite was, of course, the girl. And —which is the point of this story—one of the men, the one who got the girl, was Richard Barthelmess.

This was the first time that Richard had crossed the orbit of my vision and, being at an age when impressions bite deep, I succumbed entirely. Every afternoon, during the run of "Three Men and a Girl," I managed to sneak away from school and sit through the two matinée performances, a mortally stricken victim to the dark eyes and wry smile of the young man who got the girl. Each night, for a long time thereafter, I prayed vehemently, "Please just let me meet him, oh, God —*please,* just once!"

Well—it's a small world after all and it's a long lane that—et cetera. I have met Richard Barthelmess.

It was a big moment. For all through the interval between "Three Men and a Girl" and now, I have—with touching loyalty—remained faithful to Dick. Reasonably faithful, that is, considering such distractions as Ronald Colman and Reigning Emperor J. Gilbert.

With due ardor I have extolled the exquisite artistry of "Tol'able David" and "The Enchanted Cottage," the roistering appeal of "Shore Leave," trying to disguise the fact that it was really Dick's brooding eyes and crooked smile that I went to see. In Hollywood, you know, one never says of an actor, "Isn't he fascinating!" No matter how romantic may be his demeanor, nor how intriguing his love scenes, one assumes an air of critical detachment and says, "I like his work. He gave an excellent performance." So I made strong-minded remarks about the charm of Dick's acting, meaning all the while the charm of *Dick.* Although, I hasten to add, my better self is as appreciative as any one of his magnificent ability.

It was worth even a long walk in the blazing sunshine to be able to talk with Richard Barthelmess.

When Mr. Barthelmess recently decided to transfer his activities from New York to Hollywood, I viewed it in the light of a special dispensation of Providence. This, then, was what came to girls who prayed hard and worked harder.

Allowing the shortest possible time to elapse after Richard's arrival in town, I made an appointment to see him. The following morning, in fact. At his home. Which made it swell.

He had leased Eugene O'Brien's house on Whitely Heights—a steep hill in the center of town, where you pay for the height of your lot rather than the breadth—and pay, by the way, amply. As the crow flies, the Barthelmess domicile is not a great distance from my own Hollywood estate. But if the crow had to walk, he'd find it a long, tortuous, wearisome journey—through endless, winding streets, and always up, up that long,

long hill. And the nearest street car not even visible on the map.

Now in California, actors still observe a quaint old Spanish custom of sending their cars for motorless interviewers. But Mr. Barthelmess is from New York, where, I take it, subways get you anywhere in no time.

Nothing was said about a car, so I walked.

I try, in retrospect, not to hold Mr. Barthelmess responsible for the heat. I really know he didn't order it. But it *was* hot. An unseasonable heat that lay on the air in aching waves of humidity. Though it was scarcely spring, the sunlight had the white, blinding glare of midsummer.

It *was* warm, I conceded, as I started out in a lovely mood, but wasn't I about to witness the answer to a prayer of some years' standing?

A few blocks on my way, I left the shade of the interlacing peppers that arch Franklin Avenue, and ventured bravely into the full flame of the sun.

Because I don't believe in a too-lavish display of stark realism, I shan't touch on my journey up the hill —on scorching white pavements, along winding, uphill streets that tricked me into going blocks out of my way. I was hot and tired—inadequate English! With a chiffon handkerchief meant only for gestures, I attempted to mop the perspiration from my brow.

I found the number, at last. A rambling brown chalet, clinging in artistic manner to the side of the hill. In front stood a long, immaculate car—I'm afraid I sort of hoped the sun would crack its paint. Mounting the steps that twisted up through a vertical garden to the door, I felt very pathetic and put upon.

And then—Richard himself opened the door. Richard in a gray suit, smiling his crooked smile, and holding out a friendly hand. Mechanically, my frown dissolved and I smiled fatuously.

"Mr. Barthelmess," I found myself burbling, "I am so happy to meet you."

And, as a matter of fact, I was.

My host led me into a shady patio—heavenly cool. Soft-cushioned furniture on the smooth tiles—a little fountain splashing musically—over the low stone wall, the whole of west Hollywood drooping sheer to the valley.

"Could I have a drink of water?" I asked, as hoarsely as possible. "I'm hot. I walked up here."

"Good heavens—in this heat!" Mr. Barthelmess exclaimed, with gratifying sympathy. "If I'd known, I could just as well have sent my car for you."

"Oh, well"—I waved it aside charitably, as a tall, frosty glass was placed on the arm of my chair by a silent manservant.

"It isn't far," I even added, as I lifted the glass and heard the ice tinkling inside.

Mr. Barthelmess pulled up a chair opposite me, and proffered his cigarette case.

My, my—such a handsome young man! Not very different from the boy who had won the shadowed Marguerite Clark. Olive skin, somber brown eyes, sleek black hair. A curiously taut mouth, scarcely moving when he talks, twisting a little when he smiles.

"I've just been looking over the paper," he said. "Did you know about this?"—indicating the headlines that announced Constance Talmadge's imminently impending marriage.

Like all Hollywood, I hadn't known and was properly amazed. If I were the sort of person who repeats gossip, I might mention that in the industry's early childhood, Richard Barthelmess was reputed to be much enamored of Constance. A courtship that was, one hears, discouraged by Mother Talmadge. I am thankful, however, that I am *not* one of these gossip venders.

Now that I was here, I didn't know exactly what to say to Mr. Barthelmess. I had come on an impulse, my main idea having been just to sort of stand off and look at him. I should, I soon found, have prepared a few leading questions. Richard quickly takes up any topic you offer, following it to its logical conclusion. But he is not loquacious when left to choose his own conversation.

Desperately I turned to the prize lemon, egg, antique of them all, and asked about his future plans.

"I'm going to work here from now on—indefinitely." He slumped down upon his spine in the big wicker chair, and squinted the disturbing dark eyes through his cigarette smoke. "I'm fed up with New York for the present. This is the only place to follow picture making as a business. Here, in its own, individually developed environment."

"True, quite true," I murmured intellectually, admiring his low, university-sounding voice.

"This summer, my mother and I are going over to China and Japan. A real holiday for me. And mother will love it—she lived there as a girl. Her uncle was Bishop of Shanghai, and she has so many friends there.

"Do you like this house?" he asked suddenly. "I think it's a corking place. This patio now—it should be delightful on moonlit nights, don't you think?"

I quickly said I did think so.

A very small, very sad-faced little Aberdeen terrier ran in from somewhere, pausing to chew tentatively at my shoe. Richard picked him up by the scruff of the neck and scolded him—not too severely.

"He has the appetite of an eccentric," he apologized. "I got him for my small child. She is coming out in a couple of months."

Trying to appear casual and indifferent, he showed me a miniature of the four-year-old Mary—an exquisite, dimpled cherub. Always referred to as "my small child." And also prominently displayed, was a picture of Mary Hay.

We talked, variously and indolently. Of "The Sea Beast," which Dick had liked because of Barrymore-who-can-do-no-wrong. Of Dolores Costello, whom he would like to have for a coming picture, which will be Jeffery Farnol's "The Amateur Gentleman." Of airplanes and real estate and Europe and movies. He exhibited a keen, dry sense of humor.

"If only," I thought wistfully, "he would smile a little more. Just now and then."

And unexpectedly, he did. Sitting in the only bit of sun in the patio, he turned his head and smiled his quizzical, crooked little smile.

"I love this—basking in the sun," he said. "I feel like a cat—drowsy—letting it soak in. Every morning I go out on the roof garden and get browner and browner."

"It's very becoming," I wanted to say.

I felt anxiously that we should solve a few problems, that I should think of a real pip in the way of a question, and that Dick should give me a lengthy and sensational answer. But it was such a hot day, and it was so nice to be placidly lazy in the shade.

And besides, I don't think Richard would have made any headline statements, even if I could have thought of a question. He has reserve and fastidious good taste. And he isn't committing himself. He is charming until he reaches the barrier between his business and himself. But at the barrier, he bids you a gracious farewell.

Before I left, a photographer came to take pictures of Dick at the fireside, the window, the door, the radio.

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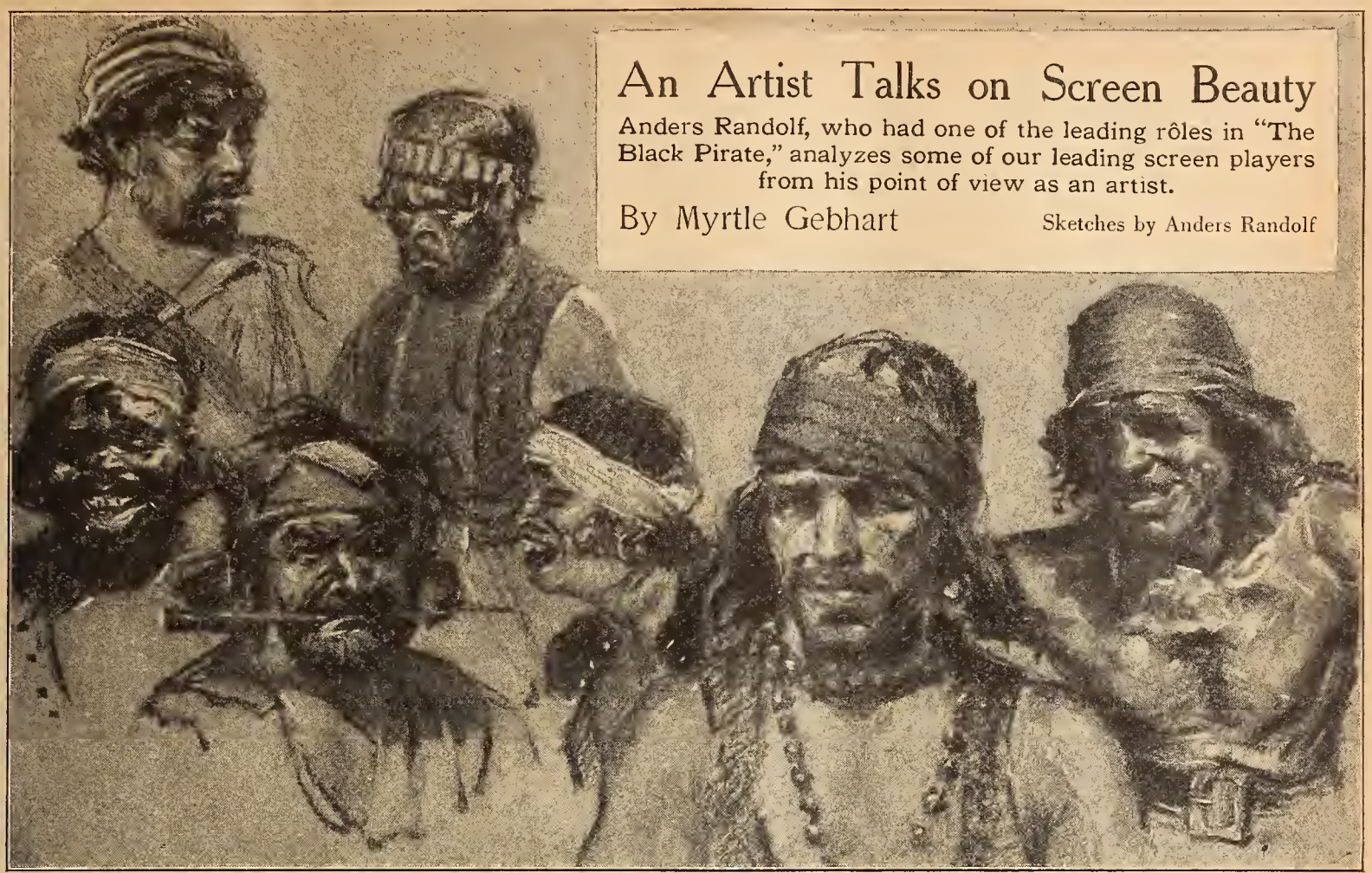
An Artist Talks on Screen Beauty

Anders Randolf, who had one of the leading rôles in "The Black Pirate," analyzes some of our leading screen players from his point of view as an artist.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Sketches by Anders Randolf



IF one of the old masters were in Hollywood to-day, he would need Aladdin's magic lamp to find many models worthy of his brush. Beauty abounds here, but few faces on the screen would interest a character portrait painter."

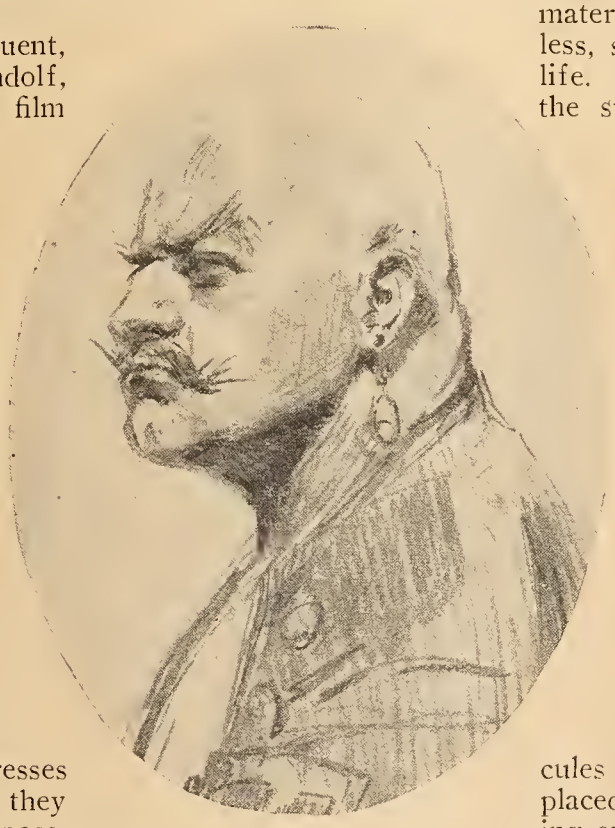
With these words and an eloquent, disdainful shrug, Anders Randolf, artist and actor, swept aside the film colony's pageant of loveliness!

"Von Blaas women, these actresses—decorative and charming, yes, but too beautiful for art, whose purpose is to record reality and life.

"My interpretation of beauty is not the popular one. To me, a beautiful face must reflect character, mind, and heart. Qualities must be emphatically defined, thoughts projected; the subject must give to the artist a something which cannot be put into words—call it inspiration. He must feel subtle vibrations of another soul which awaken his instinct to translate them into art; an electric contact must be established.

"The majority of screen actresses would not make good models, for they are too beauty-conscious. They pose, habitual and unintentional though this may be. The perfect model's manner is easy, natural, without artifice or strain. Time and time again, I have attempted to paint certain actresses and have thrown down my brushes in despair.

"Like the gold of Nibelungen, this wealth which is poured at the shrine of beauty and youth is a curse. It smothers budding souls. The pampered young actress acquires a distorted sense of values, and depends for contentment upon passing, material trivialities, which leave her restless, shunning the deeper experiences of life. Consequently, because she lives on the surface, her character lacks depth, and her face is but a pretty picture."



The drawing in the oval above is a portrait of Randolf, made by himself, as he appears in the rôle of the leader of the pirate band in "The Black Pirate." The drawing at the top of the page shows a group of the pirates who appear with him in the film.

No more competent authority to discuss this subject could be found in Hollywood than Anders Randolf, so skilled in portrait work that his canvases have hung in European salons and have won much approval in artistic circles.

In the old days, before he became a movie actor, he painted only the faces that aroused his interest—character portraiture—and scorned the decorative, splashy things which made his confrères commercial successes.

"A brocaded scarf is selected to make a colorful background for the lady's profile," he ridicules "society pictures." "Her hands are placed just so—she smiles. It is a pleasing ensemble. The lady is flattered, she pays many dollars—and the artist despises himself for having sold his birthright.

"Background should be negligible or, at most, incidental. Beauty alone is no inspiration. Only character appeals."

His superb scorn for the physical allurements held in such precious esteem

in Hollywood has cost him the money and flattery which might have been his had he been willing to paint ladies as they like to be depicted.

A famous star, whose beauty has been widely declaimed, offered him a sizable check to do her portrait.

"She has the soul of a fish," he remarked. "I sell whatever acting talent I have to machine-made movies, but I will not commercialize my art."

And people are a little afraid of his searching blue eyes, which see so deeply into those hidden crannies of the soul over which a curtain is draped, of those brushes which magically reveal on the canvas concealed faults, desires and thoughts. Only an actress of serene mind and most untroubled conscience would dare to sit for him!

Once, he agreed to sketch a little ingénue whose brother had done him a favor. Nervously she posed, and after the ordeal said, "My, I was frightened! It's uncanny, the way he can see clear through you. I'll have Beltram-Masses next time. He makes you look so pretty, and doesn't put in the picture what you're thinking about."

Interviewing Randolf, even on this subject so dear to his heart, is like pulling an eyetooth.

"I am a thinker on canvas, not a talker," he says, with a little-boy helplessness surprising in a man of his stocky build. "Give me brushes and oils, and I can tell you what is in my mind, but with words I have scant expression."

Eventually, however, by parading verbally for his inspection the beauties of filmdom, many of whom he disposed of with a terse but conclusive shrug, I extracted the tooth. And there was a neat array of faces mentally before us which his artist's eye ached to put on canvas.

Mary Pickford—Virginia Valli—Alice Terry—Anna Q. Nilsson—Evelyn Brent—Constance Talmadge. With more tepid enthusiasm: May McAvoy, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Pola Negri, Mary Alden, Marion Davies.

Lillian Gish? Corinne Griffith? Mae Murray? Claire Windsor? No. Decorative and lovely, but not particularly interesting.

Men: Henry B. Walthall, Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Norman Kerry, Richard Barthelmess, Tommy Meighan and Noah Beery, with Ramon Novarro and Bobby Agnew representative of youth. "Mary Pickford is the sunlight shining through April clouds." His words, few and slow and labored, eloquent in their very paucity—thoughts fluent enough in their own realm but transposed into speech with the difficulty of a man little given to chatter—pictured for me each of these as his imaginative artist's brain saw them on canvas.

"The spirit of springtime. You are down-hearted and glum—everything has gone wrong—it is a selfish, inconsiderate world. Mary appears and smiles. Instantly, your heart warms with cheer. There is in her soul such kindliness, such sympathy and love for all humanity. Her face, even in repose, is radiant with charity. She is love—the purest the heart can hold.

"Virginia Valli is the patrician, the maid of the manor. Sympathetic, tender, genuine, with an inbred pride. Gentility in youthful, immature years.

"Alice Terry has the calm tranquillity that a woman, to charm, should have. She irradiates a quiet glow which is restful and inspiring. Content to remain in the shadows, she would understand a man's moods and answer the need of each moment. She is Woman Eternal.

"Strong character and determination are in Anna Q. Nilsson's face, which has the most perfect contour and formation of any screen actress', from the artist's standpoint. She used to pose, and is a splendid model. Less plastic than any of these others, her appeal lies in the definition of a unique and vital personality.

"In Evelyn Brent's chiseled lines is the modern reproduction of the classic Greek. A *Haidee* in a Boue Sœurs frock.

"Though Norma Talmadge is a skillful actress, I would prefer to paint Constance, for Constance has verve and sparkle, she would enthuse with her spontaneity, and her face has a better formation.

"May McAvoy is youth and sweetness—every boy's real-girl sweetheart. Mabel Normand is a bewildering mixture of heart and mind, a playful elf—wistful, mischievous, imperious, a little mood girl. She has a great heart, and that inspirational quality that caused the masters' canvases to glow. For, to awaken the genius of the artist, there must be greatness of a kind in the model.

"Another patrician is Alice Joyce, the lady of the world, with poise and the charm of a rare, cultivated flower. Colder than Miss Valli's lovely girlish gentility, yet with the brilliance of polish.

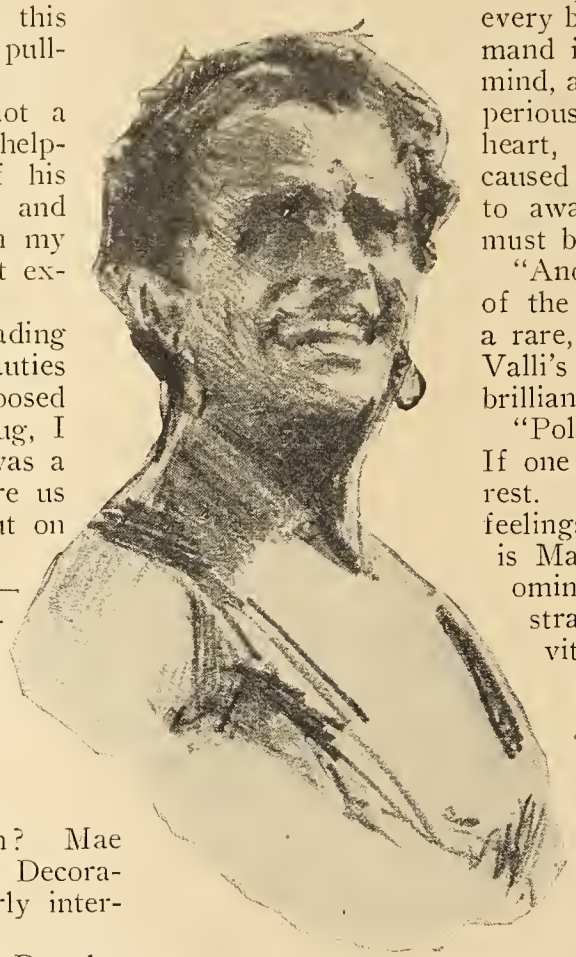
"Pola Negri?" He hesitated. "Perhaps. If one were in a mood of turbulence or unrest. She has individuality and dominant feelings—a barbaric, elemental force. She is Madame Vesuvius, smoldering under an ominous quiet. Her eyes, too, with their strange lights, are mysterious. They vitalize and challenge.

"I should like to do a portrait of Mary Alden, as the modern woman thinker, acutely mentalized, a little cold. An analyst and student, she knows and understands life. She is no sappy, ga-ga ingenue.

"Marion Davies I do not see as the court lady she usually plays, but as a peasant of the Norse countries. Her prettiness is not an unusual type. Sympathetic and kind-hearted, she has life on her finger tips, and scatters it about her as, like *Pippa*, she passes—rosy lips, dimples, smile of joy, dance of light gladsomeness.

"Now let us consider the men." Seeing that it could not be avoided, Randolf knuckled down to the business of putting thoughts into a flow of words. "Give me character, in a face not ashamed of its lines. I am most anxious to paint Henry B. Walthall. Reflected in his face there is suffering, generosity, kindliness, weariness, infinite patience.

"And if only one could devise some means of holding Douglas Fairbanks still for one short hour of posing, it would be a joy to paint his portrait. A man of genius, of sheer magnetism and vitality, with a brilliant mental range, his face is a quicksilver mirror of his thoughts and impulses. But I never can keep him quiet long enough to get a really good portrait of him.



A sketch of Doug as THE BLACK PIRATE.

"And he is too changeable a subject to risk memory for faithful recording, though Barrymore did not sit for me and he was kind enough to compliment me on my accurate reproduction of his features.

"Norman Kerry is an interesting young man, with his irrepressible spirits and constant, restless fun. He is by turns arrogant and selfish, humble and generous —a bewildering personality. I wish to pose him in a certain German helmet that he has. I see him as the foreign officer-gentleman of the gay, careless old days before the war.

"Dick Barthelmess' face has strength and sincerity and boyish sweetness. He is that peculiar but fascinating mixture: fighter and dreamer.

"Thomas Meighan is a man I admire, though I care little for the piffle in which he appears on the screen. And Noah Beery, of the big heart, has a memorable face, with its tolerance and genuineness and generosity.

"To illustrate our two types of youth, I would choose Ramon Novarro—the dreamer, the idyllic lover —and Bobby Agnew, the up-and-at-'em American kid."

You see men in his idols. Anders Randolf scorns the decorative frivolities of Gainsborough and Van Dyck; and, to my surprise, he does not greatly admire the deeper Rembrandt, tonist and colorist but not a realist in the full sense of the word—the somber one who painted not always as things were, but as they seemed through his own dark glasses. But mention Ander Zorn, Franz Hals, or Velasquez, and an astonishing flow of oratory speaks their praise. Rather, you have no need to, for he will.

"Ander Zorn is a master of light, and a harmonist of a few bold colors. Only four does he use—black, white, red and yellow. He has one painting in the Modena Gallery at Rome that is hung in the midst of a riot of color—the smart offerings of modern schools—and it stands out from them as—well, as Anna Q. Nilsson is high-lighted by these decorative picture girls.

"Franz Hals painted guildsmen and officers and gentlefolk, but his best portraits are of fisherboys, itinerant players and tavern heroes. There should be a Hals of the studios. There are types aplenty, particularly among the extras.

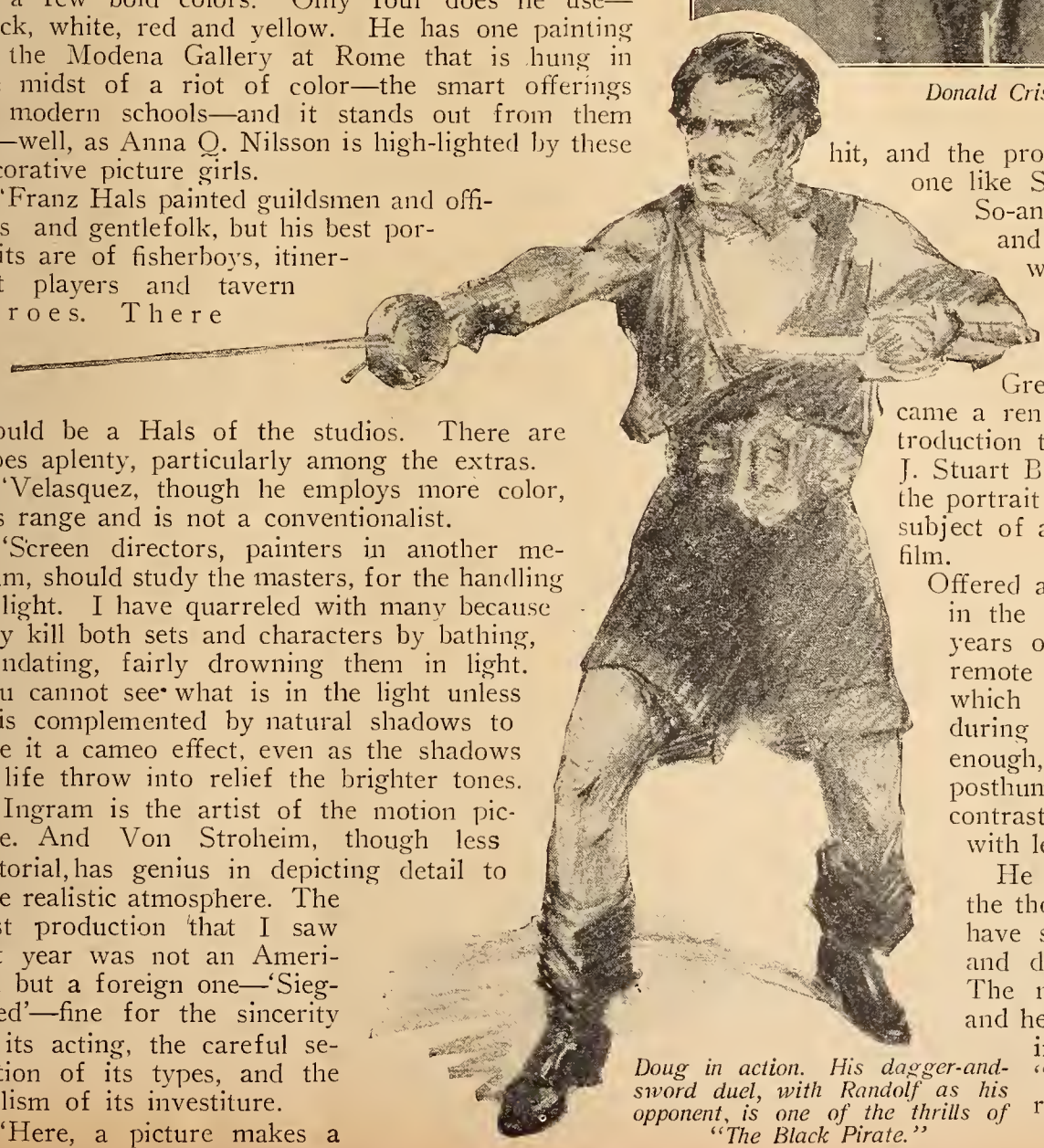
"Velasquez, though he employs more color, has range and is not a conventionalist.

"Screen directors, painters in another medium, should study the masters, for the handling of light. I have quarreled with many because they kill both sets and characters by bathing, inundating, fairly drowning them in light. You cannot see what is in the light unless it is complemented by natural shadows to give it a cameo effect, even as the shadows of life throw into relief the brighter tones.

"Ingram is the artist of the motion picture. And Von Stroheim, though less pictorial, has genius in depicting detail to give realistic atmosphere. The best production that I saw last year was not an American but a foreign one—'Siegfried'—fine for the sincerity of its acting, the careful selection of its types, and the realism of its investiture.

"Here, a picture makes a hit, and the producers say, 'We must make one like Such-and-such. We will use So-and-so, because he is popular and was a success in a film last week. Bah!"

Donald Crisp as the Scotch pirate.



Doug in action. His dagger-and-sword duel, with Randolf as his opponent, is one of the thrills of "The Black Pirate."

Of Danish birth, Randolf came to America some eighteen years ago, and his Greenwich Village studio soon became a rendezvous for artists. His introduction to the movies occurred when J. Stuart Blackton engaged him to paint the portrait of an actress, supposedly the subject of an artist in an old Vitagraph film.

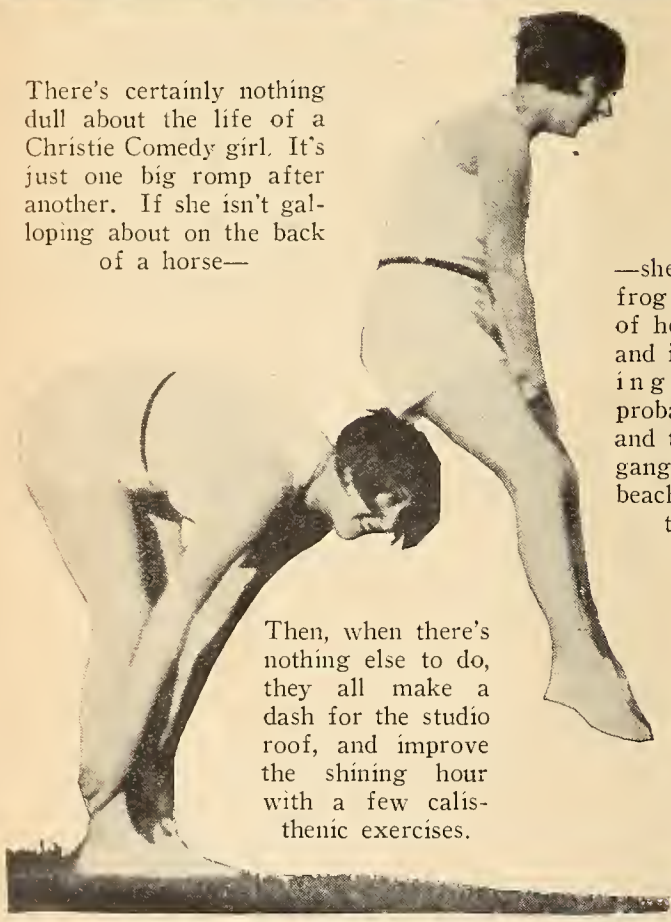
Offered an opportunity to act, he saw in the future two paths of choice: years of "starvation art," with the remote possibility of the success which occasionally rewards talent during this life but which, curiously enough, is usually reserved for a posthumous laurel wreath, or, by contrast, a comfortable life as actor, with leisure in which to paint.

He chose the movies, but with the thought, "In six months I shall have saved enough money to stop and devote my time to my art." The months stretched into years, and he is still voicing his perennial, in fact almost daily, remark, "In six months more, I shall retire."

Continued on page 108

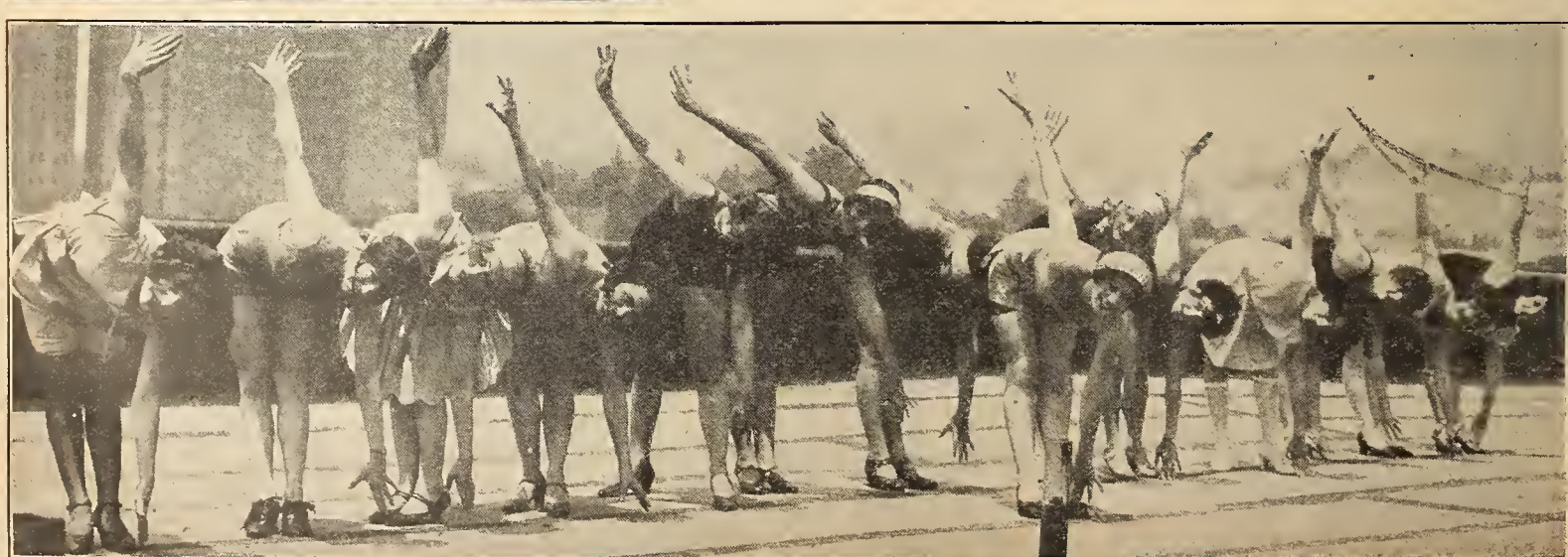
Do they Keep Fit?

There's certainly nothing dull about the life of a Christie Comedy girl. It's just one big romp after another. If she isn't galloping about on the back of a horse—



—she's leaping the frog on the backs of her companions, and if she isn't doing that, you'll probably find her and the rest of the gang down on the beach having a track meet.

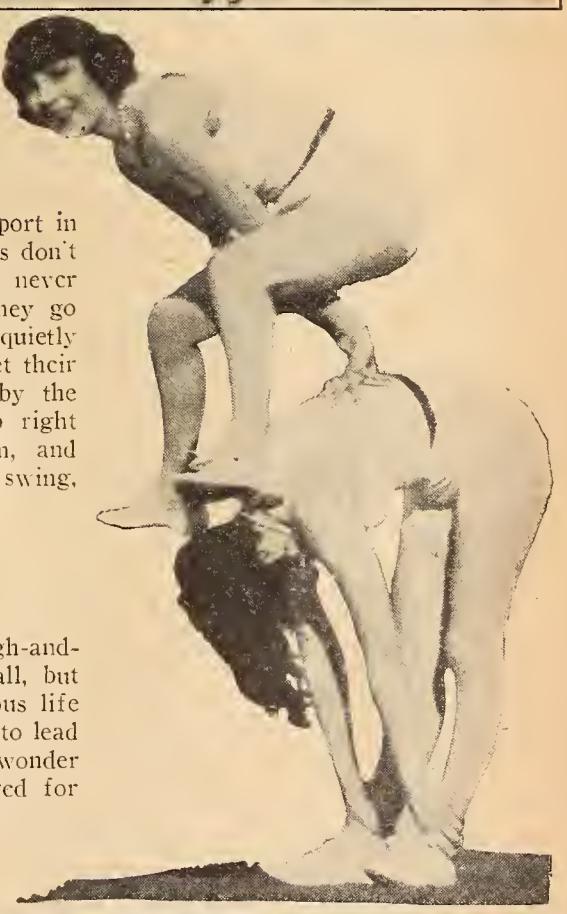
Then, when there's nothing else to do, they all make a dash for the studio roof, and improve the shining hour with a few calisthenic exercises.



They Certainly Do!

In fact, there's not a sport in existence that these girls don't indulge in. And they never miss a trick. When they go sailing, they don't sit quietly down in the boat and let their heads be knocked off by the boom. No, they climb right up onto the old boom, and when it swings, they swing, too.

They even play the rough-and-tumble game of football, but considering the boisterous life that a comedy girl has to lead on the screen, do you wonder she wants to be prepared for any emergency?



The Sketch

Intimate glimpses of people in Hollywood,

Jobyna Ralston, being a dutiful daughter, minds her father.

IN the dance contests at Montmartre, Jobyna Ralston and a young man named Harvey Priester had been in the habit of dancing against Joan Crawford and her current boy friend, but I hadn't seen Jobyna there for some time, now, so I inquired about her.

"Her father thinks she has been going out too much," said a friend of hers. "She's staying home nights, now."

So, you see, we people out here are just like other folks, and mind our parents. Anyway, Jobyna does.

That ought to tell you as much about my girl friend Job as anything else I could say. I suppose she *could* put her little motion-picture foot down and declaim about leading her own life, but she wouldn't any more think of doing such a thing—than you would. She was a daughter long before she was an actress, and a daughter she remains.

Job has a kid brother and a daddy, and until about a year ago, she had a wonderful, sweet mother. Now, the three of them live in a little white bungalow on an entire street of little bungalows, where morning papers are tossed on the lawns and milk bottles adorn the back porches.

She goes on parties with a "bunch," preferring "bunching" to those intimate little twosomes in shady corners of cafés. She has a couple of girl friends, Duane Thompson and Virginia Brown Faire, whom she borrows from and who in turn borrow from her. In short, she lives more like you than you do yourself.

Job and Virginia are always up to something. They went to a costume party once, dressed up as bathing-beauty candidates. They padded out their legs under tights until they were as bowed as though they had been born that way. They put humps on their shoulders, wore their hair in curl papers, and sported violent red bathing suits. They got the razzberry and the prize.

The last party I went to with Job was a costume affair at the Sixty Club. I went as something or other from the Lasky wardrobe, Virginia was a Russian dancer, and Job was a Mexican youth with his hair down his back. The young fellow was quite excited about having been borrowed from Harold Lloyd by First National for the love interest in "Sweet Daddies." Let us devote a silent minute to hoping that that title will be changed. The picture is one of those now-so-popular Jewish-Irish things, and Jack Mulhall and Jobyna are the young Irish things. It isn't a particularly radical departure for her. For even in his comedies, Harold plays the love interest

Photo by Witzel.

Ruth Roland is always helping some one out.

Carroll Nye made a hit in his own home town.

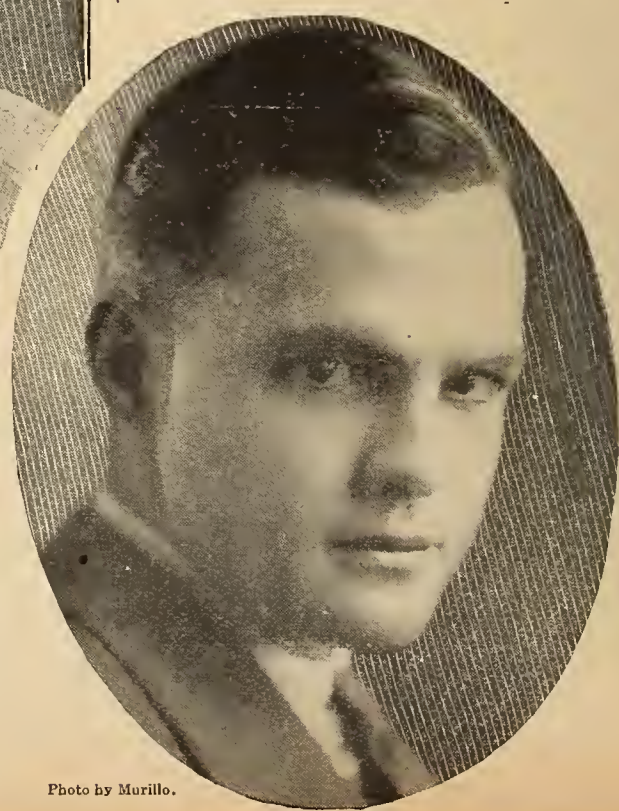


Photo by Murillo.

book By Dorothy Manners

including informal little chats with them.

"straight." It is the first time, though, that Lloyd has permitted his leading lady outside the bounds of the comedy lot. I told Jobyna that I thought her new dignity in the "drammah" warranted an official interview, and that I would be over the next day to attend to it. Also to lunch with her.

"I'll buy you a lunch," Jobyna promised, knowing me as she does, "but that official stuff is out!" The girl has the intuition of an oracle. Everything official was certainly "out."

We got so wound up in the details of a mutual friend's operation on her nose, that I forgot to ask about the "drammah." Job said she would be scared to death to have anything done to her face because look at So-and-so, who was ruined, and I said what kind of a Providence was it, anyway, that brought in long skirts again just as I got mine well up. Then Job said, wasn't "Irene" a cute picture, and for Heaven's sake, why couldn't she stay awake in the daytime without having to drink coffee? Then I remembered something.

"How does it feel to work in the drama?" I inquired.

"Go home," advised Jobyna, and finding I could not stand another order of lemon pie, I decided to do so.

Jobyna and I will see you in church. Anyway, Jobyna will.

A Prophet in his Own Home Town.

Carroll Nye, who played Corinne Griffith's radio-hound brother in "Classified," and who is one of the most promising young juveniles who ever put his name in a casting director's files, told me he had realized the ambition of the average man's life. He was a "hit" in his own home town. "Classified" played the leading theater there recently, and Carroll went down to make a personal appearance. He nearly stripped the gears of his car when he drove up and saw the billing—"Carroll Nye in 'Classified,' Cast includes Corinne Griffith." Even the ministers made addresses and recalled his boyhood pranks.

"It certainly is great," grinned Carroll to me, "to be a prophet in your own home town."

Leatrice—The Indefatigable

While most of the girls are simply worn out by their work before the camera in the daytime, and fall into bed right after dinner, the indefatigable Leatrice Joy is conquering new *métiers*. She is studying vocal, making appearances on the local dramatic stage, bringing up a baby daughter on schedule, and in her spare moments she entertains with the most original parties in Hollywood. Leatrice is a "superperson."

A few weeks ago, she turned her living room into an Hawaiian hut, engaged a native orchestra and dancers, and carried the thing out further by appearing in costume herself, strung with garlands of red carnations. She has never looked more strikingly beautiful, and considering the way she always looks, that is saying a lot.

Squatting in a palmy bower, on stools and cushions, were Constance Talmadge, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, Grace Gordon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ethel Clayton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Helen Ferguson, Bill Russell, Lila Lee, Jim Kirkwood, Walter

Photo by Spurr.

Though Leatrice Joy is one of the busiest persons in Hollywood, she never seems to tire.

Photo by Apeda.

Thomas Meighan's brother, King, has gone into the movies.

Pidgeon, Billie Dove, Irvin Willat, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Flynn, Mrs. Clarence Brown, Kathleen Clifford, Ruth Roland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dorian, Ruth Collier, Barbara Bedford, Al Roscoe, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wooldridge, Ben Bard, and Leatrice's charming mother.

The bridal Constance Talmadge, who was groomless for the time being, business in Florida necessitating the absence of her husband, came with Mildred Lloyd and Peggy Joyce.

Carmelita Geraghty, Virginia Valli, Ethel Clayton, Helen Ferguson, Billie Dove and Ruth Roland appeared in native costumes, and you know how Carmelita, Virginia, Ethel, Helen, Billie and Ruth would look in 'em. Those *leis* are becoming anyway, and when there is so much to become——

Helen Ferguson confided that she was writing interviews for a fan publication, and said that if she had her way, she would write only about Ruth Roland. Every one is crazy about Ruth. Her charities and the time and money she devotes to helping others, have made her the local fairy godmother. As Helen said, "If there are a couple of hundred families to be fed at Christmas, it is Ruth who does it—or if some one just wants to borrow a pin, it is Ruth who lends it. She is a marvelous girl."

You bet she is, and while we are on the superlatives, it was one marvelous party.

Tony Moreno entertained guests under difficulties.

Tommy's Brother.

Tommy Meighan's younger brother, King, is out here in Hollywood to make a picture. A comedy drama is planned, and if the first one is good, there will be a series of them. He arrived without the fanfare that usually accompanies the advent of a royal relative, and has settled down to quiet enjoyment of the weather and our early-spring jail-breaks. He wouldn't have liked the fanfare, anyway. He is an exceptionally modest young man—not at all sure of himself, at least so far as "art" and the movies go. Maybe Tommy had something to do with that. The script reads that Thomas didn't approve of his brother's entry into pictures, although the reason isn't made quite clear. Considering some of Tommy's recent pictures, there may be good cause for his seeming pessimism.

King's prospective movie career, so he has told me, is the result of suggestion eventually wearing down resistance. People were always saying to him, "Why don't you go into pictures, too?" Every place he went—and he went many places traveling for Paramount's distribution—he heard the same thing. So when an independent company offered to star him, he gave in. Of course Tommy could have arranged it for him to do small parts in Lasky pictures, but King felt that the opportunity and, more importantly, the lighting in small parts was too *nil* to bother with. In a starring rôle everything would be centered on him, including the spotlights. And if he failed, then it would be only his own fault.

A great many people think he looks like his brother. Except for that typical Meighan wholesomeness, however, I can't see the slightest resemblance.

A little kid whom King met on one of his trips expresses my sentiments exactly. King was stopping over in a little town in South Carolina, and of course he met the local exhibitor, who was bowled over at the privilege of shaking hands with Tommy's brother. In addition, it seems, this exhibitor had a son who adored Tommy, and so the proud papa wanted King to hang around until school was out, so that Junior could shake hands with him. King stuck around for three hours, waiting for the kid. Finally, the boy burst in.

"Son!" yelled his papa. "Guess who's here?"

"Hurrah!" yelled Junior, spotting King. "Richard Talmadge!" Well, he does, at that.

Tony.

On the whole, this has been a rather poor month for lunches. The only other person besides Jobyna Ralston who has invited me to lunch was Antonio Moreno. But what I have lacked in quantity has been made up in quality, for this rendezvous with Tony turned out to be an occasion of no mean excitement. Tony was working in Elinor Glyn's final Metro opus, "Love's Blindness," at the time, so his press agent and I met him at the studio café. The place was jammed to the doors, and all we could find was a table for two. Tony reached over to another table for a chair and, by putting it in the aisle, made room for three.

"You can't," said the manager, coming up abruptly out of nowhere, "put that chair in the aisle."

"Why not?" inquired Tony, politely.

"Against the rules," said the manager, who was rapidly developing into an opponent.

"But this is business," says Tony, not so politely. "I have a guest—newspaper woman."

The maître d'hôtel shot a glance out of the corner of his eye at the guest—the newspaper woman—and didn't give an inch. He looked sort of unimpressed. "Can't put that chair in the aisle," he insisted, proving himself a singularly stubborn man.

"*Now*," says Tony, "now I *shall* fix this thing. We shall go to Hollywood to lunch." (Hollywood being miles away from Culver City.) "They can wait for me. I shall be back when I am finished with my business. Where is the studio manager, where is the production manager, where is the owner of this place?"

Up comes the production manager. "What's the matter, Tony?"

"Matter?" says he. "I have a guest for lunch, and there is no place for us to sit. Has this fellow no respect for anything? I have guests."

The production manager shot a glance at the guests, one of whom was biting her finger nails and the other of whom was a press agent and of a naturally feverish disposition, anyway. The production manager looked even more unimpressed than had the maître d'hôtel, but he didn't want Tony to get away, because of production schedules and so forth. So he fixed it up so that Tony and I could sit at one table and the p. a. at another.

"Awful!" said Tony, as we sat down. "If you had not been here to report on me, I should have lost my temper."

Photo by St. Elmo Boyce.

The Warner Baxters have become one of the most contented couples in Hollywood. Mrs. Baxter's niece is shown with them here.

A jazz band at the end of the room struck up "I Wonder Where My Baby Is To-night?"

"This," yelled Tony politely across the table, "is one terrible place to talk."

"You said it," I muttered.

"What did you say?" he inquired.

"I said, do you have this jazz band at lunch every day?"

"No," he smiled. "I knew you were coming, so I got it for you."

That's the Latin of it for you. Turning loss into gain like that.

"How was Europe?" I screamed.

"Fine!" bellowed Tony, smiling amiably across at me.

"Did you find any plays or books over there you'd like to film?" she inquired, at the top of her lungs.

"No!" yelled Mr. Moreno, who is a Spaniard playing an Englishman with "It" for Mrs. Glyn. "Even if I had, I shouldn't have bothered with it. Who could I get to produce it? And I wouldn't put a cent of my own money in pictures. Too much," he shouted, "of a gamble."

I noticed that he was sporting a new mustache, not a real one but one of the make-up man's. It looked very natural and devilish. Mrs. Glyn's influence.

"Have you got 'It?'" I shrilled coyly. "Or hasn't Mrs. Glyn told you yet?"

"Mrs. Glyn says I have not 'It' as yet. But that I shall have 'It.' Not now, but soon. She tells me," he roared, "I have a talent for 'It.' All I need to do is to cultivate it."

"That's good."

"Isn't it, though?" blasted Tony, with satisfaction.

Things went more or less like that to the end of the meal, and then it was time for Mr. Moreno to get back on the set. We shook hands at the door. "I'm afraid I didn't give you much information," he apologized. "This wasn't very practical, was it?"

"No, but it was a lot of fun," was the way I summed it up. "We can get practical some other time."

"Fine," said Tony.

I like Tony.

Dinner with the Baxters

Remember a story Mabel Normand made some time ago called "Susanna?" It was a delightful little picture and served to introduce a new "vamp," who managed to be charming and hold your sympathy in spite of her ornery disposition—Winifred Bryson.

Every one was talking about her for a while. She went out to Universal for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," made a couple of program pictures at the studio, and then seemed to drop from sight. The reason why, you know if you read last month's PICTURE-PLAY.

The other night, I had dinner with the Warner Baxters, and I found it to be quite true that Winifred—or Mrs. Warner Baxter, if you prefer—was so happy in her home life that she was quite content about having decided to give pictures the "go by."

I can't say that I blame her. Their home is one of the loveliest in Los Angeles, and Winifred says that she had so much fun interior-decorating it that if she should take up a career again, it would probably be along that line.

Little Things about Big People.

At a preview of one of the recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures that I attended with a party of friends at

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The Heart of Hollywood

Have you ever wondered what the heart of Hollywood was like? If so, this story will show you, in the most convincing way possible, the sincerity and kindliness that lie beneath all the surface glitter of the film colony.

By Myrtle Gebhart

PERHAPS this article has no place in a fan magazine, for it is not about a movie star.

It is about my mother, who closed her eyes in her last sleep while Hollywood was praying for her recovery. Stars are loved by their public, and my little gray-haired mother had no public save those fans who write to me and who often included a greeting for her. But no star, not even Mary Pickford, was ever more greatly loved right here in Hollywood.

"Mother Gebhart, Loved by Film Colony," was the way the Los Angeles papers put it. Her interest in everybody, her helpful advice on subjects ranging from love affairs to making cookies, her humor, her at times tart way of speaking—all these qualities endeared her to Hollywood.

"Now, you take my advice," she would start off. They seldom did, but usually wished they had, and always asked for it. Every one made a great fuss over her everywhere she went, and how she did adore it! Practically every business phone call that I received began with, "How's Mother?" and ended with a message to her, sometimes loving, often jocular.

When the current young man would amble in with a box of candy under his arm and I would dive for it, very frequently he would halt me. "Not so fast, young lady! This is Mother's."

Last Christmas day, she had such a grand time at Ruth Roland's, holding court with Rod La Rocque, Hugh Allan, and other young fellows, who clustered about her, seeing that she was served and pretending to be awfully jealous of each other over her smiles.

A fighter to the last, my little mother. "If you don't keep that door open, I'll get up and open it myself!" A grip as strong as ever, a mind so clear and alert, in those lucid intervals between hours of pain. "The way she holds on!" one actress exclaimed in awe, choking a sob into a gay laugh of raillery, to match mamma's. And the fun she got, one Sunday afternoon, out of having four young men sitting beside her bed at once, entertaining, as she insisted in a voice surprisingly steady, *à la* Pompadour.

Louise came to see her every day—Louise Fazenda, whom she loved next to her own children. And Louise gave her her last party, only four days before the hemorrhage which brought on her final illness. At Universal, where they were filming "The Old Soak," mamma adored Louise in the quaint, lovable slavey character that she played in that, and could sit on the set all day watching her work.

A crowd of us lunched together, mamma, as usual, copping the two sheiks, and impressing George Lewis with the importance of not letting silly girls' flattery turn his head.

Has Hollywood a heart? Is it appreciative and genuine, or just a town of cheap make-believe? I had often wondered, when momentarily annoyed by the many little cynicisms and childlike selfishnesses that the town paraded, how much sincerity lay beneath the surface.

Now I know. For the four years of love that my mother gave to Hollywood was returned to her in a service, concentrated into two weeks of constant attention, so beautiful that words can never express it.

Movie actresses were in the kitchen working under orders from the kind neighbor who had taken charge—bringing me food on a tray—running errands—answering the doorbell and the phones, both of which rang incessantly—helping the nurses—washing dishes with their white, beautifully manicured hands.

A motor waiting with uniformed chauffeur alert—"Oh, please let him wait all night," Ruth Clifford pleaded. "There might be something the nurse would need, and he'd be right here, ready to go for it."

One murmur that my mother made in the lethargy of her coma, "Every time that door opens, an angel comes into the room," became a reality for me. Angels cleaning the house, working briskly, efficiently—neighbor women, mothers, and young wives, who knew what to do with brooms and vacuum cleaners. Other angels in the kitchen, cooking, scrubbing.

Two angels in mamma's room, one by day and one by night, in stiff, starchy white, capable but tender, doing all that medical skill could direct.

And those girls who took turns staying with me every night. . . . Now, the boys would howl if I called the outspoken Carolyn an angel, but the way she made me eat things I didn't want, and clipped back my hysteria with the right word at the right moment! And Ruth, whom business men call shrewd and hard-boiled, because she owns half the real estate of Los Angeles, and Betty and Edith and Margaret and the others, getting things done, caring for me, helping the nurse during the worst hours, which were like storms between lulls.

Others, coming and going, crying because they were so helpless, wanting so to give of that personal service bought only by the precious coin of love, laboring with bodies too tired to feel and brains too numb to think and, untutored in life's stern experiences, hating their own ineffectualness, because they could not do more. One brilliant but cynical girl prayed, I know, for the first time in many years.

Days stand out, exclamation points in the dazed monotony of those two weeks, memorable for certain incidents, and all the rest is just a blur. One Friday I recall, because on that day I fainted seven times. One friend I greeted in a manner that shamed Lillian Gish's best scenes. I opened the door, said "Hello!" quite composedly, and immediately toppled over backward.

A mêlée of forms bustling around . . . I cannot remember coherently . . . now and then I could feel myself being carried and laid on a bed, but it was dark all around.

Another day . . . Hugh Allan, sitting so straight, hands gripping the arms of a chair, his face strained and white.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, vaguely irritated.

"Nothing," he replied with a grin. "I was just thinking how slick your nose looks without any powder on."

"He's lying," some one said. "He pulled a muscle out of his side picking you up four times yesterday. Hadn't recovered from a basket-ball injury. Doctor told him if he lifted any heavy weights he would hurt it again. And when you keel over, he's the first to grab you."

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You Have No Chance? Then Read this Story!

For it shows that no matter how sordid or humble a boy's beginnings may be, if he is *determined* to succeed, he will.

By Margaret Reid

NOT long ago, I attended a showing of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture called "The Devil's Circus." It was Norma Shearer's current starring vehicle and the initial American effort of the recently imported Benjamin Christianson. But before the first reel was over, these two interests had faded out of my mind, overshadowed by the skill of a beautiful, finely limned performance by Charles Emmett Mack. By dint of his very sincerity, he managed to make pathetically human the rather illogical part he was playing. Coming out of the theater, people were talking about him, commenting, asking about him.

As he had only recently emerged from the ranks of the former very conservatively publicized Griffith company, comparatively little was known about Charles Mack—only a negligible amount of information as to his career, and next to nothing about his favorite breakfast food, matrimonial status, and views on life.

I was curious about him—about the sort of background that had given him this unerring talent, and interesting demeanor. And since I have never been one to permit my curiosity to go long unappeased, I called the studio next morning for an appointment with him.

At one o'clock on the day following that, I met the gentleman at Montmartre—a tall young man with nice brown eyes, not startlingly handsome, but arrestingly different. As to clothes and deportment—vaguely New Yorkish, definitely unactory.

Eddie Brandstatter, dean of Montmartre, and more like Adolph Zukor than Mr. Zukor's own photographs, miraculously conjured up a table by one of the long sunny windows. Here we found sanctuary from the frantic, bewildering throng that crowded the café—the customary noisy, chummy assemblage that forgathers at noon to exchange bits of news, bits of fun, bits of scandal.

After an interval of luncheon, and casual comment on this and that, I turned resolutely to this quiet, friendly, well-poised Mr. Mack.

"I'm afraid," I said, gently but firmly, "that I am going to have to ask you for the story of your life."

He looked a little dismayed, for it was evident that he was naturally more reticent than otherwise.

"You might," I suggested kindly, "begin with your childhood ambitions to be an actor."

"But that never entered my head," he objected. "I didn't know anything about the stage."

"You didn't," I cried, pained and grieved, "build toy theaters as a child, and invite the neighborhood kiddies in to see you act?"

"No. I had never seen a theater, and there was always too much work to do, to allow time for much amusement."

He was born, you see, in a village in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. It was little more than a mining camp really, its population both then and now being two hundred. At the mouths of the deep,

Charles Emmett Mack, as he appears in "The Devil's Circus," his work in which has started him on the highroad to popularity.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

dank, treacherous mines, his childhood was spent—a brief period of carefree play—among Poles and Swedes, Russians and Armenians, Welsh and Irish. It was a remote little community, its customs a strange mixture of half-primitive superstitions, its language a motley jargon of half a dozen tongues, with no more of English than of anything else.

Charles early developed a strong, clear singing voice, and unconsciously he received rich training among those natural, gorgeous songsters, the Welsh. Through his boyhood, he was the star warbler of the choir at the little wooden shack where the village worshiped God on Sundays.

When he was barely fourteen, the doors abruptly shut on his childhood, and he became a wage-earner, spending his days hundreds of feet down, down from the reach of the sun. At fourteen—up with the first pale streak of dawn; a long, black, breathless drop down a moldy, smelly shaft; aching hours of digging, hauling, pounding in murky little tunnels; then up to the air—divinely fresh and cool and clear—barely in time to see the last glimmer of sunset in the sky. A strange, harsh background for childhood and adolescence.

In speaking of this period of his life, Charles Mack was defensive.

"I seldom like to talk about it," he said slowly, his grave eyes resting meditatively on the unlighted cigarette between his slender, square-tipped fingers, "because people invariably pity me for it. And I don't want pity—there is no need for it. Happiness, unhappiness—it's all a matter of contrast. I didn't know any other life; the world ended at the horizon we saw from the hilltop. Until I was seventeen, I didn't realize that there was a more desirable existence; therefore, I was content. Why the pity?"

It is rather remarkable that he can look back with such tolerance, with no ranklings of misery and resentment born of the undoubted darkness of that time; that he philosophically refuses to waste regrets on the childhood of which he was cheated.

"To-day, of course," he went on, "I am more comfortable—the world is opening up to me—I can appreciate the wonders of it. But, doing a picture at a salary I could not have conceived of then, I am relatively no *happier* than when I was a kid, dancing a jig for the miners in the little saloon, and getting pennies for it. Naturally, I don't say it was a very edifying mode of living—I only want to show you that I wasn't actively miserable."

His routine at that time demanded endless labor, to ward off actual hunger. For holidays—the brief jollity of some barbaric marriage ceremony. On Sundays—raising his young voice to God in a simple, steady faith he has never lost.

And then, at seventeen, he broke away, answering a sudden, restless urge to see if there *was* a world beyond the misty horizon.

Every night, as far back as he could remember, a freight train had rumbled through the village, bound for Syracuse, New York. About an hour after he went to bed, he used to hear its first distant thunder. Looking out of his window, he could watch its great, malevolent eye coming nearer and nearer, a faint, ghostly tower of smoke whirling back from the engine. Then, with a deafening clangor, it used to pass, and the little boy in the window, fascinated, had watched it vanish into the darkness.

When he was seventeen, the train began to take on a personal quality—an insidious lure, inviting him. It was going to Syracuse, a great city of beckoning streets. He had lately heard half-believed tales of the opportunities the city offered to the young and ambitious.

What he wanted to do, he didn't know—maybe, he thought timidly, get a job singing or something. But in him, somehow, had been planted delicate perceptions, a fine, eager mind—qualities undesirable in a miner—sensitive, driving forces that had begun to rebel against the cruel routine of the mining camp. He had to go, drawn by a restive desire for something more of life than labor and want and ugliness.

So one night, instead of going to bed, he slipped from his working clothes into the suit he wore to church, and with his week's wages in his pocket, stole silently out of the house. Through the darkness he ran toward the railroad—exultant, scared. Shivering with excitement, he waited at that part of the track where the train slowed down for water. When it came, he swung aboard a box car, and the train, gathering speed again, rumbled forward, around a curve, and on past the cottage whose little back window was empty at last of the watching face.

In Syracuse, he joined a circus, rushing blithely from one duty to another, doing just about everything from ballyhooing to feeding the animals. When the circus disbanded for the winter, Charles, his dreamy brown eyes on the broadening horizon, managed to reach New York. During the summer, one of the clowns had taught him to dance—things like the shuffle and the buck-and-wing. Charles, embroidering these meager rudiments with improvisations of his own and adding a few choicely rendered songs, got himself a job on one of the less impressive vaudeville circuits. Once, between engagements, when they were road-showing "Hearts of the World," he sang tear-wringing ballads in the prologue. Finally, because now and then virtue and hard work do triumph, he became a leading man in a stock company at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

Then, being established in a nice little job with regular pay, he had a rush to the head of artistic ambition, and quit. And went to work as a prop boy for D. W. Griffith at fifteen dollars a week. Naturally, Griffith rewarded such fervent admiration with something good. Casting "Dream Street," he raised Mack's salary to thirty-five dollars and tried him out in the part of the weakling. Charles did such excellent work that Griffith signed him in stock, at much more than thirty-five dollars. When the director went over to Paramount, Charles, confessing quite candidly that he couldn't get another job in New York, came West. On his arrival here, he was signed as Pola Negri's leading man in "A Woman of the World," the misbegotten screen version of "The Tattooed Countess." Then followed the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, and at present, he has just completed the title rôle in Metropolitan's "The Unknown Soldier."

Because of that film's tremendous national interest and appeal, it is not unlikely that Charles Mack will journey to Washington with a print of the picture, to present its première showing to the President.

Charles Mack—the boy, not so many years back, of the turgid mining camp, whose slender, artist's hands were rough and bruised with toil, whose pinnacle of delight was the moment when the saloon patrons threw pennies at his merrily dancing feet—this boy, now, with entrée to the White House!

This in itself is noteworthy, if only for the effort and determination that lie behind such a rise. But it is not as remarkable as the unusual philosophy he has acquired during the process. The higher he goes, the more ample are his opportunities to throw the light of disparaging contrast upon his boyhood. Yet he remains devoid of resentment for the fates that placed him in

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Favorite Picture Players

Photo by Spurr

HAVING deserted the stage for the screen for an entire season, John Barrymore has found he likes the movies so well that he intends to stay in them, and has now joined United Artists.

Photo by Sparr

AS soon as she finishes a very Frenchy film called "Good and Naughty," Pola Negri means to take a vacation abroad, preparatory to appearing with Erich von Stroheim in his next picture.

Photo by Spurr

THERE is something so calm and restful about Barbara Bedford that she is frequently cast as the girl who consoles. Her soothing influence is felt by Lewis Stone in "Old Loves and New."

Photo by Waxman

THESE are exciting days for Gertrude Olmstead. She returned to Hollywood with a magnificent trousseau under her arm—bought in New York—and will very soon, now, be married to Robert Z. Leonard.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

IT'S hard to picture the dainty Doris Kenyon in the rôle of a convict, but that's exactly what she plays in "Mismates," only she's really innocent, and Warner Baxter proves it before the film ends.

Photo by Spurr

OLD friends of Katherine MacDonald will be glad to hear that she is returning to the screen after all. You can see her again in "Old Loves and New," the first film she has made since her marriage.

Photo by Bull

THERE has been nothing slow about young Sally O'Neil's advance. Just now she is playing opposite Ramon Novarro in "Bellamy, the Magnificent," and besides that, she's appearing in "Battling Butler."

Photo by Wide World Studio

THE personification of feminine evil is the awesome rôle that was assigned to Lya de Putti in "The Sorrows of Satan," the first American-made film in which this young Hungarian actress is to appear.

With a Grain of Salt

Rumors, reports, and sagas innumerable have been circulating about Paramount's new foreign star, Lya de Putti. How true they are depends largely upon your credibility.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

HER life has been more crowded than the lobby of a Chaplin première.

Men have fought over her. Women have attempted her life. Military courts have sentenced her to die as a spy. Twice she has been torn from matrimony—once legally, once naturally.

She has two children—jewels of great price—temperament, a family tree, and a persuasive press agent.

She is young and dark and Teutonic and shrewd.

Some might sing of her beauty. It is not unlike the Negri's—bobbed hair, black and shining; wise, kohl-rimmed eyes; lips primitive red, brightening the chalk-like pallor of her face. Slight figure, dressed simply rather than smartly.

They call her Lya de Putti.

A dancer in Germany and Hungary before the war, she is said to have fled to Bucharest when the Roumanians were driven out of Hungary. There she suffered arrest as an Hungarian spy. The legend runs that, after languishing in durance vile, she was tried before a grim war court, and doomed to death, only to escape to Berlin through the influence of powerful friends, who spirited her out of the country on a false passport.

Following this martial episode, Lya married a district governor of Hungary. Their later divorce was a sensational affair involving duellos, huzzas, and front-page attention.

As a gay divorcee, Lya is reported to have been the Peggy Hopkins Joyce of central Europe. Gentlemen, it is told by those *en rapport* with such news, fought for her smiles. Parties of breath-taking splendor were thrown in her direction. She was what a professional phrase-coiner would call the toast of the town. Perhaps revolutions were staged for her entertainment—history is not as informative as it might be.

A suitor more ardent, more impressive, more importunate than all the rest came down from the fjords of Norway, and though his name was Ludwig, Lya loved him and married him.

Two years of happiness were his, then death intervened.

His widow returned to the ballet, then essayed movie work, with the result that she contracted to be photographed in dramatic poses for the Ufa company, not unknown in this country. Established in due time as a screen favorite in Germany, Miss de Putti soon began to receive offers from American producers. Pola Negri had made her successful début. Vilma Banky had been hailed with mingled shouts and cheers. Greta Garbo was receiving due acclaim. "Get an imported star," was becoming the slogan of 1926. Cables hummed. Figures flew across the ocean. Offers. Counteroffers. Representatives were hurried abroad to snare De Putti. Bidding increased. Then Paramount announced that the star had signed with them.

Saying farewell to her friends and admirers at home, Lya prepared to sail for the Land of—as we call it—Opportunity.

A slight rift in her lute appeared when Berlin modistes attempted to forestall her departure from Cherbourg by presenting bills, overlooked apparently, for a matter of a trifle over one hundred thousand marks. (To those unfamiliar with the intricacies of foreign exchange, it may be explained that this represents a lot of marks.) But Lya sailed as scheduled. History fails to record what the dressmakers said.

At the pier in New York, she posed expertly for the ship-news photographers, admired our sky line, and admitted that she was twenty-two. The ship's manifest raised this four years, but ships' manifests are notoriously ungallant.

The Paramount home office was properly excited at her arrival. Importations are rare luxuries, even in filmdom, where men are millionaires and bathtubs are thrones.

D. W. Griffith walked into Mr. Lasky's office, looked at the *brune* Miss de Putti, and immediately requested that she be deployed for the siren rôle in his "The Sorrows of Satan." Mr. Menjou, who plays *Satan,* promptly seconded the motion. Those in favor said "Aye!" it was unanimously carried, and Lya's work was cut out for her.

Then Fate, in the form of a disturbing appendix, stepped into the picture, and the foreign actress was incarcerated in a hospital for a month. Instead of seeing Grant's Tomb and Texas Guinan and the Woolworth Building and "Abie's Irish Rose," she saw medicine bottles and trained nurses and gray ceilings.

As soon as I heard that she was recuperating, I reviewed my German, dusted off each umlaut, studied hard, and p. s., got the job of introducing her to PICTURE-PLAY.

Of course I knew German. *Schnell* was "quick," *dankeschön* was "thank you," and *Liederkranz* was fine, if you kept a window open. *Schnapps,* too, was German at its best.

So I tucked a German-English dictionary under my arm, and made my way to the Buckingham. It wasn't a palace at all, just a hotel. People moved noiselessly about the lobby like ghosts. A gay place. A grim clerk. Was Miss de Putti in?

"She's in," said the clerk, "but I don't know if you're to go up or not. She talks German faster than I understand it."

So I went up.

Fortunately, her secretary was arriving at the same time, a secretary who came in most opportunely as interpreter.

Then there was Lya, small, dark, resembling a Chinese doll, with lampblack hair smoothly bobbed, big eyes grotesquely emphasized by mascara, and lips outlined a trifle extravagantly in rouge. This could have been Lenore Ulric in character, or a foreign edition of Ann Pennington, a little sister to Nita Naldi, or another version of Pola Negri. But it was Lya de Putti. (How genuine that signature is I cannot say—it sounds too good to be true.)

Foreign she looked, indeed, and almost juvenile. Ship's manifest or no, twenty-six seemed ridiculous. Eighteen was likelier. Yet if those husbands and children were true—it hardly seemed plausible.

Flowers graced mantelpiece and table; cigarettes were at hand. A German visitor was bowing himself out with military clicking of heels, and with *auf wiedersehns* accompanied by many curtsies. Rapidly I ran through my vocabulary. What was the word for "pleased?"

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Famous Types, and

A leading scenario writer analyzes some of the

By Clara

Clara Beranger.

ONE of the most interesting things in writing for the screen is visualizing the actors who will make your characters come to life, and one of the greatest dangers lies in thinking in types instead of in real characters.

When an actor or an actress has made a success of a certain type of part, thereafter the producers think only of them as characterizing that particular type, and cast them in the same sort of rôle over and over again. This is bad, for two reasons: It limits good actors to one kind of performance, and it gives away the end of a story before it should be known.

Most of the well-known screen actors could be much more versatile if given a chance; and most of them would like a variety of parts instead of the monotony of playing the same type all the time. Think what fun it would be to produce a picture in which the good-looking villain (usually dark haired and with a coy mustache) would be cast as the hero, and the sleek, romantic lover would be a sly villain. The answer to this from the producer would be, "You can't put a thing like that over on the public." But I am sure that the public would welcome the change.

Yet, despite the limitations caused by the types they have to play, there are certain great actors and actresses who symbolize human traits and who hold the devotion of their audiences because of some one outstanding truth which they represent.

I have given much thought and very careful study to the pictures of certain stars, and as a result, have come to definite conclusions as to the reasons for their hold on the public. Here are my opinions:

Mary Pickford

Mary Pickford, of the blond curls and immortally childlike eyes, represents to her public the eternal youth of the soul. Life has a habit of dimming the true, clear vision of childhood. "Things which we have seen, we now can see no more." But Mary Pickford makes us see them; she gives us shadowy recollections of the glory that was once ours, before the weight of earthly things bowed us down with trouble and deceit. She gives us memories of a crystal past.

Eternal youth.

It isn't because of her cute, childish tricks and gestures that she holds us, but because she is a living symbol of the clean, beautiful soul of the eternal child in all of us. And so, we love Mary Pickford.

Adolphe Menjou

Adolphe Menjou represents the last word in sophistication. He is the man who has the appearance of knowing everything in the world that is to be known; who can, by a simple little gesture of his eyebrow, a curling of his lip, register the wisdom of the world. There is nothing flamboyant about Adolphe. He is subtle—dangerously, fascinatingly subtle.

Fascinatingly subtle.

Working in a medium that has tended to develop obviousness and sweeping strokes rather than fine points and delicate shadings, Adolphe stands preeminent because of his power to reveal anything and everything by suggestion. He never mugs, he never overacts, and yet he never fails to register perfectly every delicate degree of thought and feeling. He is never blatant, never vulgar. He is thoroughly delightful, with the charm of a he-man and a gentleman. And so, we love Adolphe Menjou.

Richard Dix.

Brave and romantic.

It is Richard Dix who, to me, represents the ideal American. He is the bluff, hale, and hearty, devil-may-care spirit that we like to think of as typically American. He has the hardihood of the pioneers who fought through privations and dangers to establish a home for themselves in this country we now know as the United States of America. His weapons are his fists. He has the appeal of native strength, of positive virility. He has the true American humor, the gift for rough-and-tumble comedy. He is forthright and honest in his daily dealings, yet possesses that keen shrewdness that is the endowment of America.

He represents fearlessness and romance, but of a different sort from that which Fairbanks represents. He is not, like Fairbanks, the hero of our dreams—he is the hero of our daily lives. He is not molded out of the glories of the past—he is the quintessence of the reality of to-day. And so, we love Richard Dix.

Why They Appeal

most popular stars, telling why it is they attract us.

Beranger

John Gilbert.

John Gilbert is all types in one—which is another way of saying he is the perfect actor. He has a personality of his own that is strong enough and attractive enough to make its appeal just by itself. But he never relies on that—he is never John Gilbert as the prince, or the soldier, or the artist, but he is John Gilbert submerged in the prince and the soldier and the artist.

All types in one.

Nothing could be more varied than the three characters he has recently been seen in on Broadway—the American doughboy in "The Big Parade," the prince in "The Merry Widow," and the struggling playwright in "La Bohème." And yet he did all of them equally well. It is a rare feat for an actor thus to lose his own personality.

Perhaps it is because he, himself, seems almost indifferent to the appeal of John Gilbert, that he is so appealing. *Perhaps,* that is why we love John Gilbert.

Rudolph Valentino.

Rudolph Valentino, the man who leaped overnight into every feminine heart in the country, is a difficult person to analyze.

Hidden passion.

Is his fascination the lure of the Latin? The novelty of a foreign type? Or is it that, beneath the suave, easy grace of the foreigner, is the native cruelty of the cave man?

Nothing is more attractive, even to the most cultivated woman, than a primitive passion carefully concealed under a veneer of culture and civilization. The more cultivated the woman, the more she likes to feel that a man could beat her if he wanted to. And in Rudolph the Magnificent lurks a suggestion of the power, if not the desire, to beat a woman who would not obey him. He suggests the Medicis of his own country—those dashing grandees.

Rudolph has the famous s. a., but he has much more—he has sex menace. Though most women hesitate to admit it, sex menace is infinitely more fascinating than just sex appeal. And so, we love Rudolph Valentino.

Gloria Swanson is the modern prototype of the women who have made history by their influence on kings and counsellors. She is the embodiment of "It" (a word credited to Elinor Glyn, but really originally used by Somerset Maugham to express that almost inexpressible thing which we call magnetism, personality, lure). She has the quality which I have always believed must be chemical, that awakens a live response from those who come in contact with her, even through the two-dimensional silver screen. But because of that "It"—that lure, magnetism, chemical quality, call it what you will—her personality leaps over and above the two dimensions and becomes a vibrant, living thing. It is not only sex. It is sex, plus brains, charm, and beauty.

Sway over men.

At one time it was thought that Gloria's hold over her public was due to her ability to wear her clothes well. She had a series of pictures in which she was, to quote the lady herself, "just a clothes horse." But her popularity at that time was nothing compared to what it later became when she began to do a variety of parts—an Apache, in boy's clothes; a shop girl of New York.

Her public like for her to wear beautiful clothes because she has a gift for looking well in whatever she wears, but they like better to see her act. And she can act any part she tries, because, within that fascinating little body of hers, is an understanding and an appreciation of all human emotion. Though she is the epitome of the famous women of history, unlike them, she holds as great a sway over women as over men, for she has what all other women would like to have—*"It."* And so, we love Gloria Swanson.

Lois Wilson.

Lois Wilson, usually cast as leading lady to some male star, should be, in my opinion, a star in her own right, for she typifies the essential sweetness of woman. She is not vapid nor sugar-coated. She is the genuine, inherently sweet woman soul. We only have to look at Lois to know she could not lie nor deceive, for from her eyes gleams the spark of truth and goodness. By goodness, I do not mean priggish, self-conscious virtue, but the natural goodness of right thinking, right feeling and right living.

The sweetness of woman.

She is beautiful, not because of perfect symmetry of features, but because

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Rin-Tin-Tin is said to make more money for Warner Brothers than any other player they have.

Ask Rin-Tin-Tin—He Knows!

Gifted with almost human understanding, this famous dog star's conduct in private life is just as amazing as his actions on the screen. This story tells you something of his interesting past.

By Frances Rule

YOU often hear people say that animal movies and animal stars bore them, and it may be that you yourself always pass up films that feature dogs or horses rather than human beings.

But have you ever seen Rin-Tin-Tin?

If you have not, I'll venture to say that after seeing one of his films, any possible prejudice you may have against animal movies will be very much lessened and that you will make a special point of seeing him as often as possible thereafter.

At least, that seems to be the effect that he has had throughout the country, for it is claimed that his average drawing power at the box-offices is over three times as great as that of as famous a star as John Barrymore, for instance. This almost-human Alsatian police dog, who as a tiny pup was found in a dug-out behind the Hindenburg line, almost eight years ago, is said to make more money for Warner Brothers than any other player they have!

That's a surprising statement, but the explanation is simple. It's just this, that some of the more sophisticated films featuring human actors or actresses that are immensely popular in the big towns, often have no pull at all—or at least very little—in many outlying districts, whereas when a Rin-Tin-Tin picture comes to one of these smaller communities, all the natives for miles round rush to see it. The farmers knock off early, hitch up their buggies, pile all the children in behind, and drive into town to see Rin-Tin-Tin. For, aside from the attraction of the dog himself, which is considerable, his films deal with a simple, natural sort of life that is more within their ken than most of the subtler productions featuring highly sophisticated men and women.

And even in as cold-blooded a place as New York, Rin-Tin-Tin draws a crowd—not just the inveterate animal lovers, but people of all sorts who know of this particular dog's astonishing acting ability. During two weeks of personal appearances with "The Night Cry" in New York last spring, the theater where he was appearing was packed at every performance, with people waiting in line for seats, and then rushing for the front ones so as to get a close view of the dog himself, and later clamoring, on their way out, for photographs of him.

I was one of the crowd that was making the walls of Warners Theater creak at an evening showing of "The Night Cry." We had all grown tense with excitement as we had watched the first half of this very good picture unreeled, and were all marveling at Rin-Tin-Tin's positively human portrayal of feeling and thought.

Suddenly, at a critical point in the film, it faded out and the lights came on. Impatient as we were for the next development in the story, a murmur of interest rather than of disappointment ran over the audience, for it was realized that Rin-Tin-Tin himself must be about to appear. A man walked on who introduced himself as Lee Duncan, owner and director of the dog star. After a few introductory remarks, he turned and called, "Rinty, are you there?" and the dog himself strolled onto the stage, gave a wide yawn, and stretched. This, of course, gave him an immediate laugh, and he had the audience with him from the start. Mr. Duncan, gently reproaching him for his bad manners, explained that Rinty hadn't quite learned yet the etiquette of personal appearances.

There then followed one of the most interesting exhibitions that I have ever witnessed. There was between that dog and his master as perfect an understanding as could possibly exist between two living beings. Mr. Duncan talked to Rin-Tin-Tin exactly as though he were human, and it was plain to see that the dog

understood every word he said. He demonstrated just how he directed him in the studios, and it was not much different from the way any other movie actor is directed.

"Now, I want you to look so and so," Mr. Duncan would say, and Rin-Tin-Tin *would* look "so and so." If the position of his body or the expression on his face wasn't just exactly right, his master would tell him how to change it, and the dog would do accordingly. "Put your left foot a little more forward," or "Lower your head," he would say, and Rinty *would* advance his left foot—not the right one, but the left one—and lower his head. Mr. Duncan didn't take hold of his foot or his head and put it where he wanted—he scarcely touched him during the entire proceedings—he stood about eight feet away and simply gave directions. And it fairly took your breath away to watch that dog respond, his ears up—unless told to put them down—and his eyes intently glued on his master. There was something almost uncanny about it.

So fascinated was I by what I had seen that I wanted to see and hear more, so I made an appointment to call on Rinty in his suite at the Roosevelt on the following morning. I *must* hear the story of his life, thought I. It surely couldn't possibly be anything else but absorbing. And absorbing it was, to the *n*th degree.

As he appeared in "The Night Cry."

Back in September, 1918, the Germans had pushed down into Alsace-Lorraine, until a certain section of the Hindenburg line had formed itself into a wedgelike point. Came the order to Allied soldiers near that point to straighten out that line. Among the soldiers whom this order affected was a squadron of American aviators. And among those aviators was Lieutenant Lee Duncan. Within a day the line had been straightened, and these aviators, among others, had moved onto the ground that the Germans had been forced to abandon.

Scouting about after this successful attack and occupation, Lieutenant Duncan and his comrades suddenly came upon a scattered group of about a dozen dead police dogs, who had evidently fallen in the Allied drive of the day before. Realizing that this spot must have been a center from which these dogs were sent out, Mr. Duncan looked further to see if there were any live ones left, and presently bumped into a little dug-out, wherein he found a poor, pathetic, thin and hungry police-dog mother, with five little three-day-old puppies.

Thus it was that Rin-Tin-Tin and his master first met, for Rinty was one of those five tiny, yelping pups, but as his eyes were still closed, he couldn't yet see the man who was later to mean so much to him, and also, it was some time before that man could lay hands on him or any other of those pups. For the mother, hostile toward strangers in any case, and doubly so with a family to protect, was too savage to be approached, without great care and strategy. But Mr. Duncan, being a dog-lover, wanted if possible to make friends with her. The result is that she is now peacefully living in Buffalo, New York.

"Let me tell you, it was a job to conquer her!" says Mr. Duncan. "For she was as ferocious as she could be. We got a huge, eight-foot beam, and slowly—slowly—ever so slowly—wedged her back into a corner of the dug-out. Then, with her wedged in there so tight that she couldn't move, I managed to get hold of her ears with my two hands, and getting behind her, I gripped her between my knees, and held her like that in a

Rin-Tin-Tin saying good-by to his mate Nanette, just before leaving for New York with his master, Lee Duncan, shown behind them.

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Uncensored

Some intimate sidelights which temperament of that strange

By William

Two scenes from Pola's recent picture, "The Crown of Lies." In the scene above, she is shown with Robert Ames.

A SILENCE fell over the gathering at the Polish Auditorium.

All eyes were fixed on the platform.

General Heller, guest of honor, was concluding his address to the Polish colony of Los Angeles, during his visit to the movie capital.

Near him, sitting a little to the rear, were several other distinguished people, the ones best known at sight being Rupert Hughes, Charles Eyton, Kathlyn Williams, and—on whom most of the glances were focussed—Pola Negri.

My Polish friends had promised me a sensation. Standing down in the hall, we all expected a fiery speech from the polestar of the screen. We were eagerly waiting for the patriotic general to introduce her to the assembly. Finally, in a few words, he did. The entire crowd thrilled. Now was the time. The famous Pola—coming from the country that produced Chopin, Paderewski, Joseph Conrad, and Madame Curie—was about to fire the minds of her compatriots with words that only a daughter of Poland could utter.

The general withdrew to his seat. Pola's dazzling figure stood up and advanced a couple of steps. The burst of applause from us possibly made residents back in Hollywood believe another earthquake was approaching. Then—the surprise.

Where was the fiery, stirring speech? Pola Negri, the actress, was missing. Before us, in an imperial pose, tilting her proud head back a little, stood the Countess Dombski, acknowledging no more than due recognition from her serfs. Her regal nod was all that could be expected, coming to us as it did *de haut en bas*. That we were permitted to applaud was honor enough. What is more, we even felt in that state of mind ourselves.

That is the Pola who demands genuflections from the masses. Many a star would confess her real name and age to possess the secret of how it is done. You get no personal-appearance speech from La Negri with a sugary "My dear, dear friends——" as a start. No, this from Pola: A proud pose; a head tilted back; a slight indrawn breath in order to declaim a throbbing "Ha-a-a!" of royal satisfaction. Her tongue then slowly rolls around the inside of her mouth. You often see her do it in her pictures.

During the making of "The Cheat," when Negri's troubles were at their zenith, she was like a tigress, holding at bay the entire Lasky lot. No one knew just what to do. If you greeted the lady in her native language, she would look around suspiciously, sensing a conspiracy. A brief nod was the only return you got. If a word of flattery was essayed, you were likely to be withered under a fiery stare from the Negri eyes—eyes such as Petrarch must have seen when he penned *"Que'-begli occhi ond'escon saette"*—those beautiful eyes whence arrows dart.

One day, about that time, a friend of mine, working in one of the productions then under way, had great news to tell me. We were

Observations

do much to reveal the true woman of moods, Pola Negri.

H. McKegg

Pola can be fiery, but she can also be wistful, or cold.

both ardent Negri fans. This friend of mine had written a poem in German, praising Pola's beauty and talents, and had sent it to her. What did La Negri do? Tear it up? She did not. Instead, the writer received twenty-five dollars with which to buy something, and also a cake baked by Negri's own cook.

Hearing this, I resolved to go one better by writing my poem in Polish! There were words in that language, I recalled, such as *warga,* lip; *usta,* mouth; *oka,* eye; *perla,* pearl. Each rhymed with Pola. But composing a poem in a language you do not know very fluently is hardly conducive—as I later found out—to good results.

My poem must have reached La Negri when another tragedy had entered her life.

At such a time, all on the Negri set must walk on tiptoes. Luckily, gloom and sorrow are soon vanquished by Pola, only to be recalled, maybe, at spare moments. When she is happy, she is truly radiant. Never did she seem to me so happy as when making her "Forbidden Paradise," under the guidance of Lubitsch.

Rod La Rocque was the hero of the hour. An amusing incident occurred during the shooting of some of the scenes. Pola, as the *Czarina,* had to grab Rod by the hair while his hands were tied, and kiss him fiercely on the mouth. Poor Rod winced as Pola tugged his hair with ecstatic frenzy. But revenge is sweet. Later, *he* had to kiss the *Czarina.* When the scene was over, Pola had two or three welts on her neck—the imprints of Rod's ardent kisses! It was a dangerous thing for even a leading man to attempt. However, all was calm. For there was the Negri sign of amusement: Pola smiling, slightly shaking her head, as if not knowing just what to say, the tip of her tongue rolling around the inside of her mouth.

When Pola laughs, the world laughs with her; but when she frowns, it trembles!

Criticism, so rumor states, has been usually regarded as something unimportant to La Negri's peace of mind. Yet I know that she always had her reviews read to her before a fluent knowledge of our language allowed her to scan them herself.

"Vat is dat?" she would eagerly ask when her secretary read a favorable review. "Read it *again!*"—so many times so, that the secretary could finally read many of the criticisms backward while asleep. Edwin Schallert, Herbert Howe, and Harry Carr were some of the nice little boys whose broadminded views were pleasing to La Negri's sense of fairness.

A bad review caused her to laugh—ironically, with contempt. "Ah, dose stupid peoples!" She dismissed them with a toss of her hand. And all around who heard her felt that she was right, that the reviewers had not given her her due.

Reporters and interviewers were at first rather surprised and incensed at Pola's seeming indifference to their overtures. They should know that she is at times an imperialist, though, at others, she is a rank revolutionist.

Up at Del Monte, La Negri once fell into the spirit of the game. Reporters cornered her on her way out to the golf links. Were she and Mr. Chaplin engaged? Were they going to be? Charlie appeared in one of the doorways. "Sharlie, are we engaged?" Pola smilingly inquired. Charlot grinned, perceiving all the pencils and pads ready to jot down the news to spread over the world. "If you say so, we are," he replied. A nonchalant Pola flashed her eyes at the newspaper scribes, making their hearts beat faster for

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Will Constance Quit? Never!

The younger Talmadge sister offers her views on marriage and a career, and gives the assurance that, in her case, the one will never put an end to the other.

By Margaret Reid

IT can't be done. What has been bred in the bone, instilled in the mind—what has monopolized the thoughts, work and actions from the impressionable years on, cannot be cast aside and thenceforth ignored. The pork magnate who rose from a butcher and retires to wealth and golf at fifty, is visibly moved by the morning aroma of bacon, and on being served sausage, bursts into tears and runs back to work. The pensioned professor locks himself into his library for the remainder of his life. And the actor—no matter how heroic his struggles to the contrary — continues to act. Any one—butcher or baker, candlestick maker or bootlegger—if he has followed his calling with any degree of enthusiasm and concentration, is permanently inoculated. A business which has absorbed the interest for, say ten years at the inside, is not a business but an obsession.

Photo by Spurr

Constance Talmadge plans to become a free lance, so as to make pictures when and where she chooses, but has no intention of retiring.

And of all the jobs that mesmerize and entrap, perhaps the most insidious is the business of being a movie star. And of all the stars whom one can least imagine as deserting, Constance Talmadge is at the head of the class—Connie, who grew up with the industry, who is everything one expects of a star, who might be painted as a symbol of that gay, young, impudent art, the movies.

Only the unexpected is ever expected of Connie. So when she suddenly, a few weeks ago, married Captain Alastair MacIntosh, a gentleman hitherto unknown to film circles, Hollywood was breathless, curious, entertained—but not surprised.

Up until a few days before, she was, as usual, being escorted everywhere by Buster Collier, and besought by half of male picturedom. Then, without warning, she secretly gathered together the Talmadge clan, drove up to San Mateo, and became Mrs. Alastair MacIntosh—at the home of one Jean St. Cyr. And with one of her former suitors, William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., as best man. A few days later, Captain MacIntosh departed for Florida on business. Constance returned to Hollywood, and as of old, attends the smartest of parties and cafés—with Buster Collier and the customary entourage of smitten young men begging hoarsely for the next dance. Which proves nothing in particular, except that Connie is Connie.

But the disturbing element was the rumor that had drifted out of San Mateo to the effect that the dashing, blonde Talmadge was through with the movies—done with a career—and would forthwith devote her abundant energies to a life of domesticity. This was, to the film colony, the end of the known world. One could as soon picture the sun rising at midnight, or Mary deserting Doug, as to imagine Connie, the epitome of insouciant sophistication and frivolity, abandoning all for a quiet fireside. "There *is,*" Hollywood bleated pitifully, "no Santa Claus after all!"

While the wires were still hot with the news of her imminent retirement and the fans had already visioned her ministering to the wants of sundry offspring, I met her for the first time and asked for details.

The Talmadges have always impressed me. I am, I fear, unduly impressed by large bank accounts, and when a Rolls-Royce rolls by, my natural inclination is to salute. Everything about this family savors of the sleek touch of money. Their clothes are epicurean, their jewels real, their cars noiseless with luxury, their arrogance the indifference to public opinion that is born of superb assurance. Interviewers are sent for in Cadillac limousines, and greeted in dressing-room bungalows that would add dignity to Beverly Hills. I admit that I was a little nervous at meeting Constance for the first time.

I needn't have been—I saw that as soon as this tall, smart young person breezed into the room. Constance might be chary of her intimacies, but never, I think, of her cordiality. She dropped her slim, graceful height into a divan and laid aside the telegrams she had been reading. Navy blue, I perceived, would return presently to Hollywood favor—since Constance wore it, with hints of Turkey red at neck and cuffs and girdle. From under her tight little navy-blue hat, bright bits of her yellow hair caught the sunlight streaming through the French windows.

No one had prepared me for Constance Talmadge's voice. I had expected the usual in voices—though probably breezy, like herself. But she speaks in deep, full accents, so deep that they imbue everything she says with particular emphasis and point, lend a touch of drama to the comedienne.

Continued on page 109

In and Out of the Studios

Extras who applied for work in Pola Negri's "Good and Naughty" formed the last casting line to be held at the Lasky studios, shown above. From now on, all extras are supplied by the new Central Casting Corporation.

Leatrice Joy recently gave an Hawaiian party in Hollywood, and appeared, with other players, in native costume.

At the right, Douglas MacLean starts his parachute jump in "That's My Baby."

Elinor Glyn is shown here with her latest find, Douglas Gilmore, who has an important rôle in her personally supervised production, "Love's Blindness," and for whom she predicts a great future as a screen lover.

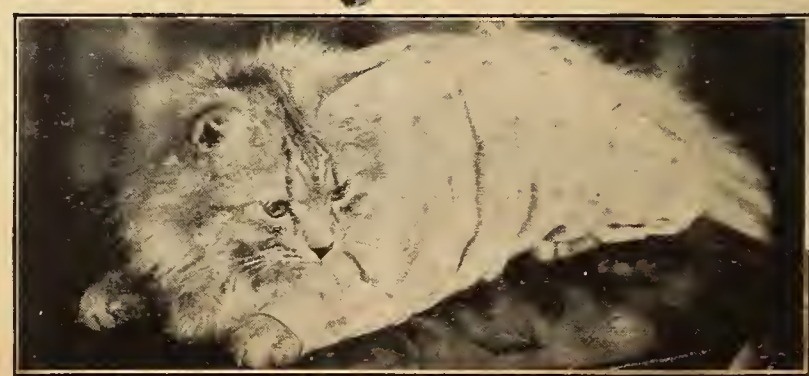
Above, Gertrude Olmstead, in a scene from "Puppets," starring Milton Sills.

At the left, Buck Jones and his wife are caught by the camera on the eve of their recent departure from New York for Europe. Buck, as you see, took his trappings with him, to show the folks abroad what a real cowboy looks like.

Try letting your friends guess who the gentleman above is, without reading this caption. Would you have recognized your old friend, Charlie Murray? That's who it is, and he wears this make-up in "Her Second Chance," in which the two other featured players are Anna Q. Nilsson and Huntley Gordon.

The way Karl Dane is tossing George K. Arthur about, on the Metro lot, shows that he is quite as husky as he appeared to be in "The Big Parade."

Perhaps you didn't know that there really are such things as "The Cat's Pajamas," but you'll see them in the picture of that title costarring Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.



Above, you see Claire Windsor and part of her collection of artistically costumed dolls — her principal hobby.

Report has it that, in London, the fashionable women of Mayfair are going in for barbaric jewelry. Gwen Lee has, therefore, introduced the custom to Hollywood, the most striking example being the arm arrow, which gives the impression that the arm is actually pierced.

Here's another chance for a guessing contest. The gentleman with the long nose is Lew Cody, made up as *Cyrano de Bergerac,* whom he impersonates in "A Gay Deceiver."

Sally Rand and Josephine Norman, members of the De Mille stock company, are having a race on a pair of hobby-horse exercisers, a modification of the mechanical horse used by the President.

Photo by Alexander.

Fanny went to a dinner party at Corinne Griffith's home, and found it to be a fascinating place.

Over the

Fanny the Fan tells of rediscovering

By The

WHEN Fanny the Fan burst into my apartment in New York with such a wild gleam in her eye, I knew that she had startling plans afoot—or, as it later developed, *en train.*

"We're going to Hollywood for a few weeks," she announced decisively, quite as though I had nothing to say in the matter. To be candid, I couldn't think of any suitable reply. I might have mentioned expenses, but Fanny has associated with motion-picture people so long that she has acquired delusions of grandeur, and an airy disregard for money.

We lingered in New York just long enough to attend a welcome luncheon that Universal gave for Laura La Plante and Hedda Hopper. Then, with a "See you in Hollywood" to Laura and to Gertrude Olmstead, who were following a few days later, we were off.

We went out with Alma Rubens, who spent all of her time sending telegrams back to her husband, Ricardo Cortez. And we had no more than landed in California when she rushed straight back East to him. Margaret Livingston and her sister were on the same train with us, so we had a hilarious trip. It seemed like one day instead of four.

Once in Hollywood, Fanny simply flew from studio to studio, and I caught only occasional glimpses of her. Like most Easterners arriving in California, I promptly succumbed to a cold, and heard of the outside world only when Fanny darted in to see me.

"Where have you been?" I demanded of her, during one of her breathless visits.

"I can't begin to tell you all that," Fanny gasped hopelessly. "But any time you want to locate me, you might page the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. That's the most fascinating studio I have ever seen. There are so many delightful people out there, I almost forgot to ask for Mae Busch."

Fanny's mind must be weakening, if she forgot Mae.

"If you aren't going to tell me where you have been, you might at least keep a diary and mail it to me," I suggested, between sniffles.

"Well, where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere." I was nothing if not humble. "At your first day here, or with the most interesting person you have seen, or——"

"It's all the same." She said it with that resigned, of-course-you-should-know-it-without-my-telling-you air.

"Naturally, I dashed over to the United Studio to see Colleen Moore just as soon as I had brushed off the dust of travel. She is a darling. She was working on 'Ella Cinders,' rushing through some interior scenes so as to go up to Barstow on location that night. Mr. Rowland, the head of First National, had just arrived from New York, so they ran their pet scenes from 'Ella Cinders' for him. Of course, I stole in to see them too. They are close-ups of Colleen. She is supposed to have been reading in a book on movie acting a chapter on expressing emotion through the eyes. She does, and how! I don't care what else they have in the picture. Those scenes made me too hysterical to see any more right away.

"She and Anna Q. Nilsson and Betty Compson expected to finish their pictures at the

Photo by Burke.

Zasu Pitts had just left for Chicago to visit her relatives, much to Fanny's disappointment.

Teacups

California and a lot of old friends

Bystander

same time, and so planned to go up in the mountains for a vacation together. But suddenly, it started raining, and they had to wait for sunny weather to finish their outdoor scenes before they could go. They may finish in time to have one day's vacation, if they're lucky."

"Of course, it never rains in California," I insisted.

"Nevertheless, the downpour is breaking the hearts of the realtors," Fanny assured me earnestly.

"I saw John Gilbert the other day, and he told me that Florence Vidor's acres up in Beverly Hills had simply washed down all over his place and made a mud bath of his swimming pool. And if you drive out toward the Lasky ranch, you meet pieces of it floating down what was once a road."

"But how do people get to parties during the rainy season?" I am just a small-town newspaper reader, to whom Hollywood and parties are synonymous.

"Just ask Helen Ferguson." Fanny's chuckle was crisp and cruel as she said it.

"Helen entertained the Girls' Club in her new Beverly Hills home, and had hoped to impress them with the gardens. But when the great night arrived, it had been raining steadily for three long days and three long nights, and her gardens were but a memory.

"You know, Helen has always been the hard-working member of the Girls' Club. Every time another member has got engaged or married or had a baby, or a new home or anything that was cause for celebration, Helen has rounded up all the others and had them surprise her with presents. So for Helen's housewarming, Ruth Roland elected herself to do the same for her. The girls gave her lovely things — particularly Ruth and May McAvoy. May's present was a pitcher-and-goblet set, copied from one in the museum at Sidon.

"But I was telling you about Helen and the rain when I wandered off the subject. There is one night in her life that she will never forget. Frances Marion gave a cat party, and as usual, almost every one came, even

Photo by Freulich

Anna Q. Nilsson had been so busy working that she hadn't even had time to visit the Montmartre.

At a party, Patsy Ruth Miller entertained the guests by giving an imitation of herself acting under Lubitsch's direction.

though a steady downpour did rather discourage them. Frances lives on the very top of a high hill, and you have to make several sudden turns in a very steep road before you get there. Helen almost had hysterics on her way up, but when she went home! Young avalanches had been dropping down the mountainside onto the road, and the fog was so thick that the drivers couldn't see a thing. So when Helen's car climbed over a boulder, she thought it was going down the precipice, and she flung the door open and tried to leap out. Somebody stopped her just in time, but Helen's nerves were so shaken she wanted to get out and walk."

"A serial star like Helen ought to be able to stand more than that," I insisted.

"Maybe," Fanny assented. "But Helen will tell you that her double takes most of the chances in 'The Fire Fighters,' her latest serial. Far from trying to conceal the fact that she has a double, she simply gloats over it—unlike most stars."

"Tell me about Frances Marion's cat party," I urged her, as she paused for breath.

Photo by Monroe.

Fanny almost missed seeing Mae Busch.

"Well," Fanny began hesitantly, as though it were too long a story for even her to tackle. "Just about all the people the fans love best were there, except Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge. They were in New York, or you can be sure they would have been there, too. But, among the guests, there were Lillian Gish, Vilma Banky, Blanche Sweet, Anna Q. Nilsson, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Dorothy Reid, Patsy Ruth Miller, Kathleen Key and simply mobs of others.

"After dinner, we saw a picture in the little Spanish theater in Frances' house. It was one of the oldest to be found in Hollywood, 'The Battle Cry of Peace,' an old Vitagraph film starring Norma Talmadge. No intentional comedy was ever hailed with such shrieks of glee as this serious drama. Anna Q. read the titles aloud, and Lila Lee sang a musical—if you want to exaggerate—accompaniment. It was a grand and glorious occasion.

"In the picture, Norma's face was framed in curls, and she wore an indescribable dress. It looked as though many old lace curtains had suffered that it might be born. Constance was in the picture too, acting very coy. The plot itself was the strangest thing. Just at a thrilling moment when half of an invading army were attacking Norma with an Australian-crawl technique, it cut to diagrams showing the relative wealth and armament of various countries. In one scene, two dear little girls were clinging to Constance's skirts. You can imagine our surprise when Helen Ferguson identified them as Helene and Dolores Costello!

"After the picture, Patsy Ruth Miller entertained us by giving imitations of herself under Lubitsch's direction. She is playing in 'Reveillon' under him, you know. She insists that, in this film, she is a siren who just lolls on one chaise longue after another. And she says that her costumes are made entirely with shears. Every time that she goes for a fitting, the costumers cut off another piece.

"That's all that the entire cast talk about—their state of undress. Lilyan Tashman plays the other leading feminine rôle, and she says that a bead or two makes up her whole wardrobe.

"I saw Lilyan at the Montmartre at luncheon Saturday. As a matter of fact, I saw almost every one in the picture colony, as well as all the tourists. Lilyan is still the smartest-gowned woman in Hollywood. And she does look so young and dashing.

"Lila Lee took Anna Q., Lois Wilson, May McAvoy and me there to luncheon. We all craned our necks and stared unashamed. Anna had been working so hard that she hadn't been there in eight weeks, and Lois and May were just back from New York.

"Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman were there, just out from New York, and Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, and Lilyan Tashman, Virginia Fox, Edna Purviance, and any number of others. The three brilliant young directors were lunching together—Monta Bell, Malcolm St. Clair, and Marcel de Sano. There was a cunning girl with them whom no one recognized. Lila suggested that it might be Joan Crawford, but I objected. I had met her just the day before. Then Lila said it must be Sally O'Neil. But I had watched her work out at Metro-Goldwyn, and knew it wasn't she. Lila was just guessing—said people were always talking about how cute those girls are.

"And that reminds me, after most of the girls had gone home from Frances Marion's party, the few of us who were still there started arguing about who had been the prettiest girl present. May McAvoy hadn't been able to come, because she was running a big church benefit, but had

Photo by Hartsook.

Lilyan Tashman is still, according to Fanny, the smartest-gowned woman in Hollywood.

she been there, she would have been elected the beauty of the occasion without any argument. But since she hadn't been there, the election hung between Vilma Banky and Lila Lee."

"What's Vilma Banky like?" I asked eagerly.

"Not like any one or anything else." For once; Fanny was at a loss for words. "She reminds you of spring and apple blossoms, she is so refreshing. She understands English very well, but speaks hesitantly, so most of the time she sits back quietly. Sometimes she smiles mysteriously, as though she knows some delightful joke on you that she won't tell. But it is a kindly, friendly smile. I wish I could speak Hungarian. I am sure she must be fascinating to talk to.

"Any one who meets picture people should be a linguist nowadays, anyway. I felt utterly stupid when I met Greta Garbo, because I couldn't speak Swedish.

"I think Miss Garbo is fascinating to look at. Of course, cameramen like the nice, soft, round, doll-like faces that are quite stereotyped, so one of them started an argument with me. Told me that Miss Garbo had ferret eyes and bad teeth and a sharp chin. I don't care. It is nice to see some one so unusual-looking. Kathleen Key is working in 'The Temptress' with her, and she says it is an inspiration to watch her.

"Incidentally, Kathleen got her rôle in that because of her expressive, big eyes. Mr. Stiller, the Swedish director who is making the picture, asked for the girl with the biggest and most beautiful eyes, and Kath got the job without any argument. So it was rather amusing when one of those all-knowing extra girls came up to her on the set and told her it was a pity that her eyes were so bad, that she would never get anywhere in pictures.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Kathleen Key got her rôle in "The Temptress" because of her expressive eyes.

"You never can tell from looking at a person's eyes how they will photograph. Margaret Livingston told me that for a long time she had an awful struggle getting jobs. Directors used to look at her and say, 'No, your eyes are too small.' Finally, she prevailed on one of them to give her a test, and her eyes proved to be bright and flashing. Lots of people consider them her best feature. So now, before a director says a final 'No,' Margaret urges him just to give her a test. And then there is no 'No.'"

"Has Hollywood changed much since the last time you were here?" I pressed Fanny on, fearful lest she forsake me for another studio jaunt.

"I'd say lots, if it didn't sound like a wretched real-estate pun. The film colony is so much more homy than it used to be. Just think of it —I haven't been in the Biltmore or the Ambassador once since I came. And why any one should want to go to either when they have such beautiful homes, I can't understand.

The unexpected rainy weather put a crimp in Colleen Moore's vacation plans.

"Everybody has either just built a new home or is starting one. Conversation among the film stars inevitably turns to Spanish architecture, color schemes, and heating systems. Don't think they don't need them in California. Frances Marion's swimming pool is the envy of the colony, because she had the forethought to put an electric heating system in it. You can have the water nice and warm on a cold night.

"Everybody does a lot of talking about taking lots of exercise to keep fit, but Lillian Gish really does. She has leased Mrs. Pickford's house down at Santa Monica, and at about seven every morning, she darts out in a cunning red bathing suit and jumps into the ocean. Then, sometimes, in the afternoon, she takes another swim up at Frances Marion's pool. Lillian is one of the most misjudged girls I know. Her lovely sense of humor is

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Frocks for Sport

By Betty Brown

The attractive array of bathing costumes sketched above, selected from the two films, "The Palm Beach Girl" and "It's the Old Army Game," reveals the latest variations in suits and capes and beach pajamas.

I SUPPOSE that every season of the year, like every age of woman, has its own special and individual charm; and surely, I am not the only woman who, going to an advance showing of costumes for any season at all, exclaims enthusiastically, "These are the loveliest of all! No season can boast of more fascinating costumes than this one!"

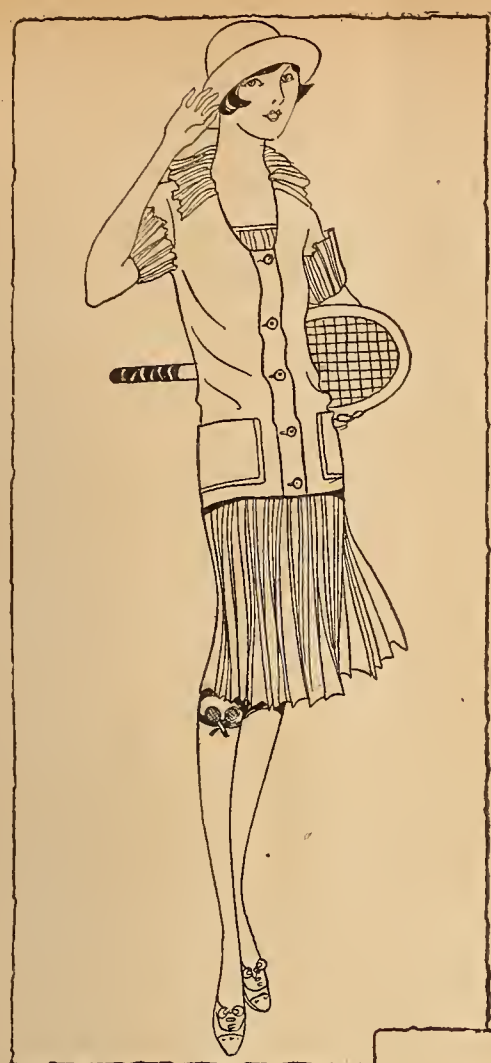
But I wish to be put on record now, all previous declarations to the contrary, as saying that midsummer is the "time of times," as far as beautiful clothes are concerned. That is my opinion, and I am going to stick to it.

After all, there are plenty of reasons why vacation costumes should outdo those of other seasons. Summertime is the playtime of the world, and those magic two or more weeks called vacation are often the only chance some of us have to preen our feathers and show them to the outside world, so that the frocks for that season should be, and I believe are, gayer and more beautiful than any others.

Certainly the styles for this summer are the very embodiment of gayety and light-heartedness. Almost no somber colors appear, except for the practical navy blue, which is with us at almost any time of the year, and even that has blossomed out with frivolous touches of red, chartreuse green, or bois-de-rose as trimming.

The very sheerest fabrics seem to be in the lead this summer, the most practical of these being georgette crape, either in plain colors or in gay, flowered patterns; while, for the more utilitarian frock, there can be used crêpe-de-Chine, canton crape or, loveliest of all in my opinion, crape Elizabeth. Taffeta, also, is a particular pet of the moment, and with its soft, supple weave, is charming for the more formal costume. It is also widely used as trimming for frocks of georgette or chiffon, either in plain colors or, smartest of all, in plaid.

As bathing costumes are always an important feature of every vacation outfit, I have sketched a group of them at the top of this page. Two of Paramount's new features, "It's the Old Army Game" and "The Palm Beach Girl," offer a bewildering array of bathing suits, capes, beach pajamas, and so forth, and it is from these two films that the above sketches were made.



Pleats are distinctly in, as Gwen Lee's tennis outfit above plainly testifies.

Beginning at the extreme left, I have sketched a one-piece suit of black jersey, with an appliqué of white cretonne birds in full flight from right leg to left shoulder. A striking costume, it could be most easily copied, using a plain black jersey suit as a foundation, and either white or colored birds cut from cretonne in appliqué.

The next standing figure wears a two-piece white jersey suit, the unusual feature of which is the Pierrot's head which adorns the skirt. This appliqué is in bright shades of red and purple, matching in coloring the white-and-purple beach cape worn with the suit.

As beach pajamas are being seen more and more at the popular summer resorts, I have sketched a suit of these on the left-hand seated figure. It is made of the ever-popular cretonne, the jumper being of a gay, flowered pattern, and the "trou" plain in color, with a flowered band trimming the lower edge of each leg. A suit of these pajamas has the advantage of being inexpensive and easy to make, and forms a charming summer lounging costume, either on the beach or for home wear.

Although velvet may seem out of place in a bathing suit it really can be used charmingly, and when wet, makes its wearer look for all the world like a little slippery seal coming up out of the water. The suit worn by the girl with the parasol is of flowered chiffon velvet — black, with enormous yellow roses, and with a matching cape that is lined with yellow.

For all-round, serviceable wear, however, the lightweight jersey suit is the one most in favor, and one of this type, with the added charm of "unusualness," is sketched on the seated figure at the right of this same group. It is a two-piece suit of green jersey. The white collar, the odd, square scallops along the edge of the skirt, and the laced-up sides of the trousers are new features, as is the crushed jersey belt with its smart buckle. With this suit is worn a white cap, with scalloped band and bow of green.

Nothing could be smarter for general sport wear than this black-and-white costume seen on Bebe Daniels in "The Palm Beach Girl."

Straight lines feature the gray crape dress worn by Mary Brian in "Brown of Harvard," and to the right of her is a stylish navy-blue traveling frock owned by Corinne Griffith.

But to turn to other sports and their costumes, I have sketched on this second page several frocks suitable for vacation wear in general. The first of these, in the upper left-hand corner, is a chic tennis outfit, worn by Gwen Lee, Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer player. It consists of a finely pleated crêpe-de-

Continued on page 94

The Screen

Critical glances at the

By Sally

Elinor Fair, as a Russian princess, and William Boyd, as a revolutionist, hold the center of the screen in "The Volga Boatman."

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S latest sacrificial offering to the Great God Box-Office is "The Volga Boatman," which was presented at the Times Square Theater, in New York, before a large audience and Gloria Swanson. Rushing in where his fellow producers have feared to tread, Mr. De Mille has built his latest production around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and has made this vexatious happening safe for American audiences by the simple process of making it merely a movie.

Let us jump quickly into the merits of this bizarre production. In the first place, it has two sure-fire elements—suspense and a crude sex appeal. In the second place, it has isolated moments of beauty, great pictures that prove once again that De Mille has an instinct for composition and arrangement. The scenes, for instance, of the singing boatmen are beautiful and stirring.

And in the third place, the picture has William Boyd, who is a handsome, blue-eyed blond, with lots of that deadly quality that makes strange girls write letters to men they have never met. Boyd is what the press agents describe as a "clean, American youth" but, nevertheless, he is simply swell in the scenes wherein he is tempted.

The story is credited to Konrad Bercovici and Lenore Coffee—if it could be called a "credit." All we learned about the revolution from this film is that the Red gentlemen invariably craved the aristocratic gals, and that the boys with the "clean, white hands" constantly yearned to carry on with the lady peasants. That, in fact, is the whole story of the film.

In Mr. De Mille's revolution, most of the fighting seems to consist in scraps over women. Some of these battles aren't very pretty, as, for instance, the scene in which the high-toned princess is forced to disrobe in front of the officers. But, for the most part, the orgies are just as tasteful, handsome, and well photographed as any orgies you might care to see.

Students of Mr. De Mille's work will not be surprised that his picture is artificial, a little silly, and rather crude. The only surprising part of the film is the appearance of Elinor Fair in the leading rôle. She is not up to Mr. De Mille's standard of gorgeous girls. Miss Fair is not strikingly beautiful nor particularly talented. Julia Faye, in a smaller rôle, plays with more verve, although her character belongs to that atrocious type known as "comedy relief."

More American History.

For many years it has been Mr. Carl Laemmle's ambition to produce a picture faithfully representing American frontier days. Over two years ago, he began work on the story he had in mind, and decided that General George Custer, leader of that tragic band of cavalrymen who were massacred by the united Indian nations, should be one of the leading characters. The battle itself was to be the climax of the drama. His hero he planned to make a pony-express rider.

But about this time, Famous Players also decided to film a story about the pony express. Universal relinquished the title, "The Pony Express," but went ahead with their original idea, which was to film a bit of American history accurately. They read every known authority on Custer; they obtained the valuable aid of Colonel Byram, who graduated from West Point in 1885; they talked with old Indian scouts and with veterans of the Indian wars.

A replica of Fort Hays, Custer's outpost, was built with painstaking care midst the hills outside of Universal City, and a duplicate of Crane City was constructed near Pendleton, Oregon. In fact, everything that could be done to make an authentic, historic picture *was* done, but now, if I were Mr. Laemmle, having read the reviews following the opening of this picture, "The Flaming Frontier," I would pray for eternal unconsciousness. For into his story, he put a purely fictitious hero and an imaginary villain, and so, criticism has been heaped upon him.

All the very exciting accuracy of his picture has been discounted because of the fact that Hoot Gibson is the brave pony-express rider. But there can never be too many Western pictures for me—never too many covered wagons. I live in constant terror lest the producers will run out of Western stories, and the thought that no one has yet filmed the story of the Alamo stays with me and fills my days with light.

I liked "The Flaming Frontier." I even liked Dustin Farnum as *General Custer,* and if any one wants to tell me that the entire West was made safe for cross-country motorists through the efforts of Hoot Gibson, I am not the person to quibble over it.

There is some magnificent riding, a great many real-looking Indians, and the usual eye-satisfying scenery. I especially liked the part where Sam Beldin, one of the meanest villains pictured so far, sits playing solitaire and thinking his own thoughts, while *Custer* makes his magnificent fight against the Indians.

This same Beldin, by the way, has stirred up all the trouble in the first place, according to Mr. Laemmle.

Oh, yes, there is a gal. Her name is Anne Cornwall.

Scientific Funny Business.

A few of you oldsters may remember the days when a good comedian was supposed to be a tragic figure, or at least a saddened artist. He had the desire, not always suppressed, to play *Hamlet.* He was a melan-

in Review

latest movie offerings.

Benson

choly boy who laughed through his tears. And now, Harold Lloyd comes along and knocks all talk of art and humor for a row of tin stoves. He turns out sidesplitting and successful comedies as efficiently, and a great deal more quietly, than Ford turns out automobiles. He shows no more emotional strain than a bouncer in a Bowery dance hall.

His latest picture, "For Heaven's Sake!" is the first he has made under the well-feathered though slightly calloused wing of Famous Players. Not that Mr. Lloyd needs anybody's old wing. He only needs himself. He could be funny under the direction of Cecil De Mille, with Lillian Gish for his leading lady. Funnier even, maybe.

"For Heaven's Sake!" is the story of a nice young man who turns toward charity. Charity hits back. He founds a good saving station for bums and gunmen, and his evangelical fun ought to teach our current reformers some new tricks. Out of hours, he makes love to the beautiful daughter of the mission.

There is an unbelievably funny scene where Mr. Lloyd pilots five drunk and disorderly bums to his wedding. What could be funnier than Harold Lloyd, five intoxicated men, and a runaway bus?

"For Heaven's Sake!" will not in all probability sweep the laughter of the country ahead of it as "The Freshman" did. However, reform and football are the subjects that take up most of the newspaper space, so I am not sure.

Anyway, "For Heaven's Sake!" is good for at least one million laughs.

Virtuous Naughtiness.

Kiki, as played by Norma Talmadge, is a very different young lady from the *Kiki* who clowned so naughtily on the stage a few years ago.

The story is the same, but the morals of the young lady have undergone a bit of whitening—not that *Kiki* wasn't always a good girl, but in the person of Lenore Ulric, who played the stage rôle, she was a naughty one.

It is the story of one of those waifs, a Parisian one this time, with a desire to go onto the stage. She finally is allowed a position in the chorus, and on the opening night, she very nearly closes the show with her merry ways. There is a good bit of slapstick here, which you can take or leave—it could easily have been omitted.

Kiki is in love with the manager of the revue, but the manager is already involved with the prima donna. However, *Kiki* being Norma Talmadge and the prima donna being Gertrude Astor, you can imagine who wins out in the end.

Ronald Colman is unusually good playing opposite Miss Talmadge. Her softer wiles seem to suit him better than the frantic attentions of Constance Talmadge.

This is an amusing enough picture, with pleasantly un-Parisian subtitles. In fact, it presents an anglicized *Kiki,* a *Kiki* carried far, far away from her native Paris and placed in the sunny atmosphere of Hollywood.

Douglas MacLean, with Margaret Morris as the inevitable girl, furnishes plenty of fun in "That's My Baby."

Foreign atmosphere is a very strange thing—it clung to "A Woman of Paris," but it refuses to so much as approach the lovely and talented Talmadges from Brooklyn.

A Picture with a Plot.

I enjoyed "The Blind Goddess" almost more than any picture I had seen in a month.

It has a real plot, and a good one, and a most excellent cast.

All the pretty young girls in the world and all the handsome young men, dressed in their very best, cannot provide half the entertainment that some of the older stars can.

In "The Blind Goddess," we have Louise Dresser, Ernest Torrence, Jack Holt, and lovely Esther Ralston—four businesslike and capable people.

In spite of the fact that Miss Ralston is comparatively new to pictures, she holds the courtly hand of "The Blind Goddess" like an experienced player.

Ward Crane, that young man with the rich atmosphere, has a small part. I am sorry there wasn't more of him.

The story of "The Blind Goddess" is by Arthur Train. Ernest Torrence, unfortunately, is murdered somewhere in the third or fourth reel, but as it really does help the plot along, it would be unfair to complain about that. Before this, he has plenty of opportunity to be as delightful as he can be.

His former wife is suspected of and tried for murder, with her own daughter—who is unaware of her mother's identity—testifying against her. I won't tell you the climax. If you love your crime as I do, you hate to hear beforehand the end of a story.

Louise Dresser is my idea of a really beautiful woman, and she is a fine actress. There is an amazing resemblance between Miss Ralston and Miss Dresser.

"The Blind Goddess" isn't all melodrama—there is plenty of pleasant funny business, too.

As Inferiority Complex.

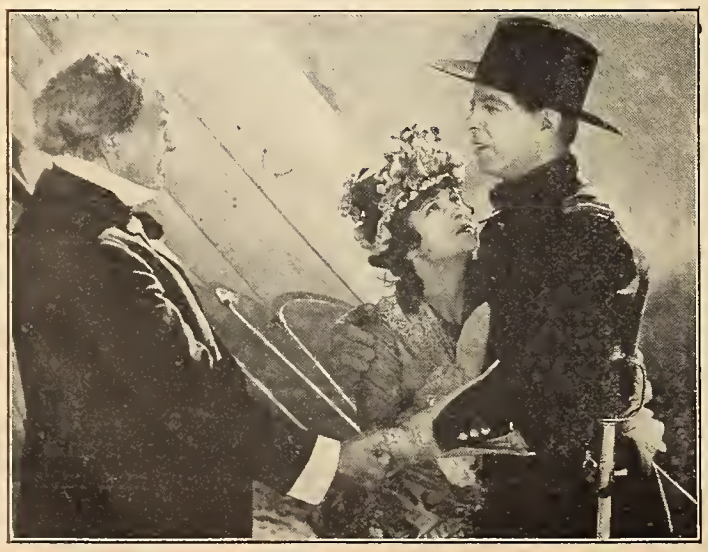
"The Sap," Warner Brothers, is almost a very interesting picture. I don't quite know just where it misses—probably in its presentation, which is cheap and rather shoddy.

It is the story of a mamma's boy who goes to war and

"The New Klondike."

"The Night Cry."

"For Heaven's Sake!"



"The Flaming Frontier."

becomes a hero purely by accident. Covered with medals, he returns to his home town, where the town bullies waste no time in showing him up as the coward he has always felt himself to be.

Goaded by ridicule and scorn, he tries to overcome his fears. He has had a lifelong horror of cats, and he feels that if he can but once pick up a cat without a shudder, he can conquer anything. When I saw this picture, many people in the room laughed at this part, but any one with a fear of cats will know that it is not ridiculous at all.

Kenneth Harlan is convincing as the terrified young man. Mary McAllister is a colorless young lady who seems to belong just where she spends most of her time in the picture —in a porch swing. Eulalie Jensen is as handsome as ever as the young man's adoring mother, and Heinie Conklin is the loyal friend. Dave Butler is the bully.

As I said before, this is a very good idea, badly put together. There is a brief glimpse of the war, and some rather heavy-handed comedy. The whole thing deserved a better setting.

The Florida Gold Rush.

Recently, Thomas Meighan has come under the sinister influence of the tsetse fly. Most of the boys who have grown older, far from relaxing and letting the world go by, have seemed to take more interest in being actors, but not Mr. Meighan. He has evidently decided that, come what may, he simply won't act.

In "The New Klondike," a valiant attempt has been made to give him enough good material to keep him occupied.

The story is by Ring Lardner, and Mr. Meighan is supported by Lila Lee. It is a pleasantly satirical sketch of Florida real estate, with a few baseball players thrown in for good measure, and it is a genuinely amusing comedy, due, I think, not alone to the story, but to the capable direction of Lewis Milestone.

The only real touch of Lardner is in the character of one *Bing Allen,* a young bush leaguer, played by Paul Kelly, who goes South to join the team. *Bing,* on the boat to Florida, is very seasick, and as he seats himself beside a young woman who is also seasick, he says, "Who are you and what of it?"

There are unscrupulous real-estate dealers and plenty of outwitting, with bits of Florida serving as a good-looking background. The story is funny, the direction is good, and Mr. Meighan and Miss Lee are the anchors.

Thus and Thus.

It does seem as though Mr. Arlen has appropriated the vague, insinuating way of our own James Branch Cabell a little too often. The only difference being that Mr. Arlen gives us the ten-cent variety, while Mr. Cabell gives the big five-dollar kind.

In "The Dancer of Paris," the Arlen prize short story, there is a subtitle which says, "Paris, the city of shining squares, where you hear thus and thus of beautiful women—of their laughing eyes and swift feet," and you know right then and there that you don't have to stay if you don't want to.

Dorothy Mackaill, as *Consuelo,* the beautiful dancer, becomes engaged to an English peer, who says he doesn't love her but that it annoys him to see her dancing with another man. Knowing that she can annoy him, she dances all over Europe with one handsome partner after another, until she sees Conway Tearle, and then the big miracle happens. She falls in love with him.

This isn't much of a picture, but it has the glamour of Miss Mackaill's beauty, which is, after all, a great deal. It is sometimes amusing and sometimes tiresome—and it is filled with the affected chatter of Mr. Arlen, being English.

One time, at a Cyril Maude matinee, I sat next to two buxom, candy-eating matrons, of the "I-was-to-see-Ella's-baby-last-night" type. They were happy, bejeweled, and natural. But after two hours of the refining influence of Mr.

Maude, they gathered their things together and shamefacedly hid the candy box. They were not so happy. As they went out, I heard one say to the other, "Charming little play, wasn't it, dear?"

This, then, is "The Dancer of Paris."

Yes, Sir!

"That's My Baby" is the proof that Famous Players-Lasky have a monopoly on Douglas MacLean and his famous smile.

Mr. MacLean is at least three necks ahead of his picture, which gives "That's My Baby" a peculiarly jumpy pace.

A young man has a theory that a girl's character may be determined by the lines of her ankle—a horrid thought, if true.

He meets the daughter of a business competitor on the street and agrees to meet her later at a charity bazaar. The bazaar is a magnificent effort on the part of the producers to liven things up a bit. The young lady has told Mr. MacLean that she will wear a Turkish costume—and the fact that hundreds of other young ladies are also dressed in Turkish costumes is played upon until it is worn to a frazzle. A tent collapses on a lot of people—and this is the climax of the evening's entertainment.

Aside from Mr. MacLean, the picture is a good deal of a bore.

America's Favorite Actor.

"The Night Cry," with that incomparable actor, Rin-Tin-Tin, is another not-so-good story, depending on its leading character. Rin-Tin-Tin is more amazing than ever. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that he was to try "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and it's going to be no time at all before he is photographed in a dressing gown smoking a pipe.

He is a far better actor than many of his two-legged brothers.

I can't begin to tell you about his new tricks. He is slimly supported by Johnny Harron and June Marlowe.

In New York, Rin-Tin-Tin made personal appearances with this picture—and if he comes to your town, by all means go to see this scholar and gentleman. Go, even if he tries to sell you a complexion cream after the performance. (No, he doesn't, really.)

Ye Olde Arctic.

"The Barrier," by Rex Beach, is a great, big, half-breed romance of the far, far North. It's simply cram full of melodrama and ice, old but exciting. The story is almost too complicated to tell. I can hardly even reduce it to tabloid form.

Briefly, it is the romance between an army captain, stationed in the Arctic region, and a half-breed girl. It begins with a terrific storm, includes innumerable fights, and ends with a shipwreck. He gets the gal.

The cast is far better than the picture. Preferring, as I do, Lionel Barrymore to his brother John, his appearance in this about made my day.

He's a terribly handsome man, I think.

Marceline Day, one of the prettiest of the embryo actresses, plays opposite him, and the rest of the cast includes Norman Kerry, Henry Walthall, George Cooper, and Shannon Day.

A Year to Live.

Cecil De Mille presents Rod La Rocque in "Red Dice," a story of the bootlegging underworld.

Mr. La Rocque takes the rôle of young *Alan Beckwith,* a veteran of the World War, who finds himself down and out and unable to get work.

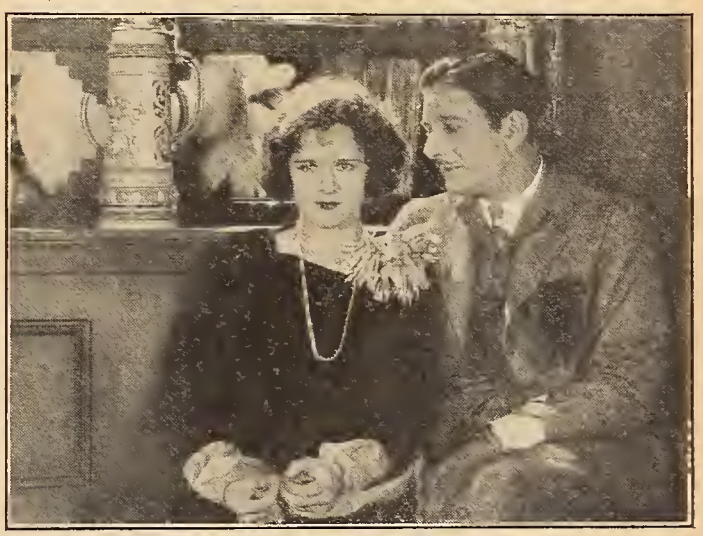
He offers to insure his life in favor of the King of the Underworld, with the understanding that he is to die conveniently at the end of the year. In return, the Nabob bootlegger agrees to support him in style until he dies.

The "Red Dice" part of it doesn't really mean a thing.

Continued on page 110

"The Blind Goddess."

"Kiki."



"The Prince of Pilsen."

"The Sap."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the *Zorro* type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"For Heaven's Sake!"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission work, with amusing results.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charlie Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Little Annie Rooney"—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York's lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines makes attractive hero.

"Mare Nostrum" — Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibáñez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading rôles.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Three Faces East"—Producers Distributing. Splendid mystery melodrama about World War spies, with Jetta Goudal, Clive Brook, and Robert Ames.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Ancient Highway, The"—Paramount. Jack Holt and Billie Dove in a decidedly pleasing picture full of action and gorgeous scenery.

"Auction Block, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Charles Ray, as spendthrift son of wealthy father, shown to better advantage than usual. Eleanor Boardman and Sally O'Neil make for complications.

"Bat, The"—United Artists. Not nearly so thrilling as the stage version of this famous mystery melodrama, but funnier and just as mysterious.

"Beautiful City, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an Italian boy in a melodrama of New York's East Side. Dorothy Gish, delightful as his Irish sweetheart.

"Behind the Front" — Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both sublimely ridiculous as doughboys. Mary Brian is the girl.

"Black Bird, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good melodrama of London's Limehouse district, with Lon Chaney playing double rôle of a thug and a bishop. Renee Adoree charming as French dancer; Owen Moore a gentleman crook.

"California Straight Ahead"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's fast-moving comedies. He loses his girl on the eve of his wedding day, and has to win her all over again in his own unique way.

"Cave Man, The"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny the rather thin story of a bored young heiress who tries to elevate a coal heaver to society.

"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl in a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as a young mechanic.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—First National. An entertaining film of a henpecked tailor of Colonial days who unwittingly becomes a pirate chief overnight. Leon Errol's unique comedy gifts given full play; Dorothy Gish is the shrewish wife.

"Cohens and Kellys, The"—Universal. One of those sure-fire comedies involving a mix-up between the Jews and the Irish. George Sidney and Charles Murray head the respective tribes.

"Dancing Mothers" — Paramount. Conventional story about fast-living younger generation, with Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, and Norman Trevor.

"Dark Angel, The"—First National. Old story of blinded soldier. Ronald Colman at his best. Vilma Banky makes first appearance on American screen—a very beautiful woman and fine actress.

"Eagle, The"—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino, as Russian lieutenant who turns bandit, gives a better performance than he has in a long while. Pleasant picture with complicated plot; Vilma Banky beautiful and natural as heroine.

"Golden Cocoon, The"—Warner. Helene Chadwick very charming and human as wife of a man whose political career is almost ruined by a trivial but misconstrued incident in her past.

"Go West"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton and a Jersey cow called Brown Eyes, who follows him like a dog, are the center of attraction in an amusing comedy of the Western plains.

"Grand Duchess and the Waiter, The"—Paramount. Perfectly delightful comedy, with Adolphe Menjou at his very best, and Florence Vidor quite fascinating in the sophisticated rôle of the *Duchess.*

"Hands Up"—Paramount. Farcical romance of the Civil War, starring the inimitable Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy. Not quite so funny as some of his pictures.

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side

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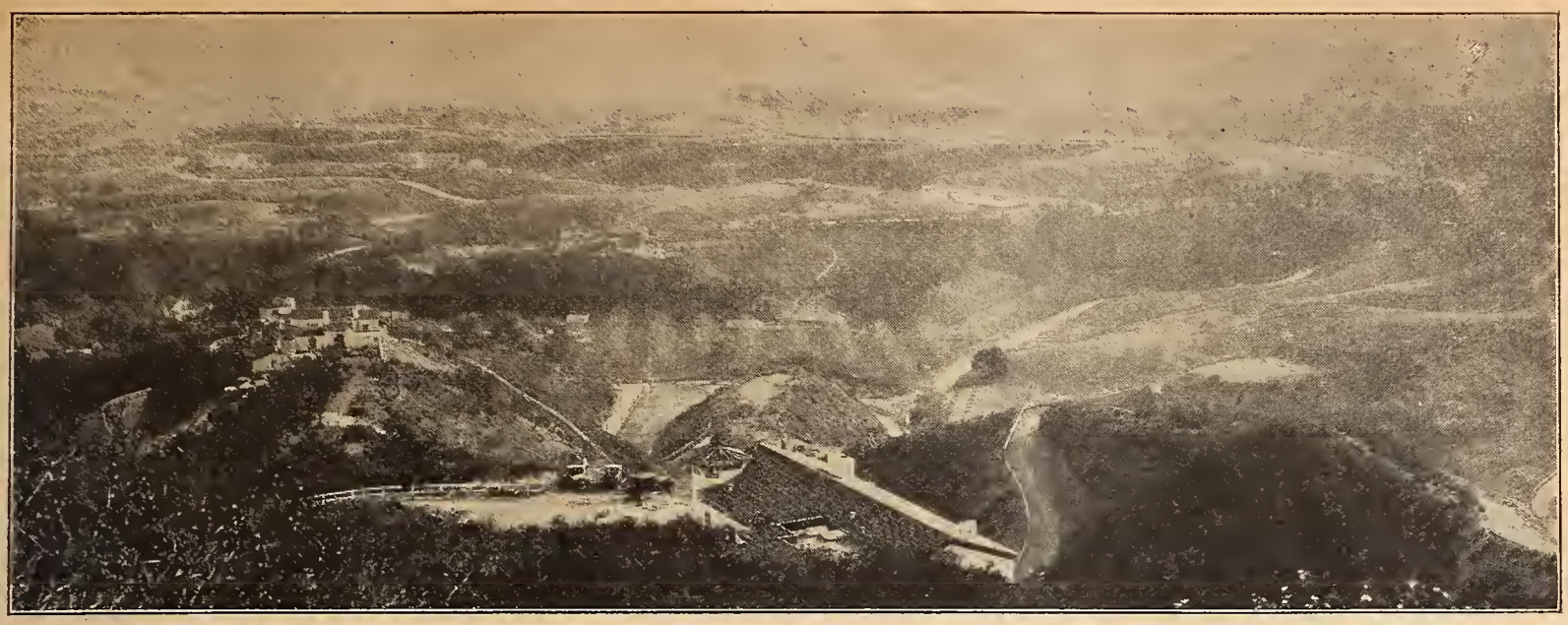


The House that Jack Built

High up in Beverly Hills, John Gilbert has built a house, three views of which are shown on this page. In the top view, you can just see the roof of it in the foreground, while, to the left of it, you can catch a glimpse of King Vidor's adjacent home, perched on another hill. Gilbert and Vidor being close friends, it was natural that they elected to be neighbors.

Gilbert's house is not a large one. Unlike many of the stars, he apparently does not wish to undertake living in a small palace. Like nearly all the houses in the same region, his is an adaptation of Spanish architecture, and though not large, it is said to be one of the most beautiful homes in the Beverly Hills section.

The Unknown

Henry B. Walthall, a man whose taciturnity sur
mystery, has returned to the screen, and meeting
years, is persuaded to give his impressions, past

By Myrtle

Henry B. Walthall twelve years ago, as THE LITTLE COLONEL *in "The Birth of a Nation," in which Lillian Gish played opposite him.*

WALLY, they told me you were going to play with me in 'The Scarlet Letter,'" said Lillian Gish to Henry B. Walthall, when they met again for the first time in eight years, "and now that you are here on the set, and are made up, I really believe you are."

"They told me I was going to interview you, Mr. Walthall," I remarked, when he and I eventually met for luncheon at Montmartre, "and now that you are actually here, I do believe it."

For, if you know Henry B. Walthall, you know that the observance of prescribed rules, such as punctuality, is not one of his traits. Yet, curiously, he seems always to be the toy of fate—circumstances leave him moving vaguely in the shadowy background of whatever event is transpiring; invariably, he has a logical excuse for being late, or for not accepting a rôle which others consider a fine opportunity for him, or for not following beaten paths.

There is about him the uncertainty of an elusive personality which, because he does not believe in self revelation, must remain to the world something of an unknown quantity.

Previous appointments for our interview had been broken, for perfectly understandable reasons. His publicity agent—though this genus is ordinarily a mint of more or less accurate information—had only vague reports to make concerning Mr. Walthall's present engagement and recent work, with the explanation, "Well, I can't get anything out of him—he won't talk about himself."

Aggravating, yes, but forgivable. So, with my fingers crossed, I waited, at Montmartre—I and the publicity agent, and there was food, so I would eat. If by any rare chance Mr. Walthall turned up, I would interview him—maybe.

Forty minutes late, a drab, somber little figure shuffled in. His brown eyes, in a helpless way that verged on panic, darted from table to table, seeking us. Fashionably gowned stars brushed against him, elbowed past him. Like a lost little boat amid a regatta of sleek and shining yachts, he floundered and was turning in meek retreat when the aforementioned press agent rescued him and guided him safely through the reefs to port. With a sigh of relief, he sank into his chair. His brown hand shook mine gingerly, and he said apologetically, "I hope you will excuse me, ma'am, but I couldn't help it. I was delayed."

Whereupon *I* delivered the remark in paragraph two, and the interview was more or less on.

Where had Walthall been during these last few years, before this season's wave had suddenly brought him back into the light? *The Little Colonel* of "The Birth of a Nation" has recently renewed his fame with appearances in successes of varied types—"The Barrier," "Three Faces East," "The Unknown Soldier." And now, in "The Scarlet Letter," he is playing once more with Lillian Gish.

There is usually a story that touches the heart in such years of oblivion. I wanted to

Walthall, made up for his rôle in "The Scarlet Letter," met Miss Gish on the set again for the first time in eight years.

Quantity

rounds him with an air of Lillian Gish again after many and present, of that actress.

Gebhart

know why he had dropped out, what transitions of thought and feeling and viewpoint he had passed through, during that self-imposed exile. Moreover, what changes had he found in Lillian, the little girl whom "The Birth of a Nation" had brought into prominence along with himself?

But before I could ask an explanation of the mystery which had surrounded his retirement, I noticed that a hubbub had been created in the café by the recognition of the little brown man beside me.

Lights were hastily brought in and cameras set up. The Montmartre luncheon crowd was to be photographed. The bustling, red-faced publicity kewpie of the café rushed over to inform us that Walthall's unprecedented appearance had occasioned the excitement. Beauteous stars preened and primped, and put sweet smiles on their faces, but it was Walthall that the camera wanted.

And it was Walthall that the camera did not get. At the very instant that the bulb was pressed, the flustered Walthall, suddenly conscious of the attention centered on him, and embarrassed thereby, bent down to tie his shoe lace!

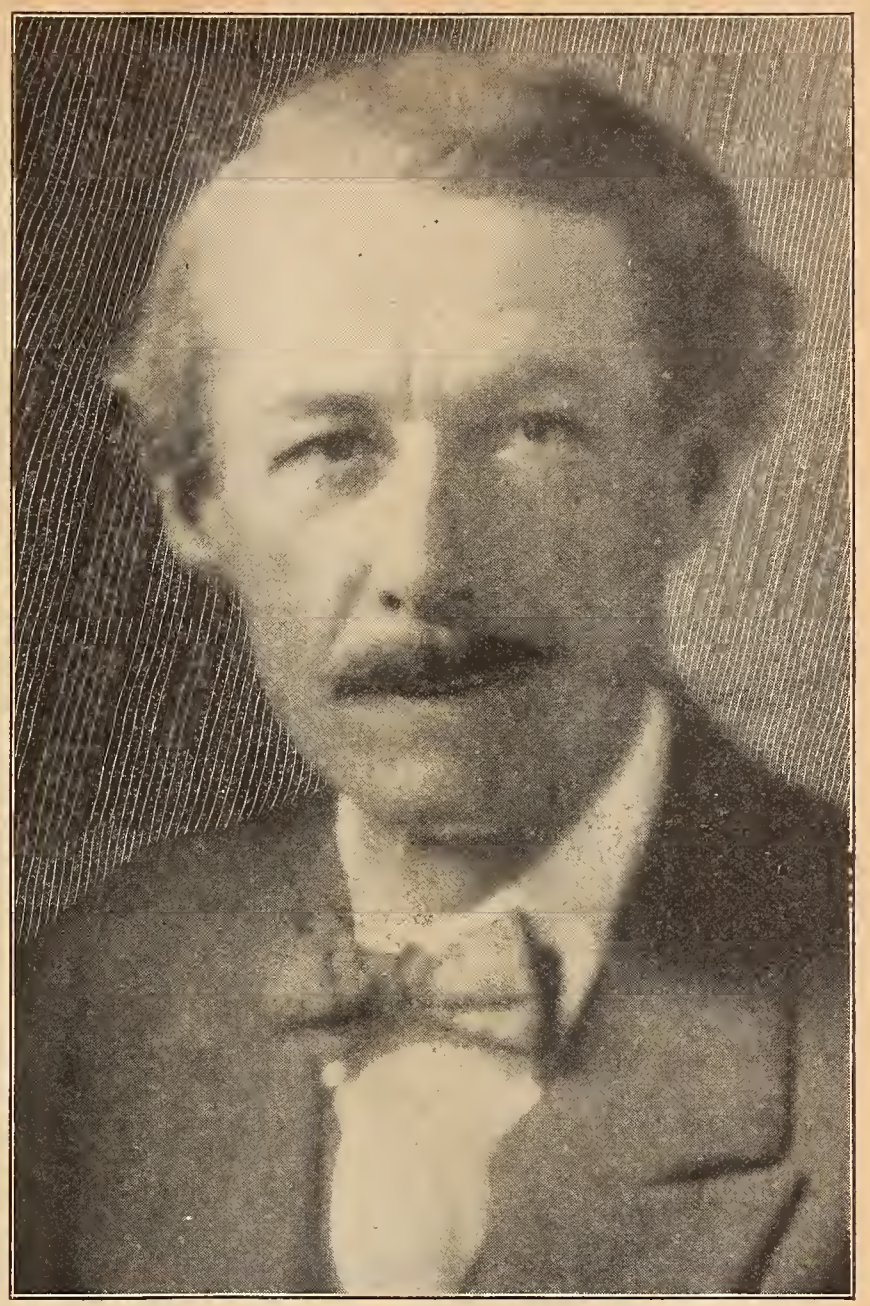
After that, they left him to my tender mercies.

"Yes, ma'am, it's good to be with Lillian again."

For the sake of continuity, which makes easier reading, I shall quote his words as a steady flow, but I assure you they were fairly dragged out of him, by a persistence which, though rebuffed, was resilient. I had gone there to get an interview and to eat spaghetti. Having eaten the spaghet', I was determined to have the rest of the bargain.

"Changed? We-ll—yes and no. She has grown. I used to be half a head taller, and now I have to look up to her. We met first in the old Biograph days. 'Twas about twelve years ago we made 'The Birth of a Nation.' Then, eight years ago, 'The Great Love,' for Griffith. Hadn't seen her since.

"Quite a reunion. Dorothy breezed in. Came West to see Lillian before she returned to Europe. Clever little girl, Dorothy. Never has seemed to hit her stride. It's pretty hard to prove your talent under the glamour of a sister who's a great artist.



Walthall as he appears to-day in private life.

Lillian Gish, dressed here as HESTER PRYNNE, *was pleased to find her old friend in the cast with her.*

"Yes'm, that's what I call Lillian—the most skilled technician the screen has ever had. I don't place much confidence in actors who rely on feeling and emotion for expression. Inspiration is undependable. Our way, Lillian's and mine, is Griffith's method: to build systematically and tediously a structure complete in every detail that the mind can conceive and that tiresome repetition can perfect. Thoughtful analysis of a character and concentration on minute ways of expressing it produce a more logical and sustained interpretation.

"Lillian gives the actor opposite her both less and more than any other actress does. Less emanation of a vital personality, less emotion to arouse you and draw you wholly into a scene. She is aloof and self-sufficient, a clear-cut and matchless diamond of the acting art. Yet in another sense, her artistry magnetizes, with an appeal to your pride, a challenge to match her superb and flawless technique with your own."

"Do you think Lillian is simply a mirror of Griffith?" I asked.

"We-ll, it's hard to say. She still employs much of the Griffith method. You know the saying, 'Griffith puts a smile on your face, carves it there, and it stays on.' He bends your finger, so." Walthall illustrated. "Unimportant actions, under his guidance, take on significance.

"But Lillian shows more volition now, more spirit. That shy child of sixteen wouldn't have dared to talk back to Griffith. It wouldn't have occurred to any of us, for that matter, for he was the master instructing us. It's a shock, now, to hear her occasionally arguing with Victor Seastrom over scenes. But when he convinces her she is wrong, she gives in graciously. Often, though, she wins, on most logical reasons. She has developed from an untutored child into a practical young business woman, thoroughly versed in every angle of picture making.

"She lives altogether in her work, her only interests outside it being her mother and sister. For them she is now, as she used to be, solicitous in a little-mother way. Her entire life seems dedicated to them and to her career."

It was a great proof of Lillian's real ability, Walthall pointed out, for her to rise above the Griffith tradition, which makes of his actors mere automatons reflecting his masterly genius. Lillian used to be called Griffith's screen mouthpiece, a puppet which he pulled on carefully trained strings for this or that effect.

Her first independent efforts were not wholly successful. But gradually, she is learning to shake off many of the old Griffith conventions, retaining only those that prove adaptable to her new course.

It has always been Griffith's custom to devote weeks to painstaking rehearsals before the actual filming starts. Lillian tried that scheme on her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, but it didn't work. The modern overhead won't stand for such dilly-dallying, though Walthall insists that it proves eventually to be a saving of time.

"You grow with the story," he says. "You know definitely why something is done at a certain point. No, ma'am, you don't feel automatic and stereotyped. We don't depend on inspiration, but we build. And the more carefully your foundation is laid, the more conscientious your attention to every detail, the more solid will be your edifice."

Little by little, many times feeling myself beaten back by that indefinable but impenetrable wall beyond which Walthall lives in a mental recess all his own, I gleaned his impressions of Lillian.

In their yesterdays together, she was a quaint, shy child, with a dreamlike delicacy, sitting quietly in corners poring over books, or else watching and studying, responding instantly to any call pertaining to her career, working doggedly, building gradually. A fragility that disclosed, bit by bit, a tenacity that, once it learned how, gently but stubbornly attained its goal.

And now, he finds her a young lady of poise and infinite tact, of untiring patience, who knows what she wants and gets it, according as expediency dictates—sometimes by a long way around, again by a decisive short cut.

"It's funny I haven't more definite opinions about Lillian," the actor mused, roused out of his vague ambiguity by my insistence upon copy. "But remember that I haven't known her during these past eight years. The fact that she shows no startling change, other than an outspoken expression of ideas which I can't recall encountering in her in the old days, is indicative, I suppose, that the years have left her unmarked.

"On the screen, she is a quaint dream heroine, never a real personality. An impression of tragedy surrounds her, even in her lightsome moments. She seems doomed, from her first poetic scene. Because her *métier* is so different from most, you can't judge her intangible elusiveness by ordinary standards. In a world of screen conventions, she lives alone in a bower of imaginative beauty. But the fact that she succeeds in creating illusion by most workmanlike methods—is that not a great achievement?"

The rôle in "The Scarlet Letter," of old, misshapen *Prynne,* the wizened, merciless scholar-husband of *Hester,* is likely to be one of Walthall's finest characterizations. The Hawthorne novel is being faithfully translated to the screen, and upon the revenge which fills the soul of *Hester's* husband, many somber scenes depend.

Following "The Scarlet Letter," Walthall will play an ancient of the Vienna boulevards in a Universal special production.

Of the directors with whom he has recently worked, the taciturn Walthall makes only this comment, "I like Seastrom. He gives me a lot. He is methodical."

And what about those years when Walthall dropped into the shadows? His skill is as reliable as ever, for it is based on mental acting. His heart? Is it mellowed? There are lines in his face, graven deeply. His eyes, brightening pleasantly, grow in an instant ambiguous, as though shades were drawn over them to hide any revelation.

Illness, a general breakdown, the capitulation of shattered nerves, took him from the success which can be his whenever he wishes to claim it. Overnight he disappeared. Hollywood wondered, and never forgot him, regretting that Walthall was "through."

Reports began to sift down from the hills where he was fighting his battle. In a cabin, slung upon a ledge above June Lake, he lived, and cooked his meals on a little stove, and fished in the cool, crisp tang of the morning, and, muffled against the wind, tramped the wooded hills when the lake wore its mantle of ice and the clear, piercing scent of the pines filled his lungs.

Ruth Clifford and her husband reported that Walthall would drop in unexpectedly at their cabin for a chat and then disappear again for weeks at a time; others brought word of a big Walthall catch, of the little actor's pride in his skill with rod and reel.

And then one day, steady of nerve and as brown as a berry, he came back. As quietly as he had left, he slipped again onto the screen. Has he always, I wonder, been such an apologetic little man, emerging every now and then from the shadowy, mental world in which I feel his real self lives, for a brief instant of decisiveness, only to drift back, somehow, into an inner realm where one cannot follow? Or is this merely my foolish fancy?

He may be simply bashful and retiring, and I unskilled at drawing him out. Or—and instinct tells me that this is the true explanation of that vague elusiveness about him—those long months in the silence of the hills, with only the pines for company, may have taught him that words "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" are futile things.

What *did* those months teach him? I want to know, being bluntly, untactfully curious. And I can't find out. That noncommittal taciturnity blankets my inquisitiveness more thoroughly than sharp rebuffs could.

He is a charming, but such an inarticulate little man. My title for him, "The Unknown Quantity," refers not to his art as an actor, which is unquestioned, but to Walthall the personality. Seeking, by example, to draw him out, you soar into an oratorical flight that leaves you winded. He listens attentively, with his grave

Continued on page 107

"Bardelys the Magnificent"

Which is the name of John Gilbert's next film, a romantic costume drama of the days of cavaliers and duels.

John Gilbert goes back to the time of King Louis XIII. of France in "Bardelys the Magnificent," and becomes a gay and daring cavalier who risks all for the love of a lady. The lady, in this case, is Eleanor Boardman, and the brave *Bardelys* suffers imprisonment, duels, the wrath of his king, and near death at the gallows, before he finally wins her hand. The film is adapted from the story by Rafael Sabatini, and offers Gilbert one of the most adventurous rôles he has ever had.

Hollywood High Lights

Unreeling the news and gossip of the stars and the studios

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

NOW it's "The Deluge!"

Cecil B. De Mille is producing his second big biblical spectacle as the result of another "idea" contest, held not long ago.

Four years ago, he conducted such a competition in conjunction with one of the daily newspapers of Los Angeles, and the result of this was "The Ten Commandments," one of the biggest money-makers in all film history.

His latest contest was carried out in a similar manner, with prizes awarded to those who submitted the ideas most appealing to Mr. De Mille, and who offered the best suggestions for their screen treatment.

Biblical subjects led, and the winning idea was selected from among them. Romantic and historical subjects came second on the list, and post-war stories, doubtless stimulated by "The Big Parade," were third.

The most interesting thing about the contest was that less than three per cent of the suggestions proffered were unfit for motion-picture use, whereas in the contest held four years ago, fifty-four per cent could not possibly have been filmed.

Which just goes to show that the amateur scenario writer is getting to know his stuff better all the time.

More Originals Wanted.

Cecil De Mille isn't the only producer who has found possibilities in so-called original stories—that is, those that have not been adapted from either novels or plays.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization is fully as enthusiastic.

They are, however, engaging only experienced writers to supply stories directly for the screen. They have signed up John Colton, the author of "Rain" and "The Shanghai Gesture," Marc Connelly, coauthor of "Beggar on Horseback," and other persons prominent in the literary and playwriting field. And every director, scenario writer or prop boy who happens to think up a bright plot, is to be awarded a nice lot of compliments, trade-lasts, cigar lighters, or, if the studio heads desire to be less generous, a set of the cast-off books of Joseph Hergesheimer. Irving Thalberg, the production manager of the company, estimates that more than half of their films for the coming year will be originals.

Our Isolated Heroes.

Gentlemen must have solitude!

We don't know on what other basis to explain the fact that Raymond Griffith and Jack Gilbert are apparently both making provision for shutting out the world from their abodes in Beverly Hills. Certainly there is novelty in their undertakings.

Griffith's home is to be built on such a high hilltop that he will have to have an elevator to transport his guests up to the living-room level, whereas Gilbert has conceived the decidedly romantic notion of a drawbridge as the entrance to his home.

Just think how easy it would be, with either of these contraptions, to put up a sign, "Out of order; leave messages with the village constable."

Jack avers that his drawbridge is proof of the fact that, at heart, he is really old-fashioned.

Off to Hollywood once more! Mae Murray, having decided not to work in Germany after all, gayly entrains for California, to make some more films for Metro-Goldwyn.

Legal Tug of War.

Little Muriel Frances Dana has been the center of a legal battle—not a pleasant one either for a youngster who is only nine years of age. For, the quarrel that was taken to the courts involves her mother, father, grandfather, uncle and stepfather. In fact, there seemed to be hardly any of her relatives left out.

The trouble arose over the possession of the child, who for a time was under the guardianship of her grandfather, but who later was taken away by her mother. The matter was brought before the law when Lois Mildred Gibson, the mother, accused the child's other relatives of attempting to kidnap her. The grandparents subsequently instituted proceedings to regain possession of the youngster.

During the various squabbles back and forth, it was indicated that of the child's earnings very little had been saved.

Other Troubles Settled.

Peace has now been well established between Leatrice Joy and Cecil B. De Mille. Miss Joy's contract has been renewed at a higher figure than she was getting, and she has been much happier recently than she had been in a long time.

The trouble arose chiefly over stories, as we have mentioned before in this column of PICTURE-PLAY. Leatrice's début under the new De Mille independent banner was made very inauspiciously in "Hell's Highroad," nor was she satisfied with one or two pictures that followed.

She has been quite pleased, though, with her two latest productions, "Eve's Leaves" and "The Clinging Vine," and there are rumors that she may have a big part in "The Deluge," if her present starring obligations should permit. De Mille is, however, pretty intent on not using any more of his better-known stars that he can help when he makes this production.

Dorothy Dalton

If you've been missing Do
and want to know what she
just as well to mention right
is farming. That is, she de
floriculture—we think that's
Long Island estate of her
Hammerstein, the theatrical
stein is our authority for th
her activities in the raising
lilacs and daisies, while on a
ago.

Miss Dalton is not altoge
fine art of flower cultivatio
dahlia bulbs through the wi
of covering them with soil
basement, instead of hangin

"As the basement was w
Hammerstein, "was that, wh
the entire place was beaut
with sprouting dahlia plant

Miss Dalton's former st
ture, "The Flame of the Yu
was largely instrumental in
ing her prominent in the m
has been refilmed recently,
Seena Owen in the stellar
A newcomer, Arnold Gra
doing the hero, originally p
by Kenneth Harlan,
Mathew Betz is the villain
new version.

Young Gray is consider
excellent screen find. He
to double for the late H
Lockwood at one time. So
be interesting to watch fo

The Kissing Bug.

Quite a fuss was made
newspapers over the fac
May McAvoy kissed Bob
new not once, but several
upon her arrival from the
and interviewers adduced
sumably long-contemplat
was not very far off.

Maybe so, but at best
delicate thread of circu
dence—this matter of kis

A kiss has become the
of greeting in Hollywood,
a cordial double handsha
of the world.

We noted recently tha
kissed each other quite e
large group of assemble
Charlie Rays. Jack an
We are quite sure that

The only difference,
the unengaged is that th
before an audience, wl
happens so to strike th
such demonstration of
rule does not, however,
wood as the first part,
Bobby and May, after
we read of their eng
papers.

Belle B

Belle Bennett's futur

ional Convention.

ovie affairs that we have at-
s this may seem—was a con-
rganization of the Fox film
gatherings are a matter of
ut the great development of
rs of their infancy. They
ation and end with a reces-
e present, at some time or
mentally kneeling down to
open to have duly and dili-
the proceedings.
wever, the mood was light,
we can recall was one who

. ."
eferred to the films as still

n mots we are quite willing,
eartfelt thanks to William
nsored this very satisfactory
nt.

l Pepys in Hollywood.

—To Universal City, where
view the elaborate and heart-
ng tale of "Uncle Tom's
." there being produced, I
ning very interested in the
technical feats that are
sed for little *Eva's* ascent
eaven, and only regret that
hing will of necessity be
g in the "flying episode" of
m, and that is the voice of
Eva just before she enters
early gates, singing, as she
her kerchief in tender
ell. This scene on the
I remember well, did in
uth always bring tears to
es, even though the actress
Eva did have a cracked
and was so stout that she
broke the ropes which bore
rd, having passed at least
g summers of life ere she
earance in that child rôle.
church as usual, and on
ey home by foot, did meet
Fitzgerald, who did regale
h a tale about one of her
nt man in pictures. He
de of his dying brother,
he trip from Hollywood
Louis by bicycle. Also,
ain true to his art, and
e door of his brother's
ctacularly into the room
s bed, deeply breathing
he was suffering. But
e of his tires did press
ode, the air therefrom.
pure and invigorating
forthwith sat up in bed
nd a boar steak. His
so immediate and com-
brother did forthwith
lithely speed westward
nat he might have yet
te his constitution.
morning determined to

start the day cheerily, when the
me was the gazette carrying dee
news) of further attempts of the
murder of William Desmond Ta
all of us so much only three or
which still remains a mystery.
to learn that Mabel Normand
with cross-examination as a ma
of her long harassments and v
mean matters. But later, could
bel's unfaltering wit, when as
projection room of the studio v
a shot was fired upon the lot w
overhear, whereupon she did t
mark, "Behold, wherever I go, t

Tuesday—Much ado that one
ported, she who was known as "
did play the rôle of the *Queen*
blithe opus, "Don Q, Son of Zor
goes the world!

Wednesday—Monsieur Lubit
tainment this evening at a genia
find that all Beverly Hills is st
politics, and a heated argument
with the scribe Rob Wagner ar
chief protagonists. Both did de
excitement, that the province of
of the picture gentry dwell, is d
the results of a recent election
amazed, meditating anew upon t
of sporadic civic turmoil.

Thursday—Much concerned
difficulties that one Cecil B. I
while filming his new biblical p
uge," which new undertaking d
chiefly as to what means De Mi
that necessary menagerie whi
this picture, and how he will i
ever procured, to march two b
Have never heard of De Mille
beasts, although I have occasio
power of command over a dum
better his qualification as relat
depict the rain for forty da
forty nights, as he has had su
and excellent experience wi
we term aquatic pictures.

Friday—by bicycle to
where I did behold gay plans
new studio, for which a fa
Spanish and mission style, w
roof overhanging, is planned,
fect of which will, I assume,
edly Castilian, especially if
señoritas dancing and clickin
the balcony.

The Singing Mov

Pictures based on songs a
in Hollywood:

"Remember."

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

"That Old Gang of Min

And more highbrow——

Cecil De Mille's "The V

"Annie Laurie," the ne
vehicle on the list for Lilli

Consider now the follo
bilities:

"What're You Going t
the Rent Comes Round
extras.

what constitutes star material.

each successive picture. She
ce, and a small, graceful figure.
in their slight irregularity.
fects are simply obtained, and
lity. "Broadway After Dark"
after a year or more of wait-
e important studios. The cast
ion in itself, including such
ıjou, Carmel Myers, and Anna
onta Bell directed.
as "He Who Gets Slapped" to
n artistic way, limited though
The beauty of the idyllic love
served to establish Norma in
fections of the public. That
r girl became the topic of con-
on.
e Snob" further proved her
while "Excuse Me" and "His
ıry" brought out a fetching
r comedy.
n stardom came, it did not
nartyrdom, as it so often does.
respect, Norma Shearer has
fortunate. Many a newly
ıted starlet has found life a
flashing meteor, what with
half-baked leading men,
ambitious young directors
trying their wings, effi-
ciency experts suggest-
ing this and that, pro-
duction speeded to
meet "schedule re-
quirements." But
Norma has had Lew
Cody, Lon Chaney,
Conrad Nagel, John Gil-
bert, and Adolphe Menjou
playing opposite her—gen-
ıen who know their stuff
horoughly. And she has
ct under the directorial in-
Seastrom, Monta Bell, and
ows.
in discovering as well as in
rma. "She showed great
vay After Dark,'" he told
eveloped in 'Lady of the
Snob.' There is no stopping
d see if I'm not right!"
hecy is jelling perfectly.
ı meeting Norma Shearer,
star who had not had time
re of affectations. Unlike
trade-marks of film fame,

the same youth, the same
ss in the way of poise, as
ering the tea room of one
d a table next to the dance
mix a strong pot of tea.
n coming to?
o ask me?" asked Norma

ds, pearls, sapphires,
eralds—every kind of
s stone, in dazzling ar-
personified in the bril-
jewel ballet" in "The
Midnight Sun."

sual rôle of an
ero, Pat O'Mal-
sed up in an
rm and becomes
wicked Russian
l duke.

Lov
Anci
Tim

Edwin Bower Hesser

—Farmerette.

othy Dalton on the screen, has been doing, it may be here that her new pursuit votes a lot of her time to the right word—on the self and husband, Arthur producer. Mr. Hammer- is, for he told us all about of roses, dahlias, anemones, visit to the Coast not long

ther wise as yet in all the n, because in keeping some nter, she made the mistake when she left them in the them up to dry.

arm, the result," said Mr. en she went to get the bulbs, ifully filled

arring fea- kon," which mak- ovies, with rôle: y, is layed while n the

ed an used Harold it will him.

in the t that y Ag- times, East recently, hat their pre- ed wedding

it is only a nstantial evi- sing.

familiar form and it signifies little more than ke does in various other parts

Jack Gilbert and Lois Wilson xuberantly in front of a whole l guests at a party given at the d Lois are just good friends. they are not engaged.

really, between the engaged and e latter generally kiss each other hereas the former, if the fancy em, are more circumspect about affection. The latter part of this work out quite so well in Holly- so possibly it's really true about all. We'll believe it, anyway, if gement a few more times in the

ennett Fortunate.

e has worried us exceedingly. Here is in "Stella Dallas ever be able to dup rôle that she played it might be said to be ot actress only once in a lifetime, a that she might suffer from lack of s tunity, as have other actresses who have mother portrayals. Mary Carr, of "Over the fame, is an example, although, of course, she is muc older.

But Belle is very fortunate, it would appear. She has been playing in "The Lily," a screen version of the David Belasco stage success, and from what we have seen of her on the set, we believe that she is going to offer another touching emotional portrayal.

Louise Dresser is another of the more mature players whose fortunes have been progressing. We saw her lately in "The Blind Goddess," with Esther Ralston and Jack Holt, and hers was easily the most interesting characterization. We liked the performances of Miss Ralston and Mr. Holt very much, however, and the picture is an entertaining one.

John Gilbert in a scene from "Bardelys the Magnificent," in which he is being taunted by Roy d'Arcy.

A New Arrival in Filmland.

Maria Eugenia Appolonia Reachi is the very imposing name of Agnes Ayres' little baby girl, born not so long ago. Erich von Stroheim is probably the only person connected with the films who has a longer name, and he dropped part of his when he took out citizenship papers.

The Appolonia, of course, is for Pola Negri (her own first name), who was godmother to the child, the godfather being Rudolph Valentino.

Miss Ayres' husband, as you doubtless recall, is S. Manuel Reachi, attaché of the Mexican consulate in Los Angeles and San Francisco. For the present, the mother is devoting her time to her daughter, without thought of continuing her picture career. Later on—maybe. The marriage of the Reachis has been a very happy one.

The ceremony of the christening, by the way, was almost coincident with the breaking up of the romance between Rudy and Pola. Miss Negri is going to Europe for a vacation, and also to establish a home for her mother near Paris, while Rudy has lately been reported as concentrating his interest upon a new countess.

Blanche's Lofty Abode.

Blanche Sweet is now the proud possessor of nothing more nor less than a mountain in the Sierra Nevadas, and its intriguing name is nothing less nor more than Papoose.

Blanche has always impressed us as a unique pe sonality and a very clever girl, but we never qu anticipated anything so unique of her as this re property acquisition, which can be reached only trip of several hundred miles by automobile.

When she was recuperating from the very sev tack of pneumonia which she suffered recently, a rest for a time at her secluded retreat, ar her worlds of good. This being quite adequ

when she
nt and sound rea-
se with Blanche.
about her illness, be-
somewhat wan—but perhaps

Concerning Bessie Love.

Speaking of Blanche Sweet reminds us that Bessie Love, who is her best friend, made frequent trips to visit her while she was recuperating, miles meaning nothing to Bessie when it comes to showing her devotion.

Bessie has a very appealing characterization to her credit in "Lovey Mary," in which she is featured with William Haines. It looks like the best rôle that she has had in quite a while.

Chaney At It Again.

Lon Chaney devised a new form of self-torture for himself in his picture, "The Road to Mandalay." And it was probably one of the most unique he has tried during his career of portraying hunchbacks, cripples, and others afflicted with human ills and deformities.

The outstanding feature of his make-up was an eye deformity, similar to a cataract. The entire eyeball was glazed with a milky-white film or fog while he was appearing before the camera. And the effect was not only realistic photographically, but equally actual for him personally, in that he suffered the effects of actual blindness in his eye while appearing in the scenes.

"I had my oculist make me up a harmless preparation that I injected into the eye while the scenes were being made," said Chaney, "and another solution that counteracted the effect of the first solution. It was unpleasant, but not dangerous."

Chaney has never been the palpable seeker of publicity that some players are, but he always manages to do something sufficiently sensational, in every rôle he plays, to cause the whole colony to talk about it.

He wants, by the way, to make "The Penalty" over again some day—that having been one of his most famous starring productions.

Anna Q.'s Rival.

"There'll probably be another Miss Nilsson in the films within a year."

That is what Anna Q. Nilsson, who was contemplating taking a trip to Europe, told us not long ago.

"What!" we exclaimed, in some excitement. "You don't mean that you have a daughter that you have been concealing from us all this time!"

You see, Anna has been married twice, and such a would be quite possible, since her first marriage an affair of some ten or twelve years ago.

," replied Anna, "it's my niece—my brother's daughter. She has been bitten by the movie bug, en I go back to Sweden this time, I'm certain m going to be prevailed upon to bring her me.

, I *will* have to watch out!"

An Unconvent

One of the brightest m tended lately—surprising a vention of the business o company. Generally, such long and dull speeches abo the pictures from the da usually begin with an invo sional, and nearly every o other, feels the need for pray, except those who ha gently fallen asleep during

At the Fox meeting, ho and the only speaker that got up blithely and said:

"Ladies and Gentiles .

And who subsequently r being "in their insanity."

For which two pleasant *b* for once, to express our h Fox and all others who spo divertisseme

This is Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, Merna Kennedy, whom you have been hearing about, and who appears in his next film, "The Circus."

Samue

Saturday—
I did
stirri
Cabin
becon
fine
promi
into h
one t
lackin
the fil
little
the pe
waves
farew
stage,
my yo
my ey
playing
voice,
almost
her heavenwa
forty-nine lon
made her app

Sunday—T
my long journ
milady Cissy I
me hugely wit
friends—a stu
being called home to the bedsi
did with great anxiety make t
to the brother's abode in St.
being a stunt man, he did rem
instead of stopping outside th
house, did ride directly and spe
where his brother lay upon hi
from the phthisis from which
in so driving into the room, on
upon a tack, and suddenly expl
being California air, proving so
to the brother's nostrils that he
and called for a stoop of ale a
recovery from his ailment being
plete, that the next day he and hi
leave St. Louis and happily and
on a balloon-tired tandem, so t
more California air to invigora

Monday—Up betimes this

n
t
s

William Collier, Jr., and Greta Nissen, in "The Lady of the Harem," are again two lovers of ancient times. Ernest Torrence, a ragged philosopher who starts a revolution and makes himself a sultan, aids and abets their romance, while himself succumbing to the charms of Louise Fazenda.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Into the Movies Together

The thing to do now when you go into the movies is to take your sister with you. And so Adamae Vaughn, above, has followed right along after her sister Alberta, pictured at the right. You all must know Alberta either as *The Telephone Girl* or as *Mazie*, and now she's going to be starred in feature films. Adamae has just been appearing in "The Arizona Streak."

Poor Little Orphan

"Lovey Mary" presents Bessie Love in another old-fashioned, rather pathetic rôle. Starting out in an orphan asylum, she runs away and has to fight for what little she gets out of life.

Photos by Ruth Harriet Louise

In Father's Footsteps

Photo by Raymor

With a former screen favorite for a father, the two Costello girls, Dolores and Helene, turned quite easily and naturally toward the movies, and have now, in a very short time, become really important players. Dolores, shown above and in the oval, is soon to appear in a second film opposite John Barrymore. The picture at the right shows the two girls at home with their mother.

"Up in Mabel's Room"

A perfect little screen mischief-maker, Marie Prevost is just the person for the rôle of the incorrigible *Mabel* in the film version of the hilarious farce, "Up in Mabel's Room."

Photo by Harold Dean Carse

The sheik has returned. Rudolph Valentino is bringing him back in "The Son of the Sheik," with the charming Vilma Banky opposite him.

Princes and Paupers

Foreign stars who come uninvited to Hollywood often find that fate has made them trade places with players who, in Europe, had once supported them as extras.

By William H. McKegg

I WAS standing in the shadows of a Paul Bern set, watching a dance-hall scene being shot for Pola Negri's "Flower of Night."

At my right, the leading man, not needed for this scene, was scrutinizing the proceedings with more interest than a leading man generally shows.

Following his gaze, I soon discovered that it was not Pola he was staring at so intently, but one of the extras —a handsome young chap.

The scene finished, Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy—Pola's leading man—walked across to the extra and spoke to him. The young fellow seemed at first slightly confused, then surprised. Finally, both laughed, shook hands, and talked.

"Positions certainly reverse in Hollywood," Troubetzkoy said to me as we both watched the same scene being retaken. "I allude to myself and the young actor you saw me speak to. He is Lucio Flamma."

"Why?" I asked blankly. "Who is he?"

"The very fact that his name means nothing to you explains all. In Italy, Flamma was a well-known leading man; he was also famous on the French screen. When I first started cinema work in Paris, I played an extra part in Flamma's company. Out here, I am the leading man in this picture while he is the extra."

"I am quite unknown here," Flamma explained, after Troubetzkoy had introduced us during the next rest. "My name means nothing to the American public. One must build up box-office value. I have learned this since coming here. That is why I am starting from the bottom, hoping to gain a chance and win notice.

"I have often wondered what would happen to other foreign players—players far greater than I—if they came here expecting to hold the same fame? For, what are the names of Lyda Borelli, La Bertini, Asta Nielsen, and Henny Porten worth to American fans? Nothing, unless exploited and advertised by some big company. Yet in Europe, these women are famous stars. They were once more famous there than La Negri; but to-day, Pola's name leads all the rest."

As another scene was starting, there was no time for further talk. We promised to meet again. Near by, Pola rose from her chair and, flashing a dazzling smile at Troubetzkoy, led the way onto the set. Lucio Flamma followed, mixing in the extra crowd.

Walking away, I pondered over the anomaly of reversed positions in the movie Mecca. A former leading man of the Italian screen an extra in Hollywood! How many similar cases might there be?

Why, I mentally conjectured, even Pola might never

Continued on page 104

Photo by W. F. Seeley

Anielka Elter, star in German productions, had difficulty in obtaining work even as an extra, at first, after her arrival in America.

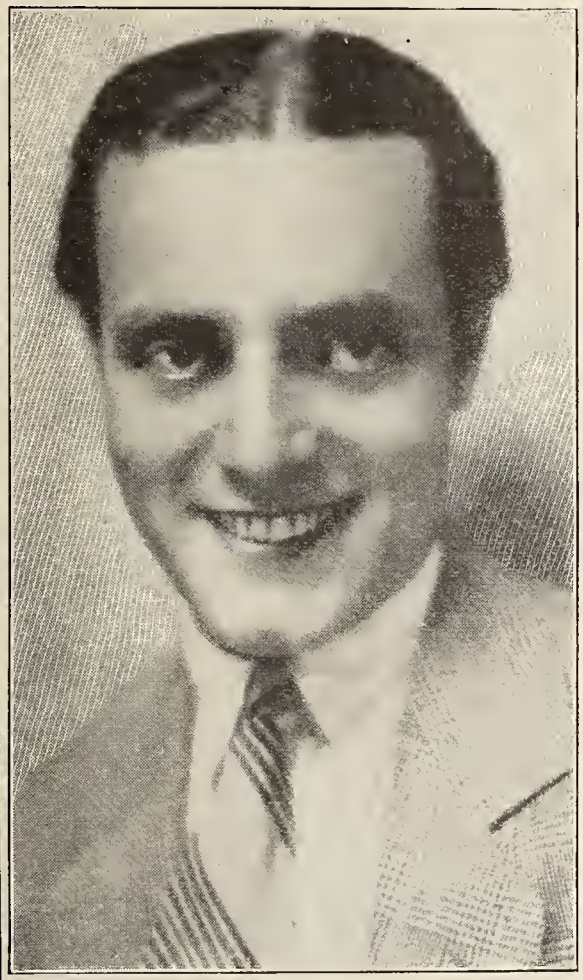


Photo by Waxman

Lucio Flamma was an extra in "Flower of Night," in which Youcca Troubetzkoy was leading man. . Some years ago, Troubetzkoy was an extra in Flamma's company in Paris.

Hayford Hobbs was well known in England when Ronald Colman was struggling for recognition there. But when Hobbs tried to get work in Hollywood, he found their situations exactly reversed.

Mae Murray in front of her home.

No Masters in

But they have mistresses, and their

Above is Louise Fazenda's recently-built Tudor dwelling.

Below is Pola Negri's stately home.

THERE are a small number of lovely homes in Hollywood that know no master's voice. Complete in every other respect, they all lack just that one thing—a man to call king. They are beautifully built, they have rich and luxurious furnishings, they are surrounded by all manner of expensive shrubs and flowers, and they have as mistresses some of the most charming of the star movie actresses, but—they have no masters.

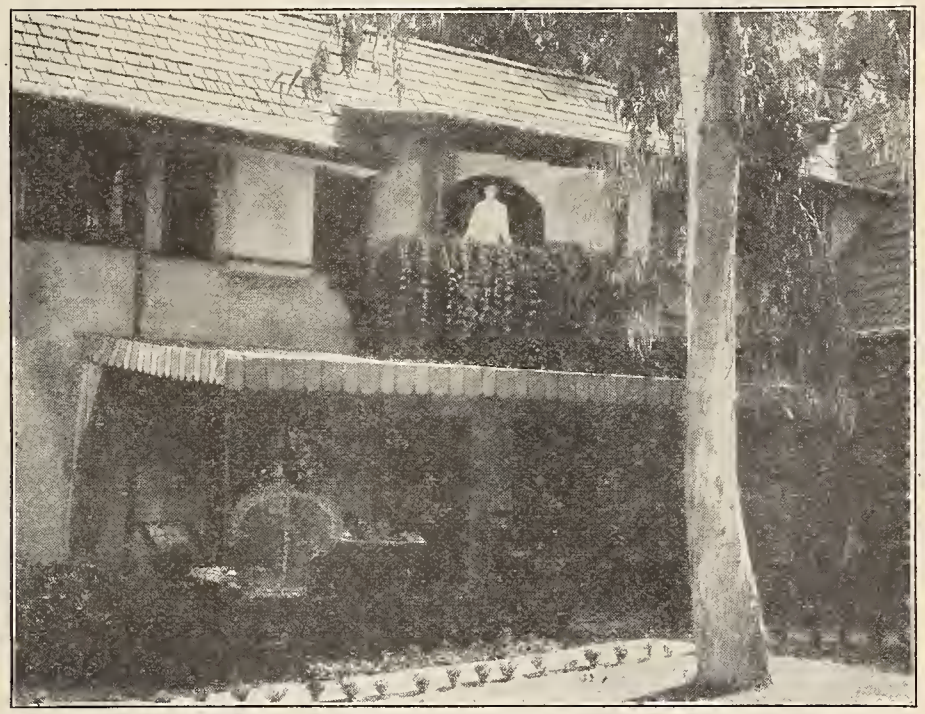
Many men there are, 'tis true, who daily cross their thresholds, but only as guests. It would be difficult to count, for instance, the number of suitors for Pola Negri's hand who have spent many lazy hours in and about her stately Colonial mansion. Norma Shearer and Marion Davies can both claim their beaux, as can the already once-married Mae Murray, Florence Vidor, and Irene Rich. But they all carefully refrain from committing themselves to any of these wooers—at least, at this writing, they are still uncommitted—and so they can step out onto their balconies, or onto their front steps, or into their gardens, and really call themselves monarchs of all they survey.

Norma Shearer on the lawn at the side of her house.

These Homes

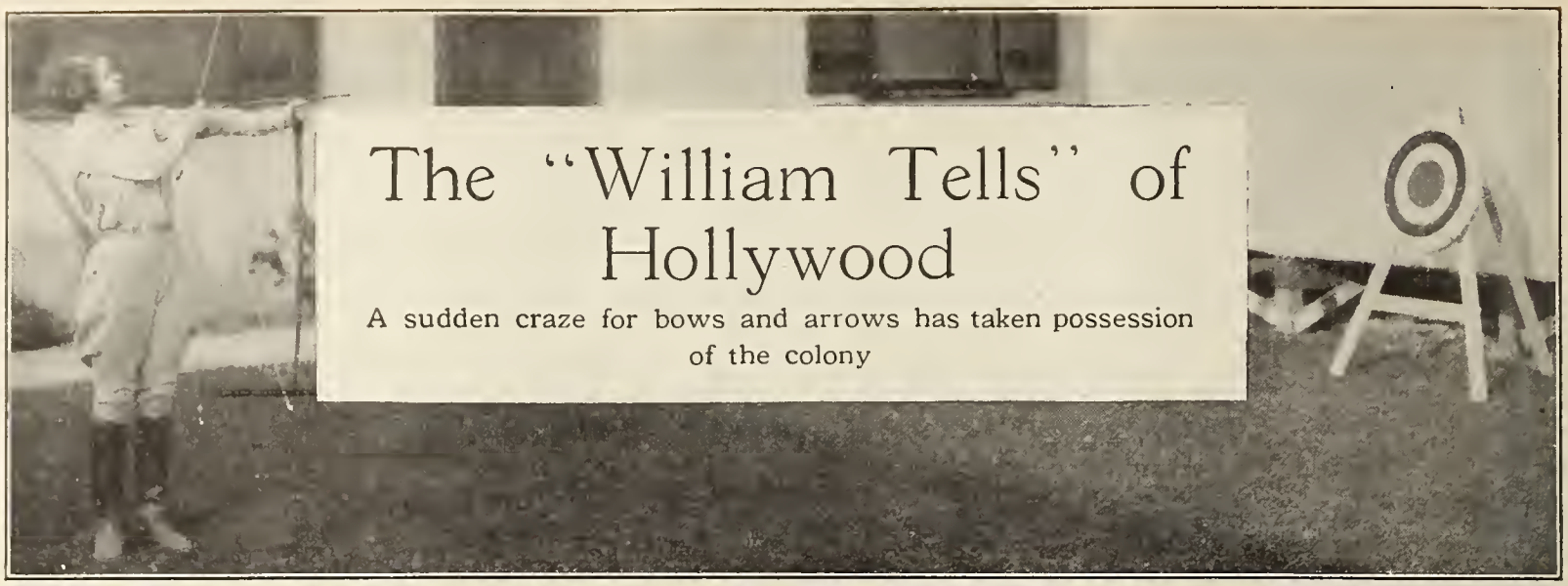
mistresses are not without wooers.

The pictures on these two pages show glimpses of their various dwellings—Mae Murray's long, low, comfortable-looking home; Louise Fazenda's recently built English Tudor house; Pola Negri's already mentioned Colonial mansion; Norma Shearer's shrubbery-surrounded lawn; Florence Vidor's shady side veranda, where she serves tea; a corner of Marion Davies' flagstoned patio; and Irene Rich's luxuriant flower garden.



An attractive angle of Florence Vidor's home; she may be seen on the balcony.

Above is Marion Davies in a corner of the patio of her home. At the right is a view of Irene Rich's house and garden.



The "William Tells" of Hollywood

A sudden craze for bows and arrows has taken possession of the colony

Yet another fad has swept over Hollywood—archery has become all the rage! A club called the Hollywood Archers has been formed and there is going to be a tournament to decide the championship. Meantime, these newly risen William Tells are practicing all over the lot. The picture at the top of the page shows Vera Reynolds aiming at a target at the Metropolitan studios, and Priscilla Dean, in the oval, is doing the same thing. George O'Brien, just above, gave Olive Borden some lessons while they were making a picture, and Raymond Hatton, at the right, instructed Shirley Mason, but got rather discouraged when she *would* hold the bow backwards.

From the Cradle Up

That's how long the three Sedgwicks have been acting, and they still stand loyally together.

YOU have seen Josie Sedgwick in many fast-moving Western films—you have followed her lively young sister, Eileen, through thrilling serials—and though you may not have seen their brother Ed, you must surely have enjoyed some of the numerous pictures he has directed. The three Sedgwicks—they're a familiar trio in the movie and theatrical world. They were born right into it, for their parents were theatrical people, and rushed each succeeding child straight from the cradle to the footlights.

ED

EILEEN

These pictures show the three Sedgwicks as they appeared in vaudeville and as they look now. At the left is Ed; above and below is Eileen.

JOSIE

Above is Josie Sedgwick long before she became a star in Western films; below is the Josie of to-day.

They are a unique family, are Josie, Eileen, and Ed, for they have stayed loyally together in a way that is not at all usual among families of to-day. Don't they ever fight? Oh, yes—constantly—in good, wholesome, brother-and-sister fashion. But nothing really serious ever happens.

From vaudeville they turned to the movies, in the days when films were fillums, and the chief requirement of a screen star was the ability to fall gracefully from a cliff. Movies have since grown very elegant and sophisticated, but there are still a few of the good old thrillers left, and there are still the Sedgwicks to make them lively for you. They all of them work for Universal—Josie in Westerns, Eileen in serials, and Ed as a director. And life, as always, is just one big lark for them.

The decks of the old whaler NARWHAL, *which was the vessel used in John Barrymore's "The Sea Beast," are stained with the blood of real fights.*

The "Hollywood Navy"

The romantic life histories of some of the ancient sailing vessels used in sea films, collectively known as the "movie fleet" or the "Hollywood navy."

By Syl MacDowell

IN shipping news, they are listed as the movie fleet. But the stars call them the "Hollywood navy." They swing at their moorings in the placid backwaters of Los Angeles harbor. Their idle masts loom strangely over docks and sheds. The bare web of their rigging is swept by smoke from the funneled monsters that have chased them off the seas.

On certain calm and sunny days, the big, shiny motor cars of movie stars and celebrated directors are seen among these dingy ships. These stars go down to the sea in them and relive the exciting times when their ancient keels plunged under a snowy spread of topsails, chiseled against a hard sky, cracking in the gale.

Ships are symbols of adventure. The logs of these old clippers hold thrilling tales. The hard fist of many a shipmaster has scrawled in their musty pages the record of bloodshed and valor, romance and riches. Forgotten loves have trod the warped decks. Mutineers have fought and died along the battered rails. And now, actor folk go to sea in these ships to bring the old days to life again. Before the camera the yarns are spun. Sea pictures thus are an amazing blend of truth and make-believe.

The NARWHAL *had had many interesting voyages in many seas before she was finally abandoned to the movies.*

Not many seasons ago, the movie fleet consisted of a few small coastwise schooners chartered at intervals from the sardine canneries at Fish Harbor. But an intense demand arose for sea pictures. So directors began to scour water fronts for picturesque square-riggers.

Now, a half dozen romantic clippers and a great convoy of smaller craft are maintained for motion-picture use alone—the "Hollywood navy."

Douglas Fairbanks bought an historic three-masted schooner, two hundred and twelve feet long, for use in "The Black Pirate." An episode in the film demanded that he set fire to the ship and scuttle her at sea. He had paid only a paltry five thousand dollars for her, so her destruction would not have been a forbidding matter, as costs are calculated in picture making. But Doug absolutely refused to sink the craft.

"Such an end would be humiliating for this great race horse of the sea," he said.

So the Fairbanks troupe built a replica ship, about as long as an automobile, and at great cost filmed the fire scenes in miniature. "The Black Pirate," which is a screen masterpiece, is finished now. But Doug kept the ship, *Llewellyn J. Morse*. He had her painted and reconditioned, for his private use.

"I want her for play days," he explained. "I would rather sail on her, with yards backed and shrouds a-strumming in the wind, than on the finest yacht afloat!"

Being a man of imagination, Doug probably can people her decks with scenes of the long ago, when the *Llewellyn J. Morse* was a smart clipper plying between Baltimore and San Francisco. She had cabin accommodations for twenty persons, which was considered a sizable passenger list in the days when adventurers used to round the Horn for California. Her record passage West, from Baltimore, was one hundred and eleven days—cracking fast sailing time, as eighty-three per cent of the winds of the Western Hemisphere blow from west to east, which obliged mariners often to spend months beating around South America.

A particularly ancient schooner played a part in "The Barrier," and real tars were hired to handle the ropes.

C. B. De Mille, who is a ship enthusiast, and who plans soon to make a great screen epic of the sailing-ship days, recently bought two clippers, the *Bohemia* and *Indiana*, from a firm of Alaska packers, for the insignificant sum of five thousand dollars for the two. The copper sheeting on their bottoms is worth twice the price he paid. They are about the same size as Fairbanks' ship, double-planked with oak timbers seven inches thick, with finely molded sheer that marks them even to the landsman as fast sailers.

These two fine ships are moored together in an idle channel, an hour's drive from Hollywood. Captain W. I. Eyres, an old "down East" skipper, lives aboard the *Indiana*. His quarters in the sumptuous cabin, which abounds with red plush and carved mahogany, are redolent of old memories.

The *Indiana* and *Bohemia* were built fifty years ago at Bath, Maine, and they are still sound and seaworthy. But, as Captain Eyres explains, their bureau classification as cargo carriers has lapsed, and their type has become obsolete. It costs six to seven per cent to underwrite a cargo in their holds, against a half of one per cent on a modern steel steamer. Also, a modern steamer can carry ten times as much as the old clippers, which have a hold capacity of about fifteen hundred tons each.

Two obsolete clippers recently bought by Cecil De Mille to be used in a big sea picture that he plans to make.

So, even though they represent a glorious period in American maritime history, and represent the world's supreme development in the way of sailing vessels, the old ships are useless flotsam, commercially. But dramatically, they have another life to live, says Mr. De Mille. And after that, he intends to preserve them as floating museums.

The fate of these vessels which are cast in the "Hollywood navy" might be regarded as a fortunate

one. More fortunate, at least, than the lot that befalls fire horses, or other antiquated actors in the world's busy drama. Certainly, far happier a fate than the one which has befallen the *Erskine M. Phelps*, a sister ship of the *Indiana,* which is being towed up and down the Pacific coast as an oil barge. Her graceful hull is smeared with petroleum, and her masts have been sawed off short—a proud beauty that remains in a floating graveyard atop the waves she once rode unrivaled. If ships are living things, as sailors insist they are, the *Erskine M. Phelps* must wish for the day when Davy Jones pipes her last watch and clasps her gallant old hull to his bosom.

Captain Eyres tells of a passage the *Indiana* made from San Francisco to Cork, Ireland, a distance of seventeen thousand miles, in one hundred and four days, which was an average speed of more than eight land miles per hour. Such oversparred, undermanned ships as this won America's former proud prestige on the seas.

Another interesting vessel of the "Hollywood navy" is the *Narwhal,* owned by Warner Brothers. John Barrymore sailed in her to make "The Sea Beast." The *Narwhal* is a three-masted bark, of a later type than the clippers, having been built at San Francisco in 1883, and is considerably smaller, measuring only one hundred and forty-nine feet in length.

She was designed as a Pacific whaler, but men's blood stains her decks. There is a story told about a mate who shot down a mutinous watch of seven men. After operating in the Pacific, the *Narwhal* sailed to the Atlantic and operated out of New Bedford along the Labrador coast as a sealer.

In 1921, she returned to her home port of San Francisco. Then "Doc" P. G. Wilson, a noted motion-picture maritime authority, brought her down to Los Angeles harbor, where she was used by Dustin Farnum in "The Devil Within" and also in "Monte Cristo." Then this "gay, perfidious bark" returned to San Francisco, where she was outfitted by a crowd of twenty gentlemen adventurers, who chartered her for a year's voyage to the South Seas. Returning, she again was put into motion-picture use by Warner Brothers; and now she promises to sail on movie voyages for the rest of her days.

The Fox studio owns the *Dauntless* and the *Enterprise* —the latter renamed the *Fox*—which are moored near De Mille's ships. They have been used in many pictures, such as "The Sea Hawk," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Silver Treasure," "As No Man Has Loved," and "Captain Blood."

The *Dauntless* made a voyage to Australia in 1923. She could tell many a tale of wild ocean races, as she was once a tea clipper plying between Boston and Shanghai.

The schooner *Charles Brown* was seen by many moviegoers in "Ebb Tide" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and was used also by John Bowers and Betty Compson in "The Bonded Woman." Finally, however, her rigging was stripped from her, and she is now finishing her days of usefulness as a fishing barge, anchored off the beach town of Santa Monica.

An old South Seas copra boat, the *William G. Irwin,* has probably appeared in more pictures and in more "make-ups" than any other ship in the movie fleet. She is owned by the Lasky studio, and was rescued from that dolorous institution, "The Ship Graveyard," a mud flat, strewn with marine wreckage, on the shores of San Francisco Bay.

The *William G. Irwin* was used in "Volcano," with a suit of sails and rigging that cost ten thousand dollars, according to the location director at the Lasky studio. For its use in one picture, twenty-two thousand dollars was spent on superstructure. Captain J. D. Jacobson, another ancient mariner, is the skipper of this craft. "To Have and To Hold" was made by Bert Lytell on her decks three years ago, and she has been in constant use since—one time as a pirate vessel, again as a Spanish galleon, an English frigate, and once as a Moorish ship in "The Sea Hawk," rigged with angular lateen sails, the very kind that St. Paul clewed, as a sailor on the Mediterranean.

It was on this boat, in "The Wedding Song," that Leatrice Joy had the thrill of her life. It was mistaken for a rum runner, and several shots were fired close across its bows before signals warned the gunners to hold their fire.

Many ships have been destroyed in movie action. The *Prospero* and *Taurus* were dynamited and sunk near Catalina Island by the old Vitagraph troupe which made "Captain Blood." In "The Barrier," De Mille sank the schooner *Fremont* on a shoal off Balboa harbor. One mast now sticks above the tides, telling other ships of her forlorn fate in the fast pace of Hollywood life.

C. G. Rodgers, a boat builder at Balboa Bay, has started the novel enterprise of hiring old deep-water sailors for use in pictures.

He has recruited his old tars from many water fronts, and has them under contract, like perfumed pets of the studios, whether they haul at a lanyard or loaf on the docks. He carries a master and crew of thirty—"four men to a yard."

Every American, be he landsman or seafaring man, thrills to the lure of ships. The beautiful craft of yesterday are deserving of man's respect, because they carried the American flag around the world to a peaceful victory. The patriotic demand for a truly great ship picture is soon to be satisfied, promises Jesse L. Lasky, who, in the film "Old Ironsides," plans the most ambitious deep-sea production ever attempted.

"The Covered Wagon" epitomized the wagon period. "The Iron Horse" dramatized a locomotive. Now "Old Ironsides" is coming to dramatize a ship—the venerable *Constitution* of the American navy.

The frigate was built in 1790, and now lies rotting in Boston harbor. She played a big part in the war against the Barbary pirates, known in history as the Tripoli wars.

Almost one hundred years after her launching, in the 1860s, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the poem known to every schoolboy and girl—"Old Ironsides." As a result of his appeal to save her from rotting ignominiously at the docks, she was rebuilt and put to sea again. Now Secretary of the Navy Wilbur has made the same appeal to the American public to revive the old frigate and let her leave Boston harbor once more under full sail.

But that splendid sentiment attached to ships was at its highest in the days of the Yankee clippers. Almost equal to the floating death of the oil barge, *Erskine M. Phelps,* and far more pathetic than the shattering of a hull to give movie audiences a thrill, is the fate of old clippers now used as coal barges along the Atlantic coast.

Each violent storm of winter depletes the number of these shamed ships, battering them to kindlewood on the beaches and shoals. Many a tragedy occurs that receives scant mention in the shipping news.

When the first steamer crossed the Atlantic, eighty-five years ago, the war of steam against canvas began. It is through the patriotic sentiment and sportsmanship of such men as Jesse Lasky, C. B. De Mille, Douglas Fairbanks, and others, that the "Hollywood navy," too, has not sailed to rest on the ocean's floor. The clipper ship is going to live her days over again, on the screen.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
Parade of Hits is on the way
HERE THEY COME
Ladies and Gentlemen!
A Parade of hits
From the foremost of
Motion picture producers—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Featuring
More Stars than there are
In Heaven
Among them
Lillian Gish, Marion Davies,
Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray,
John Gilbert, Norma Shearer,
Buster Keaton, Lon Chaney.
Starting next month
Playing everywhere.
Ordeal
La Boheme
Mare Nostrum
The Trail of '98
Old Heidelberg
The Fire Brigade
The Cossacks
The Boy Friend
The Scarlet Letter
Tin Hats
Annie Laurie
The Red Letter
Altars of Desire
The Flaming Forest
Captain Salvation
Free Souls
M.G.M.
Romance
And many more

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"The most wonderful gift I ever saw."

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THE Postal Pen was manufactured to sell for $8.75—and at this price it would be a bargain. But the manufacturers, who are experienced in the making of other high priced pens, decided to work out a selling plan which would reduce the price of the Postal Pen so low that everyone could afford to buy one. They figured if Henry Ford could sell automobiles at a popular price they could do the same with pens—provided the volume of sales could be large enough. They finally worked out a plan which eliminated all dealers, salesmen and other selling costs and brought the price of the Postal Pen down to only $2.50!

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5 Days' FREE Trial

We are so sure you will be delighted with the Postal Pen that we are willing to send you one "on approval." Merely mail the coupon and when the pen arrives deposit $2.50 with the postman. This does not mean that you have to keep your pen unless you are thoroughly satisfied with it. If after five days' hard use, you do not agree that it is the best pen you ever saw, return it and your $2.50 will be promptly refunded. Could anything be fairer or more liberal? You are to be the sole judge of the merits of this wonderful pen.

Actual Size Ladies' Model

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Unbreakable—You can even step on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for lifetime service.

Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, Solid 14 Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

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State whether you want men's or women's size. When your pen arrives, pay the postman only $2.50. With your pen you will receive five post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another Postal Pen. Sell these premium post cards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen. You *do not* have to sell them—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is *yours to keep*. Don't miss this opportunity to get the finest pen that can be made. It will last you a lifetime. Mail the coupon NOW.

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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon

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POSTAL PEN CO., Desk 71, 41 Park Row, New York City

Girls Will Be Boys

The increasing vogue of the tomboy on the screen.

A perfect flood of tomboy rôles is deluging the movies. The rough-looking tramp above is Anna Q. Nilsson in "Miss Nobody." At the right is Eleanor Boardman, and the grimy, overalled individual below is Alice Day.

Sally O'Neil in "Mike," above—Marion Davies in "Beverly of Graustark," upper left—Leatrice Joy in "Eve's Leaves," below—and Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn," lower left, are other pretty actresses who have donned boy's clothes for camera purposes.

Continued from page 32

"But I only weigh ninety!" I wailed.

"You weigh five hundred!" Hugh insisted emphatically.

But that black wave came creeping over me again, and I forgot to answer back. That vaguely troubled me, as something that had to be argued out.

A cool, clear voice, impressing itself on me as something definite to hold onto, "Enough of this! This child can't stand any more." A snap of fingers as accompaniment recalled the voice—Ruth Roland's. Nobody else has that snap with which Ruth italicizes her words. "Why didn't you send for me? Why didn't somebody wire for her sister?"

Orders given in that concise, brisk voice. People moving around, in obedience. Capable Ruth, her deep vein of sentiment expressed always in practical ways. What a person she is to have around in a time of trouble and chaos! Instead of weeping over you, she kids you, and efficiently plans, and quickly gets things accomplished.

Soon I was in bed, between cool white sheets, so welcome to the hot fever of my whole body, and I was sipping something foamy, and pretty soon I was asleep . . .

Days passed in a mental anæsthesia. My worry ceased, for magic hands were at work. Hollywood had come to serve and help and love. All that was needed for mamma or for me came on call from the kitchen.

Not one detail was overlooked. I find on my desk neatly stacked piles of cards, and written on the back of each a description of the floral offering that it accompanied. Business mail was attended to. By whom? One did one thing, and another something else. Not one wheel was left unoiled, not one matter was overlooked. I discover that payment has been made on a certain piece of property, and am told that as I worried over it in my semi-delirium, some one attended to it.

Piles of receipts show that household bills have been paid. Telegrams were sent. Business mail was answered, checks that came in were deposited to my account, letters of condolence filed for my attention later.

By whom? I don't know. I broadcast a plea to my kind "creditors" to render me an accounting, but they only smile or tell me to run away. How can I ever pay it all back, even the financial disbursements, when they won't tell me whom I owe, and for what?

Jinni, surely, to have done all this. And angels, yes, to come into a home full of havoc, and work perhaps harder than they ever labored for themselves.

Curiously enough, the day which ordinarily is the saddest, is, in my memory, the one oasis of beauty. Everything for mamma was gray, her favorite color. The gray dress, with the steel-cut beads that she often wore to luncheon at the Montmartre, whispering, when everybody admired her, "You're proud of your mamma, aren't you?" In her hand a cluster of roses and my best orchid hanky that a fan friend had hand-painted for me at Christmas.

Hollywood was there, not to say farewell to the mother whom I had shared with them, for they still feel her presence keenly, but to tell her again that they loved her.

Nobody ever had such flowers. And she did used to love them so. Several times, during her illness, she commented on the lovely ones that were sent to her. I remember taking in an exquisite basket from Irene Rich. She smiled and murmured, "Oh, they are all so good to me!"

The beautiful big cross of lilies, from Louise. Her card reads, "Dear Myrtle's Mother—I love you." A spray of violets and daffodils, from Ruth. A spray of yellow roses and sweet peas, and red roses and calla lilies, from Colleen Moore. Flowers from all the studios. A spray of lavender, sweet peas and daffodils from Cecil De Mille, a basket of mixed spring flowers from Leatrice Joy, another from Mrs. Clarence Brown, roses from Helen Ferguson. A big basket of red roses from Rod La Rocque, a delicate spray from little Muriel Frances Dana. Flowers from stars, from clubs, and from nice, gray-haired old ladies who sit on their porches mending socks—oh, from everybody.

It was the next day that I read Carmel Myers' article about me in the April PICTURE-PLAY. Her sweet little tribute to my mother made my heart a bit happier, and comforted me.

I turn to the letters. I just couldn't read them at first. Now they seem like friendly hands pressing mine, the way Louise Dresser's did yesterday—just a gentle, understanding pressure. I see in them the mist that clouded Noah Beery's eyes, and the smile that stilled the trembling of Mary Brian's lips.

And what a tribute these letters are to my mother! Mind if I quote bits of them, to show you what she meant to Hollywood?

"Heaven needed another angel," writes Wally. "I cannot feel that Mother Gebhart is gone—she left something so fine, so beautiful, so elevating, and her passing left a seed that will grow in the hearts of those who knew and loved her, a living monument to all that she gave us here."

"It isn't how long we stay here, it is how good an account we give of ourselves. And your sweet mother certainly carried with her a life filled with fine, sterling qualities of truth and honor and love." This from Harry Carr, the cynic. "And she made this a better world for having been here."

"May I offer my deepest sympathy and meager condolence in your darkest hour?"—Richard Barthelmess.

I am opening them at random. So many, many more. From stars, directors and executives, from extras, studio employees, publicity men and women, and friends in other professions. A wire from Cecil De Mille, a note from Patsy Ruth Miller.

"She has left you richer, in the very traits for which you loved her." From Alma, another "cynic."

"I do hope that the memory of her splendid life will live with you always and urge you on to the bigger things which are always born of suffering"—Corinne Griffith.

"I'm awfully sorry"—Junior Coghlan.

"It seems only a few days ago that I enjoyed a lovely visit over the phone with your dear mother—and you know how much I think of her, and that Wellington and I send you much sympathy"—Ethel Wales.

And here is one from "Hard-boiled" Harry, one of those crusty fellows who seem to have no sentimental weakness:

"Try to remember that your dear mother left because Some One much mightier called her to do an even finer work than she was doing on this earth. Know too, dear little Myrtle, that just time stands between you and your mother. We all have one great Father. He guides us. He knows what to do, what is best.

"Knowing your mother, I know that she would feel unhappy if you were unhappy. Life is a wonderful experience, but death is even more wonderful. This mere life is just like a grammar-school education—preparing for the finer things and the wonderful things ahead.

"I'm just a poor bum. I work hard and take things seriously, because sometimes I don't remember that this is not the *real life*. Now please dry those tears and calm those fears and fill your soul with the thought that God is protecting you and that He has already taken your mother under His own care. We need never have a sorrow—even in the shadow of death—it's all wonderful, beautiful and holy."

Hard-boiled Harry? Well, what do you think?

It is a panacea to be back at the old typewriter, thinking thoughts that come out in words on paper. Things are beginning to take shape again, in their proper places.

The house is spick and span, the flowers that still come spill their fragrance over the rooms. Long-stemmed jonquils, soft shell-pink roses, spring flowers in their jaunty colors, nodding at me from their gay baskets to remind me that life and love and friends are all about me, with me, for me.

Is there sorrow here? I look out on the geraniums raising red faces over the hedge and wonder. No, I think not. There is the loneliness here, which the cheeriness of friends —Ruth's reiterated, "Not too much sympathy, just a little bright chatter to get her mind back to normal"— cannot alleviate. There are plans buzzing. Mrs. Clarence Brown speaks of a quiet dinner—I am not to sit at home and brood. Louise wonders if I would like to drive up to Frisco for a few days, Paramount offered me a trip down to the "Beau Geste" desert location to rest, or work, or do as I please.

No, there isn't sorrow here. A lonely ache, that's all. It hurts, to see a housekeeper in her place, and the empty big chair where she should be sitting with her mending or magazine, and her picture with one rose in the little vase beside it.

But she isn't gone. She has left the vitality of her spirit here. People feel it the moment they come in. I notice that startled look on their faces, a sudden expectancy, and the quick, kidding smile with which they used to greet her. They feel, and I feel, that Mother Gebhart is loving all of us and watching over us in return for all the love that Hollywood gave to her.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 57

so unexpected. And people always think that she is fragile, when as a matter of fact, she is the iron horse in person so far as strength goes. That's Dorothy's expression. Everybody quotes Dorothy Gish. Her visit to California lasted only ten days, but she left a definite mark on the conversation here. No one else had ever been able to formulate a fitting tribute to the gorgeousness of Frances Marion's estate. Dorothy spent about an hour exploring the beauties of the house, and then came out saying, 'It's a lie.'

"Lillian, by the way, had to finish 'The Scarlet Letter' in a hurry, for she has just had word from England that her mother is seriously ill, and she has had to rush over there. No sooner do I come to one part of the country than the people I like best head for somewhere else."

My murmurs about the possibility of its being intentional went unnoticed.

"Just as I arrived here and tried to locate Zasu Pitts' telephone number, I learned that she had gone to Chicago for her annual visit to her in-laws. But at least, Pola Negri had postponed her trip to Europe, for a few weeks longer, so she is free to play. Her romance with Rudolph Valentino is blasted. Some one quotes her as having said that she is through with men forever, and will live only for her art in the future. But she may decide that, after all, her major art is flirtation.

"She has just finished making a picture called 'Good and Naughty,' and every one who has seen it says it is delightful. I am not quite sure, though, that I approve of Pola in light comedy. So many people can play that sort of thing. I'd like once more to see the tigerish Pola of other years."

It didn't seem possible that Fanny could have talked that long without mentioning Corinne Griffith. But before I could speak of the omission, she was chattering gaily on—and about Corinne.

"Went to a dinner party at Corinne's house Sunday night. She says that I have had a definite effect on Beverly Hills real estate. She has had several offers for her house, but she had always promised that she wouldn't sell it until I saw it. It is a charming English house, all full of delightful contrasts—strong, silent butlers who are always at your elbow handing you things, and romping dogs underfoot. Corinne has a Scotty, a wire-haired terrier, and a Doberman-Pinscher, and they all adore her. I don't see how she could bear to sell that house. She had just planted one hundred and twenty new bulbs, so perhaps she won't sell it, after all. Flowers do tie you down to a house.

"Stars change when they come to Hollywood to live. They progress from New York, orchid corsages and Pomeranians, to Beverly Hills, gardens that they work in themselves, and nice, big, friendly dogs."

"I don't care about the dogs. Who was at the dinner party?"

"Just Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Agnes Christine Johnston, Ward Crane, and Conrad Nagel. Conrad's wife is visiting her folks in Chicago, and he feels quite forlorn going around without her. But Metro-Goldwyn have put him in so many pictures, that he won't have a day off for about five weeks, so he won't have much time to mope about and feel lonesome.

"No one seems to find a happy middle ground of existence out here. Either you have such long vacations that you get bored, or else you work every day until all hours of the night. Norma Shearer told me the other day that she had had twelve weeks of idleness. And now that she is working in 'The Waning Sex,' she feels strange and camera shy."

"What did you do at the dinner party?" I urged, determined to get all the details.

"Just sat around the fireplace, talking, and listening to one of those new orthophonic victrolas. Corinne has some strange musical instruments that sound like musical saws, and we all experimented with them. After dinner, we went up to her projection room and saw 'Rin-Tin-Tin' in 'The Night Cry.'

"Don't expect me to tell you about anything but homes. I've never been so impressed by anything in my life. Just imagine having everything, even a miniature theater, in your home!

"Raymond Griffith is going to build one of the most unusual homes in Beverly Hills. He has bought a hilltop way up high. There won't be any road up to it. Ray is putting in an elevator shaft in the side of the hill and will hoist his guests up in that. And instead of a mere swimming pool, he is going to have a Turkish bath. There is a set in his new picture, 'Wet Paint,' that he really should buy for it. It is a gorgeous bathroom—all pale-green tiles.

"He is making a real slapstick comedy this time. Somebody told him he was getting too subtle."

Fanny began picking up her belongings. I had inadvertently mentioned Leatrice Joy, and that had reminded her that she must get out to the De Mille studio to see her.

"She has just started a new picture, so we'll have one of those chaotic chats in about ten acts. Every time I ask her something, she will be called to the set. Oh, well, just to look at Leatrice is better than to talk to ordinary people."

I hope that she didn't mean me, but I am afraid she did.

Making Love in Six Languages

Continued from page 17

disguised myself as a bill poster, and found opportunity to seize her and abduct her to my palace in the mountains. All by intrigue and carefully guarded plans. Then, in that land of warm summer nights, where semi-tropical flowers and greenery fill the air with an exotic fragrance, love-making becomes a passion.

"They tell you that love is more impassioned in the Latin countries, that chivalry and knighthood reach the supreme zenith among those hot-blooded peoples. It may be true. But it seems to me that great passions are very evenly distributed about the world. Love is hot-headed among the Latins and made very wonderful by their flowerland. There can be no question of the climatic influences in those lands touched by the moonlit Mediterranean. But I am convinced that loves just as great and just as overpowering and all-enveloping are found in climes where the winter snows abound. Chivalry, I admit, was inborn among the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and no greater exemplification of it has been shown on the screen than in that scene in 'In the Palace of the King' wherein the good *King* hid his *Dolores* in his apartment and kissed—her fingers. *That scene wasn't written in Hollywood!*

"There have been few if any grander loves than those born in Russia—loves that are almost terrible in their passion. There probably is no other country in the world where such sacrifices have been made in its name. In the old days, when the Slavic nation was at its height, the grandeur of its court circles was unsurpassed, and the brilliancy of its aristocracy was unequaled by that of any other land. There was a haughty, decorous refinement, a polished grace about the better classes, which made them resplendent. And the dashing, colorful officers of the military were admired by women of every nation.

"No better story of Russian love has been told, to my knowledge, than is portrayed in 'Siberia,' the film I recently completed with Alma Rubens. It is the story of a girl, a student at the University of Moscow, sacrificing herself out of her sympathy with the people of her country—going to a village and taking up the teaching of a little school. And it involves the coming of a young Russian officer, and an ensuing romance which necessarily is due. To make the story thoroughly Russian, replete with colors of local life, there enters the mistress and the intrigues.

" 'Siberia' shows a grand love, lifted, it seems, above the plane of the love of the Latins. There is something dignifying about it, something exquisite. The Russian officer, in his marvelous, dashing uniform, gold-braided and resplendently decorated—the girl of breeding and refinement, clad in a heavy cloak and boots, a jaunty cap, fur-trimmed and pulled down over her ears. Then, there is the bejeweled mistress, with bared white shoulders, seductive, alluring. Sacrifice, intrigue, a potpourri of conflicting passions.

"Their embraces are powerful, their kisses impassioned, their love at white heat. You can envision them wrapped in furs, driving their wonderful sleighs out to the silent, snowy wastes, while a great white moon sheds a brilliance over the tundras. You can envision them in the brilliant ballrooms of Petrograd and in the cafés—aristocrats. The study of their ways and manners is enlightening. It is wonderful."

Of all the lover rôles which have been allotted to Mr. Lowe, none delighted him more than the one he had in "Barbara Fritchie." It typified the courteous, honorable love of the truly American young man—a love vibrating with honorable passion. Florence Vidor rose to wonderful heights in the rôle of *Barbara*.

"And I fell to a wonderful depth in the rôle of a dashing young officer," Mr. Lowe added. "That is, I fell when that swashbucklin' polo pony ditched me—didn't catch me as I came down.

"Throughout 'Barbara Fritchie,' my rôle called for courtesy, strength of character, manliness, chivalry. There was none of the impassioned fire of the Latins, the irresponsible philandering of the Britishers, the intriguing designs of the Portuguese, nor the ultra-grandeur of the Russians. Rather, it was a sweet, simple, and yet dramatic tale of love as it existed in our most colorful days. There was nothing exotic in the love scenes, nothing suggestive of wild passions or scarce-restrained desire, but a beautiful exposition of something totally undefiled.

"There is a distinct difference between the loves of various countries. Portraying a Russian love scene with Portuguese mannerisms would be just as fatal as picturing a Spanish amour with American hugs. From what I have been able to learn, the U. S. A. is about the only nation which has developed petting parties and necking parties to a very high degree. Such things in other lands would be taken to mean that the little god of love was getting in his work, while here that sort of thing seems to have become simply a popular pastime—an indoor sport and an automobile delight. But you will note this—*no great loves have been written into history which resulted from petting parties.* The loves which have made beautiful plays originated in a far different manner."

So, with these little tips from Edmund Lowe, just try making English love in French, or Spanish love in Russian. Then you'll find why it's necessary, sometimes, to go to the books. The technique he has developed as a skilled M. A. (Master at Amours) must convince you that he's had *some* practice—and study.

Frocks for Sport

Continued from page 59

Chine skirt and a tan jersey sweater with pleated collar, cuffs and vest. A pair of crossed tennis rackets, naïvely adorning the garter, sets off this charming outfit.

The costume in the right hand corner of page 59 is one of those worn by Bebe Daniels in "The Palm Beach Girl," and is in black and white. The dress itself is of white crêpe-de-Chine, loosely pleated in the front, while the odd, little, mannish black vest gives it a most unusual touch. With it is worn a black-and-white tam-o'-shanter.

A simple, but slightly more dressy frock is sketched on the left-hand figure at the bottom of the same page. This is worn by Mary Brian in "Brown of Harvard." Of gray satin crape, it is cut on the straight-line pattern, fullness being given to the skirt, however, by means of groups of pleats on each side. The blouse is trimmed with a vertical row of silver buttons, while the collar and cuffs are of silver kid. Three narrow belts fasten in the front with silver buckles. With this outfit, Miss Brian wears a smart, silver-kid hat, trimmed with a bow of gray satin.

Miss Brian's companion in this sketch is Corinne Griffith, wearing a smart traveling costume of navy-blue crêpe. The coat is the cape model so popular this season, while the dress worn beneath it depends for its smartness on bands and tie-collar of powder blue, and rows of silver buttons. A navy-blue straw hat is worn with this smart outfit.

Doubling Gave this Girl a Start

And Norma Wilson liked it so well that now she is going in for a career of her own.

By J. B. Waye

DOWN the stairs on the "Irene" set came Colleen Moore. The rehearsal for the fashion show that takes place in that film was on. The straight hair cut, fringed bangs, and sparkling eyes all proclaimed the star. Even the hands were held in an individual way. Yet Colleen Moore stood beside me watching the girl trip down the stairs. And there couldn't be two Colleens!

Of course there couldn't. The girl on the stairs was Norma Wilson, Colleen's double. She wasn't just a girl of the same size and general proportions, who had been brought in to pose for the star occasionally. She was Colleen in her smile, her style, and her naïve manner of walking. She was an actress in the midst of an impersonation.

Norma has been Colleen in four pictures. She has played small scenes and rehearsed for the star, although she never does dangerous stunts. Norma is playing Colleen just once more, and then she will be herself hereafter — forevermore. "Ella Cinders," at this writing, is being filmed, and it is the last picture on Norma's contract as a double. After that, she means to try a picture career herself.

The strange thing is that Norma Wilson already has a career. Whenever a grand-opera company condescends to come to Los Angeles from the great and distant East, a little girl from our town is the *première danseuse*. She is light and charming and graceful, with buckets of personality. She is Norma Wilson, the Norma Wilson who *isn't* playing at being Colleen Moore.

Now, Norma wants to be a film actress—not just a dancer, nor yet just a double. She wants the fun of making pictures under her own name. Many prominent officials have said they would help her. So she has hopes. She would like to act in pictures and dance, at one and the same time. She knows she can dance, and has been told she could make a fine film actress.

Norma Wilson has successfully doubled for Colleen Moore in four pictures.

Until just before "So Big" was filmed, Norma Wilson was perfectly content to go on with her dancing lessons, without a thought for the film activities all about her. People were always telling her she looked like Colleen Moore. It pleased her, because she liked Colleen—and not just because Colleen was a picture star, either.

Then one day it happened. The news was sent out that Colleen Moore needed a double badly. Some friends dared Norma to go out to the studio. She took the dare in both hands and went. "You're just the girl I want," said Colleen to this girl who looked so much like her. Norma thought perhaps she would make just one picture. Now the number has gone up to four, with the fifth nearly, if not already, completed.

"It was fun, at first," said Norma. "I didn't have to try hard to get Colleen's mannerisms. And she is lovely to work with. But after a while, you can't help wishing it was yourself you were playing, and not some other girl. I would do a little scene and it would look so good in the projection room. But it wasn't mine you see. It was Colleen's."

So after little *Ella Cinders* successfully ends her adventures, Norma is to stop being Colleen Moore and become Norma Wilson, film player.

The question is, has the film world room for two girls like Colleen Moore? Two might be too many in this day when every girl must be herself, and even then doesn't always get by.

But Norma Wilson isn't going in for a screen career because she looks like Colleen Moore. She is doing it because others as well as herself think that she can act. She was *playing a part* when she impersonated Colleen. Now she will be herself. And she wonders if the public will like her as Norma Wilson, herself—not just the girl who played Colleen.

For she has a personality all her own—and an appeal. And it is this individual personality of hers, and this appeal, which she hopes to put into her films.

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which has had a large circulation both in Europe and Milwaukee. The name of this novel is 'Pilsener Soll Ein Heimat Haben,' but it will be released under the title of 'Sweet Adeline.'

"Miss Maria Putzembaum, the Schleswig-Holstein Mary Pickford, and a great favorite in her native province, will have the lead opposite Mr. Doodenplatz."

Even Colleen Moore must be under the influence, for her next production is to be known as "Delicatessen."

Romance Kills Romance.

"If you *must* know the bitter and horrible truth about it," exclaimed Patsy Ruth Miller, "I'm a nymphomaniac!"

Whereupon, when we returned home, we looked up the word in the dictionary, and forthwith blushed.

The next time we saw Patsy, we asked her for a more detailed explanation of the rôle that she was just finishing in Ernst Lubitsch's picture, then called "Reveillon"—the rôle that she had referred to with such a dynamic rhetorical gesture.

The fact is that she is doing something of a counterpart of the naughty wife that Marie Prevost played in Lubitsch's earlier production, "The Marriage Circle." She allows herself to be made love to, judiciously, perhaps, but a trifle promiscuously.

"In fact," declared Patsy, "I am made love to so much on the set that I am positively satiated with romance when I am through for the day, and all tired out, besides. I am afraid that, as a consequence, I am boring all the young men of my acquaintance, and that my list of admirers will be greatly reduced after this picture."

Which goes to reveal a brand-new disadvantage of screen love making.

A Fateful Coincidence.

As we write these lines, the fate of two of the most famous mothers of filmdom hangs in the balance—Mrs. Smith, mother of Mary Pickford, and Mrs. Gish, mother of Lillian, both of whom are seriously ill in Europe.

Lillian was called away almost before completion of "The Scarlet Letter," to join her sister Dorothy in England, the mother having accompanied the younger daughter thither on her picture-making engagement. Lillian had had no intention of leaving California between pictures, until she received Dorothy's cable telling of her mother's grave condition.

Almost simultaneously, news came that Mrs. Smith was dangerously sick in Italy.

It seems a strange coincidence, indeed, that the mothers of both these famous stars, who are such deep friends, should have been taken ill at just about the same time, and under such similar circumstances—both while away from home.

Lillian and Mary's friendship goes back to the very earliest days of pictures—to a time, in fact, when Mrs. Gish used to keep a boarding house in Brooklyn, where Mrs. Smith and her daughter Mary stayed. It was Mary who brought little Lillian around to the old Biograph studios, and introduced her to D. W. Griffith.

Though the same devotion has characterized the attitudes of both Mrs. Gish and Mrs. Smith toward their daughters, they are of entirely different temperaments. Mrs. Smith has always taken an active interest in the professional and business affairs of Mary, whereas Mrs. Gish has always remained very quietly in the background, although she has long been known as a devoted companion and adviser of her daughters.

Reforming "Don Juan."

When John Barrymore's production of "Don Juan" is shown to the world, it will not have the sophisticated finish which was originally made. A new finish has been filmed in which the title character, properly regenerated, rescues the heroine from a torture chamber, and after a wild flight, during which they are pursued by their enemies, the Borgias, they finally reach the ultimate haven of the happy ending.

At that, we imagine that "Don Juan" will be a very popular picture—let events of history and legend topple where they may. The ending first used was not dramatically exciting, although it tended to preserve the character of *Don Juan* quite logically. He remained the philanderer to the final fadeout.

Barrymore's production following "Don Juan" will be a mysterious composite of stories, we are told. Chiefly, it looks like "Manon Lescaut" in its settings, costumes, and love scenes. It is still called "The Tavern Knight," however, and incorporates some of the material from that Sabatini novel, we are told. The locale is partly English.

Fair Warning.

"Lady dislocates jaw while yawning at motion picture."

So runs a headline in a Los Angeles newspaper.

For the sake of PICTURE-PLAY readers, we are making every endeavor possible to discover the identity of the picture, so that we may protect them from a similar catastrophe.

Enter the Tearful Heroine

Continued from page 20

tures, and may be remembered as the rueful heroine in "Driven."

Dolores del Rio, Joan Crawford and Marceline Day are *different,* but have not as yet defined themselves clearly. Miss del Rio, while utterly separate as a personality from the once-famed Edith Storey—and far more beautiful—may succeed in a similar sort of portrayal. Miss Crawford's one real chance was as the ill-fated *Irene* of the "Sally, Irene and Mary" trio, which part she filled acceptably. Miss Day is of the childlike, sweet type, at the mercy of crushing circumstances.

Lurking behind this demand for the more tragical screen type is, among other things, the desire to enhance the prestige of American pictures abroad. The European would not be happy without a certain suggestion of sadness in his entertainment. He would reject all too readily the cuties and the flappers which the American movie industry offered with such prodigality a year or two ago. The pictures of some of our greatest favorites, like Colleen Moore, for example, are not as popular as they should be abroad, considering their wide appeal in this country.

Romantic themes are uppermost on the list simply because romantic themes sell well nearly everywhere.

The influence of foreign directors and actors is also forceful at the present time. There is not a single big movie organization which has not imported two or three foreigners. The object is to obtain a better understanding of what the public desires, not only in the United States, but also in Europe.

However, the situation is also bringing about a change in ideas, and a new vitality is arising, if for no other cause, out of the competition between the American and the foreigner. The American is seeking more and more to beat the European upon his own ground—which demands a sophistication, or at least a grown-upness, that is new.

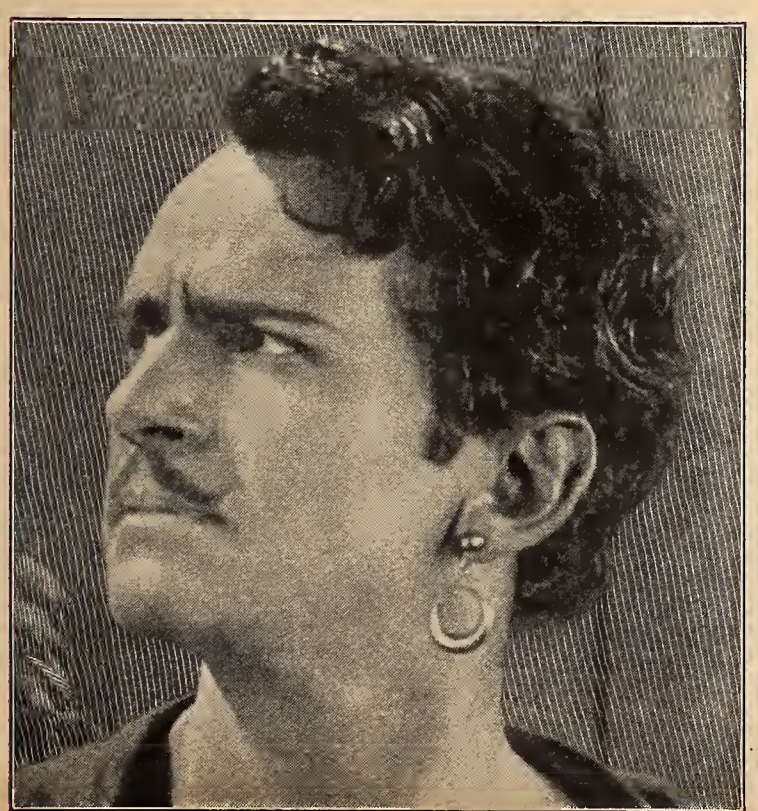
And that, among the other causes I have enumerated, is why the glad girl is going out, and the sad girl is coming in.

Men, Too, are Vain

They laugh at the vanity of women, but they themselves have quite a touch of it, and the sideburn fad of recent years is only one of their affectations.

The style has not been confined to any one type of man. Joe Bonomo, below, he-man of the movies, was just as susceptible as the polished and correct Adolphe Menjou, at the right.

Rod La Rocque, above, first adopted sideburns, some years ago, because he thought they would make him look older. Later, he inaugurated the slanting sideburns. Norman Kerry, below, hero of many a Western film, has long had his.



Edmund Lowe, above, has a certain cast to his features which makes sideburns look particularly becoming. Doug Fairbanks, at the left, thinks that pirates wore them, and so sports a small pair in "The Black Pirate."

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The preliminaries went off in catch-as-catch-can English.

Extending a small hand, Miss de Putti cooed prettily, "I am very glad to meet you. Won't you—sit down?"

Some one had done well with Lya in preparing her for her audiences with the press. America was *ach, wunderbar!* So *gross*, so *schön*, so —"perfeck!" *Die männer*—words failed for an instant—strong, noble, handsome actors, directors, journalists. The men were masterpieces, if you asked Lya. And the women, I asked? What of the ladies? Ah, *sehr schön, sehr schön!* There was no tricking this girl. Everything was what we in America call hotsy totsy. As a nation we were, it seemed, sitting pretty.

New York she declared fascinating. We here were so different. Such a rush! Such progress!

But did it not irk her to rush, I wondered?

Ach, nein! The response was immediate. Always had she longed to be hurried to and fro, thus.

Her eyes widened, and her hands punctuated her sentences, and for the time, I gathered the impression that all this was sincere. Perhaps it really was. But certainly, it had all the earmarks of campaign speeches —your city, your country, your people. Only the flag was left out.

Lya had the keys of the city. That was settled. Questions remained. What of the fables that had preceded her overseas? What of the duels that were said to have been waged over her, the suicides committed for love of her, the passions ablaze because of her? What of the titles and crowns dangling figuratively from her lavallière? What, in short, of her purple-plush past? To her secretary I turned for confirmation of these reports.

An airy wave of the hand disarmed me completely. The interpreting young lady laughed off my queries. All those stories were fabricated from whole cloth. A tissue of lies. Pah! And likewise, bosh! Press agents. Alarmists. Newspaper fiction writers.

Lya caught the drift of our conversation, and hastened to add a Teutonic pooh-pooh. *"Nicht die wahrheit!"* she exclaimed. Bunk, I understood her to mean. Fabulous anecdotes, she implied. Only to think of men fighting over her smiles! Absurd, she said. And as for her having jumped out of a window because of unrequited love—"ridikulous!"

There was, however, I was led to believe, a grain of fact in the window legend. Lya had hurried to the window to wave what she called *adieu* to a departing guest or guests—this way—when without warning, the slippery floor had played her false, spilling her abruptly. Clutching, so (another graphic illustration), at the portières, she had missed, and had fallen over the narrow balcony railing. But suicide? *Nein!*

And there we were. According to Lya and her official caretaker, her life had been of a rosy pattern—simple, sweet, and serene. Excitement had come only in the form of strawberry festivals and circus days, but of more scarlet moments there had been none. Men? Lovers? Suitors? These were unknown in her otherwise Continental existence.

It was bewildering. Colorful stories had appeared in the public prints regarding this new prima donna of the perpendicular platforms—sensational squibs, arresting paragraphs, all fading now before the double denials of herself and her companion.

New York she liked. Our buildings were so high. Yes. Her interest was manifest. Studio work here was so convenient, so efficient—every one was so kind. So it went. Our United States she told me of volubly, but—her past did not exist.

And so it was that I took my leave. If you are in a quandary as to the real De Putti, let me help you out as best I can. Let me hazard the guess that Lya has been married perhaps, has a child or two perhaps, has danced in the ballet, and has made pictures. Whether or not she really was held as a spy, duelled over, toasted extensively, your guess is as good as mine.

This much is certain: her last German picture, "Variety," is soon to be shown. Emil Jannings is in it, and reports have it that the story and treatment are unusual. And more—Lya will make her American début under the direction of Mr. Griffith in the Corelli opus, "The Sorrows of Satan."

Famous Types, and Why They Appeal

Continued from page 45

of the light from within which radiates purity, serenity, and honesty. She has the kind of beauty that you never tire of looking at, that you could have opposite you at the table during every meal and gather therefrom cheer and peace. There are certain beautiful faces so classically perfect that you like to look at them occasionally as you would like to inspect a work of art, but that would bore you to look at all the time. There are other types so vivid, so inflaming, that to be always near them would be like being near a red-hot furnace. But Lois' beauty never bores, never burns. It soothes and stimulates.

There is a conclusion to a poem of Wordsworth's which expresses Lois far better than anything I could say. Let me quote:

> A perfect Woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a Spirit still, and bright
> With something of angelic light.

And so, we love Lois Wilson.

Douglas Fairbanks.

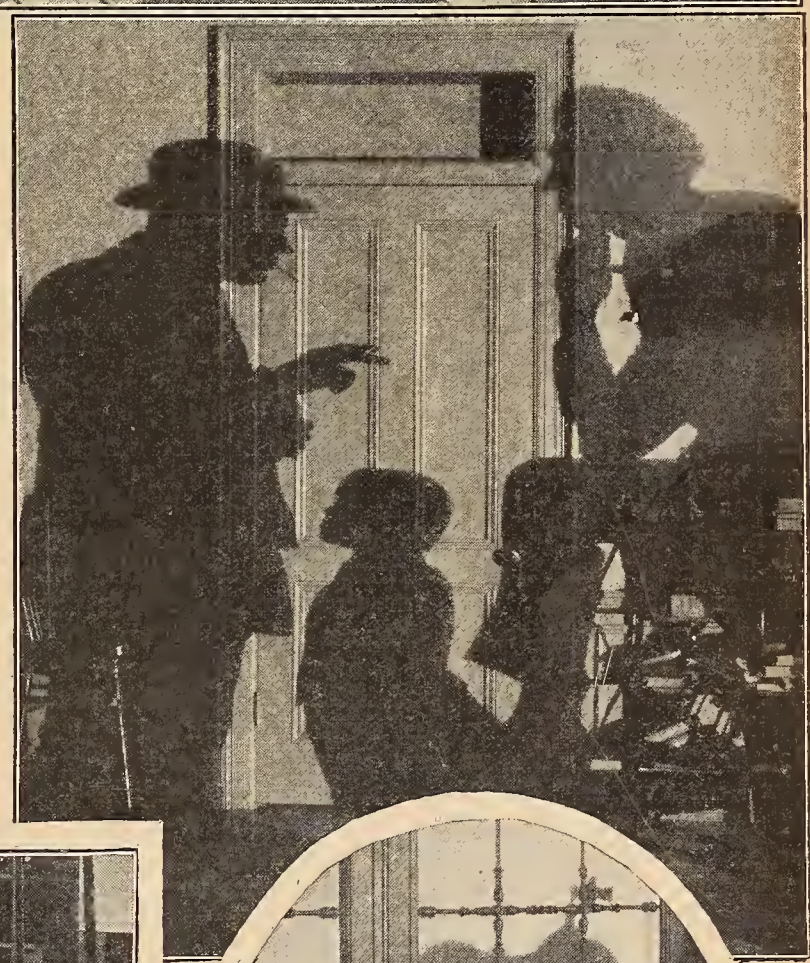
Douglas Fairbanks has been called the typical American. Explanations of his success have it that his hold is strong because he represents the ideal American. But I disagree entirely with this theory. America has nothing so romantic, nothing so knightlike as Douglas.

To me, he is the spirit of chivalry through the ages, of the deathless gallantry that loves as nobly as it fights, that hates hypocrisy and champions truth. He has a heart of gold, a sword of edged steel. He is hot-blooded, but cool-headed. He is *Launcelot*, he is *Romeo*, he is *Cyrano* —he is all the great lovers, for he is the essence of romance. He typifies impulsiveness, self-confidence, adventurousness, pride, honor, courage, nobility, and romance. He is the hero of our dreams because of the perfection of his manliness, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. And so—is it a wonder?—we love Douglas Fairbanks.

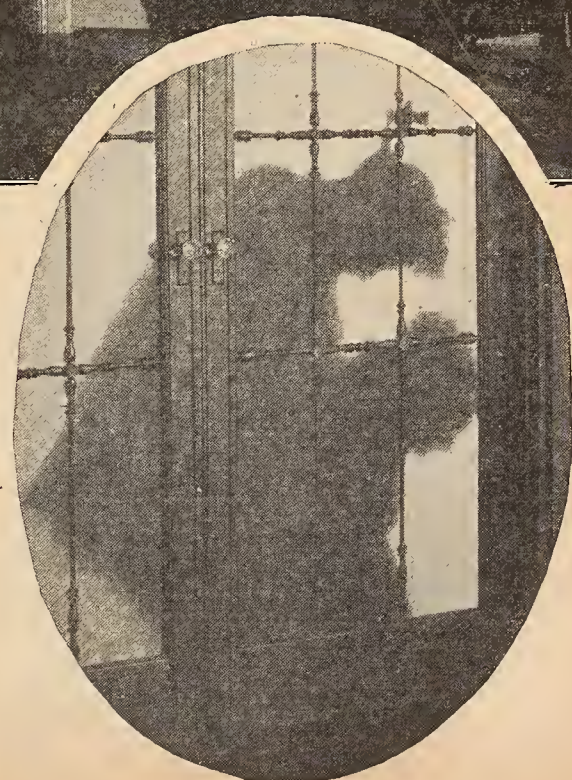
Corinne Griffith.

Corinne Griffith is the orchid from the motion-picture bouquet of stars, the most highly cultivated flower of the screen. She is the lady of good manners, of fine bearing. She graces the drawing room with an ease that every woman of the drawing room recognizes, and every woman of the office envies. She is the real aristocrat, the true patrician. For the thousands of people who see pictures and who like to know how the other half live, Corinne Griffith represents an ideal. She has the beauty of refinement, the quietness of culture. She has a personality of distinction. She is "a great lady." And so, we love Corinne Griffith.

Shadows that Tell Tales



SO uncanny and disturbing is the effect of shadows cast on the screen, that directors are using them more and more to add to the mystery or melodrama of their films. The pictures above and below show how they were employed to heighten the excitement in "The Phantom of the Opera." Then, in "The Road to Yesterday," upper right, Jetta Goudal was strangely frightened by something she imagined she saw in the shadow of her husband, played by Joseph Schildkraut. At the right are revealed the ghostly reflections of the three plotters in "The Unholy Three"—a crook, a midget, and a giant. And at the lower right is shown the melodramatic way in which a murder was depicted in "Sporting Life."



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vise. But oh, how she did fight! I had to hang on to those ears for dear life, for if she had once got her teeth into the arteries in my wrist, it would have been good-by! She fought and she fought and she fought—so hard that she burst a blood vessel in one of her eyes, and my hands and knees were getting weak from holding her. Finally, though, she quieted down enough to make it possible for us to bind her mouth. One of the other men took charge of her then, and I bundled the puppies up in my coat, and we took the whole family back to our base.

"But the battle had only just begun. The mother settled down quietly enough in the place that we fixed up for her and her children, but she still wouldn't let any one come near her, not even with food. It was only after days of the greatest patience and tact that we won her confidence.

"After that, all was serene. She let me come in and pick up her pups and fondle them and play with them. I had already picked out the two that I wanted to keep for my own—a male and a female—and so I now began to take them away by themselves, from time to time. I named them Rin-Tin-Tin and Nanette, for the famous pair of lovers whose names throughout the war stood for good luck. You remember, don't you, that they were the only two persons to be found alive in the wreckage of a Paris underground that had been blown up during an air raid, and that their lives, for that reason, were considered so charmed that from that time on, their names were used as symbols of good luck, and little woolen dolls were made in their image which the soldiers wore round their necks."

So that's how Rin-Tin-Tin got his name. The story of how he and his sister, Nanette, grew to be long-legged, awkward young dogs there behind the firing line, of how their master took endless pains, in the face of difficult circumstances, to bring them up properly and protect them from the usual ailments of growing dogs, of how they in turn tried his soul and his purse with the damage that young things *will* do when they get into mischief, of how he finally had to isolate himself and them from the rest of the encampment in order to keep peace—all of this is a long story, too long to be repeated here except in very cursory fashion.

When the pups were three weeks old, Mr. Duncan was transferred to another base. He knew that he ought not to take his two little dogs away from their mother and her milk at such an early age, and yet he didn't see how he could possibly part with them. So he did take them away with him, but regularly, every evening, he used to put them into his airplane and fly back with them to his old base, so that they could have one meal a day from their mother.

Later it was that Rinty and his sister began to chew up all the leather boots in the squadron, and everything else of value that they could lay their teeth on while the men were away during the day. And so it came about that Mr. Duncan decided to move himself and his dogs to the outskirts of the encampment, where life might be a trifle lonely, but certainly less tempting than among so many boots.

And then, just before the armistice, a wound in Mr. Duncan's arm—a long period in the hospital, with Rin-Tin-Tin and Nanette following him there and becoming the joy of every one in the ward, as they romped about the place and tugged at blankets and sheets. Even at the point of death, some of the men used to call for them, reaching feebly out to stroke their heads.

At last, the prospect of home. But then came more difficulties—a plot to get Rinty away from his master, just before he was to sail. A major had his eye on the dog, wanted him for his girl over in New York, and being of higher rank than Lieutenant Duncan, could somehow have pulled strings to prevent him from taking Rin-Tin-Tin on board ship with him, though all the proper passports had been secured. But some one tipped Mr. Duncan off, and though he wasn't sure whether the tip had any basis or not, he decided to take every precaution, and so he hired a boy to take the dogs on board in a bag four hours before the hour of sailing. And then, later, he himself came aboard, and the boat sailed, and there were the dogs, safe and sound. But—they had been almost suffocated during their four long hours in the bag, and coming from such intense heat out into the cold air, they caught cold and developed acute pneumonia. And then—in New York, Nanette died. And Rinty was left without a playmate.

But just before he and his master left for Mr. Duncan's home in California, a friend presented them with another little dog to take Nanette's place. And so she was named Nanette, too, and she it is who is the mother of Rin-Tin-Tin's puppies.

Almost four years passed before it ever occurred to Rinty that he might become a movie actor, and in that time he had learned all the things that every good police dog *should* know, from scaling walls to trapping criminals. And when, at the instigation of his master, he did suddenly become seized with the desire to go into the movies, he had just as hard a time breaking in as any one else. First, no luck at all—then, for a long time, just bits and small parts. But that didn't satisfy him—he wanted to be featured in a movie all his own. And Mr. Duncan was even more intent upon it. But, "Pooh!" said the producers. "Who wants to see a dog movie?" Mr. Duncan was, nevertheless, still convinced that there were enough dog-lovers in the world to make a film like that pay. Then, at last, he found some one who would listen to him, and Warner Brothers consented to feature Rin-Tin-Tin in at least one movie, anyway. Called "Where the North Begins," it was an overwhelming success, and netted its producers three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no question after that as to whether dog movies would pay, and Rin-Tin-Tin was established.

In the suite at the Roosevelt where I was hearing all this, he lay quietly in the middle of the floor, having been told to lie there quietly. His eyes watched us, with a look in them that made you feel that he understood perfectly what was being said. Having completely lost my heart to him, my impulse was to go over and pet him, stroke him gently behind the ears, but that was forbidden. Only his master pets him, and then only as a special favor or reward.

"Mr. Duncan," I said, "how *is* it that Rin-Tin-Tin understands all that you say to him? How has it come about? How have you taught him?"

"It's simply the result," he replied, "of our having lived together constantly ever since he was a tiny pup. I haven't *trained* him in the ordinary sense of the word—I've never struck him nor whipped him—never frightened him nor forced him into doing what I wanted. We have just gradually, through long years of constant association, come to understand each other, that's all. When we come to New York, for instance, I don't send him off some place by himself. I have him right here in the same hotel suite with me, paying just as much for his room as for my own. And wherever we go, whatever we do, we're always side by side. So that now, I can anticipate his every thought and wish just as plainly as he can understand me. And that's all there is to it," he concluded.

That, then, is the tale of Rin-Tin-Tin, justly called the "wonder dog of the screen." Go to see "The Night Cry," and see if you don't agree with me.

Wild Animal Pets

Stars are so often called upon to act in scenes with them that they look upon them as friends.

Florence Vidor, above, recently played in a film with the little monkey actress Josephine, and had made quite a pet of her before the picture was finished. Josephine, who works regularly before the camera, is an important person in the movie world.

The funny little animal shown above, resting on Dolores Costello's arm, is a marmoset—a diminutive species of monkey—who was only an extra in "The Sea Beast," his first picture, but who hopes in his next one to be allowed to do a "bit."

Josie Sedgwick, above, who has had plenty of thrills in wild Western films, thinks nothing at all of cuddling three baby lions from Universal's zoo.

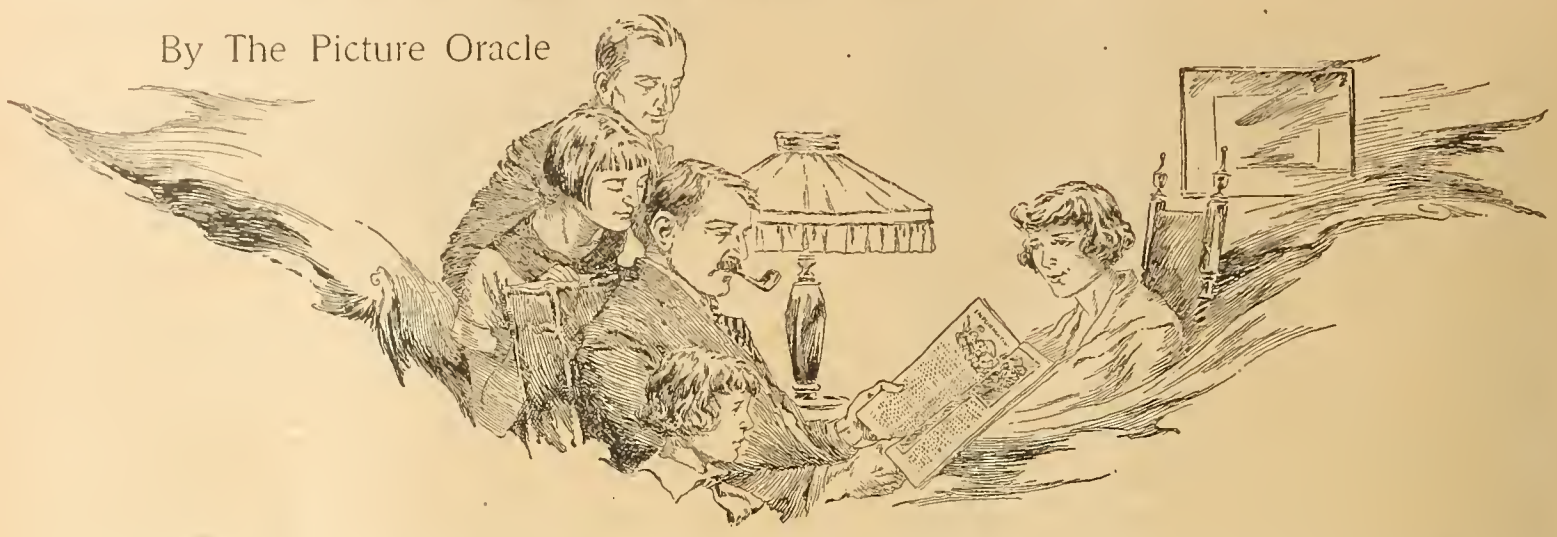
How would you like a coyote for a pet? It's a real one that Louise Fazenda is playing with, at the left, and not just a wolf-hound.

Though he may look as gentle as a kitten, it's a baby leopard in Laura La Plante's lap, at the right, and he doesn't at all like the idea of getting his milk from a bottle.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



PETE HOOK.—Was I supposed to feel a "sensation" when I met Betty Bronson? Well, that was one social error I made, for I didn't feel a sensation. There's really nothing for me to do, I guess, but to read that book of etiquette. The truth is that I met Miss Bronson at the "Peter Pan" party given by Famous Players a year ago Christmas, and she looked to me like any other little schoolgirl all dressed up in a lot of ruffles, and her mother took her home at midnight, just like *Cinderella.* However, when you get to know a few movie stars, you find them quite the same as other people, and meeting them loses its thrill. Betty Bronson is eighteen. Her pictures since "Peter Pan" have been "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess," "Ben-Hur" (in which she played the *Madonna*), "A Kiss for Cinderella," "The Cat's Pajamas," and a new one, as yet untitled. There are many well-known actresses over five feet five inches in height. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight inches; Alice Brady, Alma Rubens, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce, Jane Novak, Myrtle Stedman, and Hedda Hopper are all five feet seven inches. Claire Windsor, Doris Kenyon, Clara Kimball Young, and Lois Wilson are about an inch shorter.

M. D. M.—You bet I'll answer soon—as soon as possible, anyway. Clara Kimball Young has been appearing in vaudeville for the past few years. Shirley Mason's leading man in "The Scarlet Honeymoon" was Pierre Gendron.

A FRIEND.—The chief thing I can tell you about Ramon Novarro's family is that there are a lot of them! I believe he has three sisters and five brothers. Several of his sisters are nuns. Ramon was born in Mexico, February 6, 1899, and the family name is Sameniegos. For screen purposes, he took his mother's name, because it is easier to pronounce and to remember.

ANXIOUS.—I'm sorry to keep you anxious all these weeks, but your answer just couldn't appear in "the next issue," you know. That was already getting into print by the time you wrote. The leads in "The Iron Horse" were played by George O'Brien, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Madge Bellamy. In "A Kiss for Cinderella," Betty Bronson had the leading rôle, supported by Tom Moore, Ivan Simpson, Henry Vibart, Dorothy Walters, Dorothy Cumming, Flora Finch, and others. Colleen Moore's leading man in "We Moderns" was Jack Mulhall.

RAMONA.—All stars care about their fan mail, including Ramon Novarro, about whom you inquire. But few of them ever have time to read their letters. Ramon is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, where he can always be reached. The first picture I ever heard of in which he played was Ferdinand Pinney Earle's production of "Omar the Tentmaker"—the title was later changed to "A Lover's Oath." There were so many disputes and lawsuits in connection with the film that I don't know whether it ever was released. The public first heard of Ramon as a Rex Ingram discovery in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He was then known under his real name, Sameniegos.

NICK.—No, your questions are not too many—I'd be out of luck if, suddenly, no one asked any questions at all. Pola Negri is about thirty; she is five feet four inches. I don't know how often she was married previous to her marriage to Count Dombski. She is the only Polish player I can think of on the American screen. Jane and Eva Novak were born in St. Louis, Missouri, though they may be of Polish descent. I doubt if Pearl White will ever make any more pictures in this country, as Paris is now her permanent home. Forrest Stanley still makes pictures, though I don't know of any he is working in just now.

HELEN OF TROY.—If that was your first letter to an "answer man," experience is unnecessary. It was a charming letter. I quite agree with you about the new actress who played in "Mannequin." That is Dolores Costello, the daughter of the old-time favorite, Maurice Costello. Yes, I think she is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Don't worry about her not having plenty of opportunity in the future; she is considered one of the biggest "finds" of the year, and is under contract to Warner Brothers. She played opposite John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Next season she is to be starred. Theodore Roberts has quite recovered from his illness, and has been playing in a picture with Betty Bronson, which, as this goes to press, is still untitled.

HELEN.—I'm sorry I couldn't settle your "red-hot" argument in the "next issue." This is as soon as I could make it, and doubtless your argument has cooled off considerably by now. Dick Barthelmess is five feet seven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

E. L.—You are an archæologist, aren't you?—digging into ancient history! I can't answer all your questions, as the films you mention are so old I have no idea who produced them; and doubtless whoever did is no longer in business, so I have no one to ask. Mary Pickford was the star in "Poor Little Peppina," but, after all these years, I don't know who her leading man was in that film. I don't recall that Gaby Deslys ever appeared in a picture, and rather doubt if she did. I'm not sure that it is possible to obtain a picture of Wallie Reid, but you might write to Mrs. Reid at 861 Seward Street, Hollywood, California, and ask her to send you one.

GORDON P. CORLISS.—At the rate you keep up with pictures, I feel sure that you know practically as much about them as I do. I don't think you need worry for a while about Clara Bow's "type" going out—she is such a clever little actress that there will always be rôles for her to play. Did you see her in "Dancing Mothers?" She has never before looked so effective as she did in that film. Cissy Fitzgerald, as this goes to press, is working in another Universal picture, "The Girl on the Box," with Laura La Plante. Johnny Walker has been playing in vaudeville out on the Coast, but was given the important rôle of *Stephen Decatur* in James Cruze's production of "Old Ironsides." Madeline Hurlock is playing in Max Sennett comedies. Esther Ralston was recently married—last December—to George W. Frey. After a short honeymoon trip, she returned to the studio to play in "The Blind Goddess." There has been some discussion as to whether Malcolm MacGregor would be engaged to go to England to play opposite Dorothy Gish in one or more of the pictures she is making there; I don't know whether he was finally decided upon or not.

THE LION FAN.—Your question came too late for the issue in which you wished your reply to appear. As to what the film lions are fed on, I confess you have me there! I always supposed they were fed meat, but it has never been part of my job to feed one—we all have a few things to be thankful for!—and that's one of the things I keep no statistics about, and I doubt if the Eastern offices of the film companies would know. Practically every screen player must know how to drive a car, swim, and ride horseback. I am sure Aileen Pringle can do all those things.

Continued on page 118

By Special Dispensation

Continued from page 22

And Dick turned an intelligent, practiced eye on the backgrounds. In one, he insisted on having displayed a bowl of calla lilies, in another a placque of St. Catherine, in another a little mosaic shrine.

"The fans will think you are of a very spiritual turn of mind," I remarked.

With what was almost a grin, Dick peered around the back of the chair where the photographer had him stationed.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I am. I'm reading Confucius now."

I had wanted to see him really laugh. And shortly, he did—at the melancholy antics of the Aberdeen puppy. And it was worth waiting for—chuckling and contagious. Oh, he could, my dears, be such a darling, if he weren't such a solemn, introspective, slightly bitter young man.

When I departed, he went with me to the door, agreeably attentive. Below, at the foot of the garden, still stood the car. I paused, with the trusting faith of a child.

"Good-by, Mr. Barthelmess," I said.

He said good-by and shook my hand.

I waited a bit, and then said good-by again. This thing surely wasn't going to happen to me! And me so young—so full of illusions! And so tired!

But it did. I walked down the steps and heard the rustic door close behind me. At the road I was hit, head on, by the noon sun.

Should I go back and maybe hint a bit? I might say, "Is your car pretty on the inside?" or "Does it ride easy?"

A few blocks down the hill, I wished I had. By some abnormal miracle, the sun was hotter than ever. A blister was decorating my heel, I found, rubbing merrily against my patent leather pump. Why, I wondered dismally, hadn't I worn an old pair of shoes. By the time I had limped, broken and despairing, into Franklin Avenue, my fevered vision could recall Mr. Barthelmess only as a bald, gaunt, decidedly cross-eyed person with no charm whatsoever.

That feeling, of course, was only temporary. He is, I know, a very prepossessing young man, with a high degree of intelligence. Difficult to know, but, I have a hunch, delightful when you do know him.

But the fact remains, that the latest reports from the infirmary give little hope that poor Maggie will ever Charleston again.

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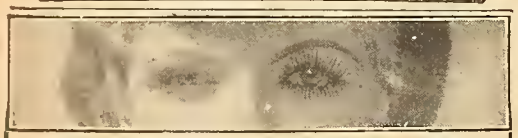

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Princes and Paupers

Continued from page 83

have been known in America—though stab the thought!—if "Passion" had not been shown here.

It was not until I arrived at the United studios that I discovered that I still held Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life"—the book Paul Bern had loaned me and to return which had been the real incentive of my visit to his set. But such a vivid contrast as had been presented by Messieurs Flamma and Troubetzkoy had upset my gentle mind.

On "The Greater Glory" set, I patiently waited for an opportune moment when I could speak to June Mathis. It never came. Sitting in front of the cameras, her chin cupped in her hands, Miss Mathis was mentally taking in every action of the players before her. To have interrupted just then would have been detrimental to my young life. I therefore confined myself to talking to her husband, Salvino Balboni. From him I chanced to learn more about former foreign stars as extras.

One good-looking young actor in officer's uniform, standing next to Conway Tearle, attracted my attention.

"Who is the dark young man with piercing bright eyes?" I asked.

"That is Hayford Hobbs," Balboni stated. "I was once his camera man when he make some pictures in Italy."

At lunch time we spoke to each other.

Only a short while ago, Hayford Hobbs was one of the leading actors of the English screen. He then made pictures in France, Italy, South Africa, and Australia. From there, Hollywood was but another jump east. Who could resist the lure?

"A famous theatrical personage in Australia assured me I would gain tremendous standing in Hollywood," Hobbs remarked, smiling. "What is more, I firmly believed him; for I was quite sure that my reputation would give me a start. But so many have appeared claiming to have been stars in Europe that my own statements fell on rather incredulous ears."

"Why not refer to your pictures?" I put in lamely.

"Useless. My volume full of press notices and other obvious proofs of my professional standing in Europe went for nothing out here. I had no box-office value, managers declared, and was unknown to the American fans. Which is quite true, after all. I am now endeavoring to get known to the movie public. In England, my friend Ronnie Colman was struggling to gain notice when I was famous. Out here, it is just the other way about. However, we are still friends."

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, Anielka Elter is another foreign celebrity trying to win recognition in America. Like Flamma and Hobbs, she has had to recommence from the extra ranks. In Europe, she played leads and starred in several German productions.

"I certainly thought the reputation I had won in Europe would quickly establish me here." Miss Elter smiled resignedly at such false preconceived ideas. "At first, I had quite a hard time even to get extra work. Now that I am known, however, I am gaining small parts. Madame Glyn has been very kind. She gave me a good part in 'The Only Thing'"

We spoke of Europe. Italy was mentioned.

"Did you ever see Lucio Flamma on the Italian screen?" I traitorously inquired, in order to verify that young man's statements.

"Lucio Flamma? Of course. In Rome I saw many of his films."

I explained why I had asked, and mentioned having seen Flamma doing extra work on the Lasky lot. For a second, Anielka Elter's eyes—which, so rumor says, Erich von Stroheim called the most evil-looking eyes in the world—seemed to me to glaze with tears; but a sudden, sharp laugh banished all compassion from her face.

"Ah, it is so funny! We think we are going to do such big things. Our former fame makes us all egotists. However, I do hope Flamma gets on."

So there you have them—three former stars of the European screens, unknown in America, struggling in Hollywood for the one great chance which might get them over to the fans, which might gain box-office value for them.

Mia May—the acknowledged queen of the German screen before Pola won those laurels—failed to captivate the American fans with the showing of her "Mistress of the World."

Charles de Roche fared little better, after his first American début.

Therefore, if other foreign stars plan to blaze across the American silver sheet solely on the strength of their European fame, let them first of all find out if they are known here, or otherwise be prepared to face the very vague possibilities.

Star Stuff

Continued from page 74

helpfully. (*I've only half an hour to spare,* she was thinking, *so if he wants facts and figures and first appearances and vital statistics, he'll have to work fast. Perhaps he is timid. I'll give a little assistance.*) "Are there any questions you thought of putting to me?"

"How's tricks?" I inquired.

"Oh, I have no dog," replied the beautiful Shearer. "But I love animals. John Barrymore carries a monkey round with him wherever he goes. Isn't he simply marvelous? Barrymore, I mean," she added.

She was enthusiastic, too, about Noel Coward, whom she had seen in "The Vortex." His work must be on a par, she averred, with that of Booth or Mansfield. (*A line or two on the serious consideration of native talent should lend an intellectual touch,* she was thinking, when this dictum was offered.) "Elderly critics have a tendency to praise the actors of another day, disregarding the great genius of present artists like the Barrymores, Noel Coward, and Katharine Cornell."

Norma puts her best foot forward on the screen. Watching her from the seclusion of a canopied box, you suspect that she is clever, cultured, and smart in a scintillating way. As a matter of fact, she is sweet, simple, and modest. She reminded me of strawberry festivals on sun-dappled lawns of village churches, a young man's first love, the most popular girl in high school . . . probably in her early twenties.

"New York is so relentlessly big," she observed. "The last time I was here, I was on my way from home, in Canada, to Hollywood. I was quite bewildered. This time I thought it would be different. But it isn't. I'm still at sea in the city. In Hollywood," she explained ingenuously, "I'm recognized. Restaurants and shops make special efforts to be nice. Here, I'm just one of millions."

This candor was disarming. Here was a charming girl confessing how sweet success tastes. Usually, it is all airily dismissed with a wave of the hand and a shrug of the shoulder. Norma enjoys popularity, and admits it.

If you met Norma Shearer, you would find her beautiful and youthful. But you would remember little else about her. She is lovely to look at, pleasantly agreeable, charming in a conventional way . . . but not possessed of a personality to be ranked among the devastating dozen.

As one would suspect from her screen portraits, the Shearer beauty is vivid, virginal, and free from chemical subterfuge. She is the eternal girl on the magazine cover —*Saturday Evening Post,* not *Vogue* —she is the living example of How to Keep that Schoolgirl Complex.

Although some of the Shearer starring vehicles have been in themselves inconsequential, they have indicated definitely that Norma is capable of acquitting herself creditably at all times. In all of her characterizations, she has been plausible and believable. She has Barthelmess' ability of doing the most patently cinematic tricks in credible fashion. This comes under the head of acting.

When we mentioned "His Secretary," Norma's face lighted up prettily. (*Here,* she decided, *is space for anecdote. Interviews introduce a dash of that every so often.*) "When I came to the studio as the Plain Jane secretary, no one knew me. Even the gateman hesitated before letting me in." I indicated what I hope was polite surprise. But more was to be unfolded. "My own mother didn't know me. I talked to her, and she failed to recognize me." Before I was able to express my belief in Santa Claus, Miss Shearer was off on another tack. "Character work is the most fascinating kind of acting there is. I wish I could do some in all my pictures. And comedy is such sport."

There is no reason why she should not occasionally dip into romantic comedy, establishing herself as a combined Billie Burke, Ina Claire, and Madge Kennedy. Guileless ingénues seem to be created especially for her: the answer is simple—she is one!

There was a great to-do about Lois Moran remaining unspoiled and unsullied by sophistication, yet Norma Shearer carries off this sort of thing perfectly—and naturally—and no one thinks anything of it.

With each new picture she has advanced, until now she holds a distinctly advantageous position among the crowding images of the screen. Pictorially, she has many points in her favor. She is typically American, although Canadian by birth, and she appeals to every member of the family.

In two years, all things being equal, Norma Shearer should be among the strongest magnets the Bijou Dream will have. And her vogue will not be a fleeting one.

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32B

You Have No Chance? Then Read this Story!

Continued from page 34

the mines—quite without bitterness or remorse, gratefully content that he has been able to hew himself a more desirable niche in the world. He has, instead, a deeper and more sensitive appreciation of life than is given to most of us.

His slow, low-pitched voice warmed with enthusiasm as he told me about the hilly old farm in Westchester County, New York, that he had lately bought.

"Fifty-five acres," he said proudly, "and the rambling stone house on it is over one hundred years old. One of the barns we have had well floored, and we use it for dances. There is no architectural swimming pool, but there's a clear, broad swimming *hole,* with trees shading it and moss on the banks. And I have no elaborate, landscape gardens—just woods and fields and wild flowers."

"You are going to stay in California?" I asked.

"Yes," with his boyish smile that reveals a deep-cut dimple. "I've already bought a house—about seventy-five more payments and it's mine. But that wasn't all my doing. Neil Hamilton and his wife met us" ("us"—flappers please note—means Charles *and* his Italian wife) "at the station. And about twenty minutes later, on the way to Hollywood, Neil stopped at a real-estate office and hauled me in. When I came out, I had practically bought my house."

About his work, he speaks very little, and then only in a detached, impersonal way. It interests, but does not absorb him. The living of life, rather than the portraying of it, seems to be his paramount consideration.

The background of his career is crudely, boldly painted. With such colors on his palette, such drama stored up in his memory, such strange, vital people as formed the environment of his childhood, it is no wonder that before the camera his touch is sure and adroit.

He will never be a sheik, and he will never be a standardized, conventional type. He is very attractive, with an indelible personality and a quick mind. And how he can *act!* I, stroking my long white beard, say that some day he is going to ride in a Rolls-Royce among the first dozen of the screen.

Uncensored Observations

Continued from page 49

many days to come. They one and all, after that, vowed to Pola Negri's democratic spirit.

That same day, millionaires galore desired an audience with La Negri. They were, in their own words, her humble slaves. Their yachts were at her disposal. She had but to command. Pola, like the huntress Moon riding over the heads of the Bœotian swine, ignored them all.

Occasionally, at that period, she wished to be entirely alone; or again, she would not let you out of her sight. Sometimes, she refused even to go for a ride with Charlie, or So-and-so, or such, or Rod—whichever he might be. Let the secretary take the spin in her place. This generous side of Pola's prismatic character flashes into view at strange times. Returning, the secretary found her sitting on the beach. It was beginning to get cold. *"Es ist kalt,"* La Negri commented. "Give me your scarf."

"But," shuddered the secretary, "I'll be cold then."

"That doesn't matter. What I want I get." And Pola got it.

Back at the hotel, the Countess Dombski issued her mandate. She would dine in her private suite. But her retinue felt put out at the thought of not being down in the dining room, with its sights and its music.

"Oh, you go and eat what you like—what you can," Pola admonished. "Enjoy yourselves. Don't bother about me."

To work for such a person is truly, at times, a pleasure and a surprise—mostly a surprise.

When in pensive mood, Pola speaks reminiscently of her childhood in Poland. When she was a little girl, she had a mania for writing poems. She reveled in this art. Every new place, every new event, was turned into poetry by her. "Then"—this is how Pola tells it—"when I was about thirteen, I couldn't write poetry any more. I started to delve into the great works of the great masters. If I had read first, I might have composed after, but——" Ah, the Negri sigh! The Negri tongue rolling slowly around the inside of the mouth.

Cruel Fate!

The Unknown Quantity

Continued from page 68

brown eyes upon you. Then he says, "Yes," or he says "No," often with a polite "ma'am" tacked on. And there you are, dropped back into a chasm, and feeling so ineffectual that you want to kick yourself.

Curiously, you have no desire to kick *him,* though you may think in general that boiling in oil is insufficient punishment for the actor who fails to furnish you with your meat and bread—copy for the magazine. There is a lovable quality about him that, despite differences in age, makes you want to take him to your heart and mother him.

An invisible cloud broods over him, a bleak fog separates him from the sunshine and gayety that surge all about him. The pulse of humanity drums beside him, and he shuts himself in from it. Has he found something finer and better, that he knows we light-hearted ones can't share?

He hasn't that washed-out look of one who is tired or who has forgotten how to feel. Rather, one senses an emotion that stops, baffled by some caution or some necessity for aloofness, like the dammed-up waters of a river. That mask is not one of blankness, nor futility, for through it are limned those deeply carved lines—marks of suffering, of feeling, of thought, of a rich and mellow life. Suddenly, some chance remark or a greeting from an old friend lights up his face with a sweet and human kindliness, but then the mask drops back into place.

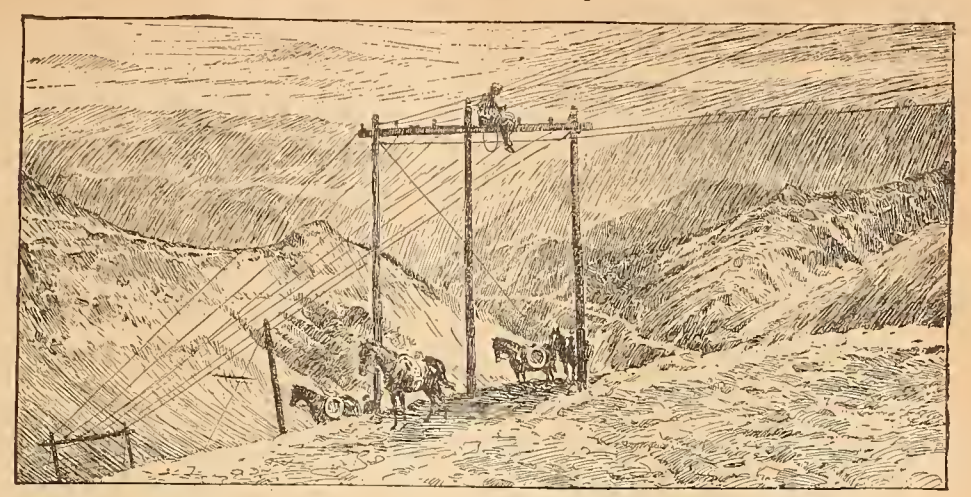
A waiter came up and bowed deferentially. Mr. Walthall's wife had telephoned that she wanted him to come home immediately after lunch, if he could.

"About three hours from now," I said to the press agent, in a stage whisper pitched for the actor's ear, "he'll show up."

"Oh, I shall be right on time," Walthall drawled, a slow smile softening the lines indented about his mouth, his eyes quietly rebuking our lack of confidence. "Unless I am delayed . . . or something turns up . . . ."

And so, "The Unknown Quantity" followed us down the stairs, smiled timorously, and shook hands. Unmindful of the eyes upon him, of a famous young ingénue's awed whisper, "There's Henry B. Walthall!" he ambled off down the Boulevard, a pathetic little brown figure, alone, somehow, in a world filled with color and brightness.

Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains



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It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

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The Sketchbook

Continued from page 31

the Writers Club, Ernst Lubitsch sat behind me. I enjoyed the picture immensely, but I enjoyed Lubitsch more. The little German is a dynamic audience. He was the first to burst into applause at some particularly fine scene. He led the house into booms of appreciation at the subtle lighting effects. And his enjoyment was not only for technicalities but for the triumphs of virtue, and the happy ending, as well. He made little noises of sympathy when the heroine's fate became too unbearable. He puffed furiously on his cigar when danger threatened her. And when she escaped the brute, at last, he was the only one in the house to grunt orally with satisfaction.

Lubitsch not only makes pictures, he gets a "kick" out of them. Even out of the other fellow's.

No matter what your opinion of her may be, Madame Elinor Glyn has inescapable charm. She has social grace in a day when manner is being sadly neglected. At the already mentioned costume ball at the Sixty Club, she and Erich von Stroheim fascinated me. They were the judges of the costumes, and sat at the end of a long table, surveying the whirling figures with keen interest. At the finish of the contest, Von Stroheim arose to return to his own table. Madame Glyn extended her hand. With military neatness, Von Stroheim bent over it, touching her finger tips lightly with his lips. Mrs. Glyn, smiling graciously, thanked him for his assistance. He said, bowing again, something about it having been his pleasure. Their pleasantries were almost Continentally formal. But very charming.

There is no executive in Hollywood more democratic in his taste than Jesse Lasky. His idea of a good time, if it is to be judged by his practice of it, is a rousing walk down Hollywood Boulevard. When he is in town, he can be found strolling around the streets showing as much enthusiasm over new shops and window displays as any tourist.

Once I heard him make a speech before a room full of press people. As a class they are rather insistently hard boiled. But Mr. Lasky made an indelibly good impression. Not that his speech was particularly good as a speech. It wasn't. It was extemporaneous, and his voice broke often with nervousness. More eloquent speeches had been heard by all of them hundreds of times before, but I doubt if they had ever listened to a more sincere one.

I remember one thing in particular that he said. He had been talking about the founding of the Lasky company, its growth and success. He said: "I look at myself sometimes and wonder why I should have been so favored. Why I, rather than some other man, whose accomplishments could have equaled mine, had his opportunity been the same, should enjoy this good fortune. That of course, is unanswerable. But I have tried to show my gratitude and appreciation of it in dealing squarely with the people with whom I come in contact. I hope I have succeeded."

Miscellaneous Impressions.

Blanche Sweet—Blondes at a revival meeting.
Aileen Pringle—Widows.
John Gilbert—*Romeo* thumbing his nose at the dress circle.
Eleanor Boardman—*Juliet,* ditto.
Conrad Nagel—Adjectives.
Douglas Fairbanks—Verbs.
Charlie Chaplin—Pronouns.

An Artist Talks on Screen Beauty

Continued from page 25

He won't. This big, blue-eyed, stocky man, with a sentimentalist hidden under his phlegmatic Danish soul, may crab about the movies not being artistic, may find fault with their lighting and with their parade of vapid beauty, but the truth is that his artist's instinct thrills at their panoramic color, and the dramatist that is in every painter loves their constant make-believe.

Besides, there are compensations. There is, occasionally, a Mary Alden or a Henry B. Walthall to paint, a face quite frank with the lines that mean character and life. There is the money which makes possible the artistic home on a hilltop, with its rare etchings and paintings, the acquisition of those treasures among which he loves to live.

So he has played in "The Black Pirate," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Johnstown Flood," and other films—he is always busy and is invariably seen in Mary's and Doug's pictures—and paints when the mood is upon him and when the subject interests him.

Will Constance Quit? Never!

Continued from page 50

On the appropriate finger of her left hand, glittered a broad, platinum band, circled and recircled with shimmering diamonds. Not, by a long shot, did it look like an emblem of domesticity.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you are giving up pictures?"

"It is *not!*"—sweeping the rumor aside with the ringed hand. "I can't imagine how the report began, because I never gave such a thing a thought."

"The idea doesn't appeal to you, then?"

"Good heavens, no! I'd die—I'd go crazy—I couldn't stand it! Why, I've been in pictures since I was a child. It would be like depriving me of the breath of life."

"So many actresses," I remarked, "do say, when they marry, that they intend to retire to a domestic career. People understood that you had made the usual decision."

Connie threw back her head and laughed—delightedly—clasping her hands convulsively over her heart.

"Me—domestic!"

But she added gravely, "I can understand that, though, if the man meant your whole life—if he was the beginning and the end of the world to you. But for me, that sort of thing is impossible. No matter how greatly I loved a man, my work could never be eclipsed by him."

"Your husband, then, doesn't object to your continuing your work?"

"Heavens, no—not a bit!" Her brown eyes showed unexpected interest. "Captain MacIntosh is crazy about the movies—he thinks they're great. And he realizes how impossible it would be for me to quit.

"In fact," she continued impersonally, but with a depth of sincerity in her voice, "he is gifted with more sympathetic understanding than any other three men put together. He's quite a wonderful person. He thinks I'm perfectly mad, the way I tear around, but he doesn't mind. 'Oh, he's so—*nice!*" she finished, in a burst of enthusiasm.

One hears that Captain Alastair MacIntosh is Scotch-English, with a gallant war record, considerable wealth, and an excellent social position both here and abroad. Constance has known him for three years, but he has never shared the wide publicity accorded her other swains.

Even when he came to the Coast a couple of months ago, and was, presumably, pressing his suit successfully at last, nothing was heard of him over the luncheon tables at Montmartre—not until the day following the headlined announcement of Connie's hasty departure for the North. On that day, "Prof" Moore, on the stroke of two thirty at Montmartre, interrupted himself in a feeling rendition of "I Love My Baby," and led his orchestra through a syncopated version of the Wedding March from "Lohengrin." And for five minutes, at the exact time when Connie was becoming Mrs. MacIntosh in San Mateo, her friends in Hollywood Charlestoned in her honor to the strains of the better known "Swan Song."

"The only explanation I can think of—for that silly rumor," Constance pondered, "is that I said I would not sign another contract. You see, I just have three more pictures on my present one, and I made a statement that I would not sign again.

"But never for a minute did I think of stepping out. I only want to free lance. I'm tired of being tied down—tired of Hollywood. I'm crazy to make pictures abroad, like Dorothy Gish. I'd like to do just one or two a year, maybe one in New York, one in Paris, one in London. Then maybe just travel for a year, and make another when the mood returned.

"Heavens!" she broke in on her Elysian train of thought. "I talk as if I were perrenial. I'm getting old, and I talk of dropping out for a year!

"Sid Franklin—he's my director again on this new picture, and perfectly divine—he says I'll be good for just this one more, that I may just manage to struggle through it, and then I'll be done."

I couldn't help laughing, so remote is the very idea of age from the exuberant Connie.

"Have you seen my new leading man?" she asked. "You know, 'Silky Anne,' which I am to do with Walter Pidgeon has been postponed, and Tullio Carminati is in this one—'The Duchess of Buffalo.' He's stunning—the Latin type. Reminds me of my first husband"—with a grin.

As she spoke of her new picture, one could see the love that is in her heart for her native profession. Every detail connected with it—costumes, stills, scenario—raised her to an acute pitch of interest.

Thus Connie. Wedded—but with us still. Happily married, but still to be spared to us as long as there is life in her veins. Connie—of the movies, with the movies, for the movies—forever, so help her, Heaven!

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The July Issue of

AINSLEE'S

MAGAZINE

On the News Stands June Fifteenth

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 63

With only a year to live, all sorts of things happen, which I shan't tell you about. Of course, there is a girl involved. She is Marguerite de la Motte, and she wears some very lovely clothes.

There is a chase toward the end, and a number of hard-boiled gunmen. The villain, Gustav von Seyffertitz, is especially menacing. Having seen this very attractive actor as a judge more often than not, I was delighted to find him on the side of crime for a change. He smells a sinister rose.

German Comedy.

"The Prince of Pilsen," based on the musical comedy of twenty years ago, is a slapstick, obvious comedy, as old-fashioned and as out of date as a dialect comedian.

The story, as some of you may remember, is of one *Hans Wagner,* from Cincinnati, Grand Imperial Chief of Lodge No. 777 of the Royal Order of Squirrels. It originally was intended as a burlesque on the inveterate lodger, but now that lodges aren't what they used to be, and beer has departed from Cincinnati, there really isn't any point to it at all.

Hans and his daughter take a trip to Germany, and become involved with princes and politics, with almost disastrous results.

Anita Stewart is sweetly pretty as the daughter; Allan Forrest, a handsome prince; Myrtle Stedman, the lady with the measles; and George Sidney, the ponderous and not very funny *Hans Wagner.*

More Royalty.

Really, in this democratic country, we seem to have taken an alarming fancy to kings and queens.

"The Crown of Lies," starring Pola Negri, is a medium-grade story of a servant in a theatrical boarding house who bears a remarkable resemblance to the former queen of a mythical Balkan state. She is seen in a restaurant by visiting patriots and forthwith transported to Sylvania. After that, it's mostly a question of intrigue.

There are a number of pleasing situations, capably acted by Miss Negri, Robert Ames and Noah Beery.

The Dime-novel West.

"Desert Gold" is a melodrama rampant about that same old wild, wild West. It's a perfectly fine picture of this type—and it should be, as it has for its sponsors Zane Grey, author, and George B. Seitz, director.

It almost seemed for a minute as though the old familiar face of Richard Dix would appear at any minute, but I waited in vain, more than slightly compensated by handsome Neil Hamilton.

A dissipated New York lad goes West and gets into difficulties. The gal is pursued on a lonely desert by *Laudres,* played by William Powell—just why she didn't give up, there and then, I couldn't quite fathom, as Mr. Powell is far and away the best part of any picture he happens to be in.

However, she waits for the hero to save her, and the picture ends happily with a little sand storm for excitement.

The scenery is, as always, gorgeous.

Shirley Mason and Robert Frazer are nice, too.

Beauty Gone to Waste.

"Bride of the Storm" is one of the dullest, dreariest pictures these old eyes have ever seen. It is hackneyed and cheap, and if Warner Brothers are going to ruin their new and lovely star, Dolores Costello, by placing her in such unbelievably bad pictures, I am through with them.

A young American girl is stranded on an island with three foolish and bad men, who are all scheming to marry her. Just as the lighthouse in which she is held captive is being burned and pushed into the sea, a United States warship saves her—luckily, there is a second lieutenant on that ship. Thank Heaven!

John Harron, Sheldon Lewis, Tyrone Power, and Julia Swayne Gordon are in the cast.

More Barnum and Bailey.

"The Devil's Circus" is one of those medium pictures neither very good nor very bad.

A country girl proves the theory that an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is inevitable.

Her lover robs for her sake and is caught. She runs away and joins a circus, is seduced by a lion tamer—and that ain't all he tames—and is hated by the circus queen.

The whole performance is just a plot to get Norma Shearer into a circus again.

The acting is always good, even though the plot lags.

Carmel Myers and Charles Emmett Mack stand out ahead of the others. Norma Shearer is, oh, so pretty.

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"Nell Gwyn"—June p80; "New Brooms"—Feb. p92; "New Commandment, The"—Feb. p71; "Night Cry, The"—May p50.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

Some of the most beautiful women that grace our screen can wear clothes very stunningly and very cleverly. Alice Joyce can wear tailored suits with grace. She is well dressed at all times. She can wear small hats with ease also.

Florence Vidor can very stunningly wear gowns of black that are tight fitting and have long trains on them. Her hair is always so pretty and perfect. Her beauty and her personality and her well-chosen clothes make her an idol of many fans.

Marie Prevost can wear party dresses with great ease. She is the coming Gloria Swanson of the screen in style. Marie is a doll, dressed very smartly at all times. She can wear big hats with joy. Norma Shearer is a miss who looks great in small hats with feathers and plumes on, also in dresses trimmed with fur.

Leatrice Joy can wear a boyish bob with party clothes with great charm.

Norma Talmadge looks best in the old-time clothes—in laces and silks, as in "Smilin' Through."

Gloria Swanson is a woman who can wear any style of clothes and still look charming and bewitching.

Pola Negri can wear jewels, and gowns with long trains. I do not care for her hair cut.

Clothes can make or break a star with the public. CHARLES MANK, JR.
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Better Stories and Gowns for Gloria.

It is with sincere regret that I witness a star not living up to previous efforts. After viewing the latest Gloria Swanson pictures, particularly "The Untamed Lady," there is no denying this fact. This is not entirely the fault of Miss Swanson. Goodness knows, she tries hard enough to save every mediocre picture in which she appears, but she has been given mighty poor material lately. "The Untamed Lady" was a type of picture for Pauline Garon, Clara Bow, or Laura La Plante, some one more of the flapper age. Lawrence Gray was entirely too young and immature looking to be Miss Swanson's leading man.

A great many stars make the mistake of portraying flapper parts when they have long since graduated from that stage. When Gloria was making the best pictures of her career, about four years ago, practically all of her portrayals were of young

Continued on page 114

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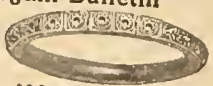

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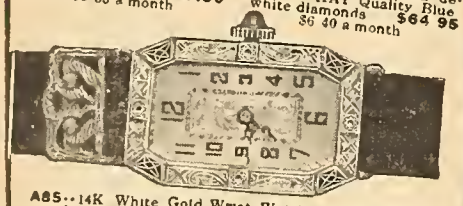

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

married women, so it is but natural for the public not to expect her to play flapper parts several years later.

If she expects to continue to hold her own in filmdom, she must look to her stories—and also her *wardrobe*. Some of her clothes in "The Untamed Lady" were impossible, particularly the dress she wore in the hospital scene, which was most unbecoming—so much so that even the men in the theater made remarks about it looking like a "washerwoman's outfit."

There is a rumor to the effect that Famous Players are grooming Florence Vidor to take Gloria's place, when her contract expires. Well, as far as clothes, good looks, and figure are concerned, Miss Vidor far outshines Gloria.

Gloria is a good actress and a clever person, and should be able to continue to hold her popularity over a period of years, but she needs good stories. If she signs with United Artists, no doubt she will get them, but I do hope she uses better judgment in her selection of clothes as well as of leading men. GRACE O'DONNELL.

2242 W. 98th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ten Wishes.

I have been pianist in the local movie theater for three years, and of course I have my favorite stars. I consider Helene Chadwick the greatest actress on the screen. I admit that she has had some poor pictures, but her *Betty Jo*, in "The Re-Creation of Brian Kent," *Joan Randle* in "The Border Legion," *Molly Shannon* in "The Golden Cocoon," and a few other rôles were proof of her versatility and charming screen personality. But the various moving-picture magazines never seem to give her credit. Her trouble with Goldwyn was unfortunate, and when she gets the recognition she deserves for her sympathetic portrayals, then I'll be happy.

Richard Dix and Edmund Burns are my favorite male stars. They both have a sense of humor, and their work has improved with each new rôle. This Burns will bear watching, for he will soon be one of the most popular stars, I think.

If I had ten wishes, here's what they would be:

1. That we might see more of Helene Chadwick.
2. That Gloria Swanson would cut out the comedies.
3. That Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman would costar.
4. That Dorothy Gish find a suitable rôle.
5. That the Colleen Moore craze would subside.
6. That Pauline Garon be made a star.
7. That Enid Bennett would come back.
8. That we see Virginia Lee Corbin oftener.
9. That Valentino would make another picture similar to "Monsieur Beaucaire."
10. That Madge Bellamy would be directed by Lubitsch. FRANKIE.

15 Farmington Avenue, Plainville, Conn.

Look Out, Interviewers!

If I read another article saying how humble John Gilbert is—how unassuming—how success will never go to his head—as if he were a youngster instead of a regular old stager—I think I shall go crazy! I'm so sick of having John Gilbert crammed down my throat that I am not going to see any of his pictures, and many of my friends, who are also very keen on the movies, feel the same as I do.

ELIZABETH DAWSON.

The Rectory, Corby, W. Keltering, Northant, England.

Marriage vs. Career.

I never heard of any one more selfish than Warner Baxter. Imagine his just calmly letting his wife give up her very promising career just to stay at home and make things a little more pleasant for him! It's always the woman who has to make the sacrifice. And it seems to me that this one was so unnecessary. Just because Warner Baxter got annoyed because his wife wasn't always at home just when he wanted her to be there, and just because he couldn't be more considerate of her when she was just as tired as he was, she, to keep peace, had to sacrifice her entire career, so that she could run around after him and wait on him and cater to his whims.

It's very plain to me, from that article about them in the June PICTURE-PLAY, that he was really the one at fault, though she tries to make it out that she was just as much responsible as he for the situation that arose. He comes right out and says that he never wanted her to go into pictures anyway, and that he's the type of man that likes to be the sole breadwinner in a family. In other words, he likes to be the master. Well, when a man brazenly admits that kind of an attitude, it's easy to see that he has probably been the cause of all the trouble. He was opposed from the outset to his wife's having a career, and so, I presume, he probably made use of every opportunity to point out its disadvantages to her until, finally, because she cared enough for him, she gave it up, but it's quite evident that she didn't want to one bit. I must say, I hope I never marry a man like that, and he certainly doesn't deserve to have such an unselfish wife as Winifred Bryson must be.

SARAH LEONORA WINFIELD.

Germantown, Pa.

A Note from the Argentine.

For a number of years we have been ardent readers of PICTURE-PLAY, and find much interest in the correspondence page, where all fans are allowed to give their views. So far we have seen no letters from the Argentine, so we hope you will give us an inning.

Our interest has increased considerably with the growing popularity of Latin stars, whose films are intensely popular in Buenos Aires, particularly those of Rudolph Valentino, who is idolized! We cannot understand the harsh criticism that some persons extend to poor Rudolph. It seems increditably unfair and unwarranted. Valentino is one of the few actors with a decided style of his own, and several other actors who now are favorites with the fans have deliberately copied his original mannerisms.

Recently we saw in a magazine a photograph of a delightful-looking Argentine, one Manuel Acosta, who is described as the Argentine president's grandson. How can this be, when President Alvear has neither son nor daughter? We hope, nevertheless, to see some of Manuel's films, as it will surely mean a holiday!

CHOLA, LITI, PEPA, and NEGRA.

3776 Marcos Paz, Villa Deroto, B. A. P., Argentine, South America.

The Garden Party.

Fans, do you know that every year in England, about July, we have a "Cinema Garden Party?" It is held in the Botanic Gardens at London. All of the English stage and cinema stars attend, and if any American ones happen to be in England at the time, they are also present. I had heard

so much in regard to this garden party and of the lovely signed photographs of the film stars to be had there, that last year I decided to go all the way to London for it. The real reason was to try and get some photos of Pola Negri, my one and only favorite. When I arrived, you can guess my disappointment to find that they did not have a picture of the divine Negri in the place—every star but Pola!

The Paramount film company had a sort of big cabin called "Peter Pan Land," and you paid sixpence—about twelve cents in American money—and were told to choose an envelope from a large chest. If you were lucky, the card in the envelope told what kind of a prize you had won. And the prizes! The most beautiful framed photos of Paramount stars, autographed mostly "to my English friend," et cetera, all of them with quite a lot of writing! Valentino, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, and *every one* but Pola. Of course these were very special prizes. Smaller ones were "Peter Pan" songs, books, and things like that. But there were extra-special prizes in the "Peter Pan" cabin, and can you guess what one of them was? A little blue-and-gold ostrich-feather vanity bag of Miss Negri's that *she* had once used and sent especially for the garden party! It contained her autographed card and a few cents which had been left in when she had finished using it. I had the thrill of my life in just being able to *look* at it.

Well, I spent all afternoon—and also a small fortune—in trying to win that bag, but I had no luck and "nearly died" when another girl got it. I know that she couldn't *possibly* have wanted it as much as I did, and I begged her to let me buy the bag and offered her *anything* for it, but she couldn't be persuaded to part with it at all. The other two special prizes in "Peter Pan Land" were an autographed fan from Betty Compson, and a little pair of satin slippers autographed across the toes, which had been worn by Gloria Swanson. At other divisions in the garden were the pearls worn by Mary Pickford as *Dorothy Vernon*, the earrings worn by Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," something from Tom Mix, Betty Balfour, Jane Novak, and a few others. But, of course, nothing interested me after I had lost the chance of winning Pola Negri's bag, and I got disgusted with the whole affair and left without even a photo of La Negri to console me. But, oh, that bag of Pola's! Negri fans, you *should* have seen it!

Noelle Charlick.

4B. York Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs, England.

A Fan's Wish.

In that distant day when they make movies for adult intelligences, I should like to see "Under Two Flags" done again as Ouida wrote it—not as a sheik-mad public is supposed to prefer it—with John Gilbert as *Bel-a-faire-peur*, Pola Negri as the fiery, unconquerable *Cigarette*, and Blanche Sweet as the proud *Lady Venetia*. The few scenes granted the latter would be numerous enough to justify her appearance in such a rôle. I should like Von Stroheim to direct the picture—the Von Stroheim of "The Merry-Go-Round" and "The Merry Widow," not of "Greed," for much as I admire his intensive genius, there is no need to carry reality to brutality, as he is likely to do if unrestrained.

And if they took pains to translate *all* of the story as faithfully as they did "The Sea Hawk," I see no reason why it should not be as successful, if not much more so, than "The Sea Hawk" proved to be.

A. C. M.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 64

of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

"His Secretary" — Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer shows how plain she can look in entertaining picture of homely stenographer who startles and fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

"Hogan's Alley"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue in fantastic tale of New York's slums with melodramatic finish in which train wrecks, motor wrecks, landslides, airplanes, and dare-devil feats are all mixed up together.

Ibáñez's "Torrent"—Metro-Goldwyn. Interesting film introducing the magnetic Swedish actress, Greta Garbo, to American audiences. Ricardo Cortez plays young lover whose mother's influence kills his romance and ruins two lives.

"Infatuation"—First National. A triangle film, based on Somerset Maugham's "Cæsar's Wife." Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont, as the husband and wife, and Malcolm MacGregor, as the disturbing factor, all give intelligent performances.

"Irene" — First National. Colleen Moore in a pleasant comedy of a poor little Irish girl who becomes a dressmaker's model and is wooed by a rich young hero, played by Lloyd Hughes.

"Irish Luck"—Paramount. Beautiful background of Ireland an outstanding feature of film in which Thomas Meighan plays dual rôle of New York policeman and Irish lord who between them foil the villains of the piece. Lois Wilson a personable heroine.

"Just Suppose" — First National. Richard Barthelmess in the rôle of a young prince who visits this country and falls in love with an American débutante, prettily played by Lois Moran.

"King on Main Street, The"—Paramount. Crisp, refreshing light comedy. Adolphe Menjou perfect as an amusing king who comes to America, with mistress in tow, and falls in love with American girl. Greta Nissen is the foreign lady; Bessie Love, the American.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the screen of Barrie's delightful tale of starved London waif whose vivid imagination finds expression in her fantastic dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as *Cinderella;* Tom Moore a delight as London bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar Wilde's story of a mother of doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from same mistake. Well done. May McAvoy in title rôle; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Let's Get Married" — Paramount. Another amusing comedy for Richard Dix, showing him as a gay young man who gets in trouble with the police and has a hard time getting married. Lois Wilson the girl.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Mannequin" — Paramount. Fannie Hurst's prize *Liberty Magazine* story. Baby girl, stolen by her nurse, grows up ignorant of her real parentage, murders man, and comes to trial before her own father. Dolores Costello, Alice Joyce, and Warner Baxter.

"Man Upstairs, The" — Warner. Adapted from the story "The Agony Column." Good comedy-melodrama, with Monte Blue, Dorothy Devore, and John Roche.

"Masked Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fantastic tale of the Paris underworld, with Mae Murray in her usual dancing rôle. Francis X. Bushman plays big-hearted millionaire who lifts her from her sordid surroundings.

"Memory Lane"—First National. Simple tale of village girl who, having chosen between two admirers and settled down to domesticity, begins to wonder if she has chosen right. Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel, and William Haines.

"Mike"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old-fashioned tale full of lovable ragamuffins, quaint characters, and amiable animals, but lacking in plot. Sally O'Neil pert and pretty in overalls; William Haines an engaging country boy.

"Miss Brewster's Millions"—Paramount. Very funny comedy of a young lady compelled to spend a million dollars within a certain time. Well played by Bebe Daniels, Ford Sterling, and Warner Baxter.

"Moana"—Paramount. Picturesque and interesting film of actual life of actual characters in the South Sea Islands, showing the gradual rise of a youth to manhood.

"My Own Pal"—Fox. Tom Mix and the wonder horse, Tony, save a baby, jump onto moving trains, and otherwise distinguish themselves.

"Oh! What a Nurse!"—Warner. Syd Chaplin in skirts again. Good story, with funny gags, but too much repetition.

"Old Clothes" — Metro-Goldwyn. Jackie Coogan a little more grown up in a typical Coogan film full of hokum which his acting makes plausible and funny.

"Only Thing, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another of Elinor Glyn's royal romances. Conrad Nagel, as an English duke, and Eleanor Boardman, as a previously betrothed Northern princess, finally come together after many vicissitudes, including a gory revolution.

"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruesome story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as *Phantom,* pretty awful to look at, Norman Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Road to Yesterday, The"—Producers Distributing. Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, and William Boyd play four modern young people who are carried by a train wreck back into the Middle Ages and are seen in their former incarnations.

"Sally, Irene, and Mary"—Metro-

Goldwyn. A light, amusing comedy concerned with the evils and dangers of Broadway. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Sally O'Neil are three musical-comedy girls. William Haines is the hero.

"Sea Horses"—Paramount. Pleasant tropical film featuring Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, and that easy-going villain, George Bancroft, and including both a deluge and a cyclone.

"Seven Sinners"—Warner. Marie Prevost, John Patrick, and Clive Brook are the three most important of seven crooks who simultaneously attempt to rob the same country house and all get locked in together. Good comedy.

"Skinner's Dress Suit" — Universal. Reginald Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy of young clerk whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dares not tell her he has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.

"Song and Dance Man, The"—Paramount. Clever, amusing picture of the ups and downs of vaudeville players. Tom Moore, Bessie Love, and good supporting cast, make things interesting.

"Splendid Crime, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a lady crook who falls in love with a handsome young man, played by Neil Hamilton, and straightway reforms. Not an unusually exciting film, but worth sceing.

"Splendid Road, The"—First National. A fast and furious film of the California gold-rush days, with Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Frazer in the foreground.

"Stage Struck"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson in slapstick comedy; tale of small-town waitress with stage aspirations who joins a cheap traveling show with amusing results.

"That Royle Girl"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith picture—rather brassy melodrama featuring Carol Dempster, and including a murder trial and a cyclone. James Kirkwood, Harrison Ford, and W. C. Fields form the male contingent.

"Tumbleweeds"—United Artists. Return of William S. Hart as noble cowboy in film of homesteading land rush.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of prodigal son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"We Moderns"—First National. Colleen Moore very much alive as English flapper who loses heart to drawing-room poet and does some rather startling things in process of getting him.

"What Happened to Jones"—Universal. Reginald Denny in another entertaining film, dealing with a young man who gets into all sorts of complications. Marian Nixon and Zasu Pitts add to the fun.

"Whispering Smith"—Producers Distributing. Exciting crook melodrama, with H. B. Warner in the rôle of a secret-service agent who falls in love with an outlaw's wife. Lilyan Tashman, Lillian Rich, and John Bowers.

"Womanhandled"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a delightful light comedy of a polo-playing young Easterner who, to win a girl, tries to become a man

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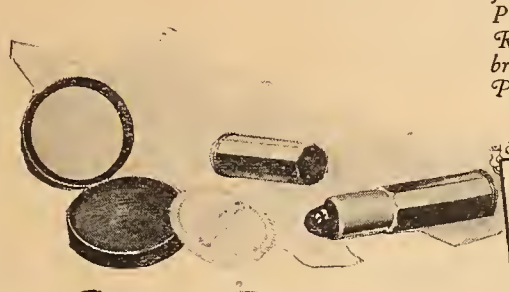

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of the great open spaces. Esther Ralston is the girl.

"Yankee Señor, The"—Fox. One of best films Tom Mix has made in some time. Complicated plot, with Olive Borden as heroine.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"American Venus, The"—Paramount. An elaborate fashion film centering about a beauty contest. Gaudy and uninteresting. Esther Ralston in leading rôle.

"Bright Lights"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rustic drama of a country boy and a chorus girl in which Charles Ray is made to look foolish in a type of rôle that he long ago outgrew. Pauline Starke is thoroughly suitable as the chorus girl.

"Broken Hearts"—Jaffe Art Film. Boresome, sentimental drama dealing with the troubles of a young Russian Jew. Poorly done by Maurice Schwartz and Lila Lee.

"Cobra"—Paramount. A lethargic melodrama in which Rudolph Valentino, always impeccably dressed, comes under the spell of the serpentine Nita Naldi, who eventually meets with a dreadful end in a hotel fire.

"Compromise"—Warner. Badly done picture of supersensitive young girl who marries childhood playmate and soon afterward loses him to minxish half sister. Irene Rich, Clive Brook, and Pauline Garon appear.

"Fascinating Youth"—Paramount. Featuring the graduates of the Paramount School, none of whom make much impression. Tale of a rollicking group of young artists.

"Joanna"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill, a comedienne of the first order, in badly directed picture of poor shopgirl who is suddenly thrust into a life of luxury by being given a million dollars to use as she pleases.

"Lights of Old Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slight, unamusing film of old New York, bringing together Marion Davies, as the actress daughter of a belligerent Irish squatter, and Conrad Nagel, as the wealthy son of a proud old aristocrat.

"Lord Jim"—Paramount. A poor attempt to transpose Conrad's book to the screen. Percy Marmont, unconvincing as a sailor with a complex of fear, who deserts his ship and suffers for it. Shirley Mason, the South Sea heroine.

"New Brooms"—Paramount. A good comedy ruined by poor handling. Bessie Love's acting only bright spot. Neil Hamilton, handsome, but not funny.

"New Commandment, The"—First National. Jumbled, silly picture, involving a match-making aunt, a rebellious nephew, an aristocratic artist's model, and finally the war. A fine cast, however, with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon featured.

"Reckless Lady, The"—First National. Unusually fine cast in rather disappointing picture. Belle Bennett and Lois Moran again together as mother and daughter. James Kirkwood plays the father, and Ben Lyon the juvenile.

"Red Kimono, The"—David Distributing-Vital. Produced by Mrs. Wallace Reid. Supposed to stir you, but misses fire.

"Skyrocket, The"—Associated Exhibitors. Screen début of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who does rather well in a poorly directed picture of the rise and fall of a motion-picture actress.

"Soul Mates"—Metro-Goldwyn. Adapted from an Elinor Glyn novel of a beautiful American heiress who is forced into a quarrelsome marriage with a young British peer. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe.

"Too Much Money"—First National. Long, involved slapstick comedy in which Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone are made to act in a very silly manner not at all suited to them.

"Unchastened Woman, The"—Chadwick. Badly directed and badly acted film in which Theda Bara makes unworthy return to screen.

"Unguarded Hour, The"—First National. Poor entertainment. Milton Sills as an Italian count who, though pursued by women, remains cold to them, until finally captured by Doris Kenyon.

"Untamed Lady, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson and a lot of stylish clothes and beautiful backgrounds in a poor picture—modern version of "Taming of the Shrew."

"When Love Grows Cold"—F. B. O. Natacha Rambova, otherwise Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, not at all pleasing in badly filmed story of young wife who helps husband to succeed, only to find he has grown away from her. Clive Brook is the husband.

"Woman of the World, A"—Paramount. Clowning and drama hopelessly mingled in clumsy film of a bejeweled countess, played by Pola Negri, who comes from Riviera to small United States town and falls in love with strait-laced district attorney.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

A LITTLE PINE TREE FROM MAINE.—Why pine, on a beautiful spring day like this? (I hope the weather doesn't play me a dirty trick and rain on the day you happen to read this.) I'm sorry, but it is never possible, you know, to answer a letter in "the next issue." Charles Ray is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, and can always be reached at that studio. It isn't in the least ignorant of you not to know who Ivor Novello is, as he has played in only about two pictures that were shown in America. He is a well-known English actor who appears most of the time on the stage; D. W. Griffith brought him to America to play in "The White Rose" with Mae Marsh. He returned home again shortly after that, and has been in England ever since. He also writes plays and music, and is the son of a well-known concert singer, Clara Novello Davies. He is of the dark romantic type, is in his late twenties, and is unmarried.

THE COLLEEN MOORE FAN CLUB invites friends or admirers of Colleen to join. For

further information, write to the club president, Dorothy Mae Thompson, 13 Fifth Street, Aspinwall, Pennsylvania.

CELIA LE BELE.—You quite overrate me, I think. I really haven't such a very generous nature at all; the truth is, you know, that I get paid for doing this. I'm surprised that you didn't like George Hackathorne in "The Lady," as his rôle in that was generally considered one of his best. I think George prefers not to be limited to character parts; no one likes to become a type actor, and George was rather afraid for a while that he was to be a permanent cripple on the screen, just because he plays that sort of thing so well. Also, though perhaps it had not occurred to you, playing only character rôles means that there are only a limited number of pictures in which one can play. You can scarcely blame George, or any other actor, for playing parts sometimes that his fans might not like—after all, one must make a living. I will tell the editor you would like an interview with George. He was born in Pendleton, Oregon, and is in his late twenties. He has brown hair and eyes, is five feet seven inches, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. He isn't married. George went to England last winter and played in "The Cabaret Kid." Did you see him in "Asleep in the Deep?" That was a whaling picture made in New Bedford, Massachusetts—similar, I believe, to the remarkable "Down to the Sea in Ships," which was also made there.

THE RICHARD TALMADGE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, with Richard Talmadge as honorary president, announces its formation. Detailed information may be obtained from Miss Beatrice Bisenius, 16 Dean Street, West Orange, New Jersey. Ten-by-eight photographs of the star may be purchased, by members only, for a small sum.

RICHARD TALMADGE FAN.—I suppose you know that Richard Talmadge is an Italian-American, and that his name is Metzetti. He is such an expert stuntster that Doug Fairbanks took an interest in him and gave him a start in the movies. He has black, curly hair and brown eyes, is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Dick is not married. Ricardo Cortez gives his birthplace as Alsace-Lorraine. He is in his late twenties, is six feet one inch in height, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He was married to Alma Rubens early this year.

THE OLD LADY.—Not the one from Dubuque, as you say! That one is getting to be quite famous, isn't she? At least, in New York. So you think Michael Arlen and the Prince of Wales may get a bonus for going to Hollywood? I think not; they probably have curiosity just as much as any one else. Besides, Michael Arlen gets his money out of the town in a different way—writing for the movies. Yes, the Reverend Neal Dowd is still in the business of marrying actors and actresses out there, though I don't happen to think of any couple that he has married lately.

THE MARION DAVIES FAN CLUB wishes to make its début. Any one who would like to join may obtain further information from Miss Eleanor Jacobus, 18 Elm Road, Caldwell, New Jersey.

ELEANOR.—What are the symptoms when one feels "curious?" A sort of itching, I suppose, for knowledge. I'm sorry I can't give information concerning the religious beliefs of the various screen stars, as it is hardly expedient for a star to reveal his or her religious faith. You can see how that is—a star might lose some of his

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Did your buddy wear one?

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For June 20th

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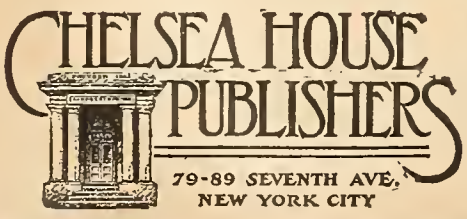


admirers because they did not approve of his religion. Religious intolerance is very strong, you see, with many people. I have added the addresses you wish to the list at the bottom of this department, with the exception of Eva Novak's. She seems to make pictures only occasionally and gives no home address. Joyce Compton plays in First National pictures in California.

RUBY BLYNN.—Of course I will answer a few questions; questions are my bread and butter. Jane Novak is divorced from Frank Newberg; William Desmond is married to Mary McIvor; Gilda Gray is Mrs. Gaillard Boag; May Allison was formerly Mrs. Robert Ellis. Lottie Pickford has a little girl named Mary Rupp—by her first marriage, to George A. Rupp. That is the little niece who accompanied Mary Pickford on one of her European trips a few years ago. Do you remember seeing Mary's photograph in all the papers at the time, with her niece?

A GEORGE O'BRIEN CLUB—another one—is being formed by Leonard Eury, who hopes to make his club as original as possible. Any one interested may reach Mr. Eury at Box 85, Bessemer City, North Carolina.

THE FOUR R CLUB.—Margaret E. Driver, Luxora, Arkansas, wants to know if any of the fans would be interested in a correspondence club which she is thinking of forming, called "The Four R Club"—shouldn't it be the four Rs, Miss Driver? The R refers to Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, Rod La Rocque, and Rudolph Valentino. If any one would like to see such a club formed, Miss Driver will be glad to hear from them.

E. R. B.—Hello, yourself! Richard Dix's photograph was published in PICTURE-PLAY in the issues of January and March, of this year; there was an interview with him in the January number. Ben Lyon's photograph appeared in the issues for October and November, 1925, and an interview with him in the October number of 1925. Lloyd Hughes was interviewed in the issue for January of this year, and his photograph was published in the same number. You can obtain back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY by writing to its Circulation Department, inclosing twenty-five cents for each issue that you want. Use the same address that you used for me.

CURIOUS AGGIE.—How well you know yourself! You don't have to weigh any certain amount in order to get into the movies. Warner Baxter, Jack Mulhall, and Rudolph Valentino are all five feet eleven inches. Conway Tearle is a half inch shorter. Ricardo Cortez is six feet one inch. John Gilbert and Harrison Ford do not give their heights, but they are both about six feet. Alma Rubens, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Jane Novak are about the tallest of the women film players who are of featured rank. They are all five feet seven inches. Mary Pickford is thirty-three, Colleen Moore in her early twenties.

THE RICHARD DIX CLUB, formed in July, 1925, with Richard Dix as honorary president, wishes once more to remind PICTURE-PLAY readers of its existence. For further information, address Harold Revine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

A FAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, for the interchange of views on current films, has been formed by the Reverend Frederick J. Compson, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Sistersville, West Virginia. For further information, write to the Reverend Compson at that address.

RENEE.—You're a lucky girl if you really look like Renee Adoree. Did you see her in "The Big Parade?"—the most spectacular rôle she has ever played, and she did it beautifully. Miss Adoree was born in France; she has dark hair and eyes—brown, that is. I don't know her height or weight, but she is probably about five feet two or three inches. She was divorced from Tom Moore in March, 1925. As to whether she will marry Gaston Glass, that, of course, I am unable to say at the moment. They are both French, and should be quite well suited to each other in that respect, at least.

BLONDY.—So you have a PICTURE-PLAY club? I think that is a fine idea, and I do hope you will write me whenever I can be of any service to your club. Norma and Constance Talmadge both use their real names on the screen. Rod La Rocque was christened Rodrique La Rocque—he has a sister named Monique. Richard Dix's real name is Pete Brimmer.

F. R.—I agree with you in admiring Harrison Ford; he is both a good actor and a delightful person. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and is in his thirties. He is married to Beatrice Prentice. Harrison used to play on the stage in stock companies in Baltimore and Syracuse, and in his early screen career was leading man for Constance and Norma Talmadge. His recent pictures include "That Royle Girl," "Lovers in Quarantine," "The Song and Dance Man," "Hell's Four Hundred," and "Sandy."

MOVIE FAN.—Rudolph Valentino looks just about the same in real life as he does on the screen. He is thirty-one years old, and is five feet eleven inches tall.

THE GREEN IMP.—You asked me some time ago for the cast of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and I was unable to give it to you. But Mrs. M. M., of England, has been kind enough to send me a clipping, dated 1916, which states that the film was produced by the Lasky Feature Play Company, and gives the following cast: Charlotte Walker, Theodore Roberts, Thomas Meighan, Earle Foxe, Dick le Strange, and Park Jones. Thank you, Mrs. M.

A NEIL HAMILTON FAN.—Neil Hamilton has been playing in pictures only about three years—I think his first screen appearance was in D. W. Griffith's film, "America." So far as I know, that is his real name. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, September 9, 1899. Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven, June Marlowe about twenty. Greta Nissen doesn't give her age.

Addresses of Players.

Buster Collier, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Alice Joyce, Bessie Love, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Donald Keith, and Kathlyn Williams, at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sally O'Neil, Helene d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Mae Murray, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Lois Moran, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, Dorothy Seastrom, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Eugene O'Brien, at the First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Marc McDermott, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobbs, Jack Daugherty, Mary McAllister, and Edward Everett Horton, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Marion Harlan, Earle Foxe, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Clive Brook, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Alice Calhoun, Estelle Taylor, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Mary Astor, Ben Lyon, at Biograph Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Reed Howe, Wanda Hawley, at Rayart Productions, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Walter Miller, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, John Bowers, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Robert Agnew, care of Marshall Neilan Productions, at 1845 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, 1762 Orchid Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Emmett Mack, 10442 Kinnard Avenue, Westwood, Los Angeles, California.

What the Players Read

Sydney Chaplin.

I dislike modern fiction but revel in books on travel, historical events, or science. As a boy I read almost every one of Sir Rider Haggard's books because of their colorful descriptions of foreign lands. Dumas is another old favorite. Just now Sir Walter Scott interests me with his staccato conversation—short and to the point, without waste of words or action.

Leah Baird.

When I find time to read for my own pleasure I usually turn to the Russian authors. Dostoievski's "Crime and Punishment" is one of the most unforgetable books I have ever read. I also enjoy treatises on psychology. Two modern stories which I greatly enjoyed were "The Wife of the Centaur," by Cyril Hume and "The Empty Sack," by Basil King.

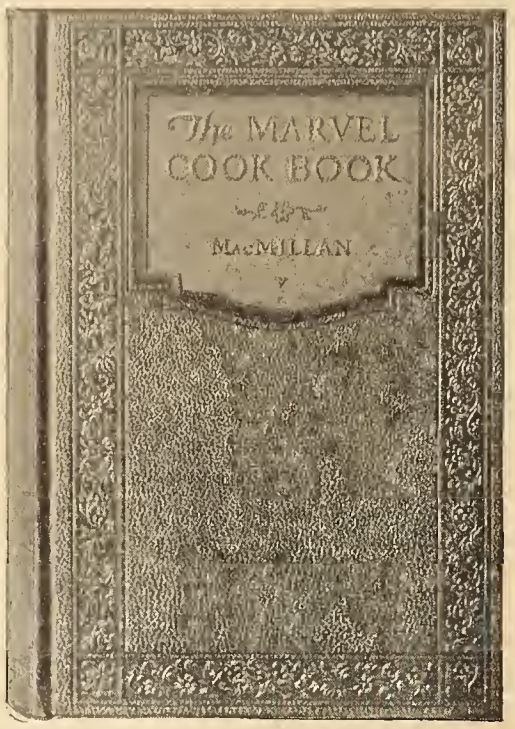
Eddie Gribbon.

My favorite fiction character? That's easy—*Jiggs*. (George McManus is not paying me for this ad.)

I like stories of action. Why, when I was a kid I thought the "Diamond Dick" series and "The Liberty Boys of '76," the greatest stories ever written. And if it's low-brow to enjoy the daily papers, count me that, for I read 'em from sporting news to banner headlines, including the editorials—and *Jiggs*.

Wallace MacDonald.

My favorite authors include W. B. Maxwell, Charles Norris, Kathleen Norris, Hugh Walpole, Somerset Maugham, and Rafael Sabatini. The books that have pleased me the most are "The Guarded Flame," "Certain People of Importance," "Brass," and "The Cathedral."



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No longer do you have to wrack your brains in search of appetizing changes in menu. You can establish a reputation as a housewife of ability and a hostess of charm when you have on the pantry shelf

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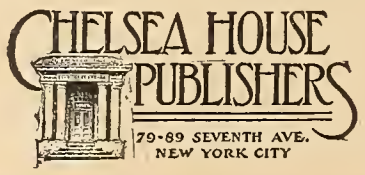

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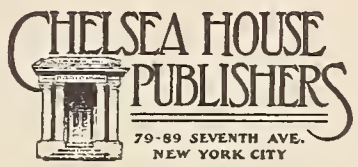

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

AUG. 1926

25 Cents
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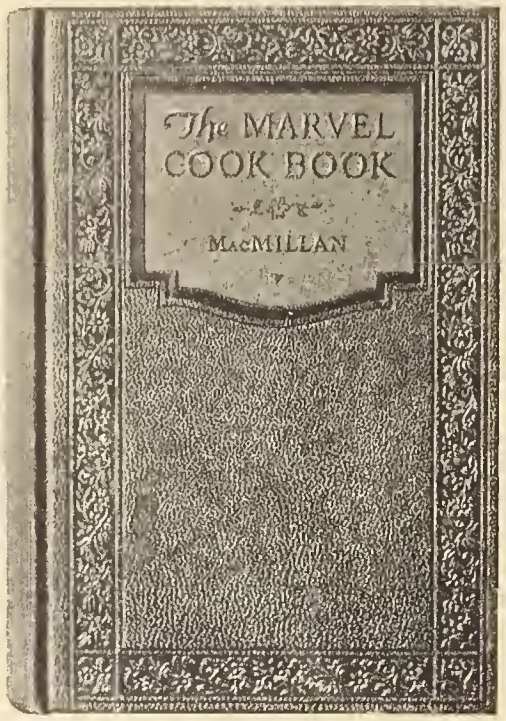
WHICH MAKE BETTER ACTORS ?

"MEN DO" M.H. OETTINGER — "WOMEN DO" HELEN KLUMPH



Angel Cake as Mary Pickford Makes It. Bacon and Eggs à la Paul Whiteman. . . .

The favorite foods of famous folk and how to make them after their own recipes – just one of the unusual features of a most unusual cook book. From asparagus soup to nut pudding, from the most delicate of beverages to the heartiest of roasts, with the help of this book you can make every meal a "company meal."

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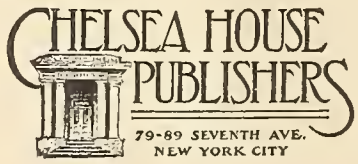

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MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. They can be worn any time, which means that you may be doing useful work while the hair is being waved.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers, CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marvelous Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public.

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publishers witnessed a similar demonstration of marcelling.

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Moreover, how many women really can spare the money, $1.00, $1.50 or more, for waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these inroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marcel that you know you ought to have?

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Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today are obtaining with the Marvelous Marcellers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photographs above. Note them well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which those photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Marvelous Marcellers are in use.

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Send no money—just mail the coupon

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After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon *today!*

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Name.....

Address.....

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1926, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1926, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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SHE GREW UP IN HOLLYWOOD

LIVES there a fan who has not wished to be in Hollywood? We should say not!

While virtually every article published in PICTURE-PLAY endeavors to describe personalities and events in the capital of the cinema world, few if any of the writers see Hollywood and its people with the eyes of a child.

Yet that is precisely what Dorothy Manners does in the story of her childhood adventures in Hollywood, which will appear in our next issue. Quite remarkably she has recaptured her impressions formed at the age of eleven, and in addition gives a graphic and naïvely amusing account of her attempts to meet the then-reigning stars. Miss Manners' article is one of the most unusual and engaging we have ever offered our readers. It should not be missed by any one interested in motion pictures.

BUT, FOR THAT MATTER,

the entire September number will be noteworthy. For the first time, the slang of the studios, that trenchant and often mystifying *argot* of the movie lots, has been compiled and is comprehensively set forth by Dorothy Wooldridge. It will prove illuminating to the student of English as well as to the film enthusiast eager to know everything about the making of pictures.

Altogether, the September PICTURE-PLAY should go down on your list right now as one of those pleasures it would be a crime to miss.

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What the Fans Think

A Fan Who Changed His Opinion.

FOR some time I have been thinking of writing this letter for the page in PICTURE-PLAY, "What the Fans Think." I am going to say what I think and I don't care who likes it or who does not.

Some time ago I saw a picture featuring Norma Shearer and Lew Cody. The title of the picture was "His Secretary." Now, when I saw Miss Shearer as the weedy-looking girl who was the secretary, I felt like going out of the theater and getting myself a nice basket of overripe tomatoes and slamming them all at the screen. But my better judgment prevailed and I did not dirty up the screen. But in the last part where she changed from homeliness to beauty that hurt you to look at, why, I was the one who was ready to receive said tomatoes, and you can tell her that for me. Any one who can change a person's viewpoint from disgust to admiration is a star and worthy of being called such. For to change my viewpoint is like a person throwing a lump of sugar in the ocean and expecting to sweeten said ocean. I guess it's because I'm red-headed. Anyway, I'm honest about it.

H. VAN MORTIMER HUNTER.

400 First Avenue,
Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Come Back, Clara!

There is only one thing I cannot fathom—maybe the fans will be able to help me out. Why doesn't Clara Kimball Young come back to the screen? Hers is a magnetic personality and she has both beauty and the ability to act. She's a real actress—no sham about her. She makes you feel her part. Isn't there some way the fans could conspire to bring this adorable woman back to the screen? Clara Kimball Young is the type that the screen has great need of at the present time.

JOHN T. BARR.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Save Your Old Copies.

I have just read in "The Observer" of the May issue of PICTURE-PLAY the article about saving the old copies of the magazine.

I am writing this as a "Thank you," because since the numbers were indexed I have found myself so benefited that I hardly ever see a poor picture these days, as I always look them up and read the reviews on them. It is so interesting because it reminds one to look out for certain things in a picture that otherwise you'd not notice. For instance, before seeing "The Merry Widow" I read all the reviews and articles about it and consequently remembered to look for Don Ryan whom, of course, I shouldn't have recognized otherwise.

Yes, every day in every way PICTURE-PLAY gets better and better.

VERA PARSONS.

"Newry," Hale, Cheshire, England.

The Bernhardt of the Screen.

I wish to say that I sat through—or rather *wept* through—"La Bohème," and I call Lillian Gish's interpretation of *Mimi* perfect! And I think those critics who do not agree with me simply are not able to appreciate Miss Gish's fragile beauty and pathos. I had not seen this great artist for ten years (since "The Birth of a Nation") and it overawes me to think what heights of greatness she will have reached ten years from today. Yes, I fully believe Lillian Gish is to be "The Bernhardt of the Screen!"

Boston, Massachusetts. A. L. S.

From an Emphatic Fan.

This is a very emphatic letter from an emphatic fan. I cannot understand why people like to see pictures with an unhappy ending. There is enough tragedy and sadness in the world. People go to the movies to be amused and entertained, not to come out of the theater crying.

Far too many pictures have sad endings.

I cannot see "La Bohème" because it ends unhappily.

Isn't this hint sufficient for the directors? I hope they profit by it.

I have just passed my fifteenth birthday, but the future is no easy thing to consider if life is as sad as most of the movies make it out.

Newark, New Jersey. AN EMPHATIC FAN.

Sweetly Virtuous Rôles.

Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson—the good boy and good girl of the screen. How they must *hate* that adjective—good! It has deprived them of many a colorful rôle.

"No," remonstrated the producers. "Mr. Nagel and Miss Wilson should play in nothing but sweetly virtuous rôles. They are so well bred and unassuming. Let Mr. and Miss So-and-so play in that special. You know it calls for an out-of-the-ordinary character."

So Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel kept on playing simpering rôles and the John Gilberts, Norma Shearers, Leatrice Joys, and Ramon Novarros were acclaimed idols by the public because they got the rôles that those two did not get.

The fault with Lois and Conrad is that they did not protest any sooner. The public have come to associate them with conventional rôles. Continued on page 10

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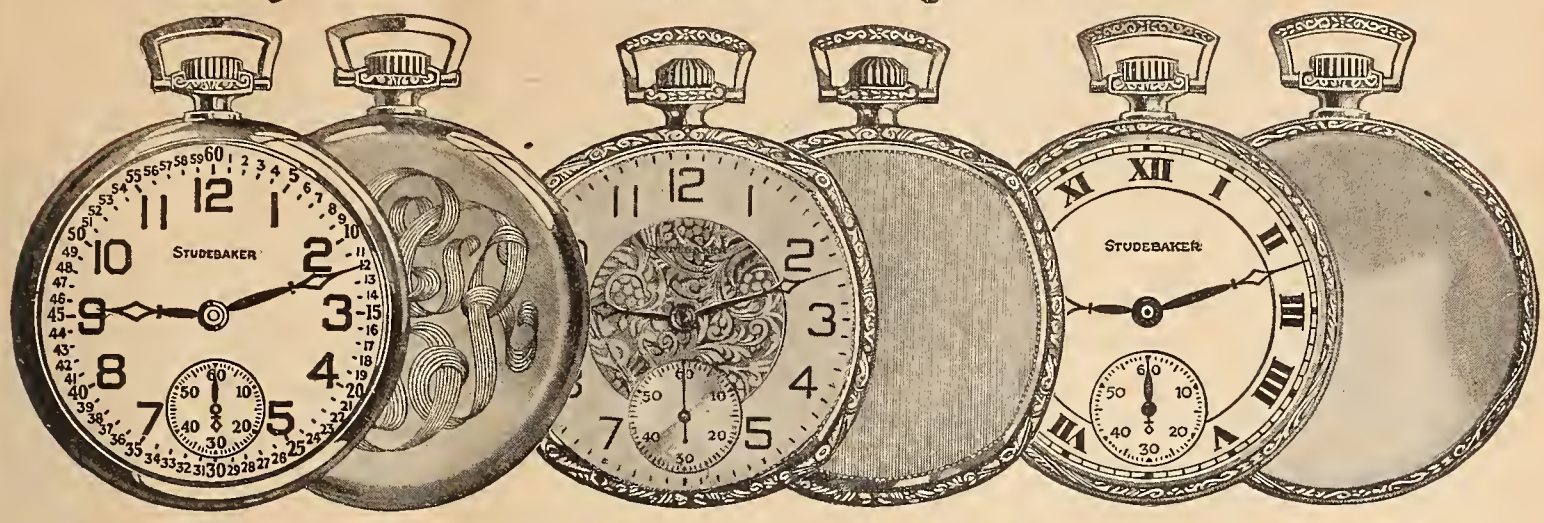

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Continued from page 8

Now I hear that both are looking for more snappy rôles than of yore. I wonder if the producers are at all pleased? If Miss Wilson and Mr. Nagel showed their fighting colors as a great many of the other stars do, particularly John Gilbert, they'd get better results from the producers.

Here's my remedy:

Lois Wilson as *Iris* in "The Green Hat."

Conrad Nagel as the romantic vagabond in "If I Were King."

Lois Wilson as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain."

Conrad Nagel as *Sydney Carton* in "A Tale of Two Cities."

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

630 Mary Street, Utica, N. Y.

Marriage vs. Career.

I'm just wondering how long that "whirlwind" marriage of Constance Talmadge's is going to last. Not very long, I should think, considering the way she went into it and the light and casual attitude she continues to take toward it now. I may be old-fashioned, but I'm one of those people who still look upon marriage as a very serious thing, and what's more, I think a married woman's place is *in her home!* If she would only stay there, there wouldn't be nearly so many divorces. It's all very well for Connie to hoot at being domestic, and to say she wouldn't give up her career unless her husband meant her whole life to her, but that's exactly what your husband *should* mean to you, and I think a girl should not get married unless the man means that much to her, and she is willing to settle down and be domestic.

The course that Winifred Bryson took in giving up her career so that she could make a home for her husband, Warner Baxter, was exactly the right one in my opinion. I noticed that in the July PICTURE-PLAY, there was a very indignant letter from Sarah Leonora Winfield calling Warner Baxter selfish for letting his wife make the sacrifice. Very evidently, Miss Winfield is *not* married, or she would realize that that marriage would eventually have ended on the rocks if Mrs. Baxter had not done as she did—and not because of any selfishness on Warner's part, either! No, but simply because one house won't hold two tired people, without friction. If they want to live together amicably, they can't both be working hard all the time—one of them must always be ready to give way a little to the other. And *I* cling to the good, old-fashioned idea that the *wife* should be the one to give way!

Clarksville, Mo. A HAPPY WIFE.

Songs the Stars Suggest.

"Always"—Richard Barthelmess.

"Remember"—Leatrice Joy.

"Oh, How I Miss You To-night!"—Conrad Nagel.

"The Roses Brought Me You"—Norma Shearer.

"I Love You"—William Collier, Jr.

"Five Foot Two"—Blanche Sweet.

"That Certain Party"—Reginald Denny.

"Rose of Picardy"—Colleen Moore.

"Dear One"—Johnny Hines.

"Swanee Butterfly"—Mary Brian.

"That Old Gang of Mine"—Hal Roach's Rascals.

"A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, and You"—May McAvoy.

"Who Wouldn't Love You?"—Ben Lyon.

"Tea for Two"—Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell.

"Sweetheart"—Laura La Plante.

"Rhythm of the Day"—John Gilbert.

"Wonderful One"—Mary Philbin.

"Who"—Richard Dix.

"You Made Me Learn to Love You"—Bebe Daniels.

"Who's Who Are You?"—Ramon Novarro.

"Sweet Child"—Jacqueline Logan.

"Moonlight and Roses"—Monte Blue.

"What a Blue-eyed Baby You Are"—Lois Wilson.

JANE MACMICHAEL.

318 State Road, Highland Park, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania.

From a Mother of Four.

As a mother of four grown-up youngsters, my life has been one *real* and exciting movie. But I am another kind of movie fan. Good motion pictures keep one young—give one new ideas, hopes, and encouragements, to say nothing about driving out the heebee-geebees. I do not wish to criticize any actor or actress, for I think they are all doing their best, but I do have a few real choice ones whom I'd pay out my last nickel to see. Carol Dempster and Bebe Daniels are the two best and cleverest girls on the screen and are to be admired for their emotional parts in all pictures. Just see a few of their plays and go to see others and note the difference. I dearly love Bebe. I get a real-honest-to-goodness laugh out of her, and I never miss any of her pictures. Carol Dempster is entitled to more applause. All life itself is written over and over again in every one of her plays. I admire her.

Zasu Pitts, in impersonating different characters is marvelous. But, as I say, I like them all, especially those of my own sex, for whom I stand strong. Of all men on the screen, Percy Marmont and Lon Chaney are the best. But I like some of the others also. I like Malcolm MacGregor very much and dear old George Fawcett. I cannot leave him out. I do not judge the movie actors by their wealth and fine bungalows. It's what they really are in their pictures that counts, and, believe me, Grand Forks City has the name of having some of the best movie houses in the Northwest, and our four theaters are filled twice every evening of the year, and especially when Bebe comes here, and my other choice ones. ANN FIOLA.

6 Gotzian Block, Grand Forks, N. D.

From a Friend of Tom Mix.

May I come to the open forum with a word of praise for Tom Mix, one of the finest men it has ever been my good fortune to know? My acquaintance with Tom dates back to the days before his picture career. At my first meeting with him I conceived an instant respect and admiration, which has increased with the years.

Kind-hearted, fine, good, upstanding and four square, a deep thinker, with a clean, clear mind, Tom Mix has been an inspiration to me through the years.

I think his long, successful career is due to the fact that somehow to the public his pictures convey something of this fine character. Would there were more of his kind. Many times his pictures contain impossible and melodramatic situations, but never anything suggestive, nothing that would wrongly influence the youngest child. Incidentally, into his newest picture, "Hard Boiled," has been woven some of the ideals Tom has tried so patiently to instill into the younger generation who idolize him—respect for law and order, abstinence, clean morals, a kindly, helping hand to those in distress, steadiness of purpose, and a firm determination to fight always for the right.

A critic said recently that Tom was not an actor. Well, who wants him to be? He does not need to act to please his fans. We love him for his picturesqueness, for his horsemanship, grace of body, and strong, masculine good looks. He is the man every small boy hopes to be, every grown man wishes he were, every girl hopes to marry, and every woman wishes she could have married. He is our universal he-man hero. Long may he reign!

Chicago, Ill. D. D. W.

Sometimes We Expect too Much.

Dear "Disappointed and Disillusioned Fan" of Dallas, Texas, cheer up—have faith! Perhaps even yet you shall receive the hoped-for letter or a photo from your favorite Anita Stewart. After two years of waiting I have received lovely photos from Jacqueline Logan, Eleanor Boardman, Wallace MacDonald, and William Haines. They were well worth the waiting, too! Sometimes we expect too much of the players. Let me illustrate: we want a thing that is dearest to our heart—and if we don't get that thing we blame the innocent. Now, I would have my ideal screen hero send me flowers. Absurd? Yes, just that! Tell me, how is this wonderful man to know? Flowers from him could mean so much to me! How is he to know I wanted more than anything in all the world the beautiful bouquet of flowers he gave to his housekeeper in one of his pictures? Why couldn't I have just the lone "one" he cast away from his coat lapel into the wastebasket? Oh, how I wanted those lovely flowers! Impossible? Yes! But I will never forget those flowers! Their clinging memories are a sacred possession, and will comfort me till my last hour. SINCERE.

Boston, Mass.

Three Cheers for Schildkraut.

After "The Road to Yesterday" was released I waited patiently for the fans' reactions, which I hoped would be expressed through "What the Fans Think." I expected to see at least one or two letters of praise for Joseph Schildkraut. This young actor already has a tremendous following on the stage, and I firmly believed that his trip into the moving pictures would gain him new admirers.

Well, finally a letter did come, from Robert Ruffing, and though I had hitherto not sent in my own opinions, that gentleman's unfavorable criticism started me going. So Joseph Schildkraut was n. g.? And William Boyd deserves three cheers? Now I like Boyd immensely, but I think if credit is due anywhere in the De Mille picture it is due to Schildkraut. His rôle was harder by far than William Boyd's. *Jack Moreland,* the character portrayed by Boyd, was a good, pleasant, sympathetic creature, extremely heroic in both episodes. But in neither part of the picture was Joseph's character good or pleasant or sympathetic. It was a rôle few actors would have consented to play. John Gilbert received much merited praise for his portrayal of the unutterable *Snob,* but Schildkraut gives just as fine an interpretation of an unsympathetic character and is termed no good!

Schildkraut n. g.? Say rather—marvelous! I propose three cheers for him!

JACKIE CATHEWE.

Rockville Center, Long Island, N. Y.

From Another Photograph Collector.

I read "What the Fans Think" with the greatest of interest. I wish those stars who seem to care nothing for the fans' real opinions would study that column. Producers, too, might profit by it. Perhaps if they did we should have a smaller number of the "bum" pictures.

My real reason for writing is in defense of those fans who write to stars requesting their photographs. I have no sympathy for that fan who writes to the same star time after time or who will write to a star he dislikes. It isn't exactly fair.

Continued on page 12

Lillian Gish
as "Mimi"

John Gilbert
as "Rodolphe"

LILLIAN GISH and JOHN GILBERT in LA BOHÈME.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

I'm prejudiced, I'll admit. You see, I've been a "collector" off and on for about five years. I have only one hundred and six pictures, but each and every one holds a precious place in my heart. Every star who has sent me a photograph is one I have taken a special interest in and liked. Before I write to a star I always see at least one of his recent pictures, more if possible, and I try to remember which of his scenes was most stirring, which the entire audience liked best and any other details I notice. All this I tell the star, but I make no unkind criticisms which *I* might think "constructive." By this I try to help, if I can. My efforts have been w . rewarded sometimes, for I have personally autographed photographs from a number of stars, including Thomas Meighan. Then I have letters from a few. You can imagine how I prize them.

As to paying for photographs, most of us are perfectly willing to pay for our pictures. However, as a rule, if a star will send you a photo when you send *a* quarter he will send you one free. When a fan has lost about eight or ten quarters he is not so anxious to try that again. It's rather discouraging.

Why do we send for photos when we have them in magazines? Well, there's something so delightfully personal about real photographs. They give a warmth of feeling to personalities that might otherwise seem distant. I'm for it and I shall always be.

I have dared to write this letter because I have read so many criticisms of us for "collecting." Just as in everything else, there are some who collect only in the spirit of greed. I think that most of the fans should not be classed in this way because they are sincere and well meaning.

EVA GAUNT.
425 Walnut Street, Benton, Ark.

Some Impresssions.

Through their characterizations and, I suppose, just from the players themselves, these impressions come to me:

Blanche Sweet: Pink-tinted icicles—gladioli in a crystal vase.

Bertram Grassby: Indian drums beating in the distance.

Claire Windsor: Swans floating among waterlilies—a pink chiffon party hat.

Clara Bow: A perky blue bow on a box of candy—pussywillows.

Clive Brook: A lonely mountain with a city at its base.

Dorothy Gish: Puck and the fairies—gingersnaps.

Dorothy Mackaill: Pale lavender blossoms—a white muff—a wistful child playing.

Edith Roberts: Baby stars twinkling in at a window—cooky jars in a pantry—Johnny-jump-ups.

Esther Ralston: Lilacs drooping over a wicker gate—June.

Ethel Wales: Aunt Sophie of the storybook—fussy folded hands in a black taffeta lap—fruit drops.

Frank Keenan: A tall straight tree predominating over the other trees—cold sunlight over fields.

Greta Nissen: A basket of sensuous white narcissuses intermingled with crimson poppies.

Gareth Hughes: That queer kid down the lane—drops of rain on a window pane.

George K. Arthur: The baker's boy with the tarts, whistling to his dog.

George Arliss: Dante writing his "Inferno"—sinister shadows on a white house.

George O'Brien: "The Roughneck" in his tender moments—a sturdy oak tree in a glen.

Helene Chadwick: Moss roses—a silvery cascade—tea and rusks and honey.

Harrison Ford: *Laurie* of "Little Women."

Joseph Schildkraut: A sensitive violin string—wind in the trees.

Mary Astor: A rose in the hair—soft fingers playing on a harp.

Lois Moran: Forget-me-nots—old treasured dance programs—the music of "Dainty Dames."

Lois Wilson: Daffodils in the sun.

Monte Blue: A tall lumberjack led by a child.

Mae Busch: Orange calendulas in a florist's window—a leather-bound book of poems. MARY COCHRAN.
4 Woessner Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

What they Remind Me of.

Norma Talmadge: A fragrant yellow rose seen through dewdrop prisms in the first blushes of morning.

Pola Negri: Distant volcanic mountain crater belching molten lava into the water on a moonlight night.

Greta Garbo: Shimmering rose pearl held in the dirty palm of a pirate captain in the South Seas.

Mary Philbin: Soft murmur of water rippling over mossy rocks in a forest fastness.

Gloria Swanson: Feudal lady looking from her window in a moated castle to the approaching body of visitors.

Alma Rubens: The Arab maiden *Chunda Kaur* braiding her hair at the tiring glass.

Mae Murray: An iridescent soap bubble lifted high by an evening zephyr.

Leatrice Joy: A bit of rare old China porcelain from Honan which some one has described as being—"blue as the sky after rain when seen between the clouds, as clear as a mirror, as thin as paper, and as resonant as jade."

Ramon Novarro: The Hindu prince Siddhartha Gautama roaming the valley of the Ganges, teaching his strange religion known as Buddhism.

Frank Mayo: Copra plantation owner fighting in his powerfully characteristic manner the taboo which hovers over his island.

Adolphe Menjou: Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, riding his wheelbarrow through Sir John Evelyn's privet hedge at Sayes Court.

Conway Tearle: Satirist and artist doing a famous picture of a slum character which his fancy has chosen.

J. Warren Kerrigan: Young priest reading Edward Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám."

Lew Cody: Cabs, high-hatted men in ulsters alighting before a mysterious club on a rainy night in Paris.

Ricardo Cortez: Eyes that caress, eyes that hunger, eyes of humanity desiring that which cannot ever be obtained.

Ernest Torrence: *Clopin Trouillefou.* King of Rogues in Victor Hugo's "The Court of Miracles." VEE LEIDY.
2324 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

Something Unusual.

Something very unusual happened last week—for three nights the Grand Theater was *packed by six thirty,* and by seven standing room was scarce. This is very unusual—our folks generally eat their suppers at leisure and the housewives straighten up the kitchen before going to the movies—but evidently not *those* three nights.

The picture was "The Girl from Mont-

martre"—the star, Barbara La Marr. That was a fine tribute to the "Girl Who Was Too Pretty" and her farewell picture. Yes, it *was* something unusual—with Ben Lyon being shown at another theater, and a famous speaker in addition! R. D. M.

Y. W. C. A., Alton, Ill.

More Regarding Photographs.

There seems to be a violent controversy whether or not we should collect photographs of the stars. In my opinion, I think it quite all right, as I have a collection of eighty myself.

Not so long ago I wrote for a photo of Ruth Roland. About a week later I received the photo and also a very friendly letter. Miss Roland said the reason for the delay in getting the picture was because quite a lot of her fan mail had been burned. She told me to tell all my friends who had written to her, to write again if they had not received a picture. I think Miss Roland is very kind to do such a thing, as many of the stars never answer. Not many of the players would do such a thing, and since that I have admired Miss Roland a hundredfold more.

I also have received letters from other stars. Alberta Vaughn sent me a personally autographed picture and a most delightful letter. Norma and Constance Talmadge sent me each a picture and a letter also. Colleen Moore and Leatrice Joy also sent me both pictures and letters. One of the first pictures I ever got was from Alice Joyce, and I prize it very highly. It was personally autographed and her letter was a joy to read. Another photo which I think is very beautiful was the one which I received from Mimi Palmeri. She, too, autographed the picture. From Rudolph Valentino I received two beautiful photos and two very thankful letters. From Alice Calhoun I received a most charming letter and an autographed photo. I must not forget Hope Hampton. She, too, sent a beautifully tinted photo and a wonderful letter. Besides these I have many more beautiful photographs from various stars, such as Ronald Colman, Theda Bara, Ben Lyon, Richard Dix, Pola Negri, Betty Bronson, John Gilbert, William Haines, Ramon Novarro, Claire Windsor, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies, Alice Terry, and Barbara La Marr. The last one is one of the most beautiful that I have ever received. Oh! I almost forgot—I received a very nice letter and photo from Wanda Hawley.

Last, but not least, I have met Lila Lee. She, too, gave me an autographed photo, and also wrote in my autograph album.

GERALD C. HAMM.

"The Plains," Weatherly, Pa.

Something Wrong with Dick.

I think there's just a little something wrong with Dick Barthelmess. I say this because of certain pictures of his I have seen recently. Is it that Dick has made so much money that he doesn't have to worry about giving his *very best*, or is it that he has been embittered and disillusioned?

Maybe I am too frank, but I want you fans to remember that I have Dick's best interests at heart!

Why doesn't Inspiration borrow D. W. Griffith from Paramount to make one picture with Dick? Let us ever remember that Griffith *made* our Dick Barthelmess!

HAL GRANGER.

Westboro, Ontario, Canada.

It Is Not All Play.

It occurs to me that the fans do not accord our film stars the appreciation that is rightfully theirs. They work so con-

Continued on page 112

Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

These are some of the exclamations of onlookers who witnessed a demonstration of the new discovery hailed as the most amazing beauty miracle of the century.

Think of it! A new complexion while you wait! Your skin made young in fifteen minutes! Blackheads and enlarged pores eliminated! Flabby, sagging muscles toned and restored! Wrinkles combatted!

And what magical compound brings these incredible results? MILK! Yes, the secret of a lovely skin has been discovered in the natural, beautifying properties of milk. Its elements extracted and put into concentrated form, combined with other ingredients.

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The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help:

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3—to lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.

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5—to absorb the outer, dry withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.

6—to combat wrinkles, sagging muscles and firm the tissues.

7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.

8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

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How can words describe the wonder-working powers of the Magic Milk Mask! A single application absolutely transforms the skin! You simply cover your face with this delightful, pure-white, creamy compound. Then relax while it dries. You can actually feel it at work as it gently draws blackheads, dirt and waste matter from the pores. It lifts off and absorbs the dry, withered skin scales. It closes and tightens the pores, firms the tissues, whitens and purifies the complexion and brings a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

In just a few minutes wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't believe that the radiantly lovely complexion you see is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated. Even women of advanced years look *young* after a single application of the Magic Milk Mask. They have the complexions of school girls. Their skin is as smooth as satin, exquisitely fine in texture, and so beautifully, creamy white!

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So See for Yourself—Not a Penny to Lose

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Send No Money

No, not a penny in advance. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail at once.

But you must act quickly. Only a limited number of packages are to be sent out under this amazing offer. Don't delay a minute. Rush the coupon.

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Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Out where romance begins . . .

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The new king of adventure stars—KEN MAYNARD—trump-ace of trick riders, cowboy cyclone, master of a circus-full of equestrian thrills—in the first of an amazing action series, "SENOR DAREDEVIL."

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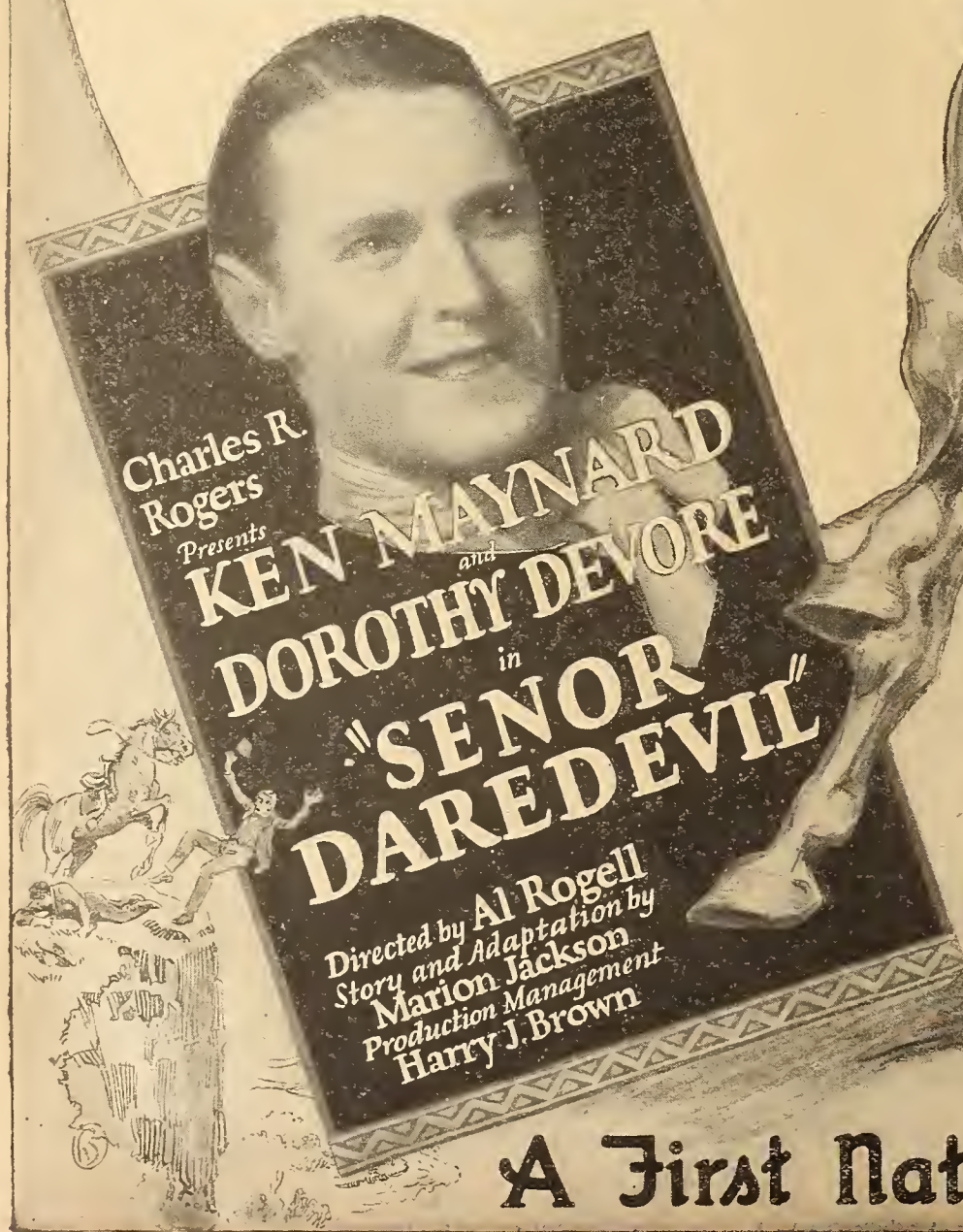

A First National Picture

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, August, 1926, VOLUME XXIV NUMBER 6

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Neil Hamilton lets his usual New England reserve melt into the most engaging smile of the month, perhaps to commemorate his best rôle—which you will see in "Beau Geste"—or perhaps it is the French influence of the Foreign Legion to which he belongs—in the picture, of course. He is his serious self again in "Diplomacy," his next film.

Which Make Better

"Men do!" exclaims Malcolm H. Oettinger, and on the page below, he proceeds skillfully to demonstrate the reasons for his belief in the superior histrionic ability of his sex.

Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose picture appears at the left, after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, did post-graduate work in dramaturgy at Harvard. For several years he has studied every phase of playmaking and acting. For the last few seasons, he has been one of the leading spirits in a "Little Theater" organization, has acted in most of the productions, and has directed a great many of them.

AT the risk of being thought ungallant, I must confess to a firm belief that men are better actors than women.

Women, of course, may be said to be acting all the time. But I refer only to their actions on the screen. When they counterfeit frivolous gayety or grim despair, when they feign passion or disappointment, they convince me less than do the sterner fellows of the so-called shadow stage. We go to the theater to be fooled, certainly, and men fool me into one mood or another more readily than do the ladies. There are—Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge occasionally, Mary Alden, Pauline Frederick—the list falters, adds a name or two, and stops.

On the other hand I can name a score of men who are, to me, part and parcel always of the characters they portray.

Barthelmess, Barrymore the younger, and Chaplin lead the lengthy roll of capable actors. Here are play boys who wring the sad tear as readily as the mirthful chuckle, wearers of the sock and buskin who ply their trade to advantage under any and all conditions. Barthelmess has "Tol'able David," "Broken Blossoms," "The Enchanted Cottage," and "Soul Fire" to point to as high lights, with a score of other pictures that, because of his effective work, could not fall below average. Barrymore could unreel "Jekyll and Hyde" and "Beau Brummel," and rest his case on them alone. Chaplin has shown in his every picture the spark of what some people like to call genius. Tag it "supreme artistry," and let it go at that. This is not a consideration of genius. Chaplin can indicate what he is thinking by a twitch of the eyebrow or a lift of the hand. He can indicate sorrow by a twisted lip, gratitude by a flickering eyelash, disappointment by a quivering mouth. He can convey to an audience his inmost thoughts and desires. And this is acting carried to the *n*th degree. The fact that he devotes his attention to comedy, much of it gag and slapstick, detracts no whit from the superior quality of his craft.

Langdon and Lloyd and Keaton are all clever fellows, justly popular, but I would no more claim them as actors than Miss Klumph could claim Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, or Constance Talmadge as actresses.

While we are about it, we may as well dismiss the personality stars with a well-phrased paragraph. Fairbanks and Dix and the perennial Mix are all popular, box-office magnets. They smile ingratiatingly, do tricks, ride if necessary (and it *is* necessary), and save the girl for a last-reel tangle. People like to watch them. But they are simply themselves, registering slightly but sufficiently. They are not actors in the strict sense, but then, that is not expected of them. This was also true of Wallace Reid.

A step, but a long step, out of this group, are Adolphe Menjou and Raymond Griffith, two of the most adroit, inventive, and facile pantomimists this side of paradise. They condense reels into feet, and make feet extraneous. A wink speaks volumes; a shrug obliterates the need of a subtitle. Working along totally different lines, Griffith and Menjou are equally subtle in expressing *themselves*. Lucky is the scenario that has either of them to interpret its action.

Heroes are, as a rule, notoriously poor actors, depending upon shapely noses, wavy hair, and swelling biceps to bring the matinée throng to the ticket window. Kerrigan and Bushman are examples drawn from the dear, rosemary-scented days of Essanay and two minutes to change reels; Valentino and Novarro are examples of the minute. The flaming Rodolfo never has shown talents worthy of critical attention; his success was based on a red-hot appeal that was in turn dependent upon his eyes. As soon as the heat subsided, the Valentino star waned; in another year, he will, I predict, be in a class with mah jong, cross-word puzzles, and the Charleston. A good actor would not suffer such a rapid decline.

Novarro is less vulnerable to critical attack. He has turned in a couple of fair performances. But his ballyhoo squad has made him out to be an actor, and actor he decidedly is not. His only claim to laurels rests in his personality. I cannot see it, myself, but some there must be. Granting that he has a certain

Continued on page 98

Barthelmess, Barrymore, Chaplin, Gilbert and Menjou are among the male players selected by Mr. Oettinger as exponents of the best screen acting in America.

Actors, Men or Women?

"Women do!" retorts Helen Klumph, and below, you will find her keen-edged arguments. Next month, the discussion is to be turned over to our readers in "What the Fans Think."

Helen Klumph, shown at the right, has specialized for several years in the drama, having first taken courses at Columbia University. She has been a dramatic critic for New York and other big-city newspapers, and is co-author of a book on screen acting. She has added much to her store of knowledge through her wide and intimate acquaintance with the leading actors of the stage and screen.

ONLY a man would think of trying to start a controversy over whether men or women are greater actors. To a woman it seems obvious that women are better at acting, on the screen or anywhere else. I set out, therefore, not to argue, but merely to summarize a situation that must be perfectly apparent to any one who has given it a moment's thought. Of course, a man is not likely to give it thought, that being the one thing he rarely gives women. Cold reason is rarely involved in man's response to women, especially if the man in question is young and susceptible, as is the case with Malcolm Oettinger, who brought up this subject.

That Mr. Oettinger has seen in the feminine reflections on the screen little evidence of acting ability is in a way the highest compliment he could pay them. For the greatest acting of all is that which does not seem like acting.

Acting is essentially a feminine occupation. It is a talent that woman acquired by necessity during all those ages in which she played an inferior social, economic, and physical rôle to her man. She learned to act for him, and in acting for him, she learned to know and control him.

Historical background has, then, played a big part in giving woman an equipment superior to that of man's for the job of acting. Her emotions are closer to the surface, more responsive, than man's. Acting, with her, is instinctive. Her response to any situation is emotional first and thoughtful afterward, while man, schooled by tradition to expect to make his way in the world by his wits, is more apt to reverse the order and be thoughtful first. Woman's acting is instinctive, primitive, while man's is apt to be pure technique, evolved by thoughtful study.

There are women players who approach their work in a typically masculine fashion. Clare Eames is an example. One admires her tremendously, but in a detached, impersonal way. Contrast her with Pola Negri, who is essentially feminine in her method, and you can see how infinitely more gripping and convincing the feminine method is.

Woman's superiority as an actor is not only due to natural fitness. She is greater, too, by virtue of the greater opportunities she has gained for herself. Since the earliest days of motion pictures, the industry has recognized that women stars are more popular than men, that their popularity lasts longer. Her opportunities for developing have been, therefore, infinitely greater than man's. The number of women stars in proportion to the number of men varies in ratio from two to one to as much as six to one, in different years.

Of course, if one considers the cowboy stars as actors, rather than as the unchanging type players that they are, the ratio is not so striking. But who will maintain that they are actors?

The first great screen artist, the first one to attain the dignity of road shows in regular theaters, was Bernhardt. Claim that any man on the screen has matched her attainments, and you have announced your candidacy for the nearest asylum.

The great ranking popular favorite—and one whose artistry needs no tribute from so mean a pen as mine—is Mary Pickford. And the years have given proof of versatility and dramatic power, as well as tremendous popularity, in Norma Talmadge, Pauline Frederick, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, and Pola Negri, to mention but an outstanding few among the stars. Among those rated as featured players or character women, there are Louise Dresser, Mary Alden, Gladys Brockwell, Lucille La Verne, and Dale Fuller—all adroit, versatile players, whose characterizations are sharpy etched.

Colleen Moore, Pauline Frederick, Mary Pickford, Zasu Pitts and Norma Talmadge are among the group of actresses chosen by Helen Klumph, whose varied talents, she believes, represent the best in screen acting.

Among the men stars, there are several who have won eminence comparable to that of the greatest women stars, but in most cases, it has not been won because of their acting. The greatest men actors—with the exception of Barrymore and Chaplin—are stuck away in supporting rôles, which is proof that they lack in appeal, which is, to my mind, one of the first essentials of great acting. [Continued on page 98]

Code of a Westerner

You have read a good many stories about Tom Mix. This one is different. It's not about his costumes, his salary, his exploits. *It's about Tom.*

By Dorothy Manners

UNLESS my present plans are hopelessly upset, this is going to turn out to be a story on Tom Mix, a gentleman who, with Earle Sande, Paul Revere, and the Prince of Wales, completes that quartet of famous horsemen to go down in history. But it is only fair to explain that I'm attempting a subject that is not only unfamiliar, but practically unknown to me. Although I have been attending the cinema since long before I could read the writing in the subtitles, I have never seen a Tom Mix picture, nor until quite recently, had I ever set eyes on that gentleman himself, except for one long-distance squint, at one of the town frolics. When you consider that I worked on the Fox lot during the making of three pictures, that statement must sound surprising to you. It is to be accounted for only by the fact that any one who works for Fox is permanently on location. I knew Tom was there, all right, because that knowledge was unavoidable. What Gilbert is to Metro-Goldwyn, what Gloria is, or was, to Paramount, what Colleen is to First National—that's what Tom is to Fox. But it just so happened that we never crossed paths, nor even sets.

So, you see, this isn't going to be an intimate-reminiscence treatise, nor on the other hand, an analytical survey of his histrionic talents—mainly because the writer isn't up to it.

I just want to make sure we understand each other from the outset, and that your feelings won't be hurt if this turns out to be just a straight reportorial job.

Now.

At various times, I have read reports on Mr. Mix, most of which were in the form of interviews or news items. Without exception, these stories were clever. Quite so. The writers invariably took the upper hand, and with subtle patronage, ritzed Mr. Mix through several thousand words of ironical wit, if not downright sarcasm. It seems that Tom's mode of living upset them. In carefully pointed words, they objected to his jeweled initials, his monogrammed island villas, his clothes, his cars, and his salary, which was considered extra vulgar by the genteely remunerated press. I enjoyed every one of those stories. I promised myself that after I mastered the Charleston sufficiently to permit me to turn my attention to other affairs, I would do one of those things on Tom, myself.

Came the day when, weary with a pain in the neck from bending over my typewriter, trying to do justice to the charms of a new ingénue, I called the studio and made an appointment to see Tom. Having nothing better to do on the way down, I made up cunning little sarcastic phrases that, for sheer lemon, would have made a couple of Hollywood cynics I know take to Pollyanna in discouragement.

And in the beginning, there was little to sidetrack me from my fiendish plan.

Things got off to a rousing start when I had to wait for him in his office-dressing-room bungalow. Having to wait for a celebrity is always impressive, but never fails to throw me into a distemper, even though "you know how things are around a studio"—and I do. However, long experience having made me an apt disciple at turning loss into gain, I took stock of things around me, meanwhile keeping up a running chatter of small talk with a lady press agent, who is a darling, and with Tom's secretary, who is equally charming. Particularly interesting were the dozens of pictures of little Thomasina Mix that dotted the walls.

I hadn't any more than finished remarking that she looked like her father when the outer door opened and a young man with a huge suit case entered. I wondered if this could be a forerunner of the Mix entourage. Silently, he treked past us into the other room. A few paces behind him, trailed another young man, who bore in solitary splendor the most magnificent sport coat I have ever seen—white, with brilliant stripes. There was a silent interlude. Then, once more the door opened.

And there stood Tom Mix, foremost box-office attraction in America, and highest-salaried actor in the world.

Need I describe him? He is as tall as an Indian, though the broadness of his shoulders somehow tends to alleviate the height. His hair is thick and black. He was fresh from the set, and to my surprise—in view of his famous putteed "character"—he was immaculately groomed in a frock coat, every detail correct.

For a brief moment he paused in the doorway, leaning heavily on a cane. Being no slouch of a reporter, I could see that he had been hurt. In fact, I had read that he had been injured during the filming of his previous picture. I wondered if it would be tactful to start off with a sympathetic, "Did you fall off your horse, Mr. Mix?" but on second and very quick thought, decided not to.

I believe some one introduced us. I remember inclining my head, and though I wasn't exactly looking at him, I felt Tom do likewise. And then he was gone. Without another word. Into the other room.

I held my breath. The secretary held her breath. The lady press agent held her breath. (You can never tell about these Big Leaguers. Suppose Tom had decided that he and I weren't *sympatica* or something?)

Then, from the other room, some one said, "Come in."

The lady press agent nodded to me, "You go in," and I did.

Here was a room that could have belonged to no one but Tom. Did I say that Thomasina's pictures dotted the walls of the office? They simply lined the dressing room. Impossible to count them. Adorable pictures, ranging from a little fat-faced baby in Mrs. Mix's arms to a little fat-faced cowgirl in a big sombrero. In the bare spaces between these pictures, hung Tom's sombreros—of every size, shape, and color. The large mirror in the dressing table reflected the room and seemingly enlarged it.

At my entrance Mr. Mix, who had been milling around the room, lamely, with things he had brought from the set, asked me to be seated. Replying to a question of mine in a rather quietly abstracted way, he explained the surprising frock coat—an incongruity due, he said, to a quirk in his new scenario, which permits him to disguise as a doctor for the duration of a few comedy gags. Then, with a grunt of relief to be off his "bad" foot, Tom eased himself into a chair facing me.

He said, in a drawly, ruminative tone, "Thought for a while this foot was going to keep me from working. It's still pretty lame. Got it doin' a stunt in my last picture. Threw my rope over a rock that was supposed to hold my weight. It didn't, though. Right in the middle

of the scene, it gave way and went rolling down the cliff—me with it. Kept on rolling and rolling. I thought I was dead."

"It's a wonder you weren't hurt even more than you are," said I.

"Yes, ma'am. I was hurt bad enough, though. When they brought me this story, I thought I was going to have to lay off a while. But on thinking it over, I saw a good chance to put that bum foot to use. You see, I'm playing this doctor in the picture. Well, by walking sort of prissylike on the foot, it goes in good with the way I want to play that part."

Then he added, looking at me directly for almost the first time, "There aren't many things that seem to be misfortunes that you can't turn to some good account, if you just look hard enough."

I thought, "Yes?"

I said nothing.

Tom was lending his attention to imaginary circles he was drawing on the floor with his cane.

"Just to show you what I mean: I've got a reputation to live up to, of being a good influence for the young folks of this country. For the girls and boys, particularly boys around twelve to fifteen. And the responsibility doesn't end when my pictures fade out. In my personal life, I've got to live up to what they expect of me.

"For a long time that used to bother me. I used to think I was missing a lot of fun. I couldn't go to certain places I thought I wanted to go to because it wasn't the sort of thing the kids would expect of me. I couldn't go around with certain people I thought I wanted to be with, for the same reason. I thought I was sort of bein' hedged in, and I didn't like it. That is, not at first.

"And then, it began to prove itself to me to be the finest thing in the world. Those kids, by putting me up on a pedestal, did *me* a great turn. I began to like it. I began to realize that you don't have to be doing something exciting all the time to get real pleasure. No, ma'am. I've got the means to get around and do

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Strange as it may seem, Dorothy Manners, though she once played in three Fox pictures, had never met Tom Mix until recently.

All the lumber and other materials needed on the location had to be dragged for miles across the desert by tractors.

In the Desert with

On location in the midst of the Arizona the making of this film endured almost un

By Barbara

Norman Trevor and William Powell, above, had important parts in the trying desert scenes. Right, Ralph Forbes, as JOHN GESTE, *one of the three brothers in the story.*

ALLONS, Brenon, *voici ta Légion!"* This call, unanimously roared from two thousand throats, marked the completion of the desert scenes for Paramount's "Beau Geste," which was directed by Herbert Brenon. That enthusiasm, which rolled in a crescendo until that final cry was sent thundering out over the sand dunes, has produced a motion picture that has stirred the anticipation of even the most picture-wise in Hollywood.

This isn't a routine film, made according to the rather monotonous schedule which cans romance. Its success, which seems safe to predict, will be due to the tremendous zeal which had its birth in the realization of the splendid picture values of the story and which flogged and buoyed tired men until their goal was achieved. The men who worked in this picture were inspired by "a cause," and for it they suffered and toiled and bled. And I don't use those words rhetorically.

To build a camp for two thousand men in an isolated desert section never before pioneered, and to maintain those men for three months — that was the task accomplished.

The story centers on the French Foreign Legion. Below, a group of the men used as Legionaries in the film are being led in a song.

"Beau Geste"

desert, the two thousand men engaged in bearable hardships for the sake of "the cause."

Little.

Without a doubt, it was the greatest undertaking of its kind that had ever been attempted by a motion-picture troupe. Usually, desert locations are on the edge of the vast stretches of sand, in the cactus and sagebrush country, within auto distance of human habitation. "Beau Geste" is the first film, except for some of the scenes in "Greed," to have been made in the heart of "No Man's Land," and in this instance, a great assemblage was necessary, instead of the small troupe that accompanied Von Stroheim for the making of the "Greed" scenes.

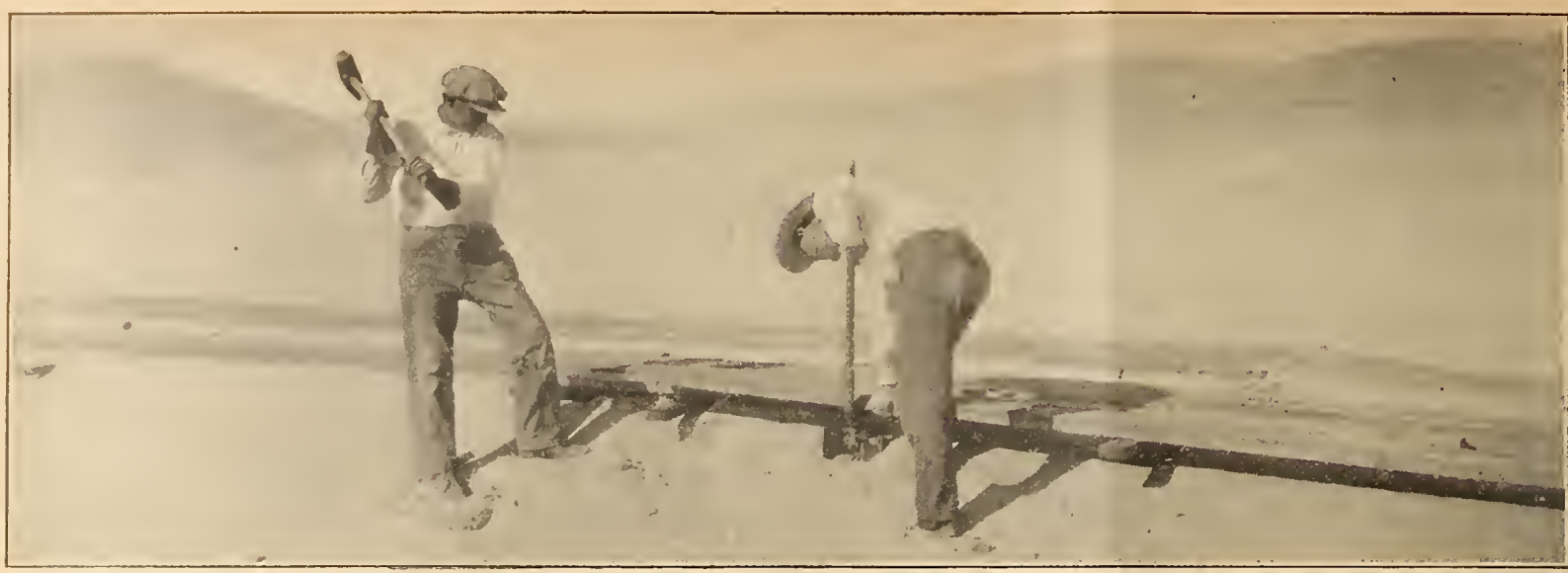
Ronald Colman, above, played the title rôle of MICHAEL "BEAU" GESTE, *and Neil Hamilton, next to him, played his brother* DIGBY. *Left, Noah Beery as* SERGEANT LEJAUNE.

Two thousand men were used in the storming of the fort, being directed by radio and by semaphore signals.

Scorched and blinded by sun and sand, the players were spurred on only by a unanimous spirit of enthusiam.

In that part of the Arizona desert near the Mexican border and thirty miles from Yuma, there is only sand. Dunes of it that rise to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. There, midst the shifting, wind-blown sands, under a scorching sun, with flies swarming until the air was thick with them, with scorpions and lizards and rattlesnakes underfoot, these men made a picture virtually out of the sweat of their blood and the agony of their tired, driven bodies.

Share and share alike, the cast and the cowboys and the



Miles of board track were laid across the sands, to make possible the transportation of materials from distant stations.

camp workers were equal men down there, with special privileges for none.

Veterans of many wars, with eighteen nations represented, were garrisoned together, displaying the same devil-may-care air that had carried them through so many conflicts, united in sounding the "regimental yell" of the "Brenon Legion." For this isn't merely the picturization of a Foreign Legion story. It is the translation to the screen of the Legion spirit—do or die.

In the camp were many genuine ex-Legionaries. They composed a song which the whole camp quickly caught up. The words were thrown from tongue to tongue, rolling into a full-throated greeting each morning when Director Herbert Brenon appeared.

> "*Allons,* Brenon, *voici ta Légion!*
> *Tiens, voila les Francais, voila les Anglais, les Americains.*
> We come from the East, we come from the West,
> We'll work like hell and never rest.
> We say, old chap, we'll do our best
> To help you make 'Beau Geste.'"

There was Pouyet, a grizzled little Frenchman, who wore the Legion medal; there was Van den Ecker, a Belgian, laughing at the twenty-three operations on his wounded leg; and there were Carlin, the grim, red-headed Irish-American bugler, and Sleeman, a Hollander.

Catching their spirit, there were Ronald Colman, as *Michael "Beau" Geste,* handsome, generous, and brilliant; Ralph Forbes, who played *John Geste,* and who, with his resemblance to the Prince of Wales, is a charming, boyish character; Neil Hamilton, as *Digby Geste,* the self-sacrificing brother; Noah Beery, as *Sergeant Lejaune,* master strategist, "the cruelest beast and the bravest soldier" of the Legion; William Powell, Norman Trevor, and others; Hollywood lads and men who forgot they were actors or cowboys or carpenters and remembered only that each must not stop until the order came.

Every bit of the tons of supplies needed were sent down this chute to the valley where the location was laid.

Carrying packs, while those who played officers were each weighted down with fifteen pounds of medals, dispatch cases, swords, field glasses, and other equipment, they all worked under the blistering sun and grinned. And when they could no longer grin, they kept on working, grimly, doggedly. There were tears shed at Camp Paramount when strong men, their nerves shattered, blubbered like babies, and then kidded each other into a resurgent zeal. Their bread was thick with flies and full of sand. They found scorpions in their boots. Nose-bleed for hours was a common occurrence.

Burned crisp by the sun, suffocated by its intense heat, half frozen at night, when it became so cold that there was ice on the water, at times engulfed by sandstorms from which they had to be shoveled out, playing their scenes with sand showers like needle points stabbing their eyes—is it any wonder that, after a while, some of them almost succumbed to the desert madness?

During the first week, Ralph Forbes, who is an English lad, unused to desert heat, burst a blood vessel. Staggering, he held up, smiling cheerily, and collapsed only when his strength was gone. Fearing he would bleed to death, the others injected hypodermics of iron into his veins until, after a while, he rallied and returned to work.

Numbers were hurt in the rousing battle scenes, when horses and men floundered in the sand in a mêlée of hoofs and faces and waving arms and legs. War, as Bill Powell remarked, is inconvenient, whether it be

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A Poster Girl

One of Universal's standard heroines, Laura La Plante, impresses you as a beauty of the poster type, with a pleasing personality as well.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

BEAUTY alone is not enough—for screen success. Hollywood and Manhattan, and points east and west, are crowded with beautiful girls who punch your ticket at the one-arm lunches, lose your hat in the check room, and give you the wrong number on the telephone. Hundreds of pretty girls arrive in Los Angeles every month, only to find themselves high and dry in a city saturated with pulchritude.

But when flashing eyes and warm cheeks, and even white teeth, prove to be a façade to personality, then the screen is interested and the studio doors swing wide. If you are pretty plus, with magnetism to offer, you have a chance.

Laura La Plante has vivacity and common sense in addition to her good looks—hence, she served as an extra only long enough to let them discover that she had personality. Then she advanced. But the average attractive girl stays in the ranks week after week, month after month. Add this lament of unsupported beauty to the causes of tragedy in picturedom.

Personality, should you ask, is that intangible quality that makes one memorable.

Laura La Plante is more fetching off the screen than on. Her freshness, blondness, and youth register more effectively at close range than when viewed from the heights of a loge. This is not unusual. Blondes are more cinema than sinning. Photographers seldom do the right thing by them. The perfect complexion of Clai
be translated to the silver sh
profile of Helen Lee Wortl
unappreciative camera ma
Nordic loveliness becomes c
is filtered through the project
ladies, in person, are a serie
ions. The screen suggests
only average.

Mae Murray is an excep
rapher and his bag of tricks
about her that enhances her
Fitzmaurice retake one
times. With such care, o
mum results are altogeth
tained. *La* Murray is not
the screen.

But most blondes suffer
Laura La Plante shares
found her far better lookin
me to suspect.

Startlingly blonde, sma
Laura would go well at an
could be used to illustrat
without resorting to any n

lacking perhaps a bit of the brash sophistication that that national figure affects. Unassuming, modest, easy to look at and listen to, Laura presents herself to public view, faking nothing, concealing nothing—acting, as they say in Hollywood, her age.

She was in New York for the first time in her twenty-three years of toil and trouble, and she was properly impressed by the cañon of skyscrapers that is Fifth Avenue, by the electric lane of obvious splendors that is Broadway, and by Park Avenue, with its liveried footmen and French governesses riding fore and aft in Rolls-Royces.

She had seen Mayor Walker at close range; she had met the superb Raquel Meller for a breathless moment; she had talked to her greatest audience over the radio, for the first time; she had had tea with the cinema sisters of the metropolitan press, and she was immensely taken with it all. She meant it, too. Laura is herself at all times. Not too sophisticated, yet not too naïve. Appreciative she was of her good fortune in films, eager to do interesting pictures, happy about her Hollywood residence — newly purchased, and, I gathered, a model home.

"When you live in Hollywood, you grow sleepy and contented," confessed Laura. "Probably that's why I've never seen New York. And to tell the truth, wonderful though the city is, I'll be perfectly willing to go back home. The West has such atmosphere! I love it!"

The younger generation swear by the Coast.
zma Shearer and Rod La Rocque and Julanne
nston and Carmel Myers and Lloyd Hughes
prefer Hollywood to the glitter of Manhattan.
perly enough, Menjou and Tearle and Ray-
nd Griffith are devoted to New York.

To an outsider," said Laura, "New York is
ty of a million wonders. Everything seems
enter here. On every side, you can see celebs
read about. Your favorite actors are play-
at theaters within easy distance of your
l. *Everything* is here!"

nd Laura agreed with Lya de Putti, that the
v York women are smartly dressed and
uish, the men jaunty and prosperous looking.
lubs she enjoyed, and had seen "Sunny"—
"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," which, of
would like to do on the screen. So would
r of lovely ladies.

nt was talking about borrowing the golden La
mpersonate *Lorelei Lee* in a film version of the
ingly popular "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
s, indeed, had considered her for the stage ver-
ch was now enlightening Chicago, but Laura's
bligations had interfered. [Continued on page 105]

Marie Prevost took up bicycling, with disastrous rest

Over the

Fanny the Fan weeps over leav ciently to tell about her last mad

By The

IT looked for a while as though I should never be able to tear Fanny away from Hollywood. There was always one more party, one more theater opening, one more home, or one more studio set that she insisted she *must* see before leaving. And as her visit stretched on and on, and I caught her looking interestedly at a Beverly Hills lot that Corinne Griffith had to sell, I thought that she was approaching the inevitable end that overtakes almost every visitor to California. It looked as though the world was about to lose another New Yorker and gain another California realtor.

However, by kidnaping her and making her go to the station to see Lois Wilson, Corinne Griffith, and others off to Ne York, I finally induced her to buy a ticket fo herself. And then, always willing to share the strain of listening to Fanny across three thousand miles, I persuaded Carmelita Geraghty to accompany us. Carmelita had just finished a strenuous picture. So she really wanted to come to New York to see some shows and buy some clothes. Besides, her mother and sister were sailing for Europe, and she wanted to see them off.

So, on the hottest day ever known outside of a Turkish bath, Carmelita, Fanny, and I huddled in the doorway of a Pullman drawing-room and wondered just how we were going to find room for ourselves among all the baskets of fruit and flowers, bunches of orchids, and bales of books that Carmelita's suitors had sent her. We solved the problem by presenting some of the offerings to the maid on the train—one of the most disastrous ideas, by the way, that had ever struck any of us. For a regular feud developed between the maid, the porter, and the conductor. But we were quite overwhelmed with service, so that their own private battles didn't bother us much—not, at least, after we had thought of stuffing our ears with cotton.

Fanny was the very picture of grief, as we pulled out of the station. She waved mournfully to Lila Lee and Colleen Moore, who had come down to see us off, and looked as though she would burst into tears at any moment. But a waiter came through the train announcing the first call for luncheon, and you know how Fanny's spirits rise at the mere mention of food.

Colleen had graciously offered to bring us some onions and Limburger cheese from the "Delicatessen" set where she d been making scenes all rning, but took pity on us the last minute and brought orchids instead.

"Where were you last night?" we asked Fanny, by way of taking her mind off her desolation at leaving Hollywood.

"Where would I be?" she answered curtly. "At a party at Bess Meredyth's house, of course. She gives more and bigger and better parties than almost any one else in Hollywood. Each time she gives one, every one who has ever attended a pre-

Boardman was quaintly attired t a Sixty Club dance.

Teacups

ing Hollywood, but recovers suffi-
rush to parties large and small.

Bystander

vious one comes, and there are always lots of new people, besides, who have heard about them and asked to be invited. By this time next year, if she keeps on, she will have to engage the Hollywood Bowl to give them in.

"How she has the time and energy to give parties at all, I don't know, considering the amount of work she has to do as the star scenario writer at Warner Brothers. And she is just in the midst, now, of a John Barrymore production, but to see her glad-handing a mob of guests, you would think she hadn't a responsibility in the world. Barrymore wants to borrow her to do his first picture for United Artists, but Warner Brothers won't give her up.

"Who was at her party? Oh, almost everybody interesting, except Marion Davies. She was giving a party last night herself. Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were at Bess' place, also Tom and Victoria Mix, Harold and Mildred Lloyd, Walter McGrail and his wife, Mae Busch, John Ford and his wife, Claire Windsor, and Bert Lytell, Kathleen Key, Alan Crosland, Lewis Milestone, Robert Vignola, and simply mobs of others. There was a marvelous orchestra, but by way of making the party distinctive, no one danced the Charleston nor the St. Louis hop.

"Patsy Ruth Miller wasn't there. She is following the fashion of having tonsils removed, so was in the hospital. Let's send her a telegram," she suddenly added.

"All right," we agreed. "What would be appropriate?"

"Oh, anything," Fanny murmured, casually. "Just condolences for her in her sorrow over losing her little tonsils, that have always been her closest companions. She probably won't read the wire anyway—she will have too many visitors. Patsy says her friends will all come just for the unusual experience of finding her in a situation where she can't talk back. She had just finished working in a Lubitsch picture, and felt that she realy ought to commemorae the event in some way before starting work on her next picture."

Mildred Dois Lloyd gave a huge tea party—one of the numerous affairs at which Fanny was present.

Fanny picked Dolores Costello as one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood.

"And having her tonsils out was just about zero in the way of inspiration," we chorused.

"Oh, well, what could she do?" asked Fanny, always on the other side of any argument. "It wouldn't be anything new for her to give a party. There is always a party at her house.

"But speaking of parties, I can't decide whether I like little ones or big ones best. Kathleen Key gave a luncheon at her house that I loved. Just Kathleen and her mother, Bess Meredyth, Victoria Mix, Mildred Lloyd, and myself. She had a lot of Italian food sent in from the Italian restaurant Lillian Gish introduced me to, and we gayly ate lots of garlic, and so were social outcasts for the next few days. I love little luncheons like that, where you can hear what every one is saying."

As though any one else really does have a

John Gilbert, Alexander Moore, the former Ambassador to Spain, and I can't remember all the rest.

"I'd like to stay in Hollywood long enough some time to learn how one is expected to dress at the local social affairs. Still, I guess the idea is, always to wear the unexpected. Mae Murray succeeded, that night. She came in white knickers, blouse, sport shoes, sport hat, and a short jacket made of bath toweling. Mrs. Charles Ray and Mrs. Sidney Franklin looked simply divine in pastel dinner frocks, and the others wore anything from plain sport dresses to formal evening gowns.

"I am sure that there will be an epidemic soon of frocks made from plain, pastel-tinted shawls. Lilyan Tashman has one in plain pink that is draped so that the fringe falls down the front like a collar. It is perfectly lovely. No one else has a chance to get a reputation for looking smart and well groomed, so long as Lilyan Tashman and Madeline Hurlock are in Hollywood. Or for being beautiful, so long as Corinne Griffith, Dolores Costello, and Dolores del Rio hold the center of the stage."

Sometimes, when Fanny makes sweeping statements like that, I am tempted to remind her of the old saying, "No general statement is ever true, including this one," but what is the use? Her enthusiasms are always so wholehearted.

"We really should have stayed over another day," Fanny began regretfully. "Leatrice Joy would have come with us then."

"Yes," said I, "and in another day some one else would have been leaving, and in another week, some one else. I'm glad we got you started. You can always meet them at the train in New York, and think how nice it will be to get back there."

Fanny didn't seem very enthusiastic.

"Anyway," she went on, "I stayed long enough to go to a Sixty Club dance. I didn't know that there *were* as many picture stars as I saw there. Virginia Valli looked ethereal and beautiful in a white tulle dress that all but swept the floor. Mae Murray wore a dress that was a shower of ostrich feathers. Eleanor Boardman wore a billowing black-taffeta affair that looked like an old-fashioned costume. Edna Murphy and Gertrude Olmsted, Julanne Johnston, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Florence Vidor, and mobs of others that I can't remember, were all there. *You* tell her about it, Carmelita."

"I dare you to tell her what

Moreno gave a gorgeous big dinner party Sunday night. Simply every one was there, including several who weren't invited. I counted up to eighty around the dinner table, and then I got discouraged, because there were so many more. I'll never again object to big dinner-party scenes on the screen on the score that no one has homes big enough for such parties in real life.

"Marion Davies had just returned to Hollywood from New York, and was so elated over getting back to her old friends that, during the evening, she suddenly broke into an impromptu solo dance, forsaking her partner momentarily. There were mobs of fascinating people there—Julanne Johnston, Florence Vidor, George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn,

Whenever Vilma Banky goes to the theater, she is the center of attention.

Photo by Carsey

Billy Haines said about my dress." Carmelita's eyes flashed at the mere memory of it.

"That was gorgeous," Fanny exulted, but then Fanny is always vastly amused at everything Bill Haines says. "Carmelita was looking very grand in a Frances dress that was dotted with tiny mirrors. Billy thought it was a bit theatrical, so he just remarked, 'All you need, Carmelita, is a wand.'

"Dorothy Cumming was in our party that night," Fanny rambled gayly on. "She regaled us with an account of a lawsuit she had just had with Carmel Myers' mother. Dorothy Cumming had sublet a house from her, found it unsatisfactory, and moved out. When Mrs. Myers sued her, the judge told her to tell her side of the case, and hours after she had won and court had been adjourned, she was still talking.

"H. B. Warner told us that night of the strangest request that had been made of him in all the time he has been on the stage or screen. A close-up was being taken of his and Greta Garbo's feet, coming toward the camera. Suddenly, the director stopped the scene and asked Mr. Warner if he would mind wearing shoes two or three sizes too big for him. It seems that Miss Garbo's feet are unusually long. Always obliging, Mr. Warner offered not only to wear large shoes, but to borrow them from his friend Charles Chaplin, and throw in an imitation of Charlie's walk."

As Fanny was talking, Carmelita suddenly began to show an unusual interest in the scenery.

"Look!" she demanded. "There is where we were on location just a few days ago. Not that I expect you to be particularly interested, but I had such a gorgeous time there that I shall never forget it. Just over by those hills is where we were."

We were just coming into Kramer Hills, the scene of the recent gold rush, where some enterprising company had sent Carmelita, Alec Francis, Maude George, and Rex Lease to make a picture written around the search for gold.

"It is marvelous to live on the desert," Carmelita remarked, apparently in all sincerity. "Every day, the colorings are different, and you get so thrilled about the scenery, that you talk about nothing else."

"Not even diets or real estate?" Fanny asked, unbelievingly. "You must have shaken off the habits of Hollywood quickly."

Carmelita's enthusiasm was not to be crushed.

"We lived in tents and loved it. Can you imagine that? And we lived on ham and eggs—and I almost a vegetarian!"

Of course, the mere mention of food sent us off on the subject of diets and the latest beauty cults among film stars.

"I have a great idea," Fanny announced, "and it will probably make me fabulously rich. I have been trying to decide why film stars grow younger and fresher looking all the time, and the only way I can figure it out, is that the Kleig lights must have some wonderful effect. Look at Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor, and Virginia Valli. They are working under the lights constantly, and they look younger and

Continued on page 95

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise *Norma Shearer hopes that her next film, "The Waning Sex," won't anger women lawyers.*

It is predicted that, within two years, Olive Borden will be one of the most popular stars. Photo by Richee

"The Scarlet Letter," though a classic of American literature, probably would not have been screened had not a powerful organization of churches indorsed the treatment finally agreed upon.

Will the Churches Defeat Censorship?

Formerly hostile to the movies, many of them are changing their attitude, and the Federal Council of Churches is now actively coöperating with the producers, advising them how to handle certain difficult themes in a way that will meet with the approval of the churches.

By Frances Rule

THE Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials were in a quandary.

In quest of a suitable starring vehicle for Lillian Gish, they had been considering "The Scarlet Letter." As film material for Miss Gish, it seemed ideal—there was no question about that. Hawthorne's poignant tale of the tragedy of *Hester Prynne* was peculiarly well suited to the "Bernhardt of the screen." It had the added advantage of being a well-known and revered classic of American literature. Last, and by no means least, it was a tale that Miss Gish had long wished to do on the screen. Yet the Metro-Goldwyn officials hesitated.

For the story deals with adultery—and not in a way that might be glossed over. The breaking of the seventh commandment, and the terrible consequences thereof in a Puritanical community is the sole theme of the book. *Hester,* a young married woman, bears a child, which—as her husband has long been absent—is obviously illegitimate. She is punished by the Puritan authorities by being forced to wear a red letter A on the bosom of her gown for the remainder of her life, and is scorned and shunned by her fellow townsfolk. She refuses to reveal the identity of the father of her child, and so the young clergyman who was her guilty lover is enabled to continue as the idol of his flock, suffering with her through the years, yet concealing his guilt because of his desire to continue his work in the parish. His identity as the father of the child is revealed only at his death, when there is found branded on his breast a letter A, similar to the one which *Hester* has been obliged to wear openly.

Had there not been so many excellent reasons for using this story, its subject matter might have prevented it from being considered. For producers appreciate the feelings and wishes of the conservative forces throughout the country. Not only was there the stumbling block of adultery in the story, but the ignoble part played by the minister was yet another deterring consideration, similar to the one which has prevented "Rain" from being filmed.

Two things in the story made it difficult to handle: the breaking of the seventh commandment, and the ignoble part played by a minister.

During one of the conferences when the story was being discussed by the men who wanted to produce it, it was suggested that the best possible way out of the difficulty would be to put the question directly before the Federal Council of Churches, and to abide by their decision. That's just what was done, and with a most gratifying outcome. The Council and the producers were finally able to agree on a method of presentation satisfactory to both parties, and the result is that you will see the picture next season.

Yet the agreement was not arrived at without disagreements and difficulties along the way. Doctor George Reid Andrews, head of the Council's Committee on Drama, and his associates at first disapproved of the manner in which the film company wished to present the story. In fact, a deadlock was reached, and the conference was for the time being adjourned. At their next meeting, Doctor Andrews had gathered together not only the Council's regular Committee on Drama, but also a group of the broadest-minded clergymen within the vicinity of New York, where the conferences were being held.

The discussion was renewed. The producers again presented their ideas of how the story should be filmed. The church contingent again made criticisms.

"But why *shouldn't* it be treated as a sex story?" the film people insisted. "For that's what it is."

"Ah, but no," said Doctor Andrews. "It is *not* a sex story—not as Hawthorne has written it. Bear in mind that when the tale opens, the child is already three months old, and only the barest hint is given of what has gone before. Hawthorne was interested, not so much in the *motive* of the act, nor in the act itself, but in the *consequences* of the act."

"But when you tell a story in pictures," said a Metro-Goldwyn official, "you have to use different methods from those used in writing a book or a play. You can't, for instance, explain everything that has gone before just in subtitles—that would be flat—you must insert some scenes that present very graphically to your audiences just what has happened, so that they can appreciate the full meaning of the rest of the story. That's why we think it's necessary to open 'The Scarlet Letter' earlier than Hawthorne did, and to show the gradual development and final culmination of the love affair between *Hester Prynne* and the *Reverend Dimmesdale*."

The churchmen considered this and agreed that it was true that the movies were different from other mediums of expression, and were more dependent on graphic explanations of situations or conditions.

At the urging of the Council of Churches, the love scenes in "The Scarlet Letter" were treated with delicacy and restraint.

"But," they said, "there is no need to be lurid about it, nor to emphasize the sex element too strongly. Show a few explanatory love scenes, if you will, between *Hester* and the young minister, but do it gently and delicately, or you will mar the spirit and the dignity of the original story."

And so, they finally came to an agreement as to just what the early scenes of the film should consist of, and just how *Hester's* disgrace was to be explained.

Then there arose other points to be discussed and decided upon. The producers wished, for instance, to change *Hester's* character somewhat. As depicted by Hawthorne, she is a very emotional but very dignified and reserved woman. Metro-Goldwyn, in order to bring out a strong contrast between the stern Puritans and herself, and to make it seem that she really was out of place in such a strict community, wanted to make her, at the outset of the story, a very lively, jolly sort of girl, quite different, really, from Hawthorne's idea of her. And Doctor Andrews and his colleagues acquiesced to this. There was no harm that they could see in doing it, and if the change would make the movie more effective, let it be made.

The outline for the complete scenario, as finally agreed upon by this joint conference of clergymen and movie producers, departs very little from Hawthorne's story. There is the earlier opening, of course, and a few other changes were made, but most of them were minor.

"But," said Doctor Andrews, in reviewing the proceedings not long ago, "a few insignificant alterations here and there don't make any difference. The main point is to preserve the spirit, the great spirit, of the story as a whole, and that, I believe, has been done—or at least, a sincere attempt has been made to do so. As I said before, it is *not* primarily a sex story—it is a beautiful love tale, a tale of two human beings struggling with a problem that has remained unsolved down through the ages. And I believe that Lillian Gish is the very person to give to the rôle of *Hester Prynne* the spiritual treatment that it should be given."

After the scenario had been written, it was again submitted to the Council of Churches for approval. Then, and not till then, was the actual production of the film finally begun. And when it was completed, these representatives of the church were once more called upon to pass judgment, this time on the film itself. Now it is ready for release, in a form entirely sanctioned by a group of prominent churchmen of all denominations. It still has to face the censors—they have the power, if they want, to ban it, but are they likely to, under the circumstances?

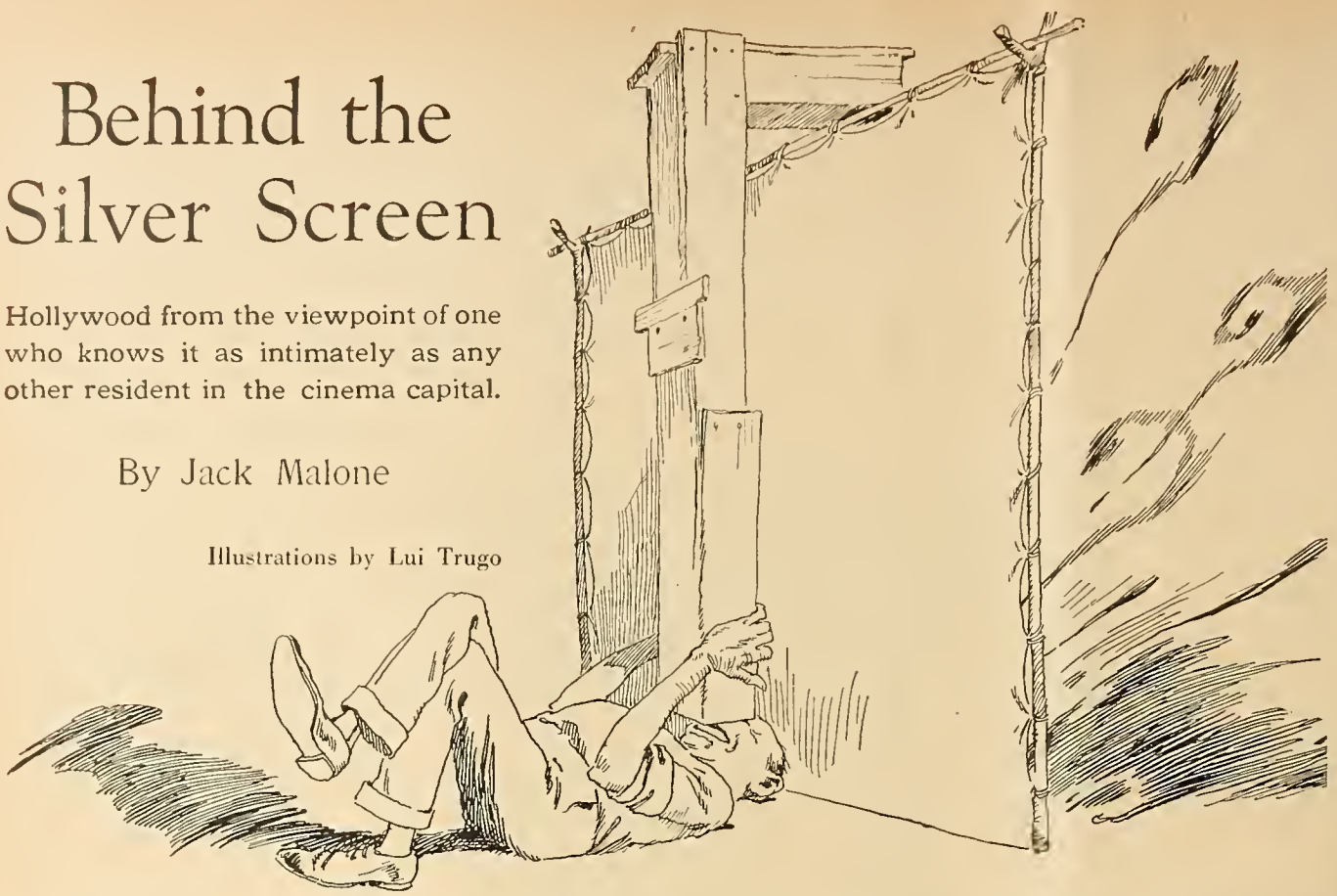
[Continued on page 111]

Behind the Silver Screen

Hollywood from the viewpoint of one who knows it as intimately as any other resident in the cinema capital.

By Jack Malone

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



I'VE always thought that the beauty parlors of Hollywood were the most interesting by-product of the picture industry. There is one of these mysterious sanctums in every block on the Boulevard—and off. An extra girl with whom I chatted one day on the Lasky lot told me quite freely about the priests and priestesses of these temples of beauty—and also named quite frankly some of their most noted followers.

It seems that more money is spent for hair treatments and weight reduction than for any other branch of beautification. More hair and less weight, seems to be the slogan. My informer said that there is one weight-reducing institute in particular that does a flourishing business among those actresses (also actors) who are especially famous for their figures. The principle of its popular method has been stolen from the washing machine, and those who would be divinely formed sit in some such device and have the pounds rolled and pummeled off. Many girls, when working, get there at six o'clock in the morning, shed avoirdupois for two hours while chatting and gossiping, and then go off to a breakfast of bacon and eggs and corn pone without a ripple of worry. Needless to say, the pocketbook is reduced correspondingly.

It has been rumored, down through the ages, that no one loves a bald-headed man, so leading men devote some time each week to scalp treatments. Some of the male stars depend on toupees—but these are easy to detect, and often even more embarrassing. One gallant star, whom every one adores, lost his toupee at the Montmartre the other evening while he was indulging in the Charleston.

The principle of the washing machine is employed to reduce figures in a certain beauty parlor.

I predict that within a year he will be doing character parts. And the fans will be worshiping some one else.

Beauty parlors are quite as popular with the masculine element as with the feminine. Some of them have night shifts, unknown to the community at large. So that, in the dark hours, handsome heroes of the screen can be massaged, shampooed, and barbered by the same barber in the same beauty shop where the extra girls get their weekly trims. The only difference is that the men enter through the back door instead of the front.

A manicurist in one of these beauty parlors is a Vassar graduate. She came to Hollywood to crash into scenario writing, but she got no further than typing other people's stories. So she learned how to manicure. It's a bad week when she doesn't make a hundred dollars.

When anything like hair-dyeing, face-lifting, or plastic surgery is to be done, secrecy is supposed to be insured by going to a famous beauty doctor who does all the work herself, behind locked doors, in her own home. However—she tells every client just what she has done for every one else—in deep confidence, you know—so that in a few hours after any one has been "done over," it is common gossip in the village.

Which just goes to prove what I've always maintained—if you want to spread some news about the village, tell a woman and say it's a secret. If you have a secret and *must* tell somebody about it—whisper it to Rin-Tin-Tin. He will understand, and never say a word.

Julian Eltinge told me about a face-lifting expert who called on him in his dressing room during his recent personal-appearance tour. While he was making up, the beauty specialist waxed enthusiastic about what he could "do" with Eltinge's face, providing, of course, he was given half a chance.

Finally, the star became exasperated and said, "Listen, friend, this map of mine

Our author agrees with Elinor Glyn on the subject of old-fashioned nightgowns as an aid to beauty.

Heroes of the screen seek beauty treatments under cover of night—and through the back door.

is making me thirty-five hundred a week, and I've had it quite a while at that. So you might as well forget about landing me. Good-by."

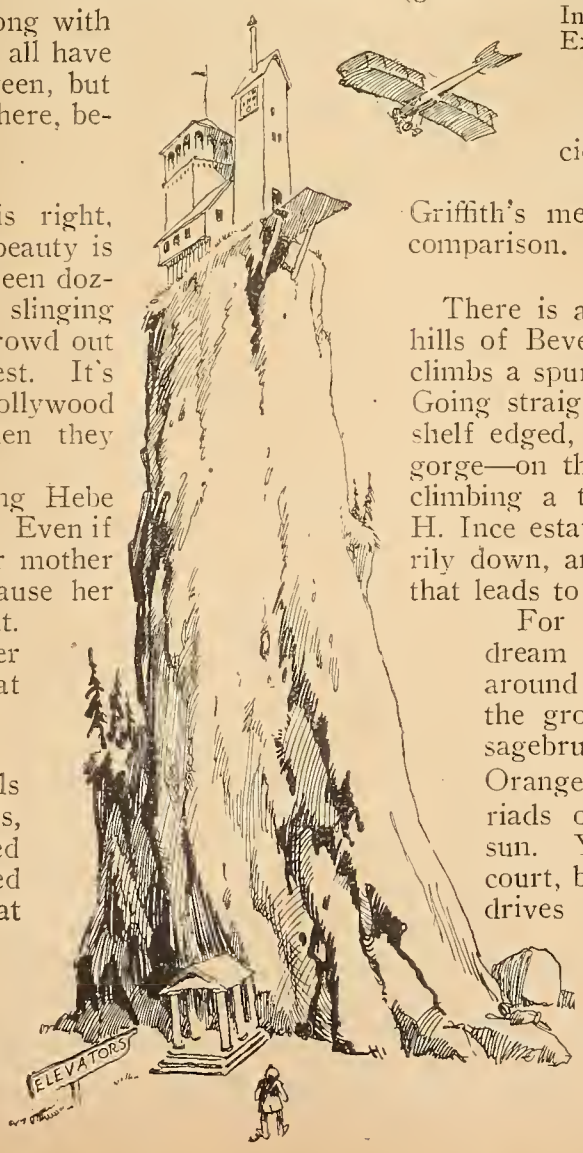
The aforementioned extra girl told me she could easily spend a hundred dollars a week at beauty parlors. "But what chance have I got," she wailed, "to throw away that much dough when I get only seven and a half a day and think I'm lucky if I work five days a week. So I do my own shampooing and manicuring, and skip the rope for half an hour every day to keep my shape. But just wait till I get my Rolls-Rough! You'll see it parked in front of all those places, along with the boats of other movie queens! We all have a chance to get somewhere on the screen, but it takes the beauty parlors to keep us there, believe me!"

Whether or not the extra girl is right, doesn't matter. But I do think that beauty is not as important as personality. I've seen dozens of girls working in stores and slinging hash along the Boulevard that could crowd out many of the stars in a beauty contest. It's obvious that most of them came to Hollywood to grace the silver screen—and then they couldn't make the grade.

Anyway, it's great to have a young Hebe bring your coffee-and every morning. Even if she does tell you about her poor dear mother working her fingers to the bone because her butler doesn't polish the silver right. It's strange how the poor dears prefer "independence" to the lap of luxury at home—but they all do.

Elinor Glyn once said that if girls wanted beautiful shoulders and arms, they should wear good old-fashioned nighties—long-sleeved and high-necked—but the æsthetic Elinor added that they should be made of silk.

I agree with her, partly—they *should* be made of silk.



Raymond Griffith's new home is to be reached by elevator, but Mr. Malone considers an airoplane safer.

I don't know the actual figures of the cost of "Ben-Hur." We all know, however, that it runs into millions and millions of dollars.

Mrs. David Wark Griffith, in her book, "When the Movies Were Young," gives an itemized list of the company expenses for one week when Griffith was first making pictures in California—some fourteen years ago:

Luncheon (30 actors)	$7.50
Car fare (30 actors, location both ways)	15.00
Automobile ($4.00 per hour)	100.00
Locations (gratuities for using other people's places)	20.00
Incidentals	17.00
Extras (not actors—not incidentals, either)	11.00

Her comment is, "Those sufficiently interested may add."

The cost of "Ben-Hur" and Mrs. Griffith's memorandum afford an interesting comparison.

There is a Spanish castle high-flung in the hills of Beverly. A smooth but narrow road climbs a spur of the Santa Monica Mountains. Going straight up and up, it seems a winding shelf edged, on the one side, by a precipitous gorge—on the other, by the mountain. After climbing a thousand feet above the Thomas H. Ince estate, it turns quickly and runs merrily down, and then up again to the driveway that leads to the castle.

For castle this surely is—a perfect dream castle. The driveway circles around to the entrance gate, then into the grounds. Once you are inside, the sagebrush of the mountains is forgotten. Orange trees, roses, eucalyptus, and myriads of starry flowers drowse in the sun. You catch a glimpse of a tennis court, but the car turns away from it and drives through an archway to a cobblestoned courtyard. At one side, the ground drops away in terraced gardens. Far below, on a shelf carved out of the mountainside, are stables and a riding ring. At the other side is

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Photo by Witzel

No wonder George found it hard to settle down—he was a sailor before he became a movie actor.

"I'll Leave Next Week"

Afflicted with a roaming disposition, the hardest thing George O'Brien had to do, when he was breaking into the movies, was to stay in Hollywood long enough to get a part.

By Marna Tully

LISTEN, kid," Hobart Bosworth said, "why don't you try and act? You can start with me—right now. I've got to find a few extras for sailors——"

And George O'Brien promptly canceled his name from the ship's crew and started his career as a movie actor. For at that time, George had succumbed to the lure of the sea again and had signed as a seaman on a boat sailing from San Francisco for the Orient. It was on the day before he was to leave that he met Hobart Bosworth on the docks.

He took the proffered job in his film, and by the time that was completed, another motion-picture company had drifted into town, and again George got a job as an extra. In this second picture, he was one of ten or a dozen mounted policemen. The desire to act grew upon him, so when the company left San Francisco to return to Hollywood, George came, too. He had been there before, as it happened. In fact, he had been an assistant camera man for two years before he decided he would rather stand in front of the camera than behind it. He had drifted to Hollywood before, because the wanderlust had been upon him—but this is all way ahead of the story.

George had been born in San Francisco and reared there. His father is a real person. Dan O'Brien, his name is—and he is the chief of police. There may be other chiefs of police who are loved by every one, but I have never heard of them. Dan O'Brien has endeared himself alike to San Franciscans and strangers within the gates of the city.

When George was a youngster, he went to the public schools in the city, and early in his scholastic career, he distinguished himself in all branches of athletics—surely, that would make any father proud. And then he went to college at Santa Clara, and continued being an all-round athletic star. Strangely enough, he did very well at his studies, too. Then came the war, and Dan O'Brien's son enlisted in the navy. Already George had become the pride of the city, so imagine the joy when he was pronounced the most perfect physical specimen recruited into the navy.

In the service, George became a splendid boxer. He had been boxing with his father for years. "Cap"—he always calls his father "Cap"—certainly socked me well," he says now. "But I socked him, too. Funny, isn't it, we've boxed and wrestled and beaten each other up generally in all sorts of games, but never in all my life, do I remember him striking me in anger or as a punishment—he always talked to me instead." We've decided to abolish corporal punishment—just "talking" seems to bring such excellent results.

The gobs were anxious for George to become a professional pugilist, but instead, he returned to college to study medicine. The war fever of unrest was in his veins, however, so that is how he first happened to wander to Hollywood.

I asked him how he had got along, after that first picture with Bosworth, up to the time, three years later, when he triumphed in "The Iron Horse."

"I just did 'get along,'" he said. "I was quite often 'between pictures,' and frequently, when a chance for a good part would come up, I'd be out of town. I still had the roaming fever, so every few weeks, I'd leave, and no one would know where to find me. I would never know where I was going. Sometimes I'd hit it to the mountains and be a lumberjack for a while—and sometimes I'd sign as a seaman for a short cruise—and on the rare occasions when I had made a little money in a picture, I'd promptly beat it to Coronado, and lie around on the sands until—well, until I had to eat—then I'd hobo it back to Hollywood. I don't know how many times I ducked out of town. If I knew, I probably should be ashamed to tell, there were so many. Finally, I got a part with Tommy Meighan in a picture which was filmed in South America—that was the stuff for me! But when I got back, I decided to stick around and really try to get jobs by the simple expedient of staying in town.

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The happiness and affection shining on the faces of Vera Gordon and her daughter, Nadie, bespeak the result of a mother's years of hard work and loving care for her children.

Why We Love Vera Gordon

To see her in one of her mother rôles on the screen is to be drawn toward her; but after reading this story of her struggles and devotion, you will think more of her than ever before.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHAT can I say of motherhood that has not been said before?

Since time began, the greatest of woman's experiences has been extolled in legend and in written word, in art, and in song.

What can my poor little words say of motherhood?

So I sought Vera Gordon, whose pride is that she is a mother first and an actress second, who is universally considered, I believe, as the screen's most genuine interpreter of woman's greatest glory.

"Motherhood?" Her grave brown eyes, so big, so warm, with such kindliness shining in them, were eloquent with it as they turned toward her daughter. "It means life—joy and troubles, fun and worries, struggle and success. Souls in your care to nourish, characters to form, bodies to keep healthy and clothed. Your own flesh and blood, a part of you growing up, changing, unfolding, like—like little flowers—before your eyes every day. All your own. Children to work for, to fight for, to protect, to teach—and to play with. Yes, that is what motherhood is to me."

In Vera Gordon's mother rôles, you see her real self, the reflection of the life she has given to and for her children. She lives in them. All that she has been, or ever will be, is dedicated to them.

She doesn't phrase it that way. She says simply, "It was for them."

With two babies and a sick husband on her capable hands, Mrs. Gordon's pride is that her children never knew they were poor! That fact was hidden from them by petty and ingenious economies.

Toiling by day with housework and family cares and preparations for her stage work, playing by night in a Yiddish theater for eight dollars a week, she yet could laugh and sing and keep her little ones in ignorance of that stifling poverty that so often suppresses budding individualities.

Mrs. Gordon doesn't call it an "inferiority complex."

But I believe her instinct must have recognized the root of that groveling humility one finds in the tenements, particularly where an alien race cluster together for safety against a world that they do not understand, and whose pity they resent. Poverty, under such conditions, breeds shame and hesitancy, with its repressions. To avoid that, to encourage in her young ones an American pride, that they might learn and do things on an even basis with the children they met at the public school, she worked and played and sang, no matter how tired were her feet, nor how much her back ached, as she bent over the washboard.

We lunched one day at the Montmartre not long ago—Vera, her pretty daughter Nadje, and I—and she told me of having come from Russia, and of her early years in America, giving a humorous twist to experiences that must have been heartbreaking struggles. Her husband, a student, had always suffered from ill health. At times, he would be able to work, but there were many months when it required supreme effort for him to drag himself to his studies at the university. So the children's upbringing fell upon the sturdy and willing shoulders of their mother.

In her childhood, she had played with cheap little touring companies in Russia. At seventeen, she was married and the mother of two children. Nadje, the Russian word for "hope," she named her daughter, who is now nineteen. For that word was in her heart and on her tongue with every breath. Then, the migration to America.

"The rich woman in the flat above ours used to envy the Gordon children their movies and nice clothes," she chuckled. "Wealthy like a queen she was, but she couldn't afford what we managed to have with so little.

"I dressed my boy in velvet suits. Always white socks. Many nights washing socks, that meant. And he would beg, 'The boys laugh at me because I'm so clean—I wanta wear dirty socks.' Dirty? He meant brown or black socks!

"For Nadje, always pretty dresses. In the East Side I would buy for twenty-five cents a bundle of lace—yards and yards. Lace dresses and silk ones she had."

Picture her day. Rising at six to wash—by eleven, the clothes on the line—then dinner to cook before reporting at the theater either for a matinée or a rehearsal. It was an hour's ride from the East Side theater in New York to their Brooklyn flat. Rushing home, "by elevated, street car, and walking my legs"—a hurried supper—then back to work. Home after twelve—put the clothes to soak—a weary body at last tumbling into bed.

And all the while studying her rôle for the next day's show. A Jewish stock company differs from an American in this respect: the latter changes its bill once a week, but the Yiddish troupe puts on a new play every evening. Sometimes, when the manager thought the actors were getting lazy, he had them learn an extra one for the matinée performance! And, mind you, these were three and four-act plays that lasted from eight until eleven thirty.

"Their money's worth the Jews want," she sighed. "They work hard for what they earn, and every nickel has to count when they spend it for pleasure."

The fashioning of new clothes for her rôles took more of her time. And time was something Vera Gordon didn't have.

"I had a form, just like my measurements," she explained. "In the kitchen. Like this"—with sweeping gestures—"I would drape on it cloth. A slash with the scissors, fast with the needle, quick to put dinner on the stove, my part propped up on the table halfway between, mumbling lines to myself until it's a wonder I didn't go crazy. Every few days, I would make a new wardrobe—take out the stitches and make over the dresses. And these kids and the neighborhood roughnecks! The questions they could ask to the square minute, you wouldn't believe.

"But I say to my children, 'No, you don't go out. When you're home, I know where you are. You bring your friends here, when you don't come to the theater with me. I don't care how they mess things up, but home you stay after school.'

"We lived in Brooklyn. Not in the East Side would I bring up my children. It is too congested. There is no room to play, no fresh air.

"You hear children, maybe, ask for a penny to spend? Not mine!" she radiated pride. "Less than a nickel would be an insult. They never knew the pinching and worrying it took. Even on only eight dollars a week, there was money for ice cream, and the movies sometimes, and always on holidays a party. Scraps of colored paper to decorate, and goodies to eat, and a new dress for Nadje. Grand times, playing cards and games."

"That's surely true," Nadje volunteered. "I remember the big celebration we had when we got our first piano."

"So little you could hardly see it," interposed Mrs. Gordon. "You wouldn't know what it was, exactly, but it played music all right."

"Mother says, now, that she planned for a long time and schemed many ways to save the money for it. That evening, she got us out of the house, and when we returned, all the lights were blazing. We wondered at that and hurried in. There was the piano! I was about six then."

That meant music lessons, and more saving and scrimping. But it also meant that Mrs. Gordon might steal a few minutes from her washing and baking and sewing to sit grandly in the parlor rocker and memorize her lines to the monotonous rhythm of Czerny, picked out on a cheap, rattling piano by Nadje's little fingers.

When there were no rôles for her at the theater, she used to give "concerts," as she proudly terms them. She sings well now, and must have had a melodious, full-throated voice then, but the concerts that an unknown Russian woman gave surely could have brought little financial return, and there were many times when she "was not hungry," that the children might eat.

"With the first eight dollars pay, we think hard what to do. So many places to put it—rent, food, goods for clothes, bills that we owe. We decide six dollars can go a long ways when you figure it out, and on two we would celebrate. Extravagant, but a good time we must have. I wish you should eat the dinner I cooked on two dollars!"

At that time, she spoke only the Russian tongue.

"The first lines I say in the Yiddish theater, I don't know what they mean. Two languages, Russian and Jewish, as different like French and German, or the night and the day. In two years I learn Jewish.

"Now four or five languages I can speak, and I learn Hollywood," she chuckled. "'Shoot!' 'Kill 'em!' 'Cut!' 'Douse that baby spot!' And"—beaming—"slang, too. 'Yes, that's my baby! It's the corset that goes on the snake!' See what a good slanger I am!"

"You always get the cart before the horse!" Nadje giggled. "If you weren't my mother, I would train you better."

"You make fun of your old *Mamalee?*" There was so much affection in their kidding tones that I could appreciate the spirit that had held the little family together through such vicissitudes. "All right, for that I powder my nose, and if young Mr. Laemmle asks you to dance, I tell him you aren't old enough, and I dance with him myself."

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Favorite Picture Players

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

JOHN GILBERT may not like being called a perfect lover, but he just naturally is one. In his French-cavalier rôle in "Bardelys the Magnificent," he has the good fortune to court the hand of Eleanor Boardman.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

MARCELINE DAY is proving the astuteness of those who picked her as a Wampas Star of 1926. Recently placed under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, she is now appearing in "The Gay Deceiver."

Photo by Kenneth Alexander

IN the unusual rôle of Tatiana, daughter of the late Russian czar, Corinne Griffith, in "Into Her Kingdom," is supposed to escape the bolsheviks and come to this country as a poor immigrant.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

BECOMING sophisticated has been the making of Florence Vidor. So charming was her poised performance in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," that, at last, after many years, she is being starred.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

STRANGE things happen in the movies. You wouldn't be likely, for instance, to associate Betty Bronson with Milton Sills, yet Betty is to play opposite that very actor in a First National film called "Paradise."

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

BEATRICE JOY, in "The Clinging Vine," tries a type of rôle that is strange to her, appearing at first as a thoroughly masculine, unattractive woman, but as the title suggests, she doesn't stay that way.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

EVERY one agreed that the ideal combination of personalities had at last been found when it was heard that the ethereal Greta Garbo was to play with the one and only John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil."

Photo by M. I. Boris

A CHANGE has come over Lois Wilson, says Myrtle Gebhart on the opposite page. Tired of being considered just a sweet, old-fashioned girl, she has lately revealed an unsuspected streak of dash and vivacity.

The Tactful Bolshevik

The quiet and retiring Lois Wilson has rebelled, and is showing every one that she has more spirit and dash than was realized.

By Myrtle Gebhart.

HOLLYWOOD'S schoolma'am has turned into a lady bolshevik.

Waving a red banner, Lois Wilson has revolted and marched to victory.

I always thought that Lois had more determination than her meek and gentle manner indicated. Now I know it.

From her Charlestoning heels, she has shaken the dust of the Nemesis that has followed her for years. "Oh, Lois couldn't do *that!*" people used to say. Lois, snapping her fingers at an astounded Hollywood, is now doing what other girls do, what she has always wanted to do. She is having a grand good time, and she is wearing red.

The ice-cream-social girl has become a Welsh-rarebit sensation. Pale-blue linen of self-effacing modesty is replaced by the scarlet chiffon of sophistication.

Whereas she used to be tranquil and submissive, now she is a ripple of enthusiasms, mischievous and, at times, even defiant.

The first time she received orchids from an admirer, she took them off the ice a dozen times to sneak rapturous gazes, but was too timorous to wear them. Now, Lois wouldn't seem fully clothed without an orchid or, when gowned in her favorite crimson, a white camellia on her shoulder.

"A glass of champagne on a kitchen table," a Hollywood wit recently summed up the change in Lois which, startling as the transformation may seem to the eye, has not really been a very deep upheaval of character.

What does she remind me of? Queen Anne silver in the breakfast room of a Hollywood bungalow—a marron glacé dashed with spices—Christmastime, with red holly berries falling on the snow, and sleigh bells a-jingling.

For, though the vestal's white robes are crimson now, the purity and sweetness of her face are unmarred.

One evening, at a party at Patsy Ruth Miller's, a girl dashed in, whirling scarlet skirts. She spun me about excitedly. Her face was Lois', and surely those were Lois' fine brown eyes, even though they bubbled with a surprising merriment. But the rest of her—I came to, sitting on the stairs, weak from shock.

For seven years Hollywood has known and admired Lois as a sweet and lovely and capable, but reserved girl. Loved by her friends for her loyalty and sincerity, she was overshadowed by more individual personalities—brilliant butterflies sailing into the sunlight on colorful wings.

Our amiable Lois, of the breakfast-food wholesomeness, seemed grooved into a rut. Her days were schedules of routine. She seldom went out socially, except to very quiet parties at girls' homes, on Our Club nights.

But recently, to Hollywood's consternation, there breezed in from eight months in New York a young lady of such sparkle and charm that she blithely sailed to the head of the popularity lists.

Lois, in *red,* sitting on the floor amid a group of youngsters playing Coffee Pot—the most nimble of wit, the first to grasp the elusive verbs. Lois, clever at repartee in the flashing Arlen language, skillful at verbal fencing, flirting ever so little. Oh, not enough to sharpen Mrs. Grundy's tongue, but just to the point of whetting interest.

Lois entertaining with luncheons and dinner dances at the Montmartre—Lois on the tennis courts, at the gym, agile and graceful as she dashes through the sports—Lois with her engagement book filled for weeks ahead.

Can this be the Lois who used to sit at home of an evening reading, or doing the family mending under the soft glow of a rose-shaded lamp?

The days now simply haven't enough hours to encompass the activities which she is eager to squeeze into them. There is work, there are French lessons and dancing classes and gym hours, new books to read, countless places to go. Clothes to buy—gay-colored clothes. Not bold colors, you understand—merely challenging.

Rushing home, she dresses in a whirlwind for an evening's gayety. To be sure, there is a hangover of our practical, methodical Lois. She *will* hang up her clothes and fold things in orderly array, instead of leaving them in a jumble of pink lingerie and silver slippers and ruby earrings. But even in that spotlessly neat bedroom is the imprint of the new Lois. There is a red-leather desk set!

Everywhere, she is the merry center of attraction. When a party breaks up, she wonders why everybody else is so tired.

"Remember, I've seven years of energy stored up," she laughs. "Don't worry, I shan't abuse my health. I'm tireless, and this bottled-up exuberance must be let out."

Hollywood fairly hectored Lois into this—worms will turn. Her hopes used to be raised when executives would promise her sophisticated rôles, or when she would plan a daring frock, only to be doused by that shocked, "Oh, Lois, *you* couldn't do that!" Lois used humbly to agree, and then would feel crushed for weeks, morosely brooding over her disappointments.

For seven years, she drew the leavings from the studio grab bag—the insipid parts that only obliging Lois would play, the prim school-teacher, the saccharine heroine of stereotyped Westerns, a precise young wife, the old-fashioned sweetheart—models all of decorous young womanhood. Her amiability knew no limits. Once, when an actress was needed to play a part scarcely more than a bit in a Negri film, Lois—a featured player!—agreed to do it.

Her length of service exceeds that of any player still with the Paramount organization. Gradually, she has built up a following, particularly in the small towns, where her likable sincerity made her seem like the girl next door who bakes cakes and gingerbread, crochets, and minds the baby. Never has there been any glamour of the actress about Lois.

Deciding that, to obtain the more vital rôles that she longed for, she must first prove her adaptability, she began a definite campaign.

A red dress, a dash of the Charleston, and schooling in clever repartee, have done what hours of argument never could have accomplished. They have taken Lois from the corner into the spotlight.

Tentatively, she experimented. She became a bit more talkative, and took up sports, and read the smart books, and bought a yellow scarf. Quick to notice the response these little overtures evoked, she ventured upon her campaign in earnest. Fortunately for her, at about

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Pigs play leading rôles in Mexican domestic scenes, much to the amusement of Joseph Schildkraut.

Miss Owen and Mr. Schildkraut have just alighted from a CARROMATA, *a vehicle peculiar to the locality.*

A Letter from Location

To Myrtle Gebhart

Seena Owen, between scenes of "Shipwrecked," writes about the charm of primitive Mexico.

MAZATLAN, SIMALOA, MEXICO.

DEAR MYRTLE:

Some time in the dim past, my ancestors must have been shipwrecked off the coast of Simaloa. Else I must have been a jellyfish there, gaining subconscious impressions as I imbibed nourishment from the sands and waters, back in the far-off days before evolutionary processes whitened my skin and bleached my hair. For I feel so perfectly at home in this adorably primitive Mazatlan.

Here "Shipwrecked," the Langdon McCormick stage success, is being directed for Metropolitan by Joseph Henabery.

Among the members of our company are Joseph Schildkraut, playing the lead opposite me; Laska Winter, who portrays *Zanda,* the native dancing girl; Matthew Betz, captain of the clipper ship *Indiana;* Clarence Burton, first mate of same; Lionel Belmore, a missionary who endeavors to turn *Zanda* from her wild life; Edward Connelly, who is *Chumbley,* the cook; and Alice Howell, his assistant.

We are a congenial little family, all possessing a keen appreciation of beauty, novelty, and adventure.

I must confess that we have seen no bandits yet. Perhaps this is due to the fight that our two Josephs staged one day, soon after our arrival, in a coconut grove not far from town. The natives congregated one by one, until our Josephs were surrounded. Finally, in a spirit of fun, Mr. Henabery, through pantomime and lingo, impressed upon one tall, sombrero-crowned and pistol-belted native that Joseph Schildkraut had worsted their beloved champion, Bert Colima, in a few rounds in Los Angeles.

Taking the other onlookers with him, this dark-skinned Spanish-Indian departed, seemingly crestfallen, only to return later with "Kid" Meelo, the ring champion of Mazatlan. Our two Josephs had departed for location by the time the crowd returned, but all day, the aspirant waited gloweringly for a chance to waylay Mr. Schildkraut and win back the title for Mexico.

Most of our time has been spent on Detention Island, where lepers used to be sent to drag out their weary, desolate days. Here, too, a prison confined the human derelicts, shipwrecked on the shoals of life.

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The screen players from Los Angeles found a great deal to entertain them in the narrow streets of Mazatlan.

The open-air café flourishes in Mexico, but the hero and heroine of "Shipwrecked" avoided native drinks.

The Mystery Man of Hollywood

Fred Thomson—a minister who risks his neck doing hazardous movie stunts, a screen star who shuns publicity and public appearances of all kinds—is a strange combination; but he is a man who is idealized by all who know him.

By John Addison Elliott

FIVE years ago, an ex-pastor became a movie actor in order to preach the Gospel.

And to-day, he feels that, in exerting a beneficial influence over a wide congregation of young picture fans, he still wears the ministerial cloth beneath the habiliments of the Western stunt actor.

Fred Thomson explains his mission now in practically the same words that he used over three years ago, when I first met him, showing an unflinching purpose, from which he has not swerved, and a steady adherence to his views despite criticism.

"I feel that I am still consecrated to the service of God," he said, three years ago. "The movies give me wider scope, in that they reach thousands of people instead of just a few hundred, and in that they appeal to the younger generation who do not attend church services and yet are most in need of guidance. The traditional parson is expected to save souls, not by fighting their battles *with* them, like a man, but by conforming to a sedate pattern, and by performing a hundred little routine, confining duties. So I doffed the cloth and operate now as a plain-clothes pastor.

"A spiritual 'pill,' to be efficacious, must be sugar-coated with entertainment. My problem was to find a way to express my ideals widely and effectively, and at the same time to keep actively busy. The motion picture is the solution.

"Besides," he added, a smile crinkling the little, quizzical lines about his penetrating blue eyes, "the most essential requisite for both minister and actor is identical: an ingratiating personality. The minister must act continuously, not in insincere, pious pose, but in presenting an equable demeanor, in quelling the petty, personal disturbances in his flock."

When he isn't acting, Thomson is usually to be found in his workshop.

And recently, when I asked him what had been the result of his five-year test of his theory, he insisted, "I am more than ever convinced, judging by letters I receive which show the influence of my pictures on boys, that the screen is the most rousing pulpit from which to preach ideals—by example."

Facing the early ridicule of his supposed pose, Fred Thomson had clamped his jaws and gone to work. Hollywood at first thought him a *poseur,* or at best, a fanatic who would soon play out. But the success now rewarding his practical application of his theory is the answer to those suppositions.

In picture circles I have heard him called "the mystery man." Why? Because he does not follow the professional grooves, because he is unique—a preacher, disguised in a prop costume, subtly broadcasting his message over the heads of the other mummers out to the vast audience.

Hollywood doesn't understand him, because Hollywood never met such a man before, and has little in common with him; and because he goes his own way, uninfluenced by the things which are of such importance to Hollywood.

"Why should a man give up the ministry to become a stunt serial actor, unless it be for fame and money, which apparently mean so little to Thomson?" actors puzzle, when his name is mentioned. "And, having done so, how can he carry his religious devotion along with him into his new life? Moreover, why should an intelligent man of thirty-five, happily married, and successful, who could have a double if he wanted, insist upon taking daily physical risks which threaten permanent disability? Crazy fool!"

For these questions no answers seemed forthcoming until I had delved into his genealogy. And there, I believe, I have found an explanation of his apparent contradictions.

But first, let us get better acquainted with the man

Fred Thomson, known to his public only as an exponent of Western screen chivalry.

A crazy fool, perhaps, according to some standards, but an idealist.

He has shunned publicity, and is the only star who has never had a press agent.

Shrinking from the spotlight because it does not interest him, he is never seen at the Hollywood cafés or at the resplendent picture premières. Once a year, looking very uncomfortable in his tuxedo, he appears at the Ambassador, on social duty. Just once he has lunched at the Montmartre. And when a girl fan sent a waiter over to ask for his telephone number, he dived down the stairs.

Detesting a holier-than-thou attitude, he expresses his ideals in his work, and also by example in his personal life, rather than by fiery tirades.

Though he does not dance—he thinks he would feel awkward—he considers the amusement harmless. But he is intolerant of drinking, not only because alcohol tends to break down moral fiber, but also because it ruins health. Yet he does not flaunt his views obnoxiously. His face set in disapproval, he merely scowls.

Possessing a candor that often irritates his friends, he will not lie, and insists that the truth be told bluntly.

Claiming that he is not an actor, he detests interior scenes, and kids love scenes, but is in his glory out of doors, planning stunts and executing them.

He risks his neck, not because he places no value on his life, but because he considers stunting a science which he has mastered.

Thomson was a record-making athlete at Princeton, and he has never gone out of training.

He has a sinewy body that obeys his brain like a well-oiled machine.

"It is all mathematical calculation," he says, disclaiming heroism. "These dare-devils who depend on chance take risks. But I don't. I figure out weights, distances and such things."

Violently opinionated himself, he is nevertheless tolerant of others' views and agreeably willing to be proven wrong or to try another person's way, but seldom is he swerved from his stand, because he usually convinces others that he is right.

An incident occurred recently which shows his patience, and the lengths to which he will go to prove a point. His wife, Frances Marion, the brilliant scenarist, became interested in psychic phenomena, spiritualism, mind-reading and such things.

Fred laboriously checked up on her, keeping careful accounts in a notebook, proving eventually that she remembered only the occasions when something happened, and forgot the others. "Your batting average is one out of ten," he showed her. And further to convince her that she was dealing with a game of chance rather than a formula of scientific certainty, he sent to Johns Hopkins for records and data of tests conducted there. Confronted by this weighty evidence against her theories, Frances remarked eloquently, "You win."

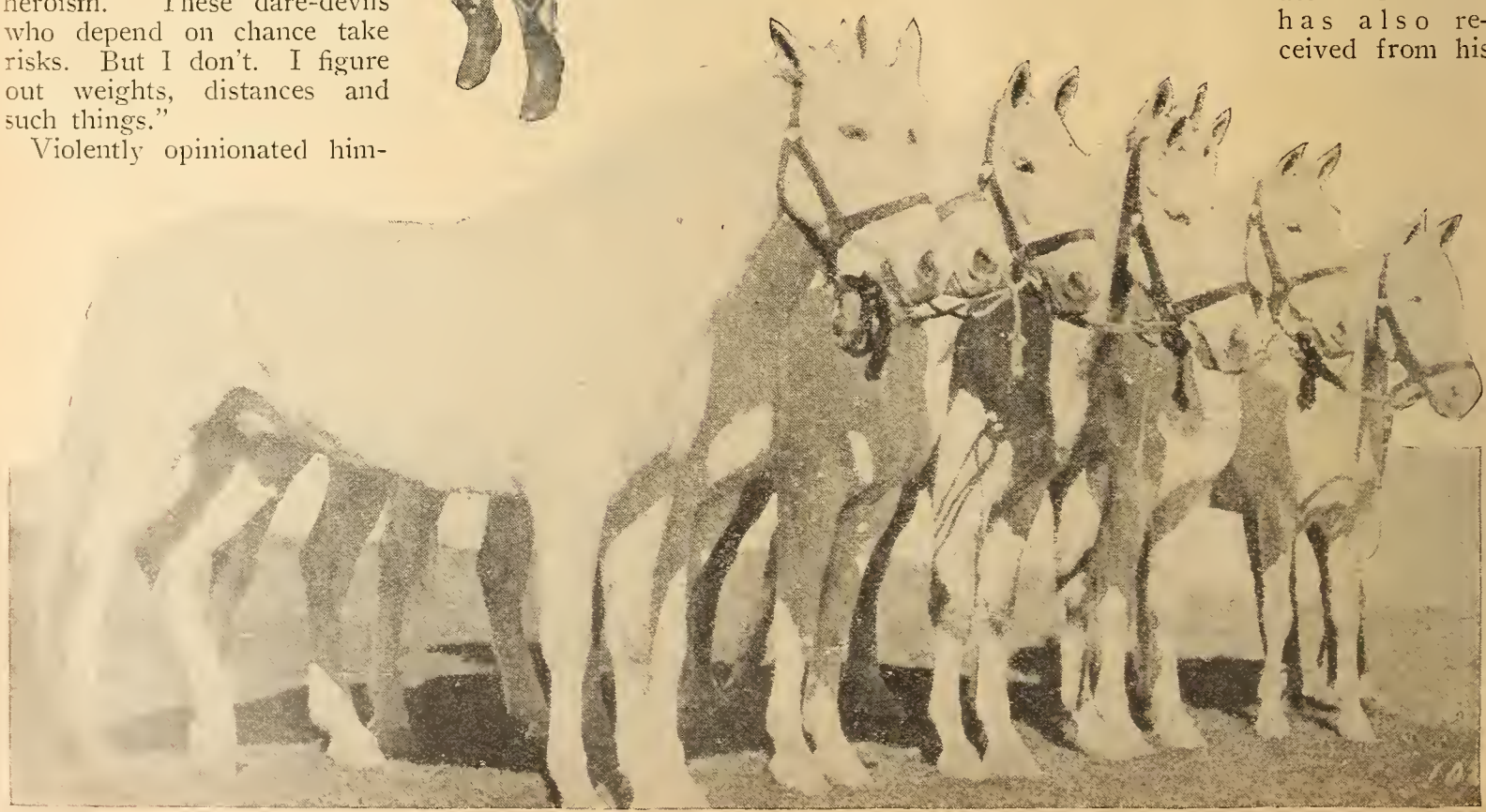
Now for the explanation of Hollywood's most unusual man. If you are interested in turning back to the pages of yesterday to find the beginnings of to-day, if you agree that "every character is the result of two sets of factors," suppose we trace two influences which, in blending, have given us the dare-devil minister, Fred Thomson.

His forbears on his father's side have for two centuries been scholars and savants, either professors, preachers, or engineers, but invariably men whose mental activities overbalanced their physical endurance. In almost every generation of the celebrated Thomson family, one finds a noted figure in the scientific or theological world being forced to give up his work because of ill health.

On his mother's side, he traces back to Bach. From this root of sturdy German stock spread numerous religious and musical branches.

Religion thus comes to him from both sides of his family—one side following orthodox principles steadfastly, the other being more impulsive and interwoven with musical inspiration.

His father's side has given him his trend toward invention, and toward the mathematical calculation which precedes his every stunt and which subconsciously motivates so many of his personal activities. He has also received from his



father's family a heritage of physical debility which, however, has been conquered by the health received from his mother's tree.

The predominating characteristics of two lines have come to a focus in him.

His paternal annals are replete with scientific achievements. You find in each generation an academic, scholarly mind, a brilliant mentality holding stubbornly to a firmly fixed religious creed.

William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, was England's greatest physicist, an authority on the principles of light and on the dynamic properties of heat. James, his brother, aspired to and trained for active engineering. When ill health forced his retirement, he devoted himself to theoretical calculation, and contributed to science notable researches in thermodynamics.

Turn, then, to a direct opposite: Bach, inspired through religion to melody's creation.

Bach's son, Philip, in tracing his father's genealogy, describes Veit Bach, great-great-grandfather of the composer, with a line that may be appropriately applied to Fred Thomson: "His zither must have sounded very pretty midst the clattering of the mill wheels." Now, Fred wouldn't know what to do with a zither, would only grin at it, but his big, clumsy hands can beguile music from a violin—though he tries to keep it a dark secret—and his devotional zeal midst the noise and danger of his work is somewhat reminiscent of Veit Bach.

Persistency, traveling two roads, meets and is doubled into obstinacy. The boy Johann Sebastian Bach, at ten, for six months laboriously copied by moonlight a volume of music, access to which his brother had denied his groping, eager talent. Spiritedly, he thus forced his way through barriers to his gift's expression. On the other lane, learned scholars propounded revolutionary theories and stuck to them through argumentative wars which shook the scientific world, eventually proving their theories and introducing innovations that have contributed much to modern comfort.

The Thomson family has kept up its erudite traditions. Fred's brother, eight years younger, is now a professor at Prague. Their mother, seventy-six years of age, is with him, studying two languages and a literature course!

"By the time she's grown up," Fred smiles, "mother will be a smart girl."

There were four boys. Fred and the youngest were born after their mother had passed her fortieth birthday. Children born to a woman of middle age are often exceptionally brilliant, but are likely to be physical weaklings.

"That we are athletes," Fred explains, "I attribute partly to the health that my mother's line gave us, and partly to the fact that my father, being a semi-invalid, determined that his children should be strong. When his health broke under the sedentary life of the ministry, he returned to college, annexed a few more degrees, and became a civil engineer, so that he might live in the open. In our childhood, he insisted that my brother and I be trained in athletics, fostering in us the natural American-boy spirit of activity and accomplishment in sports."

Thus the inherited debility was conquered by this infusion of red blood from a strong stock. The boy Fred calculated scientifically how to beat other youngsters at sports, fooled with inventions, studied the violin, licked the stuffings out of kids who jeered, and took it for granted that he would follow the grooves of his forbears, and would deliver from the pulpit the usual preachments. A postgraduate course in theology at Princeton prepared him.

When he could not make the Princeton football team, he gathered together a scrub eleven that licked everything it met on the gridiron. During these years, he established athletic championship records, some of which were broken only by his younger brother.

After college, he donned clerical garb, first serving a Washington congregation. Cramped, however, by city life, restless for the open, he accepted a call to a church in Goldfield, Nevada. There, he and a Catholic priest, working in jovial coöperation, cleaned up the town by what Fred calls "practical Christianity—helping a man when he's down, and showing him the way up to a useful, constructive life."

Quick to fight in a good cause—and what could be a better one than the defense of his principles?—he occasionally taught the jeering miners with his fists. Charity, good sportsmanship, example, that which comes from the heart rather than from set rules written in musty books—this is his creed, and he has not deviated from it a hairbreadth since he left the pulpit for what he calls "a wider ministry."

During the war, as chaplain of the 143d Field Artillery overseas, he looked after the spiritual welfare of his men and served as instructor in ballistics—range, aim, angles, pressure, and the properties of powders—

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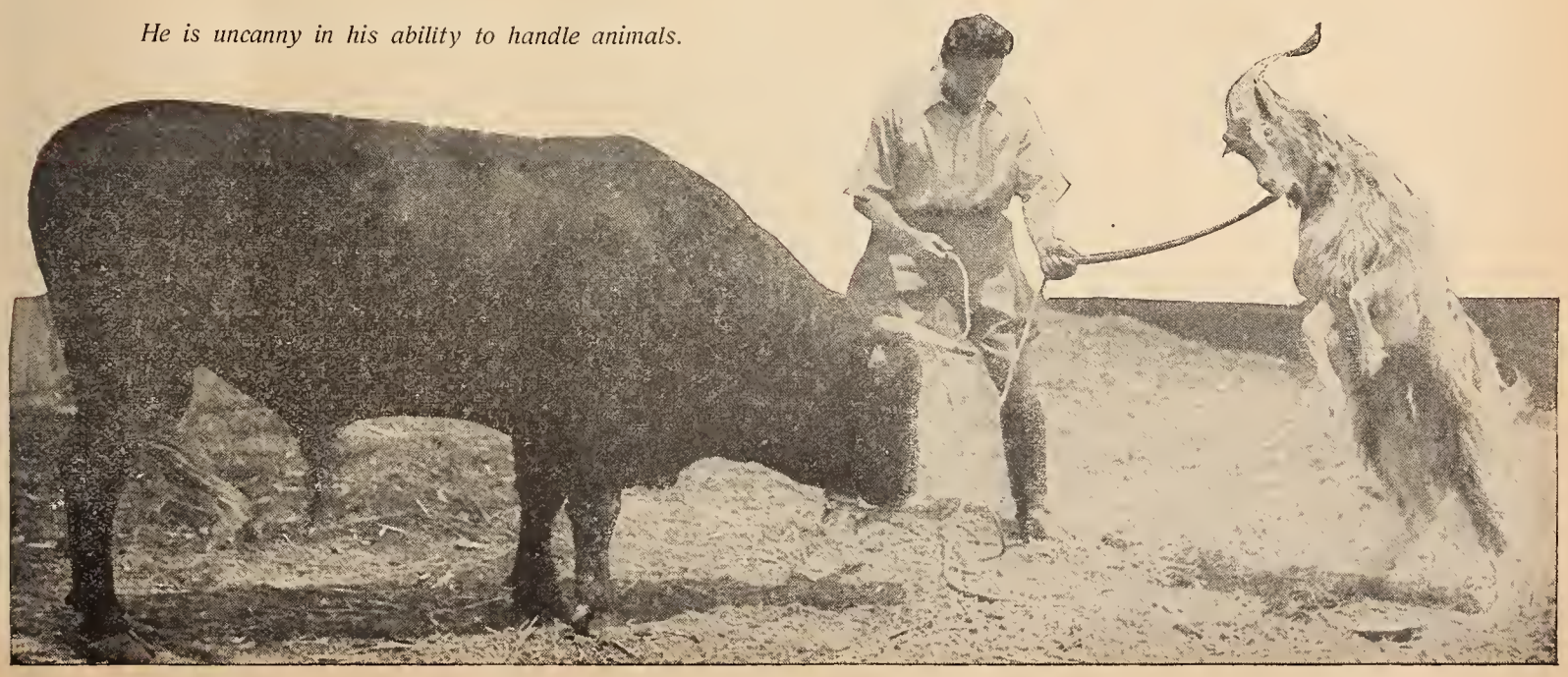
He is uncanny in his ability to handle animals.



Joan Does the Charleston

By Dorothy Manners

TO catch the attention of the noisy cash customers, the drummer of the orchestra—Montmartre's preferably—seizes his cymbals and ends the final chord with an abrupt, ear-rumbling

C-R-R-R-ASH!

Master of ceremonies, loud and funny: "Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this evening's dancing contest is Miss Joan Crawford, of the Metro-Goldwyn studios, dancing with Mr.——"

In misplaced enthusiasm, a collegiate lets out a war whoop, and unfortunately Mr. ——'s name is lost. It always is.

Master of ceremonies: "Folks! Maybe if we are nice, Miss Crawford will give us an exhibition—may*be*. What do you say?"

The entire hoarse-throated room: "Yah-h-h-h-h-a!"

Master of ceremonies: "*Atta* crowd! Introducing Miss Crawford, who is going to do a little Charleston—a little aggravatin' Charleston for us. *Let's go!*"

The crowd jammed around the floor divides now, and there comes Joan. There she goes, "all dressed up in her party clothes." Sometimes she wears white, with heavy gardenias on her shoulder. Sometimes green—pale pink—gray. Tonight it is black, studded with brilliants, her long-bobbed hair wavy and uncovered.

With greedy eyes, the crowd perch themselves, like figures on a crazy frieze, around the smoke-befogged room, hungry lest they miss a step of it, of that tortuous, in-and-out dance of the negroes, the Charleston-Charleston.

"Let's go!"

I wonder does my baby do the Charleston-Charleston?

Somebody yells, "There she goes!" and no foolin', there she *goes!* Now her sleeves jiggle in the spotlight until the brilliants seem like winking eyes suddenly gone crazy. Now her feet shuffle. Now her hands slide from knee to knee. The dance goes on.

I wonder who is teaching her the Charleston-Charleston?

Somebody yells, "Look at that lady!" And if you look—you'd be crazy not to—you'll see a mock bit of rheumatism under way. Joan's white hands on a crippled hip. Now she shakes her hair into a tangle. Now her knees knock insanely. "Oh—*my!* Look at that lady!"

While I sit and sigh, the time goes draggin' by,

I'd like to kill the guy who wrote the Charleston-Charleston.

An odd girl, Joan. And an awfully pretty one. Not unlike that little chorus-girl dreamer that she played in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

If you saw *Irene,* you know a little bit about Joan—the real Joan. She came from that atmosphere—stage doors, broken mirrors, broken everything—where whistling in a dressing room is on a par with murder as an offense. One of the Metro-Goldwyn officials spotted her in a spotlight and drew up a Kleig-light contract with her. She packed her belongings, her mother, and kid brother, and came out to the Coast. Her name then was Lucille le Sueur. Too hard to pronounce. The Goldwyn people got up a contest that also got a lot of publicity, and changed her name to Joan Crawford. Easier to pronounce. And before she made "Sally, Irene and Mary," she worked in a couple of pictures playing bits, or what did they have?

We parted 'cause I couldn't do the Charleston-Charleston.

Every night I see her in some café or another. She brought that New York suppertime restlessness to Hollywood. Always she is the prettiest girl in the room. Between dances she sits at a ringside table and sips straw-colored ginger ale out of a tall, chilled glass. And smiles politely at her escort. These gentlemen usually change with the evening, though lately she has been seen more than twice in the company of Michael Cudahy. So, of course, their engagement has been rumored. She used to dance a lot with a boy named Jerry Chrysler. You never saw such dancing as they did. Even in the jitteriest jazz, it was beautiful. They had a liquid way of flowing from pose to pose. Jerry and Joan have had ovations in Montmartre that would warm the hearts of the brightest Broadway favorites. The reason I mention it is because Jerry is awfully sick now, and trying hard to get well out in the sunshine.

She'd still be here if I could do the Charleston-Charleston.

People make inquiries about the dreamy-eyed girl with the jazz feet. Sometimes older couples speak to her, complimenting her on her dancing. She smiles at them graciously, thanking them for their compliments, her manner modest and unsmarty. They go back to their tables calling her a sweet girl. It is when she gets up to dance that she becomes different from the hundreds of other girls in the room. Like a priestess officiating at a rite. Saxophones—violins—the wailing voice of a coon singer caroling jazz philosophies.

I'm taking lessons now——

So much for that. On the screen she has a nice quality of sweetness and depth.

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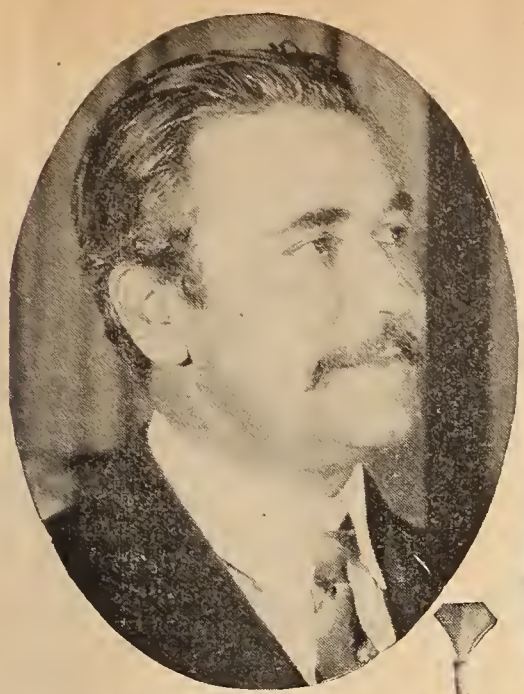
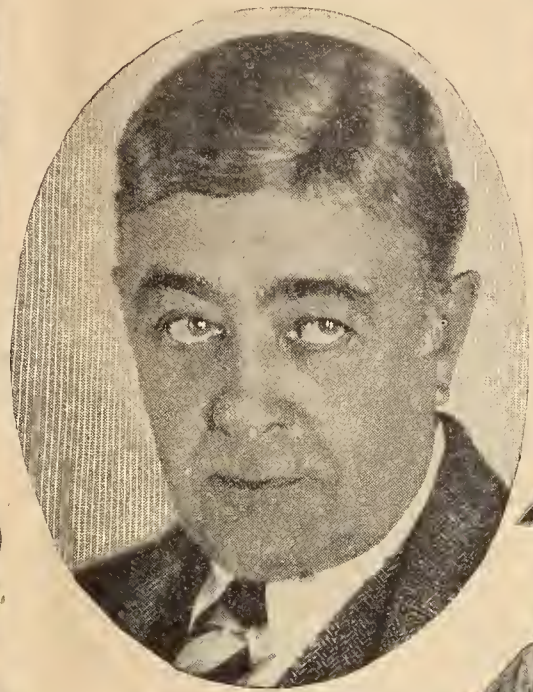
When They Were Matinee Idols

By Caroline Bell.





Above, is the Noah Beery of to-day; below, he appears in one of his rôles as a popular stage hero of some fifteen years ago.

Edward Martindel, then and now. Below, as the hero in "The Alaskan" in 1907; above, as himself in 1926.

LIFE presents much that annoys me, but for one thing I am thankful: that I was not a young lady attending theaters twenty or so years ago, when a number of our present-day character actors were matinée idols.

Of course, I muse curiously, it would be nice to see J. Farrell MacDonald with a lot of hair, and Cecil B. De Mille with a curly lock draped over one eye, and Noah Beery with his face clean and himself all got up in a grand, gold-braided uniform. And I might get a kick, just once, out of the novelty of watching Bob Edeson stalk onto the stage and exclaim in ringing, stentorian tones, "I cherish you—— Your lips are sacred to me—— Merely permit me to kiss your finger tips——"

But, girls, for steady movie diet, how would that compare with the red-pepper, spicy love-making of our modern school?

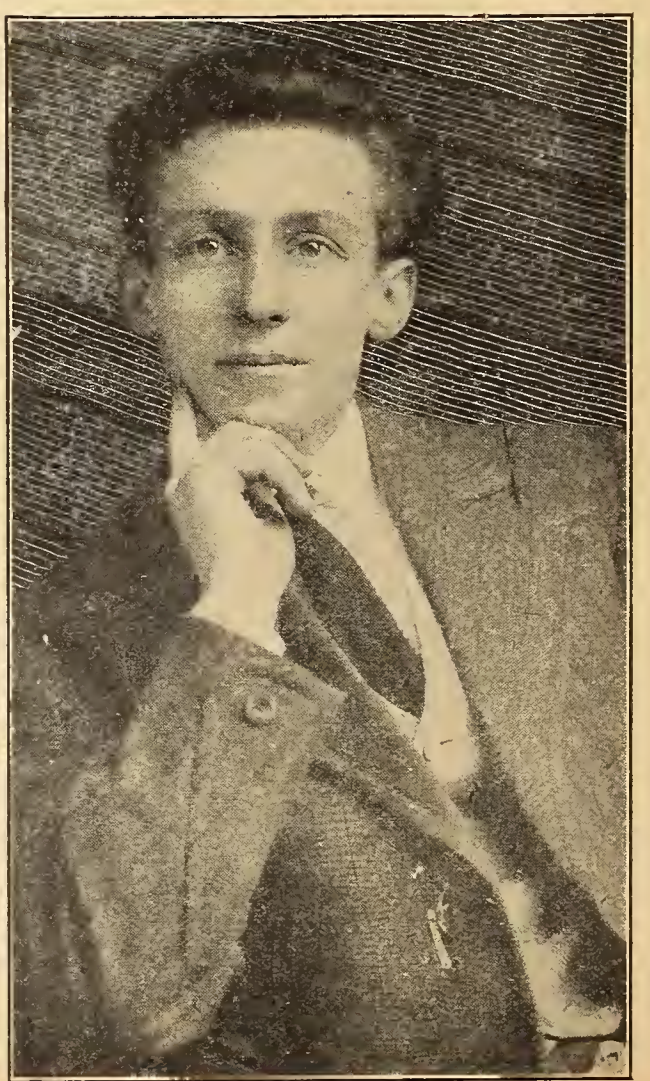
Right, Robert Edeson in a love scene from "Soldiers of Fortune," a stage hit of twenty-five years ago. The center oval, above, shows him to-day.

Twenty years ago, a tempestuous Valentino love scene would have been hissed off the stage by a shocked audience as an indecent exhibition. For, like styles in clothes, the fashions in heroes have changed considerably, as a morning of reminiscence with the matinée idols of yesterday revealed.

What a paragon was the hero of twenty years ago! Manly, made of stern and noble stuff, weakness was a vice foreign to his nature. He was a Rock of Gibraltar, whose strength might be relied upon in any emergency, who thought and acted with swift certainty. A chivalrous, humble soul, who worshiped womanhood, asked only to serve meekly, protected the weak, and was kind to dumb animals. The conqueror always, superior to the clinging, though often robust, vine, but abject in humility before her gentleness and purity. He awakened her admiration, her awe.

Now, the hero is a boy, one who appeals to her maternal sympathy. He cries, forlorn and misunderstood, and

The Raymond Hatton that you know, above; and at the right, the idolized dramatic juvenile that he was, not so many years ago.



her heart responds to his need of her tenderness.

Henry Miller, alone, of yesterday's heroes, expressed weakness. When, affected by his sense of unworthiness, he dared to break down and cry in a scene, the old guard of the theater threw up their hands in horror.

"He is too sentimental!" they exclaimed. "The women will not look up to him."

So, he was more successful when he played a more stalwart and self-reliant hero.

By stretching the imagination —necessary to form any comparison between two such different eras—one might call William Faversham the Jack Gilbert of his day. The elegant, nattily attired Faversham introduced a new waistcoat, or a new manner of tying the cravat, and the young blades copied him and the women ecstasied, as they cooed allusions to his "fascinating way." When the bold one organized stage-coach parties and rode round the park, a respectful crowd gathered to gaze in awe, and sometimes to whisper covertly, but seldom was any one so forward as to approach him.

Now, the girls write our screen idols impassioned fan letters and mob them when they appear in public. Not content with the autograph which rendered the débutante of our mothers' time speechless with gratitude, they demand kisses.

The matinée idol of yesterday was an actor: a grandiloquent creature who fought duels, made love in respectful adoration, all for a coy glance from his lady. At best, he held her at arm's length while the curtain fell. His noble renunciation, the motif of so many plays of old, and always such a thrill to the audience, would to-day be considered a comedy.

These scenes flashed mentally before me, unreeled over the shoulder of memory, as I talked with several present-day character actors about their glamorous youth as matinée idols.

Twenty-five years old, frayed and worn and yellow, the little sheet of note paper there in Robert Edeson's scrapbook still bravely bore witness to an admiration which, one inferred, such a conservative, ladylike note wouldn't dare express very strongly.

"Some difference from the fan letters the flames get to-day, eh?" Bob chuckled, smiling over the dignity of the missive which attested to his yesterday's fame as a heartbreaker. "Mash notes were usually written by young ladies who got a tender though secret crush on a stage actor. If he were in stock, they would attend his matinées for weeks.

"You could always tell a 'faithful:' she invariably sat in the same orchestra seat, her rapt face uplifted to the footlights, her little corsage of violets rising and falling as she breathed rapidly during the climax.

"Eventually, she would become bold enough to write a timorous note, expressing admiration for the actor's work. He didn't have the expense of sending out photos. They were taken by Ritzman and sold. The young lady would purchase a picture, send it to the actor with a twenty-five-cent donation to the Actors' Fund, and ask that he autograph the likeness and return it.

"Now, the girl fans express the wildest love for the screen actor who takes the public by storm, or at least have no hesitancy in asking him most intimate questions. The stage actor of yesterday lived in a world of illusion on the other side of a wall, but the movies have torn down that wall and made of the actor a familiar acquaintance.

"In some ways, we got cheated, but on the whole, I think those were the days," the character actor mused, as he turned the yellow pages of his voluminous scrapbooks, that day in the den of his Spanish bungalow, the walls of which were lined with autographed pictures of stage favorites famous a quarter of a century ago.

"The actor, then, was a demigod who could do no wrong, not a popular hero in the personal sense in which we use the term now, for he had not such a wide latitude in which to become known. Only a few thousand persons saw him and were enraptured by their own imaginations.

"That's it—imagination. Explains the idolatry in which he was held. More appeal to illusion and dreams. Now, the actor must go to greater lengths of realism to thrill his jaded public.

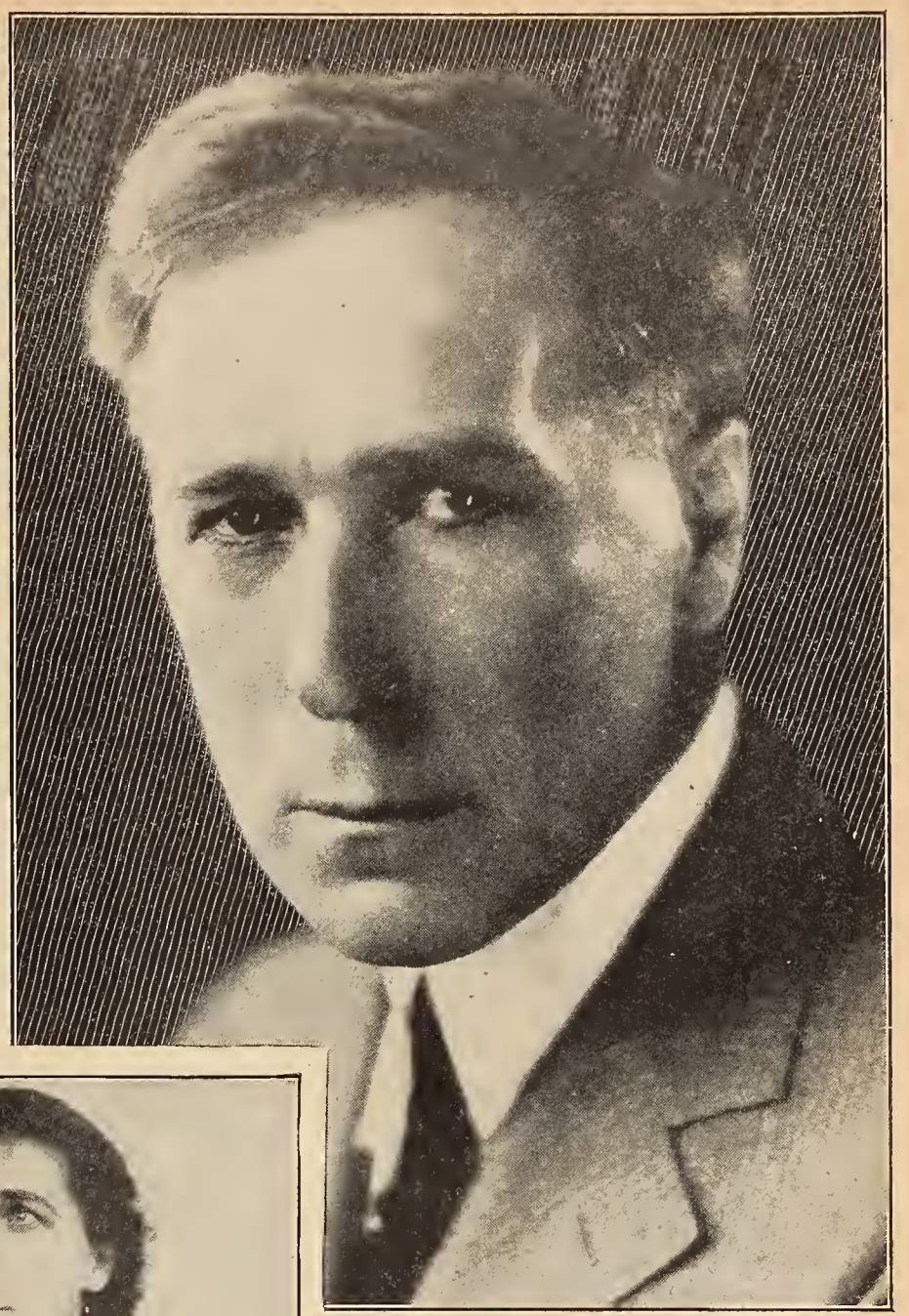
"I remember one old melo I played in, in which there was an exciting rescue scene. I had to dive into a tank of water five feet deep in the center but only eighteen inches deep at the sides. Corks marked the spot where the lady had gone down. If I miscalculated, I went head first into eighteen inches of water, cracked my bean, waddled over to where the lady was drowning and hauled her up. For that heroic risk of life, I received seventy-five dollars a week and the reward of kissing her hand.

"Now, the hero plays up to the thrill scene, but a double enacts it. And the hero gets a thousand a week, plus the fun of kissing the girl.

"Great attention used to be given to the proprieties. A love scene, at most, was a reverential embrace without any trimmings. The hero must be a gentleman at all costs, must never offend the modesty of refined ladies. Love, then, was restrained; now, it is impassioned.

"The biggest argument I ever had in the theater was when I dared to suggest actually kissing a girl. There were paraded before me all the traditions of Booth and the other Shakespearean bellowers, to put an instantaneous end to my forwardness."

Edeson, always an insurgent against outworn conventions, was among the first stage heroes to establish a friendly contact with an audience. Instead of giving the customary formal curtain speech of condescending appreciation, he one evening startled the theater by sitting down on the edge of the stage, swinging his feet over the footlights, and saying chummily, "Now, folks, let's get together and talk things over."



William S. Hart as he is, and at the left, as he appeared as MESSALA *in the first stage production of "Ben-Hur."*

Interviews, too, have changed, until there is little comparison between the stilted conversation that used to be held twenty or more years ago, and the friendly confab of to-day. Edeson's first request for an appointment was a most formal note from Alan Dale. At their meeting, questions were asked about his plans for the next season, and respectful inquiry was made into his theories concerning the development of stage technique. Never was a personal note struck, or even hinted at.

To have asked at that time about an actor's favorite perfume, about his love affairs, or even his hobbies, would have been a most presumptuous and unprecedented discourtesy. His personal life was his own concern, a matter about

Continued on page 110

Among Those

Brief sketches telling you in
of the movie folk that

Photo by Autrey

Gladys McConnell.

A Priestess of the Dance.

Vaudeville patrons will have absolutely no difficulty in recognizing the name of Marion Morgan. Her dance acts have long been famous in the two-a-day. And her colorful presentations, such as "Attila and the Huns," have attracted much attention.

Now Miss Morgan has decided to give her efforts for a while to pictures. She sees a great field for the dance on the screen. She has opened a studio on the edge of the film colony, and has already created dance interludes and episodes for "Don Juan," "Paris at Midnight," "Fifth Avenue," and "Daybreak."

One thing about Miss Morgan's creations is that she does not attempt to crowd the screen with her dance figures. She seeks to achieve a definite composition or arrangement, using only a few dancers, with here and there a sensational athletic leap or pirouette.

It may be mentioned, incidentally, that it was she who brought Ramon Novarro to pictures—this during the filming of the late Allan Holubar's "Man, Woman, Marriage." He danced in an interlude that she arranged for that feature.

A Judge's Son Turned Cowboy.

The heart of more than one girl has given an extra beat, during the past few months, whenever a certain young man stepped onto the set. Frank Q. Cooper by name—"Gary" Cooper, they call him—he is the son of a former justice of the Montana supreme court, and only recently made his advent on the screen.

Young Cooper first attracted attention in Rudolph Valentino's "The Eagle." The way in which, in that film, he taught manners to a fractious horse brought him the well-

Marion Morgan.

Frank Q. Cooper.

The Rocky Road to Fame

Gladys McConnell almost broke her neck getting into the movies. Others have done the same, but the threatened fracture in Gladys' case was more than usually realistic.

Miss McConnell is a little girl with Irish-blue eyes and chestnut-brown hair, whom the Fox organization is grooming for big things. She has been under contract to that company for about a year, playing in short-reel comedies and in O. Henry stories. She also had a good part in "A Trip to Chinatown," the film adapted from the old stage farce. Recently, she played in "Pigs," that novel comedy feature, also adapted from a stage play.

When Gladys set out to go into the movies, it was with the idea of getting a job in Westerns. She really knows horses and horseback riding as very few girls do in this generation of motor travel.

On her first visit to a casting director's office—at Universal City, several years ago—she eagerly set forth her qualifications, but without making any impression. She had to go back several times before she obtained a job.

Gladys had been schooled to ride in an English saddle, but the horses at Universal were all California horses, with "rocking-chair" saddles.

The cowboys on the Universal lot thought that they would break the "new girl" in right, so didn't tell her the peculiarities of the Western saddle. She climbed onto a horse, and for the first five minutes, she swayed hither and yon, and was several times almost bounced off. But after the first initiation, she made good with a flourish, and now numbers those cowboys among her very particular admirers.

Present

teresting things about some
you may not know so well.

known appellation, "a ridin' fool," and he soon was working in Westerns with Hoot Gibson at Universal. Then, an independent producer, who was looking for a leading man for a series of two-reel Westerns, grabbed him.

He is more than six feet tall, quiet, courteous, and one of the handsomest young men recently to come to the screen.

"You're too thin!" a casting director at Universal said to him once. "Put on fifteen pounds more weight, and then come to me."

So Gary Cooper went into temporary retirement with cream puffs, juicy beefsteaks, and other things which, he said, would make him appear "stall fed." What an assignment for a twenty-five-year-old range rider!

Predictions are being freely made that this jurist's son will go far in pictures.

The Smallest Movie Hero.

As proof that movie heroes don't all have to be towers of strength and brawn, there arises Little Billy, the screen's smallest leading man, whom Al Lichtman recruited from vaudeville and the legitimate stage as a demitasse film find. This half-pint actor, with his half-pint name, makes his bow to you in "Oh, Baby!" a feature-length comedy written especially for him and affording him all kinds of chance to display talents which many full-grown actors might well envy.

Little Billy is forty-two inches high, weighs fifty-seven pounds, and is twenty-eight years old. His story is the legend of *Peter Pan* come true—the history of a little boy who never grew up. Shortly after his seventh birthday, Bill, then a newsy in Lynn, Massachusetts, suddenly ceased acquiring height. This prank of nature, which his parents at first viewed as a calamity, turned out to be the proverbial blessing in disguise.

A member of the local stock company, who was a regular customer for Bill's "special wuxtras," took a fancy to the wistful youngster and got his family's consent to a stage career for him.

So, for eighteen years, Billy has trouped in vaudeville and has been featured in many legitimate plays. He hopes, however, to devote his future to pictures.

Little Billy

Marie Mosquini.

Marie Mosquini Is Back.

Those who recall seeing the brunet Marie Mosquini in Hal Roach comedies may be astonished to behold her as a bright blonde in Pola Negri's starring production, "Good and Naughty." Such transformations are, however, not unusual in Hollywood, and it may be assumed that this one is not permanent, but merely made to provide contrast to Pola's raven fascination.

Miss Mosquini has had her share of misfortunes since she was last seen in pictures—principally because of matrimonial troubles. Also, few opportunities came her way, after her departure from short-reelers.

Her Latinesque type of beauty was very familiar on the screen several years ago, while she was associated with "Snub" Pollard and Will Rogers as leading woman.

It was a fortunate chance that led to her engagement recently in "Good and Naughty." Her representative called at the casting director's office, and displayed a set of her photographs, including one with a blond wig. The c. d. recognized immediately that she was just the type for which he had been looking.

Photo by Pearsall *Lenore J. Coffey.*

They Can't Be Told Apart.

They make you think of the Duncan sisters—these twins do. Perfectly charming girls they are, with roguish eyes and a wonderful sense of humor. They arrived in Hollywood, from Dallas, Texas, about a year and a half ago. Mary Angus, aged nineteen, blue eyes, blond hair; Margy Angus, aged nineteen, blue eyes, blond hair. Twins! And no one can tell them apart. Now imagine that on a movie set!

I saw them playing bits in "The Road to Mandalay," at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. I saw them as pages in the fashion show in Christy Cabanne's "Monte Carlo," and I saw them as cigarette girls in "Bright Lights"—as much alike as two of those toy balloons the man sells at the circus. And I saw Director Robert Leonard rubbing his chin and trying to figure them out.

"I call one 'Hey you!'" he said, "and the other just 'Hey!' But I never know which is which."

The twins saw us looking at them, and one sauntered over.

"Were you speaking about me?" she said, with that irrepressible smile which seems to be an integral part of each of their faces.

"Yes," Leonard replied. "Which one are you?"

"I'm 'Hey!'" she replied. "'Hey you!' is back of that screen."

And she swaggered saucily away, leaving the director much bewildered.

Mary and Margy Angus have appeared in about a dozen pictures and are rapidly "getting on."

The Angus twins.

She Surprised Herself

Just another instance of you-never-can-tell-whether-or-not-you-have-talent-until-you-try—the case of Lenore J. Coffey, the scenarist. She it was who made the adaptation of "The Volga Boatman," Cecil B. De Mille's recent picture.

For years, Miss Coffey—she is Mrs. William J. Cowen in private life—wrote advertising for a department store in San Francisco.

Meanwhile, she kept in the back of her head a number of stories that she thought might make good films, and finally, she sent one to Clara Kimball Young.

When she received one hundred dollars by return mail, she was completely flabbergasted, but it didn't take her long to recover, and to realize that she had better make the most of the opportunity. It happened that the producer of Miss Young's pictures, Harry Garson, saw good possibilities in her as a scenarist, and offered her a contract. And so, a scenarist she became.

The picture made from Miss Cofey's first story was "The Better Wife."

Later, a Metro contract. Then, free lancing. And now, "The Volga Boatman," adapted from Konrad Bercovici's novel, a film which has brought Miss Coffey particularly into the spotlight.

Charles Farrell.

"Old Ironsides" Hero.

The hero in "Old Ironsides"—that is young Charles Farrell's claim to early popular attention.

He was engaged for the James Cruze historical picture after a quest that took in nearly all of the juvenile leading men of Hollywood. Famous Players-Lasky borrowed him from Fox, to which company he is under contract.

It was about two years ago that Farrell left Boston University. And he had his eye on pictures from the start. Because he knew what he wanted, and set right out to get it, his career has not been such an unusual one. He was aided by his college in obtaining a chance on the stage.

Then came pictures. He went to Hollywood and started dubbing around as an extra. Then Mary Pickford needed a husky chap in "Rosita" to pick her up and carry her off the set, and Farrell was selected to perform the stunt.

Now he has several leads to his credit. The first was in "Wings of Youth," the second in "The Bridge of Sighs," and more recently, he appeared in "Sandy."

A Swedish Enchantress.

Hollywood is expecting great things of Greta Garbo. There may be differences of opinion as to just how far she may go on the road to popularity, but there is nothing but unanimity about her remarkable personality.

Greta is the Swedish Lorelei brought over to this country less than a year ago by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, when they seemed intent on turning their studio into a Scandinavian colony. She has already been seen in the production of Ibáñez's "Torrent," and aroused a wide variance of comments. There are those who have acclaimed her as a great actress, and others who prefer to reserve their votes until they have seen what else she will do.

To those who know her, Greta is a joy. She has a rare, native sense of humor, which charms doubly because of her limited knowledge of English.

Taller than most of the screen sisterhood—even than those from the northern climes of Europe—she possesses a strangely seductive magnetism. Men are perhaps more susceptible to this quality in her personality than are women.

She has nerve, too. She had never ridden horseback before coming to Hollywood—never taken any lessons. "The Temptress," her newest picture, required that she appear in some riding scenes, and she serenely undertook to mount a very unruly steed. She came back to the studio looking a trifle fatigued, and limping a little.

"How do you feel?" somebody asked her.

"Oh, all right!" she replied, with a drawling Swedish accent.

"How's the horse?"

"Oh—I don't know," said Greta. "I theenk he ees deesappointed in me."

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Greta Garbo.

Photo by Seely

H. B. Warner.

Stage's Loss—Screen's Gain.

Whenever there is a grand exodus of stage actors from New York to Hollywood, it may be depended on that one of the leading figures in this brilliant procession will be H. B. Warner. In the past, he has never been able to make up his mind permanently to dedicate his future to pictures, but he has always lent the class and dignity of his fine acting talents to the screen whenever the occasion has been auspicious.

Warner is truly the actor. He comes from a family of player folk—three generations of Thespians preceding him. He knows his art, not by the book, but by birthright, environment, and experience. He is one of those now comparatively rare figures—*of* the theater, *by* the theater, and everlastingly and unequivocally *for* the theater.

Though he was born in England, Warner takes pride in the fact that he has become an idol of the stage in America. Ever since his youth—since his very first work, in fact—he has been associated with plays in this country. And they have been the sort of plays that as a rule have had a clear-cut interest for the American public—drama that has been tense and forceful, like "Silence," the play in which he recently completed an engagement, or comedy with a fine degree of animation, like "The Ghost Breaker." This latter play immediately preceded his first film contract with Sam Goldwyn some years ago.

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The Sketch

Intimate impressions of well-known peo
sketched by a girl who has long been in

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Despite rumors to the contrary, Dorothy Manners thinks Vilma Banky is just as charmingly unaffected as on her first arrival in this country.

What About Vilma?

LATELY, some of the local sob sisters have been hinting that Vilma Banky is not the same unassuming, unaffected girl that she was when she first arrived in Hollywood. For one thing, they point out, she hasn't been showing up at the Montmartre with good-fellowship regularity, and she has also turned down several exhibitors' dinners and grand-stand social functions. Y'understand?

I talked to Vilma on the Valentino set for a moment, not long ago, and after a minute search, down to the least bat of an eyelash, I couldn't find an iota of change. She is quite as naïvely devastating and beautiful as ever. She says she is tired of going to cafés, because every one says, "Yes, not so pretty what she wears."

I imagine Vilma has been advised to stay away from hostess' nights, dancing contests, and the like—and not unwisely.

It isn't her sort of thing.

Lois.

Recently, I have had the pleasure of knowing Lois Wilson, who came out to the Coast to visit her parents for a while.

And I *mean* a pleasure. She is one of the most delightful girls in pictures—or out of them.

I remember little things in particular about her:

Her way of fitting into exactly the mood of a situation.

Her tactful consideration.

Her genuine interest in what other people are saying. If I told you how many of our first, foremost, and finest stars look bored when the conversation is not of themselves, you'd be surprised. But Lois not only seems interested in things outside her own sphere—she really is.

She is a credit to her charming mother, and her mother is a credit to her.

If I could think of nicer things to say, I would say them.

Mary Has No Motor Car.

I thought that was worthy of a headline, because it is an actual fact that Mary Philbin does not own, and never has owned, a car. How do I know? Because a very witty young man, Mr. Carroll Graham, wrote me a letter to that effect, and I'd believe anything he told me, because he is a press agent. But anyway, that one is true, and if Mary doesn't make me out a liar by purchasing a gas buggy before this gets into print,

Lois Wilson has a genuine interest in other people.
Photo by M. I. Boris

book By Dorothy Manners

ple round about Hollywood, lightly close association with the film colony.

you can set her down as the most distinctive woman in Hollywood. The only thing more amazing than a movie star without a motor, is a man without a country. (Not the Fox version.)

Norma.

Shearer. Not Talmadge.

Here are a few phrases about her, though there is really nothing new to say—so much has already been said of her charm, her exquisiteness, her ability. Helen Klumph said the last word when she advised the world to "call her April."

Sometimes, I think she is the best little trouper in pictures. I thought so after I saw "The Snob" and "His Secretary." Other times, she leaves me colder than a hot-water tap in a boarding house. Direction may have something to do with that. Or maybe it is Norma herself. Perhaps she is more in sympathy with certain rôles than with others, and can give them more.

The other day, I called on her in her home. She had just come in, and still had her hat on. She dresses, for the street, in severe mannish things, rather startling against the feminine background of her living room. Behind her, a bright shawl hung over a banister, and the four o'clock sun peeked politely through draped windows.

Photo by Witzel

Norma Shearer is crazy to have a big opening for one of her pictures.

Unlike other movie stars, Mary Philbin has never owned a motor car.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

"I am a little late," said Miss Shearer, smilingly, crisply.

"And I am a little early," I apologized.

She summoned a Filipino and ordered tea. For the second time in my life, I was a little ill at ease during an interview. I don't know why. There is nothing in Norma's manner that is consciously disconcerting. We sat down on a divan, comfortably, and I confessed my nervousness.

"Now," laughed Norma, "isn't that odd? It is I, not you, who should be nervous. That is the strangest thing. It never occurred to me that a writer might be nervous during a talk. We"—pointing to herself and embracing the entire acting profession—"are the ones to be ill at ease, because we are on exhibition."

As a matter of fact, I cannot imagine Norma ever being at a loss in any situation. She is as poised as a princess.

While we sipped tea, she told me random things that occurred to her about New York—she had only recently returned from there. The plays, for the most part, were vulgar, each one trying to outdo the others in suggestiveness. For that reason, few of them offered suitable screen material. Certainly, there were none that she would care to do in pictures. Her plans for her next couple of films were rather vague.

I mentioned that Lubitsch had sat just behind me at

Photo by Witzel *Edmund Lowe takes life with a grain of salt and a sense of humor.*

the showing of "The Devil's Circus" at The Writers' Club, and that he had been wonderfully enthusiastic.

Norma said, "How nice. Those foreigners are so naïve. They are like little children in their enthusiasms and their dislikes. Mr. Christianson, who directed it, is Swedish, you know. He is like a boy in his reactions. Foreigners make us seem so poised and stodgy."

Returning to the subject of the picture itself, she seemed a little doubtful as to how it would be received in general. The reviews had been pro and con. But it was something different, at least. That is, for her.

"I'm crazy to have a big opening for one of my pictures—one of those searchlight, spotlight affairs, where they ballyhoo every one's name." She laughed. "That's the ambition of my life right now. It seems like every one has had an opening but me. Look at Jack Gilbert. Three of them"—with awe in her voice—"three in a row! It doesn't seem fair. Even when I do have even just a little bit of an opening, something happens to ruin it.

"They had 'The Devil's Circus' première at Loew's State on the day that I got in from New York, and they invited me to be present at the first showing. I got all excited about it, until I learned that everybody in town was going up to the Million Dollar to see Colleen Moore's première of 'Irene.' I actually cried. I thought, 'Here I work just as hard on my picture as Miss Moore does on hers, and then everybody goes to see 'Irene.' But I'll have one yet," she promised herself laughingly, "and when every one dashes up to tell me how good I am, I am going to get all conceited, and not be a bit nice and modest like Jack is."

There isn't really much danger of her getting conceited, though, because if Norma were going to get conceited about nice things that were said to her, it would have happened long ago, when certain broad-browed boys hailed her as the white hope of the screen.

She seems quite too sane, too balanced, for anything like that.

Eddie, Just Himself.

When Eddie Lowe told me he was going to play *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory," I thought, "No, can that be?" and I hadn't any more than finished thinking it when I thought again, "Don't be a one-track mind, girlie; it not only can, but will be. And well done, into the bargain."

You see, that is what comes of knowing actors personally. You get their selves all mixed up with their work, and lose your perspective. Eddie, the cleanly chiseled, the immaculate, the faultlessly groomed, in other words, the lad whom I know well—to be cast as the uncouth, unkempt *Mr. Quirt* of the army! But after all, it isn't the Eddie I know who is going to play *Sergeant Quirt.* It is Edmund Lowe, the actor, who has played Shakespeare on Broadway as well as stock in Los Angeles, not to mention "The Fool" and Mrs. Glyn's "Soul Mates." Too, *Mr. Quirt,* as I remember him, had a large and hefty sense of fun, and if there is any better exponent of fantastic humor than Eddie, he has slipped me.

Anita Stewart entertained at luncheon at the Montmartre recently.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

We shall leave *Sergeant Quirt,* for the time being, and concentrate on Eddie Lowe himself, as pleasant a subject as I have tackled in many a day.

Eddie, as you well know, is married to Lilyan Tashman, and they live charmingly in Beverly Hills. Lilyan and Eddie are fond of dogs and considerate of servants, and they speak to all children, even those with dirty faces, but, in spite of these humanitarian impulses, they are not to be confused with that nice young couple living around the corner from you. They are domestic but not domesticated, neighborly but not suburban, ten miles from the city but not commuters. In case you want to know, they constitute two of the strongest links in our social chain.

When he is not making a picture, Eddie is up at the Athletic Club, taking life with a game of squash and a grain of salt. He is difficult to "get" in print, because he keeps forgetting about himself and remembering funny ones to tell you.

He would rather talk about stock days with Marjorie Rambeau than about his or any one else's art.

He considers Madame Glyn an extraordinarily charming and clever woman and doesn't care who knows it.

He thinks that this generation has more humor than the last, and that humor is good for our souls, and that exercise is good for both body and soul.

Speaking of exercise, that reminds him of one. You know Raoul Walsh, the director? Well, Walsh was awfully sick one day, and Eddie dropped over to call. Eddie was convinced that his friend was only pampering himself, and that what he needed was a good rousing game of squash at the club.

"You think so?" from the sick Mr. Walsh, feebly.

"Certainly!" said Eddie, with pep.

So Eddie drove him over to the club and put him through a game of squash that would have finished a well man, and certainly a sick one. After that, Eddie advocated a rub-down. Mr. Walsh groaned—but took it—and continued to groan.

"Pull yourself together," scoffed Doctor Lowe. "This is great for what ails you. If it wasn't helping, it wouldn't hurt."

"Think so?" groaned Mr. Walsh. Eddie said, "Certainly."

The next morning, Eddie called his friend on the phone.

"He isn't here," he was told. Mr. Lowe glowed with that inner warmth that comes only from having performed a Scout deed for the day. If it hadn't been for him—little Eddie Lowe and his diagnosis—Walsh might still have been under the weather. "When he comes in," he said cheerfully, "have him call Mr. Lowe."

"Sorry, sir," immediately replied the house man, "he won't be in for some time. We just took him to the hospital."

"And the neat part about that," grinned Eddie," is that he is my next director."

All of which is Mr. Lowe being, not *Sergeant Quirt, King Lear,* nor any of the other heavy boys, but very much Eddie, himself. Than which there is no more than.

Photo by Hesser

Carmelita Geraghty is being looked upon with awe and admiration because of the poems Joseph Hergesheimer wrote in her honor.

A Word from the Wise.

When I was doing newspaper work, a motion-picture editor for whom I worked gave me a bit of advice which bears repeating, because it is quite true. He said: "You'll find there are three people in pictures whom you can't pan nor even criticize too severely. One of them is Norma Talmadge. The other two are—Mary Pickford.

"Mary and Norma aren't just actresses. They are illusions and ideals to millions of people. No one is ever thanked for destroying an ideal. The world may appreciate the information, but it will unconsciously resent the informant."

That ought to be a tip to gossips and reporters who are always telling people things about friends, "for their own good."

A Couple of Words for Mr. Cain.

Though I have not seen six photoplays in the last couple of months, I consider Mr. Robert Cain's performance of a gentleman "mad as a March hare," in "The Dancer of Paris," as one of the six best performances of the last couple of months. Mr. Cain played a difficult "straight" rôle with poise and distinction, and managed to be aristocratically sinister without once curling his lip nor dilating his nostrils. It was a perfect study of an actor really earning his salary.

Which reminds me of the six best performances I have ever seen. Three or four of them have slipped my mind, but one was Charles Ray's in "The Girl I Loved." Another was John Gilbert's in "The Snob," or in anything else.

Anita Entertains.

Anita Stewart, who looks more beautiful every time I see her, entertained at luncheon at the Montmartre recently, and Lilyan Tashman invited me along. Lilyan was right in the midst of a picture for Lubitsch, and was having to take things on the fly. Good parts are falling to her like rewards to the just—or should it be the unjust? Almost every director in Hollywood seems to need her particular talent for his current opus.

Belle Bennett sat right across from us and, in contrast to the staccato chatter of Lilyan and Madame

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Cinderella Kicks Off

Vera Reynolds, realizing that she rôles in which Cecil De Mille first the impish type of characterization

By Myrtle

Photo by Spurr *Vera's buoyant personality was cramped by the luxury of De Mille's ballrooms, so he is starring her now as a factory girl, in "Sunny Side Up." The picture below shows her made up for her rôle in that.*

IN all her wildest visions, *Cinderella* never dreamed of having a grand time in a pickle factory.

To the myriad Cinderellas whom the glamorous movies have made into beauties sumptuously clad, the gorgeous De Mille ballrooms represent the last word in attainment. Unmindful of the fact that oftentimes they do not belong in these surroundings, forgetful that each rising sun brings forward new contestants for the glass slipper, they dance until there comes a bleak day when their little slippers are taken off to adorn the feet of their successors, and they have no other shoes ready to step into.

Not one of them, until now, has ever of her own free will discarded the glass slipper. But Vera Reynolds tried it on, decided that it fitted, even though it was a little tight, wore it for a while, and then, rebelling at its pain, kicked it off.

This is, in a way, the story of a Cinderella who didn't jell. Forced into a mold, regardless of her fitness for it, she has been sensible enough to ease herself out of it with determination and tact.

Some years ago, Vera Reynolds was a chubby little Los Angeles schoolgirl, whose afternoons and Saturdays were spent playing ball in the vacant lots adjacent to the movie studios. One fortunate day, the ball went over a high fence and Vera clambered after it. Somebody saw the roly-poly little girl and put her into the movies. For a time, she played in comedies. Her dresses were lengthened and her curls were done up, in an effort to make her look very dignified and grown-uppish. Her quaintness and her impish pranks proved to be a happy combination for the hilarity of the short-reelers.

With the influx of flapper rôles, her natural vivacity was given elastic play in clothes and settings more suitable to her youth. This Cinderella was discovered by the prince, Cecil De Mille, in "Prodigal Daughters," and the glass slippers were forthwith ordered, together with silks and jewels, for her début's adornment.

Hailed as a successor to those sartorial parade leaders, Swanson, Joy, *et al.*, she tried valiantly to accustom herself to the ballroom in which she felt so ill at ease, pretending not to notice the pain of the little glass slipper that squeezed too tightly.

I watched her, at that time, with sadness tugging at my heart, for I liked Vera and I had been most enthusiastic over her pertness and charm in Gloria Swanson's "Prodigal Daughters," proclaiming that a new individuality had come to the movies. I regretted that her buoyant personality should now be so snuffed out beneath layers of velvet and ropes of pearls. I could sense the vitality behind the repressions that were hedging her in.

Not long ago, I saw her again, and I chirruped gayly in response to the happy call from Cinderella, for I saw that she was now freed of her slipper.

In a pickle factory, if you please, rioted a little gamin girl, with a song on her lips and a joyous dance a-whirling her restless, happy feet. Shod were those feet in sloppy big shoes, comfy indeed, but oh, dear me, not even second cousins to the delicate glass slipper.

the Glass Slipper

did not fit into the grand-lady placed her, has reverted to that is better suited to her.

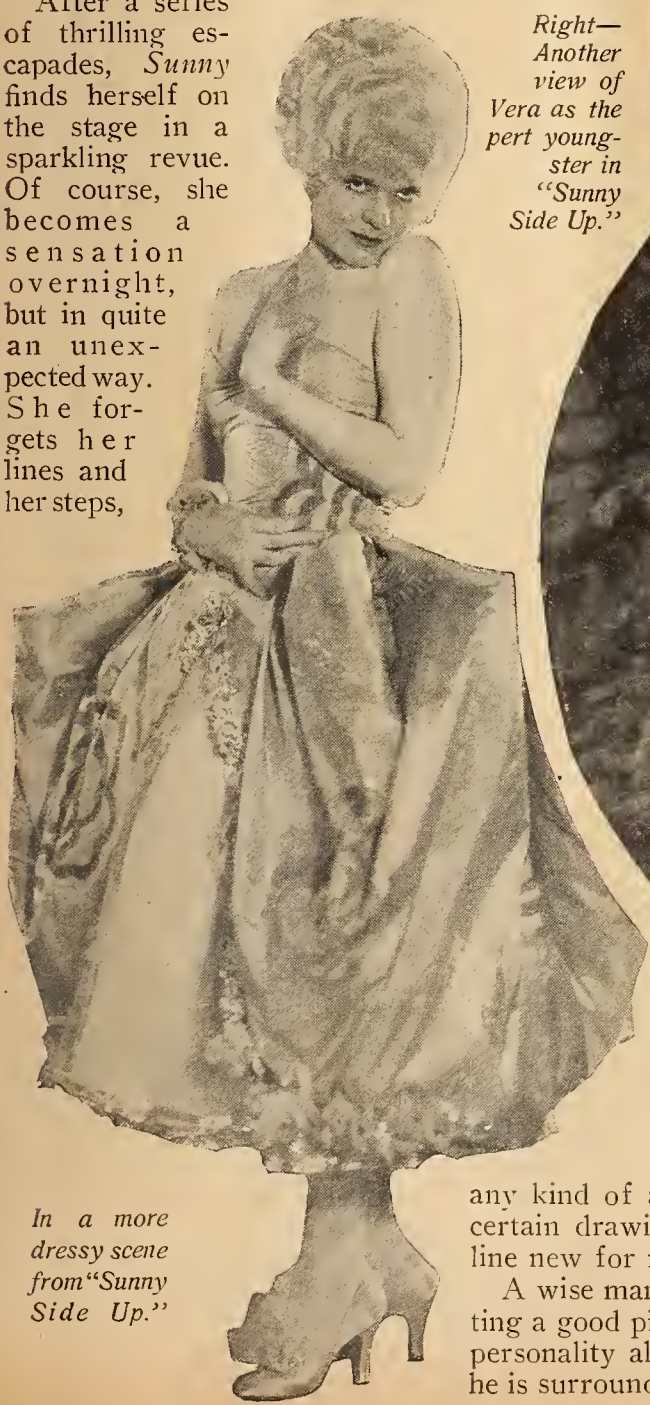
Gebhart

Maybe pickle factories aren't very clean places. Certainly the one in Los Angeles chosen as a location for "Sunny Side Up" was not. It was very grimy, and the face and clothes of *Sunny Ducrow* matched perfectly. This is the first film in which De Mille is starring Vera.

Sunny, Vera informed me, when the big lights had shut off their glare and she had climbed expertly over barrels and jars and boxes to my side, works in the pickle factory. Then, on one awful rainy night, she sings on the street to obtain funds for a holiday in the country. Not for herself, for *Sunny* is a generous little waif, but for her gloomy boy friend, *Bert.*

Right—Another view of Vera as the pert youngster in "Sunny Side Up."

After a series of thrilling escapades, *Sunny* finds herself on the stage in a sparkling revue. Of course, she becomes a sensation overnight, but in quite an unexpected way. She forgets her lines and her steps, so in desperation, she clowns—and becomes the hit of the show. Through various melodramatic adventures and a snap-bang climax, *Sunny* dashes, to find happiness eventually with a grand young man.



In a more dressy scene from "Sunny Side Up."

As she appeared a few years ago, when she was a Christie Comedy girl.

An amusing little tale, you see, but not at all pretentious. True, *Sunny* wears glad rags after she makes a success in the show, but they are not drawing-room velvets—they are the fluffy falderals, a bit exaggerated, that a Cinderella of a pickle factory would choose with sudden wealth.

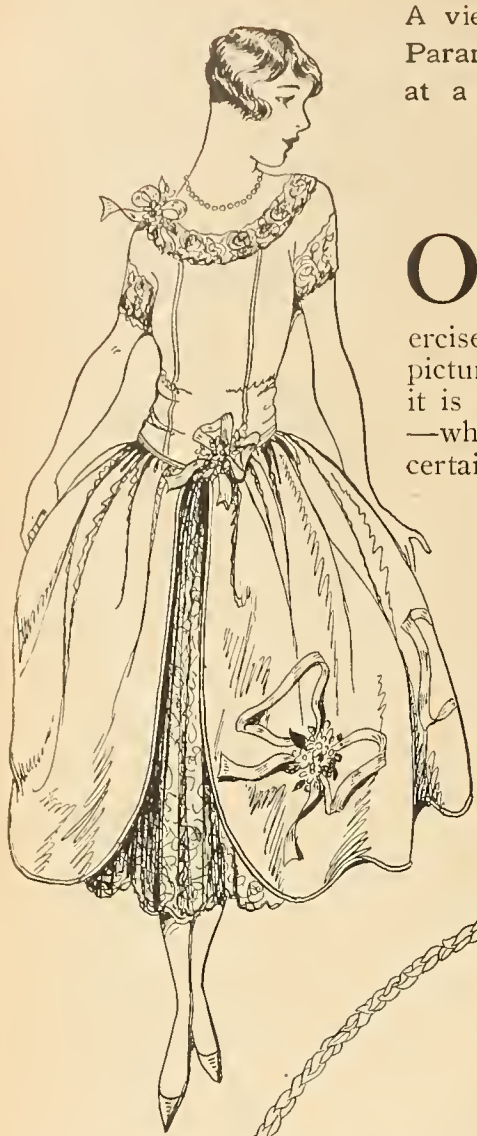
"I was frightfully worried when C. B. said he was ready to star me," Vera admitted, when I cornered her in her dressing room for a luncheon chat between the concluding scenes. "I had been so widely criticized, that it had somewhat dampened my enthusiasm. I had begun to think I wasn't any kind of an actress at all. But Mr. De Mille insisted that my name had a certain drawing power at the box office, and that I was worth risking along a line new for me, and new, too, for him."

A wise man, Mr. De Mille, to admit a mistake and correct it, instead of permitting a good picture possibility to escape his patterned lot. And, realizing that one personality alone cannot carry a production, however light and fluffy it may be, he is surrounding her with a good cast—Edmund Burns, [Continued on page 96]

The Latest Fashions on Parade

A view of some of the picturesque gowns worn by the Paramount School girls at their graduation, with a glance at a few smart sport costumes seen on the screen.

By Betty Brown



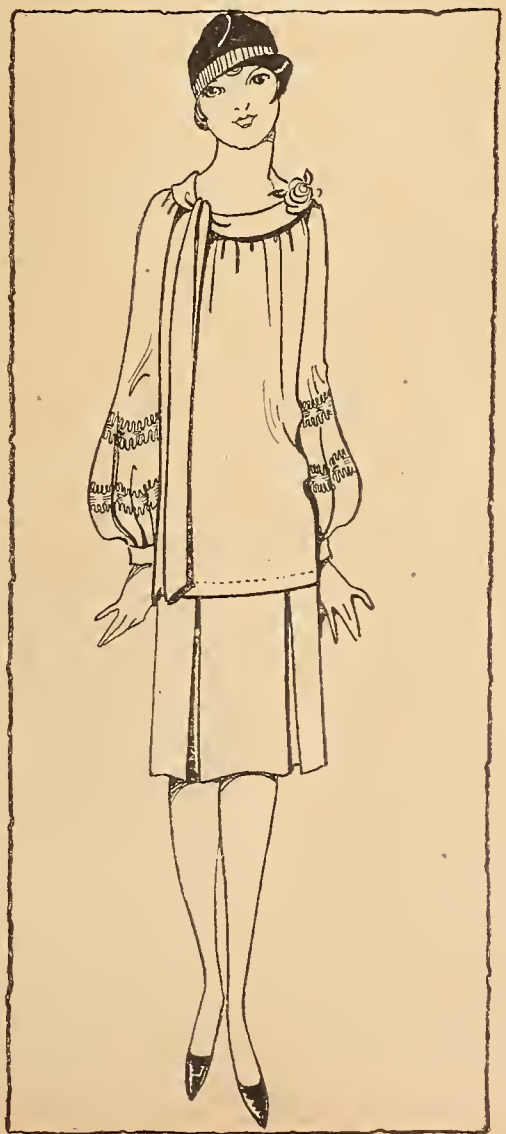
OUR minds seldom have but one picture of the sweet girl graduate—youth, sweetness, and demure and unsophisticated white frocks. At the graduating exercises of the Paramount School, however, this mental picture suffered a severe shock. Youth was there aplenty, it is true, and in all its glory, but the simple, white frock—where was it? Not at the Paramount School, that is certain—not on that gala occasion.

However, I for one did not mind this trifling departure from the conventional costume of commencement—not while there

Below and to the right, is sketched a selection of attractive costumes seen at the commencement exercises of the Paramount School, at which the ROBE DE STYLE *was very much in evidence. At the left, is a pale-blue taffeta dance frock worn by Mary Brian in "Beau Geste."*

The sketch just above and the one to the right of it show two views—with and without jacket—of a two-piece suit of kasha cloth worn by Gertrude Olmsted.

Above is a smart cape coat, for sport or traveling, also worn by Gertrude Olmsted. At the left, a simple crape frock, seen on Florence Vidor.



were gowns to look at such as these Paramount girls wore, for surely never before had the sweet girl graduate gone forth attired like one of these.

Inasmuch as the *robe de style* was greatly in evidence in this array of beauty, I have chosen that style as our *pièce de résistance* this month. The gowns on the opposite page are, with one exception, taken from among those worn at graduation by the Paramount pupils, which were designed by Gilbert Clark, dean of the costume department at the Paramount School.

At the upper left of the page is the exception—a dance frock of palest-blue taffeta combined with silver lace, and trimmed with bows of silver ribbon and handmade flowers in pastel colorings. This is one of the charming gowns worn by Mary Brian in "Beau Geste."

The French vogue for mirrors as dress decorations is carried out in the gown opposite it on the same page. This is of Corot-colored velvet, the skirt being made very bouffant by an unusual arrangement of folds. The irregular pattern of mirrors is edged by tiny circles of pearls, and the décolletage is of silver lace, with raised designs of roses and leaves in silver.

Josephine Dunn, of the Paramount School, who made her screen début in "Fascinating Youth," wore at the commencement exercises the evening frock pictured at the left of the lower group on the opposite page. It is of powder-blue gros-de-laine, with printed godets of heavy silver lace. Handmade flowers in pastel colorings outline these godets and also the soft little tucker of lace at the neck. With this costume, Miss Dunn carried a bouquet of tiny rosebuds and forget-me-nots.

You may notice that most of these gowns are of very modest length, quite as they were worn in grandmother's day, when the short skirts of the present were undreamed of. In most cases, however, this length is only simulated by the addition of transparent net or lace, so that the freedom and effect of the short skirt are unchanged.

The central figure in the same group is Mona Palma, another of the

Continued on page 111

My First Year

Some of the younger girls who long look back over that initial period

Dolores del Rio.

I WAS mostly afraid of the confusion around me, when I started. All the lights, the bustle, the shouted directions, the crank of the camera—everything confused me. Once when Mr. Carewe was directing me and cried, "Look around!" I looked right at him, forgetting the camera, and asked, "You mean me?" Imagine that, with the camera grinding all the time! I thought that would end my screen career, but Mr. Carewe understood how I felt, and the scene was retaken. Then, once I tripped over a wire, and hurt my knees. But I have acquired the studio air now, and get around easily.

Photo by Potter

Mary Brian.

I learned much in a year of the mechanics of movies—make-up and the like. And I think I have absorbed a goodly amount of direction since the day when I first appeared on a set, clad in a nightgown—for it was bedtime for the *Darling* children in "Peter Pan"—and yet, though I have played in several pictures, I feel I am still just a beginner. I learn something every day and hope to keep on learning.

Picture work is not all honey—there is a bit of vinegar, too. There are heartbreaking moments as well as happy moments, but I have yet to hear a director complain if you are doing your best, and at least trying hard.

A girl in pictures might take a leaf from the book of a famous football team, which reads:

"A game that won't be beat, can't be beat."

Joyce Compton.

I was afraid at first of the lights. I had heard so much about Kleig eyes, I thought I'd get them the first day—and I almost did. The novelty of the blue lights fascinated me, and I couldn't draw my eyes away. After a few days, however, they became accustomed to the glare.

And I was very self-conscious. I thought everybody on the set was there to judge my acting. I didn't realize that they all had business to attend to the same as I. So I felt rather fidgety.

Imagine being an unknown girl one day, and a motion-picture player under contract to First National the next, and you can appreciate the scared feeling that I had at first.

Photo by Ellis

Dolores Costello.

My first year in pictures was probably different from that of any other girl who has entered the movies.

It was none the less wonderful for me. It was different, I think, because pictures weren't all new to me. My father, Maurice Costello, was in the movies for many years, and so I saw much of the studios as a child.

There was not a great deal of newness for me in the lights and the cameras and the make-up. But there was a tremendous thrill, because it was like a dream come true. Do you know the small boy who, asked to define heaven, said, "It is just supposin' turned into really truly."

I was playing in a stage production—my first rôle—when James Montgomery Flagg saw me and asked me to pose for his illustrations of the movie-girl heroine of "The Skyrocket." That brought me a little fame. Then, a Warner Brothers scout saw my sister and me in the "Scandals" in Chicago, and we were suddenly drafted into pictures. I found myself playing opposite John Barrymore, in "The Sea Beast."

I do not know what technique is. If I thought I had any, it would scare me. I am easily frightened. I was so nervous the week before I started in "The Sea Beast," and during the first week of my work, I just drank milk, that's all. And now, being starred, I am more frightened than ever!

Arlette Marchal.

Although I had appeared in a number of pictures made in France, I really experienced my greatest thrill when I came into American pictures. My first rôle in an American film was with Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans-Gêne."

Although I am now *in* the movies, it was a real thrill to me at first to see walking around in real life the actors and actresses who are so popular on the screen in France — Jack Holt, Wallace Beery, the gorgeous Pola Negri, Ernest Torrence, Bebe Daniels, and scores of others.

Photo by Boris

And there are such facilities over here, too. In making French pictures, I had always done my own coiffure. But here, there are expert hairdressers!

in Pictures

haven't been in the movies very
and tell how it affected them.

Betty Bronson.

Photo by Richee

It is funny how quickly one becomes accustomed to studio life. I recall vividly how strange it all was to me when I was chosen to play the lead in "Peter Pan." The studio seemed too large, and all the terms were so technical and confusing. It seemed like a wonderful land, with magic on every hand.

I didn't have any idea about make-up, at first, and it worried me terribly. I had heard how heavily one must paint up for pictures. I didn't like that, but I decided I must do it. I started in with the grease paint and other things, and made an awful daub of it. After I got all through, I looked in the mirror at the general effect—and I didn't know myself, and I am sure that most of the people who recognize me in pictures now wouldn't have known me in that make-up. I confess that I shed a few tears over the whole thing, and just then, Jim Collins, the make-up expert at the Paramount studio, came to my dressing room to see how I was getting along, for I had told him just a wee fib and had said I knew how to put on make-up.

He laughed when he saw me, and then said, "You poor kid, why didn't you tell me?" Then he was awfully nice, and I took off all the daub I had on, and he explained to me that you really use very light make-up in pictures nowadays—just enough so that the glare of the Kleig lights doesn't make your face look entirely blanched white. It seems funny, that I didn't know all these things then—they are so simple.

Greta Nissen.

The cameras amazed me—bewildered me—and I had a horror of looking at the first rushes. I expected to find my American associates in pictures distant and non-receptive to one from a foreign country. But I found the reverse to be true. This delighted me beyond measure. Even the property men and electricians on the sets went out of their way to teach me. Their principal tutelage, however, was in slang expressions, which I thought smart but did not exactly get across at times.

Photo by Richee

I love the picture work, but I'm not sure whether I like it better than my dancing on the stage, and I may return to that.*

* According to latest reports, Miss Nissen has decided to return to the stage.

Vilma Banky.

Photo by ach Brothers

America has made me very happy. I came here in fear and trembling. When I first arrived in Hollywood, dropped into the midst of a most unusual atmosphere, I was for a time terribly homesick. But every one was so nice and friendly, and I was included in so many parties, that I soon got over it, and began to feel perfectly at home.

And now, I have formed so many pleasant friendships, and like both my work and Hollywood so well, that I hope I may stay for some time—if only the American fans like me well enough to want me to stay.

Greta Garbo.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

When I first entered pictures in America, I was so new to American ways that many things happened to me that seemed tragic then, but seem funny now that I have got used to American customs. I believe that the most tragic thing of all was having to hurry. In Sweden, we take all the time we want. Usually the leading man is playing on the stage at the same time he is working in pictures, so every one sits around and waits until he is through with a matinée or a rehearsal.

But in America, every one is always busy. Even when the players are not working, they are having photographs made and gowns fitted. I could not get used to this, at first. I wanted to take my time and rest. Now, however, I like the rush and hurry.

Alyce Mills.

Photo by Richee

I have heard it said that an actress or actor, whether for the stage or screen, never achieved success without a baptism of fire.

After a year in pictures, I came to the conclusion that, having started in as a scared-to-death girl, and survived the terror of making my first films, I had been through such a baptism.

The most terrifying experience I think I have ever gone through was mustering up enough courage to take my hands from my eyes in the projection room and watch my screen test being shown on the screen.

It was not only uncanny to me, it was gruesome.

Continued on page 107

The Screen

Critical summaries of the

By Sally

A ballet girl captures the attentions of a grand duke—Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley in "The Midnight Sun," a film of prewar Russia.

THE new Universal film production, "The Midnight Sun," is a tale of Russia before the war.

Revolutions defeat their own purposes by establishing aristocracies instead of dissolving them; they turn the fact of past comfort into the legend of past grandeur. We can challenge the present indisputably by, "Well, I don't think that's so wonderful," but we cannot so easily question the fable, "You should have seen it before the war." It is only natural, then, for any film company yearning toward something grand, glittering and gorgeous, to place their hopes in the indisputable past.

Going on the theory that St. Petersburg was St. Petersburg in the old days, Dimitri Buchowetzki set out, in "The Midnight Sun," to picture Russian tyranny in all its terror and splendor. It is an elaborate, expensive production, and the wonder is, that it was made in Universal City.

Laura La Plante plays a beautiful young girl in the Russian ballet who has captured the attentions both of a grand duke, played by Pat O'Malley, and of a rich, determined Russian—presumably by her dancing. As usual, the protection of her virtue proves to be a terrible expense. I don't know just why virtue must always run up the bills that it does. In "The Midshipman," as I remember, a battleship, no less, was called upon to save the lady; in "The Midnight Sun," only a submarine chaser is used. America, first, last, and always.

The chase between the submarine and the villain's yacht is the climax of the picture, preceded as it is by menace after menace. A dark horse—the quiet, beautifully uniformed aid to the prince—wins the girl. There are a few breathless minutes when the hero faces a firing squad, and others even more breathless when Miss La Plante partially disrobes behind a screen.

"The Midnight Sun" is for all those who prefer real caviar to dyed whitefish eggs, and as a matter of fact, I like these little luxuries myself. I'd rather, any day, see a dissolute prince going about his business than to see grandma coughing in the front parlor, and not liking it.

Raymond Keane, Cesare Gravina, and Arthur Hoyt are in the cast, to say nothing of a George B. Williams, who is listed simply as "Ruined Banker." And a ruined banker is worth anybody's money.

College, not "Kollege."

"Brown of Harvard," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, blazes the trail as the first film of university life which has in it no hazing nor freshmen caps. It goes further than this—there are no college pennants, no "kampus klothes," no pillow fights, no fun in the dormitories. And not once was the word "frat" used. In fact, it is the pioneer of college pictures, the "Covered Wagon" of football films. "Brown of Harvard" is sure to set another fashion.

The story itself is a little bit old-fashioned for its modern surroundings. The heroine makes a fearful to do over an unlooked-for kiss, and she is a little too much of the small-town belle to have fitted in with the sophisticated life of the Cambridge of to-day, but these things aren't important. "Brown of Harvard," that story of the youth of twenty years ago, has been brought up to date by Donald Ogden Stewart, and the bits in the original story that might have proven almost nauseating are passed over lightly.

Jack Pickford is the featured player, but the story belongs to young William Haines from start to finish, and it must be said for Mr. Pickford that he gives up without a struggle. William Haines plays the rich, self-satisfied boy who starts out to show every one where to get off; Jack Pickford is his faithful anchor. And when the key changes to minor, the youthful tragedy is very well acted by William Haines. He has the appearance, certainly, and a good deal of the humor of Charles Ray in his younger days. That almost sounds like a reminiscence. Heaven forbid! But I think that William Haines is too humorous a young man to take himself in a serious way.

The boat race at New London is pretty, and there is enough pleasant inebriation about it to make it seem authentic. The football game at the Stadium, the crowds, the scoreboard and all, are exciting. Mary Brian plays the slightly backward heroine, and David Torrence and Mary Alden officiate as father and mother.

The subtitles reduced an already delighted audience to helpless laughter.

Gilda Gray and Beautiful Scenery.

"Aloma of the South Seas," the Paramount picture starring Gilda Gray, the dancer, is about the loveliest sight I have seen. Palm trees and stretches of beach and sea are thrown on the screen, and they are unbelievably beautiful. And then, there is Gilda Gray, the only person in the world who could eclipse such a background. It really seems as though this talented young woman could do almost anything. Certainly, no one

in Review

latest films released.

Benson

dances as she does, and now she steps before the camera as a star. Her performance was controlled and sincere, and she looked extremely pretty.

The story is not much to brag over. It is one of those white-man-native-girl affairs, a sort of Samoan "Butterfly," without the flag and the baby. There is also a little too much of "He no love me, he love pretty white lady" in the subtitles. Percy Marmont is the man who almost goes native, and William Powell is unfortunately consumed by sharks toward the end of the picture. And as we are told that "sharks no like dark meat, only like white meat," it proves definitely and once and for all that Mr. Powell is the choice bit of the picture. Warner Baxter is pleasant as the native son, and Julanne Johnston is the pretty white lady.

Several striking camera shots of the breakers rushing head-on toward the camera brought enthusiastic applause from the audience. By all means, see "Aloma." The beauty of the scenes and the beauty of Miss Gray's dancing will hold you spellbound.

Maurice Tourneur is the director who has used his eyes to advantage.

Mary Brian as the shy young girl, and William Haines as the cocksure college boy in "Brown of Harvard," which sets a new style in college films.

Wild Comedy.

"The Wilderness Woman," fresh from the pages of a popular magazine, almost revolutionizes the movie industry. In the first place, Aileen Pringle steps from the hectic romances of Madame Glyn into the wildest, freshest comedy of the season. In the second place—but let me tell you a little of the plot in explanation. I don't want to be drummed out of town by disbelievers.

Miss Pringle takes the part of a lovely, unspoiled daughter of nature from Alaska, who comes to New York to see what she thinks is life, and finding herself locked in a private room by the villain (and just where are those private rooms, by the way?), she knocks him for that same old row of stoves with two well-aimed blows. The hero arrives too late. If that isn't novelty enough, listen to this: her father is *not* deceived by city slickers who propose to sell him the subway.

Miss Pringle is amazing, and very entertaining in her slapstick scenes with Chester Conklin, who plays her father. There is no need to say anything about Mr. Conklin. He is always excellent, but when a young woman as feverish as Miss Pringle usually is, turns to custard pie, likes it, and makes every one else like it, that is news.

In order that everything might be quite perfect, Lowell Sherman is in the cast, too. In fact, if there were more comedies like "The Wilderness Woman," there would be fewer radios.

Ten Per Cent Parisian.

"Mlle. Modiste" is a showy, clumsy adaptation of Victor Herbert's operetta, starring Corinne Griffith. It struggles to be daring, struggles to be smart. It is a mass of silks, satins, jewels, and laces, a fashion parade interrupted by the sometimes clever and sometimes forced titles of Ralph Spence. It is hard to be always funny when smothered by perfume and velvet.

An American in Paris meets *Fifi*, a beautiful French model, and is so impressed by her work—again it is her work, mind you—that he decides to establish a woman's shop, with *Fifi* as its drawing card. After that, there is nothing much but clothes, and a little later in the picture, at an auction sale, very little even of them. But there is a screen, and it does seem a little childish.

Norman Kerry, Willard Louis, and Dorothy Cumming appear every now and then from out the heaps of apparel.

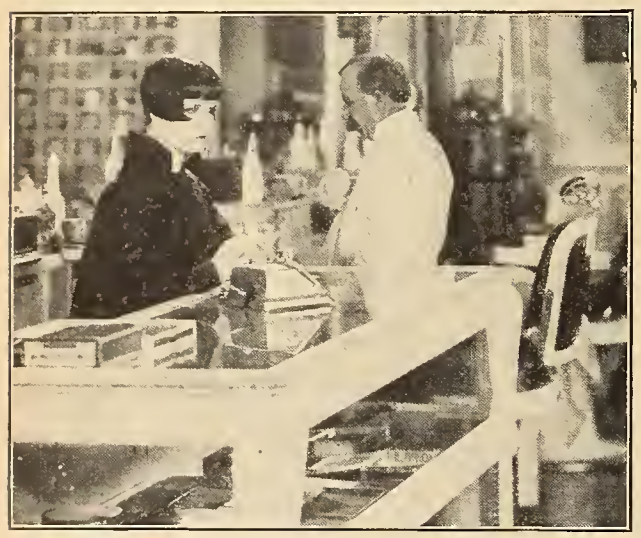
A Barber-shop Chord.

"A Social Celebrity," directed by the brilliant Mr. St. Clair, is another light comedy with an almost unbeatable combination. Adolphe Menjou is the star, with Chester Conklin and Louise Brooks close on his heels. Louise Brooks is the young lady with the black hair who saved "The American Venus" from a fate worse than death. This young lady, very recently from Kansas, is the newest of all those new faces that have been cropping up lately. And the prettiest, too.

She takes the part, in "A Social Celebrity," of a manicurist in a small-town barber shop where Adolphe Menjou is the head barber. She leaves for New York, and Mr. Menjou follows, and then, like so many small-town manicurists, she becomes a dancer

"Mlle. Modiste."

"The Runaway."



"A Social Celebrity."

"The Greater Glory."

in a night club. Mr. Menjou gets on socially, too, by trickery, but the artificial life soon palls, and the two of them return to the little town. At the end, they are pictured with a baby.

Under Mr. St. Clair's very excellent direction, this story becomes subtle, plausible, and infinitely amusing. Mr. St. Clair never makes one mistake, he never lets one thing go as "good enough." As for Chester Conklin and Mr. Menjou, see the last twelve issues of PICTURE-PLAY.

The Dam Bursts.

For a while, it did seem as though the rustic little girls who live "up thar in the mountains" would leave off their silk stockings and chiffon dresses and settle down. But here is Patsy Ruth Miller, in "Hell Bent fer Heaven," running about scantily clad and getting in the way of the setting sun.

The picture varies slightly from the play, which, by the way, won the Pulitzer prize. There is less religious fanaticism and more flood—much more. For the first half of the picture, Gardner James and Evelyn Selbie have many opportunities to do some very fine acting, but once the dam is blown up, there is no room for anything but water. And you never saw so much débris, not even in the dumping ground for barbed wire and old lunch boxes that exists just outside of Newark, New Jersey.

John Harron returns from the war and stirs the jealousy of the hired man on his father's place, a handsome boy but unfortunately just a wee bit on the wrong side. This hired man tries his best to make trouble by stirring up an old feud, and when that fails, blows up the dam. This is far and away better than the recent disaster pictured in "Torrent." Every one is swept away off and on for a while, but the villain dies in a last attempt to save Patsy Ruth.

John Harron is pleasant enough as the returned soldier, but Evelyn Selbie and Gardner James are responsible for the high spots.

Broad Farce.

Female audiences who delight in seeing a man clumsily arrayed in girl's clothes will find infinite amusement in "Money Talks," a broad, obvious comedy, with Owen Moore and Claire Windsor featured. There is also a fat man in his underclothes who gets in the wrong stateroom. There is really almost everything in this picture.

Sam S. Starling and *Phoebe Starling* are down to their last eighty cents, and when a go-getter is reduced to eighty cents, things are in a bad way. *Phoebe,* tired of her husband's optimism, leaves him, and shortly afterward finds herself on a yacht, fellow passenger with her enthusiastic husband. The captain of the boat, being a bootlegger, has a nice little stock of his wares on board. Tables are turned time after time, as the plot becomes more and more confused.

Owen Moore is seen arrayed as a woman; he makes eyes at a susceptible hijacker; he loses his wig, and there is a hilarious chase, or rather, just one of those chases.

Claire Windsor is pretty as *Phoebe Starling,* and Bert Roach, Ned Sparks, and Kathleen Key romp about, too.

Nourishing Drama.

When one English lord steals another lord's lady, and when, eight years later, the principals find themselves in Algiers together, a story is apt to develop. In "Old Loves and New," there is a good, meaty plot. The bereft lord has taken up healing Bedouins on a large scale, and is known and beloved as "the desert healer." The other lord is satisfactorily stepped upon by an elephant, after a good many side issues are over and done with.

E. M. Hull, who knows her desert as Sinclair Lewis knows his Main Street, has made a good old-fashioned, robust piece, and Marion Fairfax, who adapted the story, has seen that none of the iron is cooked out of it.

In an unusually good cast, Barbara Bedford stands out, as the wife of the worst lord, by her beauty and dignity. Lewis Stone, Walter Pidgeon, Tully Marshall, and Katherine MacDonald are all very fine.

Crook Versus Crook.

"The Little Irish Girl," so called for no good reason, is a jerky, muddled picture, with frequent intervals of very good entertainment. However, as Dolores Costello is the heroine, it is just as pleasant, when the plot becomes too complicated, to give up all together and settle down to watching Miss Costello.

In a nest of crooks, Miss Costello is the ill-treated young lady who has no opportunity to be a good girl. She is a variety of *Oliver Twist*. But when she journeys with the crooks to the country to rob grandma of her farm, the peace and the quiet and grandma's grandson get the better of her, and reform sets in.

Most of the crime in this picture is thwarted, but there are enough surprises to keep the story alive in any event.

John Harron is the innocuous hero.

Romantic Beauty.

In the new costume comedy, "Beverly of Graustark," Marion Davies fulfills the promises she gave in "Little Old New York" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." This is a smart, delightfully photographed film of love and deception in a mythical kingdom somewhere in Europe.

Miss Davies reaches humorous heights in "Beverly," which presents the golden opportunity for a girl to masquerade as her cousin, *Prince Oscar*. In a glistening uniform, with her hair cut closely and a jaunty hat over one eye, she strays lightly from one embarrassing situation to another. She is prepared for bath and bed by a handsome young officer; she is forced to drink four long and strong drinks as toasts to king and Graustark; and yet, there is not a suggestion of movie suggestiveness. Miss Davies is refreshing and sensible.

All the leading parts—*Danton,* acted by Antonio Moreno; the villainous general, by Roy d'Arcy; and *Prince Oscar,* by Creighton Hale—are excellently played. As you all know, this film was adapted from the story by George Barr McCutcheon, the inventor of mythical kingdoms.

Very Old Virginia.

"The Runaway" is a bucolic comedy featuring that amazing young person, Clara Bow. The plot rests on the ability of Miss Bow to look as cunning as possible in overalls, and she makes a huge success of it. From overalls to a sunbonnet is the next bit of story.

It is a tale of the hills, with Miss Bow escaping from an amorous young man whom she very nearly kills—or rather, it looks as though she had. She is picked up in the woods by a man from the hills, who blossoms forth in the subtitles with an amazing dialect. He asks her, "Air you decent?" and upon being assured she is, takes her home with him.

After a while, the other young man comes to take her back to New York, but she decides to stay in the hills where sunbonnets and overalls grow on trees.

Nothing very new in this picture, you will admit, except Clara Bow, who after all is not exactly timeworn. The cast is good, including Warner Baxter, William Powell, George Bancroft, and Edythe Chapman. William de Mille was the director.

Domestic Troubles.

Marie Prevost and Monte Blue are tangled up domestically once more in "Other Women's Husbands." This none-too-novel picture is a tangle between husband and wife, a lawyer friend of the family, and a beautiful lady named *Grace*. Miss Prevost leaves for the country on a vacation, and the attorney persuades Monte Blue to call on the attractive *Grace*. When Miss Prevost returns from the country, she finds her husband very much taken with the other lady, and of course the attorney consoles the neglected wife. After that, there is a series of situations which might have been amassed from all the pictures of the last ten years, but the ending is all beauty and light and renunciation.

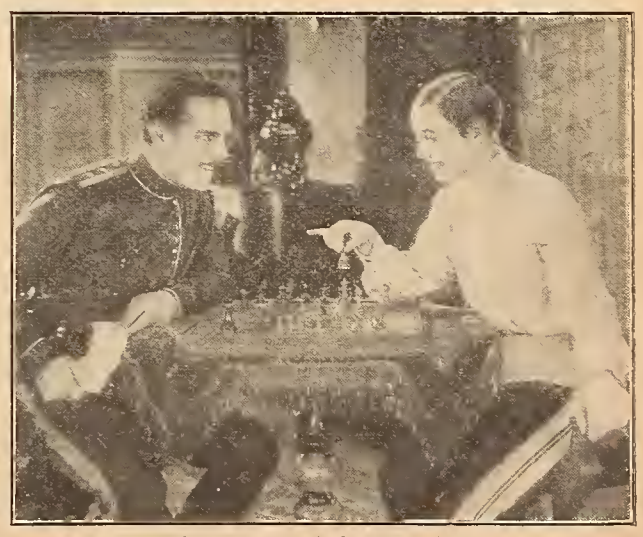
It is said that this is an original story, but that may have been put in just as a joke. Phyllis Haver and Huntly Gordon are the other couple.

Continued on page 109

"Old Loves and New."

"Other Women's Husbands."

"The Wilderness Woman."



"Beverly of Graustark."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"For Heaven's Sake!"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission work, with amusing results.

"Kiki"—First National. Norma Talmadge very entertaining in the highly comic rôle of the little gamin girl of Paris who tries to break into the chorus and falls in love with the manager.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Little Annie Rooney"—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York's lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines makes attractive hero.

"Mare Nostrum" — Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibáñez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading rôles.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Night Cry, The"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin more amazing than ever in exciting film of the sheep country, in which the villains are foiled only just in time.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Three Faces East"—Producers Distributing. Splendid mystery melodrama about World War spies, with Jetta Goudal, Clive Brook, and Robert Ames.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Ancient Highway, The"—Paramount. Jack Holt and Billie Dove in a decidedly pleasing picture full of action and gorgeous scenery.

"Auction Block, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Charles Ray, as spendthrift son of wealthy father, shown to better advantage than usual. Eleanor Boardman and Sally O'Neil make for complications.

"Barrier, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Exciting melodramatic romance of the far, far North, with Lionel Barrymore, Norman Kerry, and Marceline Day.

"Bat, The"—United Artists. Not nearly so thrilling as the stage version of this famous mystery melodrama, but funnier and just as mysterious.

"Behind the Front" — Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both sublimely ridiculous as doughboys. Mary Brian is the girl.

"Beverly of Graustark"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing complications arise when Marion Davies disguises herself as a boy and pretends to be a certain prince. Antonio Moreno opposite her.

"Black Bird, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good melodrama of London's Limehouse district, with Lon Chaney playing double rôle of a thug and a bishop. Renee Adoree charming as French dancer; Owen Moore a gentleman crook.

"Blind Goddess, The"—Paramount. Good plot and excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Esther Ralston. Case of a girl who is ignorant of her mother's identity, and testifies against her in a murder trial.

"California Straight Ahead"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's fast-moving comedies. He loses his girl on the eve of his wedding day, and has to win her all over again in his own unique way.

"Cave Man, The"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny the rather thin story of a bored young heiress who tries to elevate a coal heaver to society.

"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl in a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as a young mechanic.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—First National. An entertaining film of a henpecked tailor of Colonial days who unwittingly becomes a pirate chief overnight. Leon Errol's unique comedy gifts given full play; Dorothy Gish is the shrewish wife.

"Cohens and Kellys, The"—Universal. One of those sure-fire comedies involving a mix-up between the Jews and the Irish. George Sidney and Charles Murray head the respective tribes.

"Crown of Lies, The"—Paramount. Pola Negri in tale of a servant girl who is transported to a mythical Balkan state and made queen.

"Dancing Mothers" — Paramount. Conventional story about fast-living younger generation, with Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, and Norman Trevor.

"Dark Angel, The"—First National. Old story of blinded soldier. Ronald Colman at his best. Vilma Banky makes first appearance on American screen—a very beautiful woman and fine actress.

"Desert Gold"—Paramount. Wild-West melodrama. Neil Hamilton is the handsome hero, William Powell the villain, and Shirley Mason the girl.

"Eagle, The"—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino, as Russian lieutenant who turns bandit, gives a better performance than he has in a long while. Pleasant picture with complicated plot; Vilma Banky beautiful and natural as heroine.

"Flaming Frontier, The"—Universal. An accurate historic picture of American frontier days, with Hoot Gibson in the rôle of a pony-express rider, and Dustin Farnum as General Custer.

"Golden Cocoon, The"—Warner. Helene Chadwick very charming and human as wife of a man whose political career is almost ruined by a trivial but misconstrued incident in her past.

"Grand Duchess and the Waiter, The"—Paramount. Perfectly delightful comedy, with Adolphe Menjou at his very best, and Florence Vidor quite fascinating in the sophisticated rôle of the *Duchess.*

"Hands Up"—Paramount. Farcical romance of the Civil War, starring the inimitable Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy. Not quite so funny as some of his pictures.

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

"His Secretary" — Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer shows how plain she can look in entertaining picture of homely stenographer who startles and

Continued on page 114

Hollywood High Lights

Paragraphs of news and comment from the town where pictures are made.

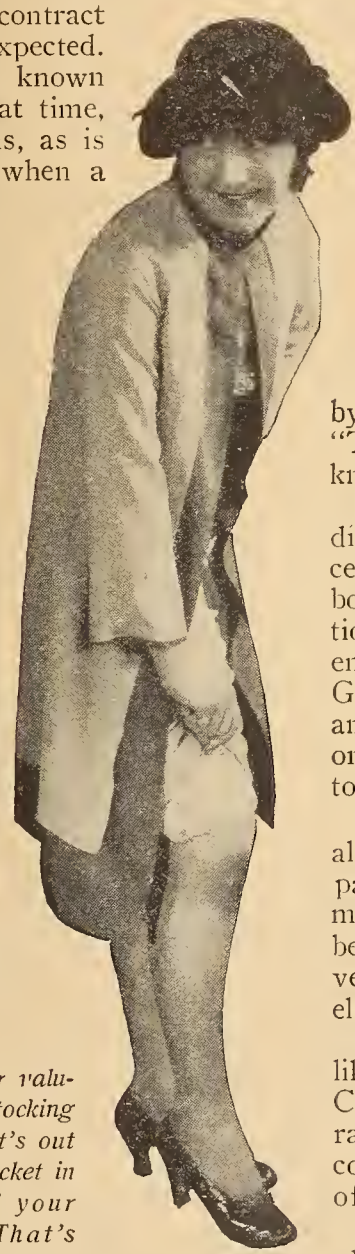
By Edwin and Elza Schallert

JUNE is now definitely established as the marriage month in the film colony. The weddings this year have been interesting and fairly numerous, though not actually record-breaking.

In the old days, movie marriages were celebrated almost any old time, but filmdom, sadly enough, seems to be growing constantly more conventional.

The most astonishing wedding was that of Alice Calhoun to Mendel B. Silberberg, an attorney in Los Angeles. It followed the completion of her contract with Warner Brothers, and was entirely unexpected. It appears that Silberberg and Alice had known each other for several years, but during that time, Miss Calhoun was attended by other swains, as is the mode in Hollywood—even sometimes when a marriage is imminent.

The couple were married quietly at the Calhoun home. Pink roses, orchids, and other lovely California blossoms comprised the decorations. This wedding, which occurred in May, was a little in advance of the regular season. But this was probably due in part to the desire of Alice to *surprise* everybody. She had never really been credited with serious romantic inclinations by the many who knew her, but it isn't the first instance in which a fair and naïve film favorite has practiced such a neat but pleasant deception.



Don't put your valuables in your stocking any more—that's out—but in a pocket in the knee of your bloomers. That's where Estelle Clark keeps all her pin money.

More Wedding Tinkles.

By the time this is published, Robert Z. Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted may also very likely be husband and wife, their wedding being set for June.

The wedding of William Seiter, director, and Laura La Plante is also expected soon. And the early marriage of George Fitzmaurice, director, and Florence Vidor is considered a strong possibility. The latter two have never actually nor formally admitted their engagement, however, so consequently, no definite date has been set. But the lovely hillside home which Mr. Fitzmaurice is building in Beverly doesn't resemble bachelor quarters by any means.

The principal color lent to the report of the Vidor-Fitzmaurice engagement has been the fact that the former Mrs. Fitzmaurice—namely, Ouida Bergere—has recently been wed to Basil Rathbone, an actor of the stage who played the heavy in Mae Murray's "The Masked Bride."

Curious, the way film destinies weave together. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice were among the first to be concerned in Miss Murray's gaining wide note for her acting, some five or more years ago, in the "On With the Dance" period. They were respectively director and scenarist of a number of her earlier starring pictures. Since those days, there has, of course, been the personal and professional separation of the Fitzmaurices, while Miss Murray and Mr. Leonard have also been divorced. Leonard directed many of Miss Murray's subsequently very popular films, independently made. Now, Miss Olmsted, who is very much the young ingénue, is becoming or has become Mrs. Leonard—and as to Miss Murray's further ventures in matrimony, there isn't a single thing to report, other than that she dances divinely with Jack Gilbert on the occasions when they are guests at the same parties!

Reel or Real Romance?

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky will be the center of all eyes when they appear on the screen in their three successive starring pictures.

It can't be possible that two such ideally suited screen types will escape the buzz of romance, as they will be cast as lovers throughout this group of films. The pictures include "The Vagabond Prince," "The Duchess Elva" and "King Harlequin," titles which are eloquently suggestive of Old World sentiment. Before this, by the way, they are to be featured together in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," the well-known Harold Bell Wright Western.

Personally, though, we don't look for a wedding between Ronald and Vilma. They have a certain similarity of temperament. They are both very quiet and reserved. But the association between them is purely a professional one, engineered as a wise business move by Sam Goldwyn. He has them both under contract, and the popularity of "The Dark Angel" demonstrated that the fans delighted in seeing them together.

Vilma seems almost too ethereal a personality ever to yield to the temptation of so comparatively practical an enterprise as matrimony; while Colman, who, to be sure, has been wed once already—unhappily—now is very definitely identified as a confirmed bachelor.

He numbers among his close friends men like Richard Barthelmess, William Powell, and Charles Lane. Lane resides with him in his rambling English home, located in one of the conservative portions of the Wilshire district of Los Angeles.

Colman is one personality who remains completely intact as an idealist, both on and off the screen.

A romance between him and Miss Banky would, nevertheless, be a most attractive one.

Torrence Joins Independents.

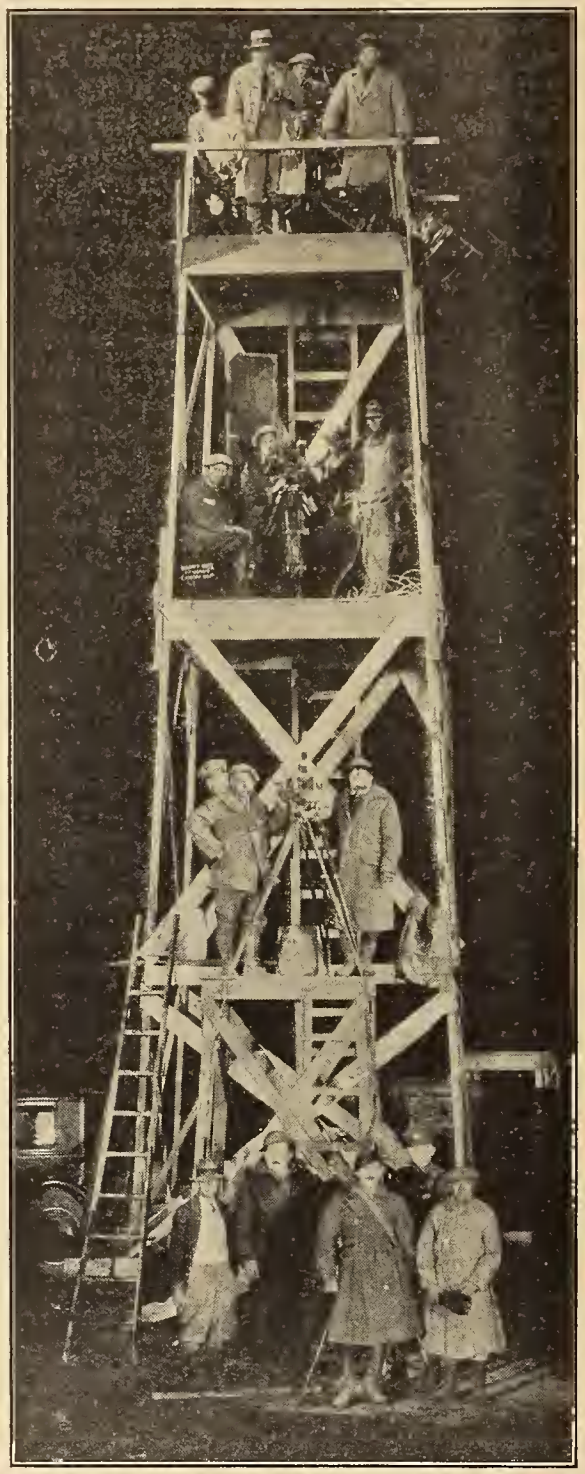
Ernest Torrence has made up his mind about his future, and he has the good wishes of every one. As soon as he returns from his European trip—he's going back to visit his native heath in good old Scotland—he will free-lance. Consequently, you will not see him henceforward as a featured player in Paramount pictures.

Torrence is a very shrewd business man, in addition to being an excellent actor in the right line of parts. He

hasn't had what might be called a good "break" for a long time—nothing, at least, to compare with his famous portrayal of *Luke Hepburn* in "Tol'able David" and of the old prairie scout in "The Covered Wagon." It was these two rôles that made him famous.

Meanwhile, he has accumulated a lot of money. His contract with Paramount has been a big-paying one, and he has built a fine manor house with his savings, and put his cash away in good sound investments. He can afford now to take a chance on rôles as they turn up, and pick and choose the best of them. As he is justly regarded as a great box-office attraction, it goes without saying that he will be busy.

Torrence is said to have been getting about three thousand dollars a week at the close of his term with Paramount, and was one of the most highly paid, masculine featured players at that studio, with the possible exception of Adolphe Menjou. Since his stardom, Menjou is reported to be receiving four thousand dollars. Thomas Meighan is, of course, getting fully double this amount, but he has been long established.



This three-decker, with a camera on every deck, was used in the filming of the battle scenes for "The Better 'Ole," in which Syd Chaplin plays OLD BILL.

A Hetty Green Ingénue.

One of the colony's glad young money-makers these days is May McAvoy, who has been garnering her fortune altogether by free lancing. May is never out of a job for more than a few days at a time, and she generally has a choice between two or three different pictures every time that she finishes an engagement.

Two bids were made for her services after she completed "The Passionate Quest," one of which would have taken her East. But though May is very fond of New York, she chose rather to play in "The Fire Brigade," as this gives her virtual costarring prominence with Charles Ray.

The first picture that she made at Lasky's as an independent player, several years ago, was at almost four times the salary that she had been drawing from them under contract. Since then, she has increased her salary very rapidly. The reported stipend for her recent pictures with the larger companies is around three thousand five hundred dollars weekly, and for independent ventures, she has been offered as high as five thousand dollars.

All of which, as some one aptly remarked, places little May in the same category with Conway Tearle, prize-winning salary diplomat of the male corps.

Rules for Riches.

Salaries are not so high in certain other instances. This seems particularly true of players who are under long-term contracts. And there is a great deal of talk in the family living room about the "injustice of this."

The method of procedure on the part of certain producers has been somewhat like this: They secure the services of a certain player, say at five hundred dollars a week, and after that player's value has increased, they lend him or her out to some other company at two thousand dollars a week, and pocket the profits.

More recently, sharing arrangements have been pretty generally evolved, and needless to say, they have brought about a spirit of more contentment among the talent. A fifty-fifty division of the amount in excess of the regular salary is generally made between the producer and the player, when he or she is lent to another company. Jean Hersholt, for example, who had been receiving only one thousand dollars prior to the signing of his new contract with Universal, often made nearly double the one-thousand-dollar figure, because Universal was able to secure three thousand dollars for his services with other organizations. Sometimes, of course, when much money has been spent on the advertising of a new star, this procedure is not followed, which is logical.

The position of the contract player is not at all unsatisfactory under this condition, particularly if he has a clause in his contract permitting him to select the rôles that he wants to play.

Hersholt, by the way, under his new contract, is reported to be getting two thousand dollars a week, with additional compensation if he is lent out at a higher figure. He has also been made a star by Universal, and is to appear in three starring pictures a year. The first of these is "The Old Soak."

What About Betty?

Quite a few squabbles have lately come to a head, involving the professional and personal activities of the stars.

The one that attracted widest interest was the suit of Betty Blythe in the English courts brought against the British producer, G. B. Samuelson, for an alleged breach of contract in connection with the production of Rider Haggard's novel, "She." The litigation was finally settled out of court.

During the trial, the counsel for Mr. Samuelson created quite a stir when he indicated that Betty's beauty might overpower the court. "Judge her by other things than what she says," he also declared, "because she is too clever."

Which, in a way, was an ironical but very effective compliment to Betty. She has always and inevitably triumphed in real life, by virtue of her personality, though she has seldom enjoyed similar good fortune in pictures. She is really a very charming person.

She made a great hit on her vaudeville tour through England last season, and is at this writing scheduled soon to make a similar tour through the United States.

Other Conflicts.

Among other casualties, of lesser import, legally and otherwise, that have drawn headlines in the papers recently, are the following:

Marceline Day, the little girl of "The Barrier," clashed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer over her contract and salary, asserting in connection therewith that her mother had received "very brusque treatment" at the studio.

Louise Fazenda was the unfortunate victim of a bagatelle row between Warner Brothers and Universal, the former organization stating that they had lent her to the latter for a picture, and that Universal had subsequently declined her services because the director found her unsuited for the rôle. The director was E. A. Dupont, newly arrived from Germany, and apparently he wasn't aware of Louise's great comedy talent, or maybe, like certain other foreigners, Ernst Lubitsch excepted, he hasn't yet acquired an American sense of humor.

Balm for Agnes.

Agnes Ayres reaped a very neat little fortune as a result of her suit against Producers Distributing Corporation. This slight legal dispute was settled out of court, with an award of something like ninety-three thousand dollars to Miss Ayres. Which should serve to buy a number of handsome bonnets and boots for Maria Eugenia Appolonia Reachi, her little daughter, born only a few months ago.

We have told details of the legal battle in a previous issue of PICTURE-PLAY, and as in case of most such details, the repetition of them would be tedious.

However, Hollywood would not be Hollywood if it did not have its money wars occasionally.

The only disagreeable thing about them is that they seldom help to add to that aura of romance which surrounds the players. This was perhaps particularly true in the instance of Valentino and his prolonged and almost wearisome money battle with the Paramount organization a few years ago.

Further Observations of Samuel Pepys.

Tuesday.—Did go this day to bid Milady Fanny the Fan farewell at the Santa Fe railroad station, she having been a visitor in our midst these past few weeks. There I did encounter that sprightly young princess of the royal flapper court, Miss Colleen Moore, who did regale us heartily with talk about her new picture, "Delicatessen"—a fragrant name, indeed, for a film opus. She did mention that she was suffering exceedingly, the weather being warm, of a great offense to her nostrils, because that one of the most important props for her scenes was large and goodly portions of highly scented and vintage cheeses, prominent among which were Camembert and unctuous Limburger. Being greatly fond of such pretzel and Pilsener dainties, I did promise, regardless of the high California temperature, to dine with the bright Colleen upon her set on the morrow.

Wednesday.—Hear much acclaim and great noise and rumor this day of a party to be presided over by the august Cecil B. De Mille at the Ambassador Hotel, and upon attending in the evening, did discover the regal Cecil well surrounded with his famous stars and satellites, all gathered about a huge banquet board. Whereupon, Cecil did stand mightily in his place and make many brave and thundering announcements regarding the future of the company with which he is associated. Which announcements, in their great imposingness, equaled, if not exceeded, the clamor which must have been produced when the Red Sea was opened and closed by him for "The Ten Commandments." None the less is he to be held in great esteem for this accomplishment, for it can be truthfully said that the meeting at which he presided was one of the few at which the genuine English speech was spoken, and not that strange admixture of dialects which is so often to be heard in and around the province of Hollywood.

Thursday.—Up and by afternoon bus (my own) to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where I did discover together that deft and handsome señor, Ramon Novarro, and the bright and chipper Sally O'Neil, both together, she fastening upon him admiring glances. Then Ramon gayly did tell of how, during recent storms, he had cautioned her if she were frightened by wind, rain, and thunder, she should by all posthaste take flight unto his domicile, where he would protect her. Sally smilingly and charmingly gazed at him while he did tell this anecdote, which is proof positive of how gallant a personage Ramon is on all occasions.

Friday.—Deeply concerned this day about the news that the lovely and luscious Bebe Daniels had fallen from a horse while riding in Central Park, New York. I did bethink me of how unfortunate these occurrences are wherein man does momentarily lose control of a fine steed, since I have had frequent experience at consoling my friend, the Prince of Wales, and also Milady Greta Garbo at Goldwyn's, over such misfortunate mishaps.

Saturday.—Up by evening, and with my wife did progress to the home of that very keen and clever Hungarian, Victor

Continued on page 101

Wouldn't you too look adoringly at Ramon Novarro? Patricia Avery used to be a secretary on the Metro-Goldwyn lot—now she has a bit in Novarro's "That Certain Party." *

* Title changed to "A Certain Young Man."

Just a Prairie Flower

The Chamber of Commerce of Wichita, Kansas, points with pride to a local girl—Louise Brooks—who has made good and promises to do even better.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IF you have been regular in your attendance upon things cinematic, and faithful in keeping up your home work, you have been seeing and reading more than a little about Louise Brooks. First, as a pictorial flash in the film, "The American Venus," this little girl got a great big hand. Almost immediately, she was promoted to leading rôles on the screen in support of such fellows as W. C. Fields and the smooth Mr. Menjou.

Indeed, as the ingénue in "A Social Celebrity," Louise was smartly beguiling. Nor should the Charleston she contributed be ignored. She was, in fact, a newcomer who demanded attention.

Off the screen, she is less animated, and hardly pretty enough to stop traffic. She might well be a subdeb, trim, well-shod, elaborately at ease.

Although Louise is from the heart of Kansas, there is nothing cyclonic about her. As reserved as a ringside table at the Mirador, she professes a pretty cynicism concerning the world, manifesting at the same time a blasé attitude toward the swirling currents of life, as currents go in New York.

Her figure is diminutive and, specifically, all that a figure should be. Her nose is straight and freckled, her eyebrows the briefest possible—abbreviated at both ends. Her eyes are large and sultry. Louise, you would guess, has been petted and pampered, and perhaps spoiled a bit. She has a contract and a Park Avenue apartment, and what the critics like to call a "promising future," but discontent lurks in her fresh young face. The world is her oyster, but she doesn't care for sea food.

If you meet Louise at the Ritz for luncheon, and remark upon her tardiness with the observation that you thought she wasn't coming, she tells you that you're lucky: she is only twenty minutes late. Then she readjusts her ruddy lips, pats a bang into place, and murmurs something about arising in the middle of the night.

Knowing, unruffled, diffident, Louise admits that this is breakfast, not luncheon. And although she seems worldly wise, she is still trusting enough to ask the waiter if the honeydew melon is good. Ah, yezz, he assures her blandly. "Then I'll have some," Louise decides, "with a slice of lemon—very thin."

Thus, breakfast progresses, slowly but, as you may already suspect, surely. The Ritz is alive with chatter; the sun pours through the great windows; throngs eat and drink and come and go. But Louise is loath to indulge in conversation.

She was born in Wichita, Kansas, wasn't she?

"Gee, everybody knows that," replies Louise.

Was she ashamed of having originated in Wichita, Kansas?

"No-o. But it's such an old story now." Her gaze wanders idly. "They've all told about my being from Wichita." She thinks for a moment. "Why not make me a mystery woman. Write something interesting about me. Everybody knows I'm from Wichita."

But to imagine her anything other than what she is, would be difficult. Having shaken off the gingham days of Middle Western simplicity, she is coldly trying to erase them from her memory. Three years ago a high-school belle, to-day she is a sleekly bobbed, well-tailored New Yorker, indistinguishable from the genuine article. Little amuses her. Nothing amazes her. She is in pictures, successfully. What of it? She is advancing rapidly, and she is very young. What of it? Her manner drops its inertia only when she defends her reticence. People, she argues mildly, aren't interested in her.

Original or not, the fact remains that Louise is a Wichitan. From the rolling prairies, she came to the city, her fate paralleling that of many prairie flowers: the "Follies" got her. And so successful was she in brightening that gay symphony of the fleshpots, that the grateful Mr. Ziegfeld deployed her to grace his production of "Louie"—historically enough—"the Fourteenth."

After watching Leon Errol's collapsible ankles throughout two hundred performances of that comedy, Louise spent an afternoon discovering Long Island's Astoria. She had heard about the fortunes to be earned, or at least obtained, in pictures. Mr. Cohill, of Paramount's casting office, found Louise worth filing for future reference. And before she knew it, she was being hired to lend a touch of sex appeal to "The American Venus"—the picture that featured Atlantic City, Venus, and five hundred other girls.

Although her part in the proceedings was limited to what is technically known as a bit, Louise made it stand up and speak, surrounded though it was by distracting one-piece bathing suits. New York critics acclaimed her, singled her out for special praise, showered paragraphic commendation upon her. She was signed, then, on what studios always call a "long-term contract."

Louise vouchsafed to me none of this information. Louise is a quiet child, letting well enough alone. She is not likely to say the wrong thing: she rarely says anything. If silence is golden, Louise is a wealthy girl.

It was pointed out to her, gently but bitterly, that being nineteen, from Wichita, Kansas, and fond of honeydew melon with a thin slice of lemon, was *not* enough. There must be something of a newsy nature to be drawn from her table talk.

"Oh," said Louise.

What, for example, did she think of men?

"Men are lovely." A frown flitted across her smooth white brow. "Some of them," she amended.

"Let's say," she suggested, "that I got ahead by hard work and Christian Science." Opening a chased-leather bag, she fished out a leather cigarette case, found a cigarette, and carefully inserted it between her lips. A match flickered, Louise inhaled. "We had a good time making 'It's the Old Army Game' in Florida. Mr. Fields is a funny bird."

That had not, it developed, been her first visit to the Ponce de Leon country. One learned that the Brooks career had been given over generously to globe trotting. There had been a season in London at the Kit-Kat, and in Paris at the Casino, as a member of the Ruth St. Denis troupe.

And now, the prairie flower has joined the horticultural aristocracy. Here is inspiration for young America, for high-school belles, misses' sizes. And here, perhaps, was a chance to get a message from Louise.

"What, Miss Brooks, are the chances for a young girl, fairly pretty, fairly intelligent, to come to the city, and make good?"

A breathless silence preceded her reply.

"The chances," said Louise, "are what she takes."

Photo by M. I. Boris

Progressing from Kansas to the "Follies" to sudden fame in the movies, Louise Brooks has acquired a sophisticated air, says Malcolm H. Oettinger, that belies her ingénue appearance.

"The Sorrows of Satan"

Those baleful eyes and that sinuous figure of Lya de Putti's add to the sorrows of Satan in the Paramount film being made from Marie Corelli's famous novel. Adolphe Menjou, though in modern dress, subtly represents the Prince of Darkness.

One of the victims of the alluring and wicked *Lady Sybil*—Lya de Putti—is an earnest young author, played by Ricardo Cortez, whose heart has been promised to another, but whose head becomes turned by sudden wealth and good fortune.

Norma Talmadge made a charming princess in the film "Graustark."

Photo by Pearsall

Pola Negri was queen of a mythical Balkan state in "The Crown of Lies."

In Royal Robes

Though bolsheviks may create a fuss in real life, royalty remains highly popular on the screen. Mythical kingdoms, and kings and queens and princesses have been particularly numerous during the past season. Jetta Goudal, above, was very grand indeed in the court robes of a Russian princess in "The Coming of Amos." Dorothy Dwan, left, was first a princess, then a queen, in "The Wizard of Oz," and among the numerous members of the royal family in "The Only Thing," was Constance Wiley, right.

Photo by G. E. Baxter

"Son of the Sheik"

Vilma Banky, who made such an ideal leading lady for Valentino in "The Eagle," was again chosen by him for "Son of the Sheik," appearing this time in a gypsylike rôle as the daughter of a nomadic tribe of the desert.

Those Valentino fans who have been wishing they could see Rudy again in the type of rôle in which he first became popular will soon have their wish, for his next film deals with the adventures of the son of the original "sheik."

Four New Films

At the top of the page—Mary Brian and William Haines in "Brown of Harvard;" just above—Richard Barthelmess in "Ranson's Folly;" left—Ralph Forbes and Ronald Colman in "Beau Geste;" above that—Wallace Beery in "Old Ironsides."

To the left is Jobyna Ralston; above, Bebe Daniels, with old-fashioned parasol; to the right, Jobyna again.

Shawls and Parasols

Below is Lilyan Tashman, whose stunning clothes are famous, and to the right, is Florence Vandiver.

Dorothy Dwan, below, is wearing a hand-painted shawl, bright orange in color, and made of heavy silk.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

Photo by Richee

All Dressed Up for Lounging

Not much chance does a hard-working movie actress get to really lounge, but she makes the most of those rare moments when she *can* jump into pajamas and just take it easy. Above, is Patsy Ruth Miller, sliding down the banisters to breakfast in her pink pajamas. At the upper left is Gertrude Olmsted in a Chinese lounging suit, which she often wears in her dressing room. Upper right, is Mary Astor, all ready for a comfortable hour. Margaret Quimby, at the left, has a pair of black-satin pajamas trimmed in silver which are rather bizarre in design, but very striking. Quite different is Betty Bronson's simple pair of pink crêpe de Chine ones at the right.

Photo by Freulich

Photo by Richee

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

A Gay Young Man

That's what Ramon Novarro becomes in his next film, called, at present writing, "That Certain Party." As a titled young Britisher, he gets entangled with various married women, before he finally meets the girl he really loves, and then he has a hard time getting her. Quite a departure from the heroic rôles that Ramon usually plays is this latest characterization.

Watch Shannon Day

She has not yet achieved what she, and others, believe she will some day accomplish, but she has the faith and persistence that will carry her far

By Helen Ogden

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

FAITH, hope and ambition; a spirit which makes of heartaches, disappointments, and failures but stepping-stones to success; determination, beyond the ordinary, to prove that a girl can portray character as well as parade in bathing suits—these are what I find in Shannon Day, once of the Amsterdam Roof and now of Hollywood.

There are two of them, these girls who call themselves Shannon Day. I met the first as she tripped out onto the porch of a Hollywood hotel to greet me. This one was type. Just the same as all the other girls; a little less than the average in height, perhaps; a well-rounded, but not plump figure, round face and fuzzy neutral hair; dressed like a dozen other girls in her block or yours. To some, her eyes—heavy-lidded, smoky gray, those of a dreamer who gazes unseeingly at the world—would be arresting. And yet to others, their seeming blankness would draw only one comment—that of "dumb," without the saving salve of the preface, "beautiful." Perfectly conventional, you see, and slightly self-conscious, in fear that a wrong impression might be made.

Shannon Day No. 2 showed up within the first five minutes of our little talk—and I liked the second one best. For, transfixed by a sudden interest, she becomes a radiant, glowing personality even before you realize that the metamorphosis has taken place. Her body fairly quivers with the intensity of her emotion; her eyes flash in mirrors of expression; her mobile, almost chameleon features pass from one extreme of impersonation to another; lassitude changes to alertness and vivacity and all those other things which seemingly should lead to the peak of success in actordom.

As her conversation merrily skims along, barely skirting the edges of confidences and then scurrying back into the less revealing, often safer fields of banalities, you are conscious only of a waxing question, "Why? Why?"

Why is it that she is continuously hidden on the screen? Why are others allowed to parade in emotions they do not understand, when she could handle the impersonations so much more skillfully and convincingly? Why? Why? Why?

"You see," she is saying prettily, "this acting business is all a thought. If you have the proper thinking machine up here"—indicating the region [Continued on page 100]

Every Star

Rod La Rocque's hobby is photography. Not the mere "press-the-button" kind of amateur work that we all indulge in now and then, but real photography, with a knowledge of lenses, developers, and the like. He is shown here explaining the workings of his new Graflex to Dorothy Wooldridge.

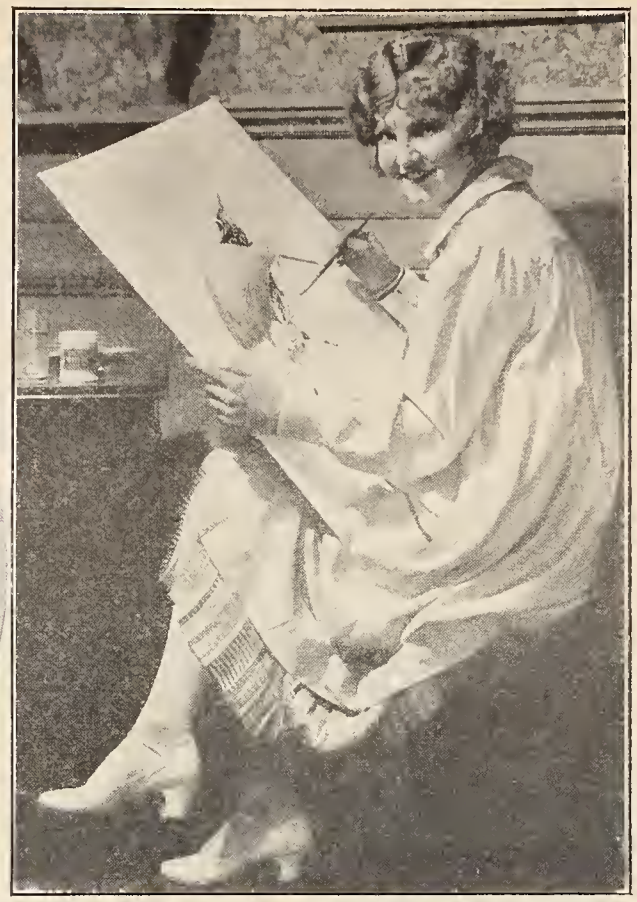
Buster Collier's principal hobby is to play musical instruments—and to sing occasionally. The guitar is only one of the many instruments with which he performs.

Edward Earle has mastered the difficult and painstaking crafts of carving ivory images and painting Japanese screens. He has spent several years in perfecting his talent along these lines.

Whippet racing seems a curious hobby for a girl, but at present it is the principal interest of Pauline Starke, aside from her work before the camera.

Has a Hobby

Jean Hersholt is said to be one of the best artists in the film colony. His etchings and pen drawings have been exhibited in many galleries. He is shown here making a portrait of his son. Collecting stamps and Oriental hangings are among his other interests.



Edna Gregory, Universal star, could make a living at drawing. She specializes, for her own amusement, in decorative drawings of birds.

Colleen Moore spends a good deal of time collecting unusual toys, like the ones shown here. She also has had built and furnished several large doll houses, the contents of which have been procured from many remote corners of the world.

Pola Negri takes a keen interest in modeling. She is shown here at work on a portrait bust in the studio of her Hollywood home.

How I Spent My

Interesting accounts by some of the players them received their first big salary checks, and of the

LESLIE FENTON

LESLIE FENTON

WHAT did I do, you ask, when I got my first big salary check?

After paying off some debts, I sauntered down the Boulevard feeling like Rockefeller, and wondering how to use all my wealth. I spied a car in a dealer's window and proceeded to buy it—the quickest sale that man had ever made. That is, I made a down payment, indorsing my check over to him, and then spent almost my last nickel on a telephone call, asking a girl I knew to go for a long ride.

I had learned to drive—more or less—in friends' cars, and ached to get my hands on a wheel of my own. Fortunately for me, the girl suggested that she put up a lunch for us to eat out in the country. Also, she refused dinner at a café when we returned.

I had to wait for my next pay check before I could invite her out to dinner.

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

My first fairly big movie check melted so fast that I hardly had a chance to kiss it good-by.

Instead of scurrying to the furrier's or to the modiste's, I hurried down to my landlady and paid two months' back rent. The rest of the money went to settle a long-overdue grocery bill.

I had been engaged by a small wildcat producing outfit with no capital other than a great idea and a shoestring. Pay day arrived, but the cash "expected" from New York didn't.

Only after three months did I finally receive my check, firmly forced out of the producers by the law.

With checks that came later, I satisfied a childhood dream of walking haughtily up to a fruit stand and buying one of those long stems of bananas; and I listened to the honeyed words of an oil man who graciously permitted me to invest in a well that never spouted oil.

EDDIE GRIBBON

EDDIE GRIBBON

Nine of us will never forget my first big movie check.

It was just after the war and we were all buddies from the navy. Every day we used to take stock of our joint financial strength, and then split somebody's dollar nine ways. We had crabbed about the navy grub, as all gobs do, but even beans and onions occupy a hallowed place in your memory when all you have for supper is a glass of water, with a toothpick for dessert.

Came the day when Mack Sennett got tired of listening to me talk and gave me a job. When I brought home my first "Molly-O" check, the nine of us marched into Armstrong & Carlton's café, and *ate!*

Armstrong told me the other day that he is still paying pensions to cooks and waitresses who did so much work on that eventful occasion that they have been worn out and useless ever since.

LILYAN TASHMAN

LILYAN TASHMAN

No, I did not give it to mother to put in the bank for me.

I spent it on an antique cabinet of Renaissance design.

My heart had been captured, some time before, by a particularly rare specimen of workmanship in a New York shop. As the price had been high, I had an idea that it would remain unsold for some time. I moved to California, and when I was finally able to buy the cabinet, I sent a money order to the New York shop, fully confident that the piece would be shipped to me immediately.

I was never so disappointed in my life as when the order was returned to me with the information that the cabinet had been sold.

Hoping to chance on something similar, I made a round of the Los Angeles stores and curio shops, and finally found one of identical Renaissance make. I snapped it up, and it is now the most treasured piece in my drawing-room.

GEORGE MAGRILL

GEORGE MAGRILL

The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth herewith follows:

I made a resolution, on the day I signed a Famous Players-Lasky contract, that the moment I received my first salary check, I would get rid of a tenacious insurance agent and sink it all in an endowment policy.

I even was so rash as to let the agent in on the secret.

But the momentous day came on the second birthday of Marilyn Magrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Magrill. And the check was deposited in the bank to open a savings account for wee Miss Marilyn.

P. S.—I lost the friendship of the insurance agent.

MAJEL COLEMAN

In my early days of screen acting, when a contract seemed far away, I used to visualize myself in snappy clothes, and to plan what I would do with the gobs of money I hoped to corral.

MAJEL COLEMAN

But, gee whiz! When I finally got my first big check, and sallied forth to spend it, I discovered that I had lost it—only half an hour after receiving it, too.

It wasn't until a week later, when I mentioned the loss at the studio, that I was told I could have a duplicate check. So I finally got the clothes. And I'm very careful now, guarding those slips of paper!

First Big Pay Check

selves of what their sensations were when they various uses to which they put those checks.

Charles Farrell

Charles Farrell

Necessities—that is the general head under which my expenditure of my first good-sized check comes. For rent, I suppose, and such sundries of existence.

Ten minutes after receiving it, I deposited it in the bank, to save my account from total elimination. Since I came to Hollywood from Cape Cod, two years ago, I have always had a bank account. It went down to fifty cents more times than I care to mention.

On the day that I received my first contract check, the account wasn't any too husky, so I contributed to its health at a speed which would have shamed Nurmi.

Dorothy Gulliver

In the center of a shoe-shop window, those exquisite, metal, brocaded evening slippers, in thirteen colors! I know—I counted 'em over and over. Delicately shaded rainbow hues—such dainty high-heeled trifles on the blue velvet on which they were placed.

Dorothy Gulliver

Every day I stopped to admire them. Being small models, they weren't sold. Little brocaded slippers, waiting for me. I knew I was their *Cinderella*, for I had tried them on, but the *Prince* wasn't anywhere around. I used to close my eyes as I approached the shop, with the fear that they might be gone. Though I couldn't have them, I didn't want anybody else to wear them.

Then—wonderful day!—Universal put me under contract. I had the saleswoman lay them away for me, until I received my salary at the end of the week. It was some time before I was invited to a party and could wear them, but I used to put them on every night in my room and prance around.

Edmund Burns

Say, my first big check didn't last two hours!

It is mighty tough breaking into pictures. I had it all settled how I would spend my first big money—clothes, and a celebration spree. But the news that I had connected with real cash traveled around Hollywood so fast that, by the time I got home from the studio, my creditors had gathered to help me celebrate. And there were plenty of 'em.

Edmund Burns

My spree was postponed, and my check was gone before I was on speaking terms with it.

The next one went too, but in pleasanter ways.

Norma Shearer

Norma Shearer

All of my life I had pictured myself sitting luxuriously back in a high-powered motor car, with a dignified, liveried chauffeur at the wheel.

My first big check made my cherished dream come true, but with a fly in the ointment. The brightly polished car was perfect as to upholstery and fittings. But the glamour was dulled by the terrible time I had with chauffeurs. The first two, though spic and span, weren't reliable. The only thing wrong with the third one was that he couldn't drive!

At last, though, I have found a trustworthy driver. But the irony of it is that, so far as appearance goes, the picture isn't complete. For, he never would take a prize for being the perfectly groomed chauffeur.

However, though I shattered a dream in satisfying a burning desire, I tell myself that I must count my blessings—I have the car. And the man *can* drive.

Hugh Allan

Hugh Allan

There was a special suiting material that I had always admired but which was too costly for my pocketbook. I used to imagine myself in a whole outfit—suit, hat, and shoes—strutting down the street all dressed up like a collar-ad hero.

With my first First National check, I attired myself in accordance with my dream, and nothing on the Boulevard could touch me with a forty-foot pole. My friends laughed at the foolish pride I took in a few new clothes, but that didn't matter.

Youcca Troubetzkoy

With my salary check, which the Universal company presented me for my first week's work, I bought a radio set. The second week, I made a first payment on a roadster. I was then, if you please, an American!

Betty Bronson

Betty Bronson

"Peter Pan" made me better acquainted with Sir James M. Barrie's "family." *Peter* was the only one of his "children" whom I had known well, and I wanted to become acquainted with the others. I was so excited over being cast as *Peter* that I can't remember but one thing I bought with my first week's check, a beautifully bound set of Barrie's works which were on display at a Hollywood book shop. Next to "Peter Pan," my favorite was "A Kiss for Cinderella," and now I have played in that. I hope Paramount will let me do all of his stories.

Claire Windsor

From my extra days on, a diamond wrist watch symbolized to me success and beauty and everything worth struggling for. My heart was set on one, and I never

Continued on page 104

Lon Chaney's famous kit, as large as a suitcase, holds everything conceivable.

Paint Pots and

Each player has his make-up kit should

By A. L.

THERE'S an old superstition: "Never change your make-up kit!"

If it wears out, save the pieces. If you lose it, you're in for bad luck. If you break it, your contract might as well be scrapped. If somebody steals it, gumshoe around till you find it.

Ask the players! Somebody hooked Matt Moore's box of external decorations and he let out a yell that rocked the studio. But it didn't do any good. The kit did not recognize its master's voice, and the one who hooked it kept going. So Matt got a big bandanna handkerchief and has used it till it's worn to a frazzle. He won't even change that! A cracker box, the running board of a car, or a camp stool will suffice him while he applies the grease paint.

No one is going to hook Lon Chaney's make-up box. He calls it his "mystery kit," and it might be taken for anything from a Black Hander's bomb case to a kitchen cabinet. Lon flung it open on re-

Madge Bellamy is content with just a market basket, but Mary Pickford has a folding table completely fitted out with mirrors, electrical connections, and drawers.

Earle Foxe has a specially constructed dressing table on stilts.

Powder Puffs

own ideas as to what a
consist of and contain.

Wooldridge

quest, and exclaimed: "I've got everything in it but the kitchen stove!"

John Barrymore uses a tray. You may see him walking around with his little tray in his hand most any day at make-up time. Some one purloined his kit.

Madge Bellamy's make-up box cost a dime. It's a nice basket colored in the natural wood. You see many like it in the public market where they sell potatoes, parsnips, turnips, liver, cheese, and other things "cash and carry." But it holds just as much or more than the pretty ones, and Madge makes it do. Compare it with the container in which Elinor Fair carries some of her store beauty! Looks a little plebeian, doesn't it? There is nothing fancy about Miss Fair's tool box, but she guards it as though 'twere set in crystals.

Continued on page 100

Doug, like Mary, has a folding table, but not such an elegant one.

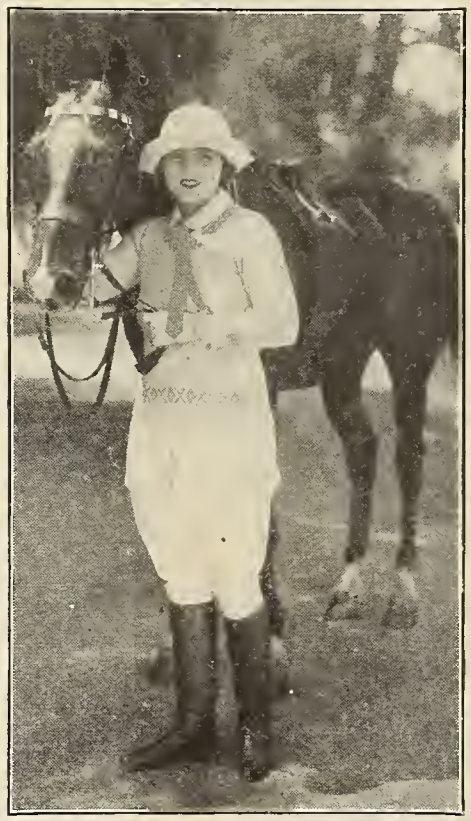
Anna May Wong uses an antique lacquered beauty box brought from China, while Elinor Fair has the regulation, up-to-date, made-in-the-U.S.A. variety.

Matt Moore carries his cosmetics in a tattered old bandanna handkerchief.

Hollywood on Horseback

The wise movie actress sees to it that she is a good horsewoman, for riding is so often required of her in films. Lois Wilson was given the pinto pony above after she had swum it across a Texas river for a scene in "North of 36."

Madge Bellamy and her mount, Babe, above, carried off the blue ribbon in the five-gaited class at a Los Angeles horse show not long ago. Madge is a great little jockey, as fans who have seen her in films probably already know.



Helene Chadwick, at the right, may frequently be seen cantering along the bridle paths of Hollywood on Black Prince. Mae Busch, below, is another of the colony's equestriennes, and the ease with which she sits a saddle has often been reflected on the screen.

For real style on horseback, see Irene Rich, below. She and her glossy mare, both of them always immaculately groomed, make a pretty picture when out for a trot on a sunny morning.

When you've taken a plunge in the cool, bracing surf— and battered and wet with spray, you climb out on the welcoming sand

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Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

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Have a Camel!

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A Lady of High Degree

Dolores del Rio—blessed by the gods—endowed by the fairies.

By Margaret Reid

IN the first place, I wish I didn't have to describe Dolores del Rio for you. Only in terms of technical statistics shall I speak of her appearance, yet it will sound like the mouthings of a minor poet. Though coldly analytical, I shall be accused of extravagance, of fulsomeness, of having the makings of a press agent.

Pretty girls are the rule in Hollywood, rather than the exception. But to be known as a beauty there is a feat, for the appalling competition has set the standards so high, and box-office records, attained through kindly lighted cinema pictorials, count for nothing. To be beautiful to the natives, the girls have to look that way on the Boulevard—in the sunlight—and let me tell you, they have to be knock-outs! I call to mind more than one of the lovely creatures who figure prominently whenever any one is selecting the Seven Most Beautiful. And the ones I am thinking of don't cause a flicker of the most susceptible eyelash when they come into Montmartre. Nice girls, but beauties *only* on the screen.

Far be it from me to shatter young America's illusions by announcing the only actresses considered genuinely beautiful by Hollywood. But one of them—the one who heads my private list—is this divine Señora del Rio. She is so deliciously, flawlessly lovely that people sit back and feast their eyes upon her to the point of rudeness. She is so beautiful that other women will admit it.

Her skin—I am not exaggerating—is like palest-yellow satin, with a dully gleaming quality. Her thick, shining hair is black—or is it nearer blue?—and gently frames the chiseled oval of her face. Her slightly oblique

Photo by Ferdinand C. Clark

black eyes glow softly behind silky, sweeping lashes. Her mouth is sharply, delicately curved over dazzling teeth. She has the lissome, swaying figure of the dancer, and the carriage of the aristocrat. Her hands are small and slender, with the boneless appearance of hands whose ancestors have done nothing for generations but stitch fine linens and lightly touch the harp. She is beautiful, with a story-book perfection.

I had luncheon with her not long ago. She had just arisen from a sick bed, where she had entertained a terrific cold. Now you know how mortal maids look in the throes of a cold. Not, you must admit, their best. But this Dolores looked—well, just like the foregoing orgy of adjectives. Never has woman worn so gracefully a cold in the head.

But she wailed, "Oh, I feel so bad. I think my eye all disappear' an' I am just wan beeg nose." She sadly blew the nose, which belied her by being small and straight.

With the arrival of the lobster cocktail, I asked for information concerning Dolores—infant, child and girl.

She was born in Durango, the same town in the north of Mexico that has been made famous by Ramon Novarro. Dolores has never met him, but at the time of her birth, her mother and his were intimate friends. She is of pure Spanish blood, although her parents are Mexican-born.

"I don't know w'y in the news-peppers they will say I am Aztec descent. I am only of Spanish blawd—all the way back. They say also Novarro is Aztec—but he is, too, Spanish blawd."

When she was five, her parents moved to Mexico City, where her father is a bank president, with extensive business interests. She was an only child, and anything she wanted was hers. As is the way in old countries, she was as familiar with the arts as with her schoolbooks. In particular, she showed a love for dancing, and on her frequent journeys abroad with her parents, studied under the best masters in Europe.

Her parents, Spanish aristocrats of ancient lineage, welcomed at their home, and visited abroad, the most famous of artists and nobility—brilliant, cultured people. Dolores the child learned, as unconsciously as she had learned to dance, the talent of poise and serenity. The best of music and drama and art that Europe had to offer, came to Mexico City. On her travels, she learned the beauties and histories of old countries from their own cities. One can picture her growing up in the gracious luxury surrounding her, smolderingly lovely, the delicate little olive face smiling shyly between the folds of gleaming black hair on either side of it.

"My hair was once long, then. Ontil here"—indicating her hip—"but weeth a hat on my head look so beeg, they were fonny. So now I cut it off, ontil here"—touching her shoulder.

At sixteen, when she was still in a convent in Mexico, she met Señor del Rio. He was some years older than she, and the first man, outside her father, she had known. During her holidays, he visited her parents, and paid court to the youthful Dolores.

She laughed adorably and leaned across the table, her black eyes shining.

"Oh, it was so r-r-romantique. He fall in lawve with me, an' I fall in lawve with heem. For five mawnths we are engage'. And then we get mar-r-ry!

"I wish you could meet my hos-ban' some day. He is wan-der-fool." Her voice softened almost reverently, and the graceful shoulders and fluttering hands were still. "So clever, so culture', so kind. He is wan-der-fool!"

To the home of this "wan-der-fool" gentleman Dolores went, as a sixteen-year-old bride. With her new dignity as mistress of the great house, the long black hair was put up for the first time. From the grave cloisters of a convent, she stepped suddenly into the brilliant whirl of a cosmopolitan city.

Her dancing had developed into an art—to have seen the Señora del Rio dance was a memory to be cherished by connoisseurs. Once, when she was visiting in Spain, Queen Victoria asked her to dance for the wounded veterans in the huge military hospital that the queen herself maintains. The royal family and all the court were present.

"That was my beeg—my beeg minute! I was so excite', so happy. The queen is such a charming woman—oh, you can't know how charming!" The slim hands gesticulated, the shoulders rose eloquently. "She has been wan-der-fool to me. I lawve her."

In Mexico City, at half a dozen great charity benefits, Dolores danced publicly. Thrilling to it—the lights, the beauty, the applause—all the gay artifices of the theater.

Then, early last summer, Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor went to Mexico City to be married. With them went Edwin Carewe and Mary Aiken, now Mrs. Carewe. During their stay, they met a friend of the Del Rio family, and were entertained at his house. Because Dolores was an inveterate picture fan, the friend invited her to meet the celebrities from Hollywood.

"I was so thr-r-eel', I nearly die. I could not believe that *I* was meeting Bert Lytell an' Claire Wins-sor!"

Graciously, she asked the American visitors to have tea with her before they went. They came to her lovely home—for tea. But they talked and laughed and sang and danced with this enchanting hostess, and it was twelve o'clock when they left. They were all captivated, and told her she should be in pictures. Mr. Carewe, in particular, begged her to consider coming to Hollywood and taking up a career. Dolores laughed, as at a huge joke, but just the same, the idea was planted.

Back in Hollywood, Mr. Carewe wrote entreatingly, promising his support if she would only give the movies a trial. Dolores was raised to the apex of excitement and longing. For three months, she pleaded with an obdurate family, who thought she had gone unexpectedly mad. Her husband refused to countenance a descent into the den of iniquity that was Hollywood. Her friends scoffed.

But fate could never be too long unkind to such a bewitching creature, so Señor del Rio finally consented to pay a brief visit by himself to Hollywood and see what it looked like.

"He theenk he find these bad people, these wil' women. An' instead, he meet them in their homes, an' watch them wor-r-rk, an' fin' them all so charming, charming."

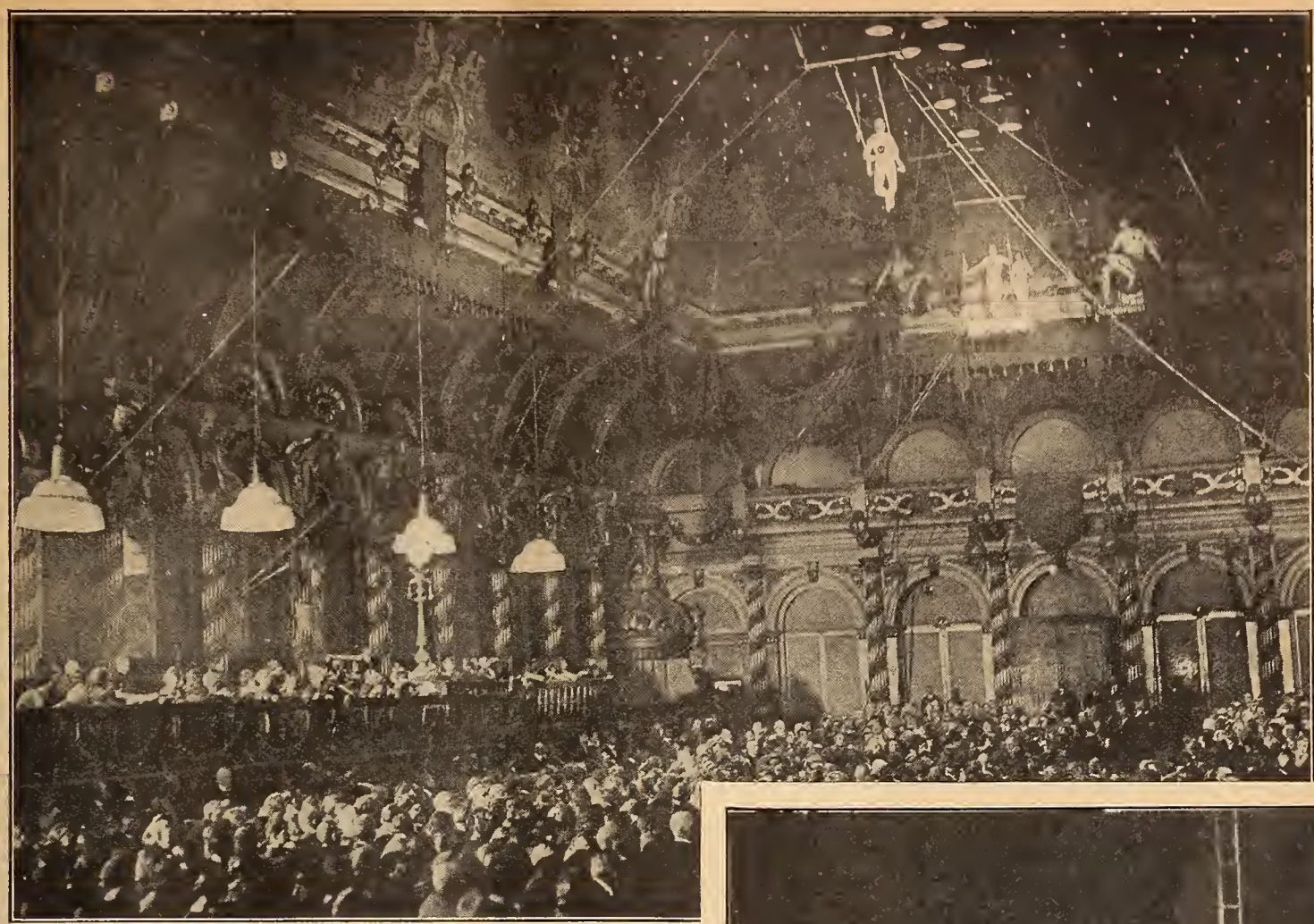
So he returned to Mexico for Dolores, and brought her to Hollywood. She arrived on a Sunday. On Wednesday, she began work in "Joanna," directed by Mr. Carewe.

After "Joanna," came the second lead in "High Steppers," also directed by Mr. Carewe. Then followed "The Whole Town's Talking" for Universal. Her current picture, in which she is cofeatured with Lloyd Hughes, is Edwin Carewe's "Pals First." And now, one of the biggest acting plums of the season has fallen to her share—the rôle of *Charmaine* in "What Price Glory."

Hollywood has already taken Señora del Rio to its heart. She is invited everywhere, fêted, admired.

The gifts of the world have fallen into her lap. She might so excusably be a little spoiled, a little sated. But she is only surpassingly, luminously happy—the most completely happy person I have ever seen.

Dolores—not for tears. But for joy—blessed by the gods and endowed by the fairies—Dolores.



A Foreign "Variety"

The most thrilling film produced in Germany in many a day, not to say year, depends upon a trapeze act in a vaudeville theater for its novelty and excitement. Called "Variety," some of its scenes, shown here, are said to offer a distinct departure from the usual in photography and dramatic development. This film brought fame in such great measure to E. A. Dupont, its director, that Universal imported him to try his hand at some of their big specials. He is now filming "Love Me and the World is Mine."

Lya de Putti and Warwick Warde are seen, left, in one of those "tense" moments, while Emil Jannings, right, gives another proof of his ability to change his personality without the use of make-up. He, of course, is the villain who tampers with the trapeze at the moment when Miss de Putti and Mr. Warde are performing.

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real or only in the movies, and those stirring scenes took their toll of scarred and ripped flesh, of bones that cracked under frenzied, tramping beasts.

You have seen Ronald Colman and Bill Powell and those others act before. But you have not seen them as they act in "Beau Geste." Herbert Brenon, a dominant man, drives his people and makes 'em like it—because he works harder than he asks *them* to, because he is considerate.

One day, sixteen hundred mounted riders, attired as Arab warriors, were assembled about the camera platform.

"Some of you men take falls," Brenon yelled through his megaphone.

The signal to start was given. Several hundred Arabs took nose dives from their horses and were sprawled on the sand under the kicking hoofs.

This enthusiasm had its beginnings in the unusual film values offered by "Beau Geste," the colorful P. C. Wren novel. It might have been written directly for the screen, so chockful of thrilling action is it, with such continuity do its sequences develop to a smashing climax. It has dramatic motion and pictorial scope, with scenes shifting from the peace of rural England, the calm of Brandon Abbey, to the Sahara.

The story concerns the heroism of the brave members of the French Foreign Legion, comrades whose pasts are sealed, loved for their courage in facing death, for their gay, rough humor, for their sportsmanship. The plot, embracing mystery, romance, action, and self-sacrifice, has an international appeal, and a poignant tenderness in the devotion to each other of the three brothers who are the main characters.

"Brenon's insistence upon the greatness of the story of 'Beau Geste' started the whole thing," Bill Powell told me, after the company had returned to civilization and Athletic Club luncheons. "I met him one day at the Lambs' Club in New York, soon after the book had first appeared—a best seller of last year. He raved so that I read it and became equally interested. Then he persuaded Paramount to buy it. Later, his enthusiasm rippled like a wave through the cast that was chosen and all those who were connected with the production, carrying us on to the verge of hysteria—that determination to make it a wow of a picture."

The location was found by Frank Blount, production superintendent, who sought one identical to that in the African desert sketched by Julian Fleming, art director, as the original locale of the "Beau Geste" story. Brenon and his aides inspected the spot, having of necessity left their horses miles behind and plowed through the wastes of sand. Stretching below a plateau, between gigantic dunes, lay a sandy valley. Ideal!

Studio Aladdins converted the wastes into a temporary city, four miles square, to quarter two thousand men and eighteen hundred animals.

The first problem was how to haul in material. Jutting off from the plank road from Yuma, several miles of board track were laid, painstakingly. Caterpillar tractors and sand sledges, inch by inch, furrowed through the sand, bringing loads of lumber. Squads of men next erected an eight-ton rig and dug a well one hundred and fifty-three feet deep, down to the water beneath the sand. The drilling completed, pumps were installed to bring up fifty thousand gallons daily.

After the plank track had been laid to the brink of the valley, a board chute was constructed, with an eight-thousand-pound total capacity. Upon occasion, traffic jams occurred on this one-way highway. One day, seventeen truckloads of lumber got stalled in the runway for seven hours.

Two hundred workmen, sweating under the broiling sun, put up what was known as Camp Paramount, fitted with floored tents.

This magic city embraced, besides sleeping quarters, the huge mess tent, a hospital with a physician-surgeon and a nurse in attendance, four post offices, a barber shop, a laundry agency, a drug store with twenty-four-hour service, wardrobe and property tents, a carpenter department, harness and blacksmith shops, a veterinary tent, and supply depots.

Nor were recreational needs overlooked. The morale of two thousand men was kept up, with quarreling and irritation avoided, until the last, most trying weeks. The camp orchestra, a movie show, and radio concerts entertained them every evening.

Military police were constantly on duty. Army rule prevailed. At five thirty in the morning reveille sounded. At six, came the summons to breakfast. The seven o'clock bugle meant mounting and awaiting orders. At eight, work commenced.

Goggles protected the eyes of the players during preparations and rehearsals, but at the camera call, these had to be discarded, of course. The men had to squint against the glaring white light of the sun and the pricking sand which beat into their faces.

Neil Hamilton wrote from the camp, to a friend in Hollywood, the following:

> We've been through such agony, that time has ceased to matter. Our day consists of food—work—wind—sand—heat.
>
> The sand dunes rise in cliffs on all four sides. On the highest peak is the fort. When you have laboriously climbed up and into the lookout tower, you see a perfectly beautiful panorama of the whole works. You are literally in the middle of a sea of sand.
>
> But in the daytime—sand in your eyes, nose, ears, hair, in your clothes and, worst of all, in your food and drinking water.
>
> Hot—oh, man, I mean *hot!* Evenings are delightful. Nights—brrr, cold!
>
> However, if we live through this, we know we shall have a rip-roaring picture. First, it's a pip of a story. Secondly, Herbert Brenon, who could inspire a snail to win a marathon, is directing. Then, there's beautiful photography by Roy Hunt. And a cast pep full of enthusiasm.
>
> They're all good sports, particularly Ronald Colman. I have no brothers, but had I one, I should want him to be like Ronnie. I am crazy about him. He deserves all the good things that have come his way and lots, lots more, as he is one hundred per cent, through and through.
>
> Taps—to bed—perhaps to sleep, though the camp has that ominous "calm before the storm" feeling in the air.

In the battle scenes, wild, swarthy Arabs, *Tuaregs* in their flowing, picturesque robes, and dirt-begrimed, laughing-eyed *Légionnaires,* were directed by radio and semaphore signals from a central tower. The climax was the destruction by fire and powder explosions of the fort constructed on the crest of a dune. The sand valley lay under a welter of red, its undulations cut by the crimson tongues licking outward. With the blasting of powder kegs, embers flared into torches, and the flames, fanned to a pitch by the howling wind, reached out hungrily in spears and shafts of fire. A great glare, in which sky and the rolling carpet of sand mingled into one vast wash of red, overspread the valley. In the suffocating heat, coughing, sucking in the smoke, fought the *Légionnaires* from Hollywood.

When the last scene had been shot among the ashes, they struck camp. From two thousand throats there rose again that exultant song:

"*Allons,* Brenon, *voici ta Légion!*"

Swinging to the beat of the words, the company wearily climbed the ninety-eight steps to the plateau above the dunes and, with one last look at the scene of travail, of labor and anger and hilarity, turned toward home.

With their faces gaunt and burned—faces like battlefields after the sorties are over—with eyes reddened, and lips compressed, they at last relaxed again, with sighs, into the comforts of Hollywood home life.

And so, "Beau Geste" is completed.

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lovelier every day. I think I shall open a beauty shop where women can come and make faces under Kleig lights for hours every day. If there is anything in my theory—and there probably isn't—they will emerge as raving beauties.

"The other night, I was down at Colleen Moore's house, and we got out some old photographs. There was one of the original thirteen Wampas Baby Stars, and you should have seen it. They all looked years older than they do now. And so dowdy! Colleen looked at least five years older than she does now—the picture was taken four years ago—Helen Ferguson looked like a middle-aged matron, and Bessie Love looked like a world-weary and hardened sinner. Every one in the picture looked tacky and old-fashioned except Patsy Ruth Miller, who really looked quite modern."

Fanny rambled on about this person and that until suddenly we found ourselves in Albuquerque, where we got out to send some telegrams. A boy rushed up with a crazy wire of greetings from Virginia Valli and Julanne Johnston, all full of such sentiments as, "Having a swell time. Wish you were with us. X marks the room where we are stopping. Here come the girls now." Before we could compose a suitable answer to it, a crowd of fans rushed up and wanted to take kodak pictures of Carmelita. Of course, she looked gorgeous. She never gets careless about her appearance, even on a train. Being a motion-picture fan in Albuquerque is an organized business. The enthusiastic ones meet every train with kodaks and autograph albums, and grab all the important stars as they pass through on their way to New York from Hollywood.

"Oh, I wish I were in a hydroplane," Fanny mused, disconsolately. "Just a week ago to-day, I was having the most marvelous time. I went over to visit the James Cruze fleet at Catalina Island, where 'Old Ironsides' was being made. And I was so interested in watching Wallace Beery and Johnnie Walker and all the rest working, and in watching the twenty ships being directed by radio, that I stayed until it looked as though I would be late for a dinner engagement back in town. So some one sent for a hydroplane to take me home.

"I met Charles Farrell for the first time over there. I don't recall ever having seen him on the screen, but I am willing to bet anything that he will make a tremendous hit in 'Old Ironsides.' He has the juvenile lead, you know. It must have been a thrilling week for him when he got the part. He had such a long period of playing extra parts, that he at one time got terribly discouraged about ever getting ahead. And then, the Fox company started giving him good parts, and just a day or two before he landed the leading rôle in 'Old Ironsides,' he signed a five-year contract with Fox. He is perfectly charming-looking, and has the most attractive manner."

Of course, Fanny is quite biased on the subject of Wallace Beery. She thinks he is perfect for any part. I dare say that if any one asked her who would be the perfect *Romeo,* she would nominate him even for that.

"Oh, why am I leaving Hollywood!" Fanny wailed. "When I love it so!" She had been staying at Colleen Moore's house, and been having a grand time. "I don't see why the continent should have to be between me and Colleen. I asked her not to have any guests in for dinner and not to entertain for me while I was there, and I enjoyed it hugely. We just played around together. I watched her at the studio all day—she is always at work—and at night, we ran pictures in her living room after dinner. We saw Richard Barthelmess in 'Ranson's Folly'—that wasn't so good, but the next night, we ran 'Miss Nobody,' starring Anna Q. Nilsson, and that was great. Arthur Stone is screamingly funny in it. I think some day he will be a second Harry Langdon. His pantomime is so marvelous. He is supporting Colleen in 'Delicatessen,' but then, she always does have wonderful supporting casts. There is a sensible star for you. She doesn't want to grab all the glory, but insists on having the very greatest actors with her. She says it is an inspiration to work with Jean Hersholt. Isn't she lucky to have him in the very last picture he will make before being starred out at the Universal lot?"

Fanny chattered on, her words fairly tripping over one another in her enthusiasm.

"Did you see Norma Shearer in her make-up for 'The Waning Sex?'" she asked. "She looks cunning in mannish, tailored things. She plays a woman lawyer, and she is scared stiff for fear she will offend some of them. The picture is a bit farcical, and she is afraid they will think they are being treated lightly. You see, she wins her case in court in the story, but by legs rather than by learning.

"And did you hear about Marie Prevost taking up bicycling? She had the most awful experience. Between pictures she decided that a little strenuous exercise would do her and Kenneth Harlan both good, and they thought that, by putting on old clothes and going bicycling through the back roads of Beverly Hills, they could remain quite inconspicuous. They reckoned without their fans. First they passed a school, just as it was letting out, and a lot of children ran after them screaming, 'Where are the cameras?' No matter how frantically they pedaled, they couldn't escape them. Motorists passing by thought there was some excitement, so they joined the chase, and finally pedestrians ran from all directions. In the end, there was such a noisy crowd pursuing them that Corinne Griffith came rushing out of her house to see what was the matter just as the riders dropped their wheels and rushed into her house. There will be no more bicycling for those two!

"Well, here we are out on the great open spaces." Fanny was staring out of the window, and seemed to be talking entirely for her own amusement. "Picture Vilma Banky galloping through this kind of country, as a typical American girl in 'The Winning of Barbara Worth.' She will be lovely, but somehow her delicate beauty is a rather extreme idealization of the type the desert produces. I always think of her as she looked at the opening of 'Charlot's Revue'—so ethereal and flowerlike and dainty. People go to see shows in Los Angeles, but they find themselves staring at her, if she is in the audience. She is so unobtrusive and shy, and yet has so many good reasons for bursting into the limelight, that she is wholly delightful.

"Some day I'll be raving like that about Olive Borden. You just wait. That girl has a great future, and out at the Fox studio they figure that, by giving her every advantage of careful study and good vehicles, she will be one of the most popular stars in the business in two years. She is awfully young. She can easily afford to wait two years for her days of glory.

"It's a nice business. Where but in Hollywood can you see so many girls winning business success and great public adulation by the time they are twenty? It's nice to see the endless procession of Rolls-Royces in Hollywood, not carrying pompous old men and women as they do in New York, but pretty girls young enough to get a thrill out of earning them and riding in them themselves."

The closer we got to New York, the more mournful Fanny became.

"But," we chorused, "there will always be trains going to Hollywood."

"Yes," Fanny admitted, "and I will probably take one very soon."

Code of a Westerner

Continued from page 19

most anything I please, and yet some of my happiest hours have been spent just doin' practically nothing.

"Take the other day: I was out at my house and had a couple of hours on hand. First, I thought I'd go over to the Ambassador, and get my hair cut and get shaved and set up and everything. So I started for over there, but somehow or other, I found myself down here, instead. In my room, just puttering around. It was late, so there wasn't any one else here. Well, I took a shower, and Lord knows what I didn't do. I sat around in my robe reading a movie book—I got out a pencil and paper and jotted down some phonograph records I wanted to get for Mrs. Mix—I read over some insurance pamphlets, clean all the way through. I went over my 'graveyard'—I'll tell you about that in a minute—in fact, I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much, except some of the minutes I've spent with Tommy. She is the greatest happiness that ever came into my life. Sometimes I think it is my reward for having done the things that kids like—that I should have a kid of my own."

As he paused, his cane suspended contemplatively in the air, I asked, "What was that 'graveyard' you spoke of?"

Tom smiled a slow smile that took time to get started but lingered after it came.

"Know what that is?" he said.

I shook my head.

"It's a book I've got that contains a short biography of every one ever connected with the movie business. When I have a spare minute or two, I get it out and go over it. There aren't more than four names that started in that book that are in the movies to-day. And there's a reason for the failure of every one of them:

"This fellow drank himself out.

"This one was crooked.

"This one tried to hog it all.

"And another one was too easy-going.

"I try to apply their mistakes to myself."

Then summing up his remarks in a nutshell, in characteristic fashion, he finished off with, "Any one who won't profit by the other fellow's mistakes is foolish. In a way, that just gets us back to where we started—that being forced to stay up where the kids put me perhaps saved my life. I mean my life in the movies. Otherwise, I might have been just another name in that 'graveyard.'"

From the outer office, I could hear discreet movements. I remembered that Mr. Mix had only a part of his noon hour to give me. So I rose to go. I told him that I was sorry we couldn't talk longer, that I had enjoyed meeting him immensely.

"Yes, ma'am," Tom corroborated. "Come over some time when we're doin' some stunts. Glad to see you."

And then he was gone. Without another word. Into the other room.

When we were alone again, the lady press agent asked me how I had liked him. And I told her what I am going to tell you.

I have never enjoyed a talk more in my life.

I have never been more impressed with any one's sincerity.

I have never been more enthused over the prospect of writing a story. Tom Mix is excellent "copy," and next to Mary Pickford, the most consistent talker I have encountered.

He has the egotism which marks a definite personality and makes reporting a pleasure.

He has an unelaborated charm, and personal magnetism.

You might say that I enjoyed myself and be perfectly within bounds.

On the way home, having nothing better to do, I discarded those lemon phrases.

You won't find them in the story.

Cinderella Kicks Off the Glass Slipper

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George K. Arthur, Ethel Clayton, and others of proven ability.

"In a way, my sudden grand début was a mistake, but for other reasons, it wasn't," Cinderella, in a frilly pink negligee, explained. "I have learned a great deal—what to avoid, for instance. I am not a beautiful manikin. Snaky trains and pearl headdresses just don't look right on me.

"Now I have a chance at what I've always wanted to do—comedy dramas about impish little girls who dance their way through all sorts of predicaments. I can be *me*, not a beautiful princess of an imaginative world.

"And I am feeling my own age again. That point is worth considering." Her serious eyes emphasized her words. "Because it has so much influence on one's work and one's personal life and moods. When Mr. De Mille started 'Feet of Clay,' he said, 'Vera, you've been just a kid, on screen and off, but now you are a grand young lady, and you must begin thinking and feeling thirty years old. You must acquire poise and dignity.'

"I tried, but"—ruefully—"I really couldn't get the manner. Instead of being at ease in those beautiful screen drawing-rooms, I felt stilted."

And now, the slightly round but utterly adorable little Vera is being permitted to "think young" again. De Mille adheres to the principle of atmospheric influence. A psychologist, he believes that plastic material can be molded by the proper environment and by the injection of a new trend of thought.

When the particular girl who is to undergo a metamorphosis under his guidance is not overburdened with individuality, or if she fortunately possesses a personality akin to that of his visualized heroine, the process is a neat one, and the result is evenly achieved, without any jagged edges. She slips easily into the mold and gradually is decorated with colors.

In Vera, he has, for the first time, encountered a very definite personality, incapable of adaptation to a pattern entirely foreign to it. She is a little girl who, despite years or circumstances, will never grow up—an impish child who gets gloriously excited over every cookie that life offers her, who thrills to the fun all about her and must participate in it.

When "Feet of Clay" was being filmed, I interviewed Vera for PICTURE-PLAY. Knowing how she had clowned her funny little way through comedies and what an entertaining person she really was, I resented the things De Mille was doing to her. And, with my customary good manners, I recall speaking my mind right out to her.

Because I so seldom do hit the nail on the head, I now demand all the honor due an oracle, if any. De Mille almost quashed Vera in his very effort to promote her to the head of the class. She didn't belong with the correctly polished young ladies reciting from the platform; she belonged out of doors, throwing rocks at the window of the schoolroom.

And De Mille has promised her a good time, hereafter. Light stories, with inconspicuous plots but with many cute bits of business and humorous situations, written about the central figure of an entertaining little girl who gets herself into scrapes, will be her *métier*. For the first time since her "discovery," she is wholeheartedly enjoying her work.

For Cinderella has found happiness at last—in the pickle factory.

Faces You Will See Again

Newcomers who are already making their mark on the screen.

What does the future hold for Betty Boyd? Much, perhaps. For Cecil De Mille himself—he who has given us so many of our favorites—is showing an interest in her, and gave her a bit in "The Volga Boatman."

You have been warned that you would soon hear more of Dorothy Dunbar, and now it has happened—she is playing the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman," and any girl will agree that that's no small honor. She was also enrolled in "Mlle. Modiste" and "Fig Leaves."

Vivian Winston is still just a bit player, but she has a sympathetic quality that has so impressed Metro-Goldwyn directors that they have used her in several films, among the "Brown of Harvard" and "Love's Blindness."

Pauline Pane has come from England—she and her fortune of three million dollars. But she's not letting a little thing like wealth stand in her way, and has already attracted the notice of certain directors.

Take one look at Anielka Elter's eyes and you will know that there is a more than ordinary future ahead of her. Not to mention the past that she has left behind, for this young Czecho-Slovakian girl was a spy in the Italian Fascisti during the war. As to those eyes, again, Erich von Stroheim says they are the wickedest he has ever seen.

"One of the most beautiful" of the "unknown" girls in Hollywood, is what Gloria Hellar has been called. She had a bit in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," and also in "Don Juan."

Peggy Fears is her name, but there's really no reason for it. For who should have anything to fear with a stunning profile like that? And just to prove it, Warner Brothers have put her under contract.

If you have seen any of those short-reel Irish comedies that Fox has been making, you know Barbara Luddy, for she is the essential girl. She was picked from the extra ranks and signed up by Fox.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Continued from page 16

amount of charm for the ladies, his talents are still inconspicuous.

Among the good actors who constantly find themselves doing the right thing by the world at large, are Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, Conway Tearle, and Lewis Stone. Here are heroes. However incredible are their duties, they succeed in carrying them off in a believable manner. They convince. They impersonate stanch gentlemen and take you with them while they are doing it. You do not find yourself carried away by James Kirkwood or Jack Holt or Milton Sills or Ben Lyon or Norman Kerry or Malcolm MacGregor. These are the wooden Booths, who are symbolic of the rank (stet!) and file. There are hundreds of dull, conventional actors—stars and less—just as there are hundreds of dull, humdrum actresses, but there are a greater number of intelligent, creative artists among the men than among the women.

If there is character work to be done, you have such able fellows as George Fawcett, Alec Francis, Hobart Bosworth, Theodore Roberts, Marc MacDermott, and Tully Marshall, among the older men. These actors do not depend upon crape hair and grease paint. They draw veracious portraits in celluloid. They bring to the screen hoboes and bankers, rogues and butlers, charlatans and patriarchs alike—easily, plausibly, naturally.

Boasting a wider range, but no more talented, are Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Raymond Hatton, William Powell, and Henry B. Walthall, the last named being my idea of what every young actor should know. For reasons best known to himself, Walthall has not occupied a tremendously important place in the picture parade, but there is no one who knows more about the art of pantomime and pictorial expression. Years ago, in "The Informer," a single-reel chromo, with Mary Pickford, this same Walthall gave a performance that stands unequaled, to this very day. In "The Avenging Conscience," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Raven," "A Splendid Hazard," and "The Misleading Lady," he did everything from tragedy to high comedy, and did it all with a grace and finesse worthy of Mansfield, if Mansfield was really as good as grandpa and William Winter claim he was.

Wallace Beery is an unfailingly good actor. He can win sympathy as readily as he can repel it; his characterizations invariably bear the stamp of verity. He is a master of the human touch. Brother Noah Beery falls short—he is a supremely fine "heavy," but little else. If he cannot be sinister, he cannot do his best work. When Noah attempts the jovial, he is reminiscent of a snake charming a bird.

Lew Cody, too, is effective as a bad lad. He philanders convincingly. No heroine seems safe in his apartments. But his comedy does not come off. He is distinctly limited in scope.

Raymond Hatton is the complete characterizer, with a veritable honor roll of fine performances. Memory brings to mind no picture in which he has missed fire.

Ernest Torrence has made only one misstep—overacting *Tola* in "The Wanderer," the picture in which Greta Nissen and Collier, Jr., muffed the chance of their respective young lives. In "Peter Pan," Torrence was simply immense; in "The Side Show of Life," he demonstrated remarkable versatility; and in "Tol'able David" and "The Covered Wagon," he trouped as successfully as any man could.

William Powell is a young actor who registers thought as well as action. He catches moods, interprets scenes, and adds noticeably to any picture in which he is concerned.

You will notice that Reginald Denny, John Bowers, Conrad Nagel, Bert Lytell, Harrison Ford, House Peters, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Rod La Rocque, Tom Moore, and Warner Baxter are not included among the score of good actors. These gentlemen have talent; they are workmanlike, sincere for the most part, reasonably well equipped. But there is a sameness to their work that gives it a conventional touch. They are not actors in the true sense; they are personality salesmen. The same may be said of Tom Meighan and Douglas MacLean.

Other apparently popular performers who are working steadily, and permitting themselves to be photographed daily in exchange for thousands weekly, are Percy Marmont, Eugene O'Brien, Kenneth Harlan, Richard Talmadge, Monte Blue, and Larry Semon, none of whom is considered in this particular monograph. They remain among the thousand and one mysteries of the cinema.

For all the colorless brethren, however, for all the dull, ineffectual Salvinis and Warfields, it is still my contention that the following fine actors cannot be matched by their sisters of the silver sheet, if beauty and sex appeal be sidetracked during the discussion and ability alone be the criterion:

Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, Charles Chaplin, Raymond Griffith, Adolphe Menjou, Conway Tearle, Ronald Colman, Lewis Stone, John Gilbert, Tully Marshall, Hobart Bosworth, Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, Alec Francis, Henry Walthall, William Powell, Marc Macdermott, and Ernest Torrence.

By Helen Klumph

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Of course, if Mr. Oettinger is going to bring into this argument such names as Alice Terry, Billie Dove, Madge Bellamy, Esther Ralston, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, and Mary Astor, I can put up no argument. I do not consider them actresses.

Or if he mentions Mae Murray, I am perfectly willing to admit that I have never seen her act except under the guiding genius of Von Stroheim.

I will even pass by Corinne Griffith, Alma Rubens, and Irene Rich, because their obviously aristocratic bearing restricts them greatly in the range of rôles they are capable of playing. And opportunity has restricted them still more. Producers and exhibitors believe that the public do not want their beauties to *act*.

But these are, after all, but a few chosen from many. The great majority of women players are infinitely better than the majority of men.

In a comparison of the relative merits of men and women as actors, I could confidently rest my case on only two bits of evidence—Zasu Pitts and Colleen Moore. I should not even feel it necessary to bring up the Talmadge, the Swanson, the Frederick, the Negri, the Mary Alden. For, in Zasu Pitts and Colleen Moore, we have two players whose range extends far beyond the bounds of male actors' talents.

There are men who can play in tragic vein, and reach the heights that these girls respectively did in "Greed" and "So Big." There are comedians as adroit as they. But no one, except Chaplin, can swoop from comedy to stark tragedy with their unfailing deftness and power.

Among the men, who is there with their record of achievement?

The only field of acting that I know of in which male superiority has been demonstrated, is among the dog stars. I will grant that Strongheart, Rin-Tin-Tin, and Peter the Great have yielded none of the cinema spotlight to Lady Julie, Mrs. Rinty, or Peter the Great's paramours. But that, I insist, has been only because of the practicality of keeping the latter in the kennels to produce another generation of dog stars.

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This island has a weird atmosphere about it, reminiscent of the anguish of tortured souls, clinging with one hand to the skirts of Hope while the Grim Reaper tragically tugs on the other. A rather heavy pall settles down upon us all after the day's work is over, and Old Sol has bathed his face in the blue waters of the Pacific.

We leave the island at sundown, mentally repeating to ourselves Tennyson's

Twilight and evening star,
And one clear call to me,
But let there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

Once in the boat that conveys us back to Mazatlan, however, our spirits rise.

After we disembark, we lightheartedly proceed to enjoy the many interesting features that make Mazatlan so popular with the "gringo." As we wander through the crooked little streets, we have to hug closely the adobe walls of the native dwellings, to keep from knocking over the *carromata* that jog along the streets. Perhaps your linguistic range does not embrace Yaqui, the half-Indian, half-Spanish lingo of the natives. A *carromata* is a boxlike carriage which represents the mode of travel in this old city.

The jitneys of Ireland and the rickshaws of Japan are first cousins to the *carromata* of Mazatlan. The poor *caballo* (horse) drags his antiquated burden through the streets, bending his stiffened joints with effort as he climbs the hills to the *haciendas,* perched high up above the town, away from the chickens, pigs, and wandering dogs. Coming down, the *carromata* bumps him from behind.

Three paces east, with apologies to Jetta Goudal and Rupert Julian, we come upon the open-air eating places and *pulque* shops, and for a while soar on mental wings to dear old Paris and its many sidewalk cafés. Here *mescal* and *tequila* find favor with the visitor, but the native prefers his *pulque,* about which he has woven the saying:

Do you know *pulque,*
That liquor divine?
The angels all drink it
In preference to wine.

But here is one "angel" who will never drink it again. She tried it—once. It is whitish in color, tastes like cider, and smells like old cheese.

Joseph Schildkraut loves *tortillas.* When off duty, he may be seen sitting in the dust of the road, beside a native and her charcoal *brassero.*

The *brassero* is covered with a sheet-metal tray, dented in the center and piled at its edges with *tortillas.* Into the dented center, the maiden drops a *tortilla,* covers it with red chili sauce, sometimes fills it with *frijoles,* sprinkles it generously with grated cheese, and smilingly hands the tempting morsel to Joseph.

Personally, I love to visit the homes of the natives, to pat the *minos* (babies) on the head as they play in the dirt at the doorway, while chickens cluck about them and pigs sniffle their dirty little feet.

My bobbed hair and fair skin have created such a sensation that it is impossible for me to wander around unattended. Otherwise I would make a more thorough investigation of this wonderland, with its rich mineral deposits and other bounties bestowed by nature's lavish hand. The men of the company do explore, and if they were not so thoroughly wedded to the art of motion pictures, I fear this "Shipwrecked" band of worthy seafarers might ne'er again be seen on the Metropolitan lot.

The good ship *Indiana* waits without, dear Myrtle, so I must say *adios, amigo mio,* until we visit the Cocoanut Grove at Los.

Yours, as ever,

SEENA OWEN.

The Tactful Bolshevik

Continued from page 43

that time, she was sent to New York, and nowhere is it so easy to change a personality than in that cosmopolitan city. Certain reports began drifting back to set Hollywood gaping. That time when Adolph Zukor caught Lois doing the Charleston, for instance. "If other girls can, I can," she had argued, and had practiced diligently, hanging onto a piano or chairs, or whatever was handy, for hours of intensive kicking.

Challenged to an impromptu, informal contest, she had entered it with zest, and Mr. Zukor's entrance, though it froze with horror the faces all about her, only for an instant checked her. He made no comment. But he must have cogitated, for when Lois later approached him with a plea for sophisticated rôles, he received her request with a shade more of tolerance than he might have.

The second stage of her campaign was the hoisting of the red flag.

"All my life I've wanted to wear red," she explains. "Everybody said it was too vital a color for reserved me. Convinced that I had the pep to match it, I bought everything red I could find. Better to get the shock over, I decided, and I selected for a certain party a very red dress and a very, very red cape.

"When Richard Dix called for me, he took one look at me.

"'Ye gods, Lois!' he groaned. 'You aren't going to wear *that?*'

"When we got out of the taxi and marched into the hotel, my knees were shaking, and Richard's face was the funniest thing ever—his consternation, his heroic determination to see it through. When people flocked to our table, I was horribly embarrassed, but my cause had won.

"This may all seem like the eruption of a volcano. It's been smoldering in me for years.

"Why not? I'm just an ordinary girl, with the average girl's desire for a good time, for smart clothes, for a thrill.

"But please don't give the PICTURE-PLAY readers the wrong idea. Yesterday I had a letter from a fan, wailing, 'Oh, Lois, we've always loved you because you were such a nice girl, and now you've turned into a vamp.'

"I don't intend to create a scandal, nor lure away anybody's husband.

"The word sophistication does not mean wickedness, to my mind. It means knowledge. I am no longer sixteen. I am a woman. I have known hurts, disappointments, joys, unhappiness, ambition, work, the experiences that life flings at you, no matter how commonplace a creature you are. These have been gradually changing and developing me.

"I have changed my view of life. I used to think it a very serious responsibility. Now I see all the fun there is in it."

So, confident, even imperious, with head flung back and eyes lighted by a flame and step springy, Lois, with cool level-headedness has started upon a new phase of her career.

What influence will this change have on her screen self? Very much, I think. In New York she had a fling at comedy, with Richard Dix and Ben Lyon. Opportunity of expressing her new vitality is promised her with greater assurance. After the lead in "The Show Off"—unfortunately for her plan, another dispiriting rôle—she is to step into sophistication in "New York." And after that—well, we shall see.

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under her brightly colored sport hat —"then you can play any part.

"See—now I'm a woman of the world. All I do is curl my lips. I am calculating, and just a little proud of my power over this man in front of me. It cannot help but show in the gleam of my eyes, and in the way I droop my lids. You see, I put my hands so, the palms down, and tap the fingers confidently.

"Now—I am thinking differently. I am just a little maiden, I am awed, and oh! so much in love with this handsome, gorgeous man in front of me. See, my hands turn palms upward and reach toward him in supplication. I am eager and yet timid. My eyes are round, I adore him. My lips—see, they do not curl, but smile in trustfulness."

Clothes, atmosphere, both so dear to the art of many an actress or actor fade into insignificance as you watch the swift transitions of thought take form and then vanish from her face.

Why, then, don't we see this—and more frequently—on the screen? Some will say it is one of those enigmas of the colony. Others will find a more concrete reason, as did the producer who frankly told me that he was so impressed with Shannon's work that he gave her prominent parts in two of his productions, but that when he came to look at the finished product, he found that by comparison she made his contract star look like a wooden Indian, and so had to cut—Shannon.

Coming from the "Midnight Frolic" of the justly famous Ziegfeld, it was naturally supposed that Shannon's advent into pictures was merely to continue to dance.

Not so. Shannon had vastly different ideas and ideals.

"You see," she explains, a haunting look lurking in those smoky gray eyes, and a saddened droop tugging at the full lips, "dancing seems to be a part of me. It's always been so. I've never had any training. I had very little schooling, as my parents were poor, miserably poor, and couldn't give it to me. I grew up on the streets. Oh, how I hate to think of it even now."

Her words died to a whisper.

"I used to roam about the streets with all the other children of the neighborhood—poor, eager, hopeful youngsters, all of us—all looking for a way out of our environment. In our imaginations we made hot smelly pavements into cool, green parks. The organ grinder to us was the leader of a large symphony orchestra. You see, just pitiful little imaginings which had their birth in odd pictures we had seen at some time or other. Dancing to this music, sometimes to that of a screeching phonograph in a shop entrance, and at other times to the monotonous singsong of a mechanical piano, was to us the most natural thing in the world.

"I don't even remember now how I first happened to dance in one of the shops in the neighborhood. Probably it was just a casual thing done for some flattering people. But gradually, it began to take on a commercial aspect. People threw me coins, and as I grew a little older, it seemed a means of working my way into a different life.

"And so it proved. When I was fifteen, I went into Ziegfeld's 'Midnight Frolic' where I danced for two years. I didn't outgrow dancing. I still love it. It is an inherent part of me—I'll always love it, but just as a natural expression of my feelings. Primitive people dance to express emotion—joy, anger, or even prayer —and as a mode of natural expression, it means everything to me. But when you are paid to do a dance every night—the same dance at the same hour—no matter what your natural feelings may be, you are bound to lose spontaneity.

"I began to have the urge to do something more. Films interested me because I felt that if I were allowed, I could be an actress—not just a *mannequin* wearing gorgeous clothes, but a real emotional actress, living and being each separate rôle. I still feel that way, but evidently I'm in the minority."

Thus does she describe five long years teeming with heartaches.

For hard luck, like an ogre of old, seems to follow her every footstep. Not just the hard luck of being unable to get into studios or convince directors of her abilities—for Shannon has not lacked opportunities—but a jinx which seems to lurk just inside the entrance door of the cutting room and which seemingly would relegate her forever to nothing but bits.

As for her ability—the mere mention of her name in any group brings the immediate and vehemently intoned exclamation, "There's a real little trouper if there ever was one!"

The girl compares herself to an oak tree.

"All the other trees blossom and have lovely, green foliage. But the scrub oak remains gray and gaunt until—just when every one is despairing of its ever blooming again—it breaks into beautiful little leaves, which outlive those of all the other trees. Perhaps I am like the scrub oak. It may take me longer to bloom, but when I do, it may be something more lasting than the earlier blossoms."

But to me, Shannon is like a rose with a cobweb over it—just waiting till the right breeze comes along.

Paint Pots and Powder Puffs

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Anna May Wong carries a quaint Chinese beauty box lacquered in red and gold—a box that has been in her family for more than a century. It was in her mother's trousseau and is a work of Oriental art. Miss Wong has little fear of its being stolen because there is none other like it in the world, and if found in the possession of one to whom it did not belong, its identification would be simple.

It's seven times seven years of bad luck if anything happens to Mary Pickford's make-up kit, which probably is the largest in captivity. She will tell you so! "America's Sweetheart" has a folding table with three large mirrors, electrical connections for lighting, and a drawer for make-up material. It travels wherever Mary goes, and woe be to the man who drops it! Doug has a folding kit, too—a battle-scarred, weather-beaten, scratched-up table affair which looks as though it might have been in the way when "Red" Grange started going through the line. But it's good enough for Doug, he says.

Earle Foxe has his make-up box on stilts, with a light over the mirror, and can "high hat" the rest of the company when applying his store complexion.

Ordinarily, the most beautiful and expensive kits are owned by the newcomers, the girls who have just arrived in Hollywood to crash their way into the movies—patent leather, you know, fitted with exquisite combs and brushes, perfume sprayers, plate-glass mirrors, pink puffs, and the like. But by the time they come into actual use, they look like the boxes in which the plumbers carry their drills or in which river fishermen tote their bait. The more experienced the actress, the more decrepit her finishing tools—and containers.

"A tool box is only a tool box, my boy," paraphrased Tom Mix, "but a brand-new kit is a joke!"

He reached into his coat pocket for what he carried, which, he said, was all that any one should need.

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Varconi, whom, mayhap, you all greatly admired for his performance in "The Volga Boatman." Varconi and his spouse, a gay and whimsy-filled Hungarian operetta singer, did proffer us most excellent food, cooked in true Magyar fashion. Nor was there aught suggesting goulash about the meal, which I do despise utterly. Most charming, I thought, was the strangely discreet beauty of Vilma Banky, who was among the guests. Her languor is ever lovely, and was accented, in this case, by the fact that she was wearied from the hot desert scenes of "Son of the Sheik." We did commend the Varconis for their fine hospitality, not the least of which included the opportunity to listen with rarest pleasure to the love songs composed by A. M. Kuruczs, Hungarian composer, and the folk melodies sung by Varconi and his wife.

Sunday.—Did set out this day by difficult and tedious route to the castle, high upon the hill, of Antonio Moreno, native of Spain, who now in highly turreted estate, with his charming wife of social fame, dwells among us in such distinguished manner. There we did meet too many film folk to number, and I being suddenly engaged by duties of state which took me elsewhere, my good wife did remain, and subsequently recounted to me the proceedings. Foremost among which she did relate that she sat between the two famous horsemen of Hollywood, Fred Thomson and Jack Holt. Sir Fred being a gifted speaker, he did most luxuriantly entertain her during the elaborate dinner, and Sir Jack being magnificently devoted to his worthy spouse, did greatly impress my wife by thrice leaving the table to attend upon Lady Holt and see that she was happy. For which splendid devotion I do feel that he is indeed to be commended.

Monday.—Up betimes and prepared all day, with much patience and circumspection, to attend the gala opening of the first theater devoted to the spoken drama to be opened within the realm of Hollywood. The colony has one fine and palatial edifice dedicated to first-run pictures, but never before has there been within her precincts a proper theater for the plays of Shakespeare, Ziegfeld, George White, Al Jolson, and others who are my favorites. The opening attraction at the new theater was a novel English entertainment, known as "Charlot's Revue," but I am afraid was too little understood by the older inhabitants of the Western film kingdom. Charming, indeed, though, was the comely Pauline Frederick, who spoke with great delicacy of feeling, albeit *sotto voce,* the opening dedication. Indeed, she is always both a beauteous and interesting personality.

Patsy's Diplomacy.

The most unusual finger nails in Hollywood—Patsy Ruth Miller's.

The most unusual wedding ring—Norma Talmadge's.

Patsy Ruth keeps her nails remarkably long and beautifully tapered. They enhance the appearance of her hands greatly. It is a trick that she learned from Nazimova. Occasionally, too—for she is a very tense type—she raises havoc with her nails by biting them. The day that we were out on the Lubitsch set she was nursing her forefinger.

"What have you been doing—a big emotional scene?" we asked.

"Goodness, no!" she exclaimed. "I just saw a funny actor who didn't know he was a comic, and I had to bite them to keep from laughing at him."

Which just goes to show that Patsy not only is possessed of a gay humor, but also of a sacrificial sense of decorum.

Norma's Ideal of Marriage.

And Norma Talmadge's wedding ring. It is a plain, old-fashioned gold band, just the kind our mothers and grandmothers wore, before this highly platinumed age.

"Why do you wear it?" we asked her.

"Simply because I think that it means more than a platinum band," she answered. "It is simple and unostentatious. That, to my mind, is what marriage should be, if it is to be happy."

Greta, a Liberal.

One of the movie actors was unduly excited one day, as actors will occasionally get, on the set of "The Temptress." His language became more highly pointed than seemed necessary to certain of the other players who were present, and they resented his attitude.

"Aw," murmured the languid-voiced Greta Garbo, cofeatured in the picture with Antonio Moreno, "poor fellow. What do you want to be crozz weeth heem for? Let heem be 'isself. I belief in everybody be yourself all time, let de cheeps falls down any place dey want to."

Greta thus classes herself as one of the most charmingly liberal-minded persons in the colony.

Verbal Complications.

All did not progress so well as might have been, on "The Temptress" set, owing to certain complexities over the matter of speech in English. Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director, was taken off the production, and Fred Niblo assumed charge of the filming. The reason for the change officially given out was the illness of Stiller, which was perhaps partly brought on by his difficulties in communicating with his players.

It is said that on one occasion, when he wanted to say "Cut!" to the cameraman, he cried, instead, "Hello, hello, hello!" And on another occasion, when he wanted a group of extras to applaud in a theater scene, he yelled, "Explode! Explode!"

All Hail, Mabel!

Mabel Normand is going to appear regularly in comedies again. She signed a contract for a series with Hal Roach before she left for a vacation in the East. A sort of test picture was made prior to her departure, and turned out so very favorably that she was immediately engaged for a long period.

We are very glad for Mabel, because she certainly deserves a bit of good fortune after her many disconcerting set-backs. We hope that good luck will be with her now permanently.

The Newer Films.

We saw "Silence," featuring H. B. Warner, not long ago, and did not expect a great deal of it, because we did not care for the stage play particularly. The scenes have been very effectually handled on the screen, however, and Warner gives a splendid and convincing performance.

"Up in Mabel's Room" is perhaps the most popular and diverting picure we have viewed lately. It doesn't stop a minute on its course of fun—and the fun isn't coarse either, although it might very well have been, with such a spicy bedroom theme as the film offers. Marie Prevost, in the feminine-featured lead, is ably aided by Harrison Ford.

More Spring Romance.

If you do not know Gardner James already from his work in "The Happy Warrior," you will doubtless find him very interesting in "Hell Bent fer Heaven." He plays in this film the same rôle of the fanatical youth that he did in the stage production in New York.

It might be well to mention that he is engaged to Marion Constance Blackton, daughter of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, who directed "Hell Bent fer Heaven." Marion wrote the scenario for the picture.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

LONESOME.—Well, I'm afraid Richard Dix is a bit too busy to allay that lonely feeling of yours, except by his screen presence. You see, if Richard answered every letter from young ladies asking to visit him at the studio to watch him work, he wouldn't have any time left to work. He isn't married, though, if that's what's worrying you. He and Lois Wilson are "just good friends"—they say so themselves.

MRS. L. J. S.—I may be an Oracle—who am I to contradict a lady?—but I am not long-whiskered. If you *must* know my complexion, it's velvety, which is about all you can ask of any complexion. This is not said in a spirit of boastfulness—I just want to supply you with some other illusion, after having robbed you of my cherished whiskers, if you know what I mean. Norma Shearer? Well, she was born in Montreal at a very early age—only about twenty-two years ago, or so. Her family is very good—very good, indeed; and Norma has both breeding and intelligence, not to mention beauty. She's five feet three inches tall; she weighs one hundred and nine pounds, and she has blue eyes and that kind of hair which has never yet been adequately described—I suppose you'd call it dark, but it has glints of gold in it—and very pretty it is, too. She's not married, lives with her charming mother in Beverly Hills, and is one of Metro-Goldwyn's very best bets. I don't blame 'em. Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1896, was educated in Des Moines at Highland Park College, went onto the stage, where he won considerable renown, and then onto the screen, where he won more. He's married to Ruth Helms, and they have a little daughter. He's six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has blond hair and dark eyes. You're welcome.

LOUISE.—Your demands are modest, and your "thanks in advance" warmed my hard old heart. Gareth Hughes has gone back to the stage. But if I recall correctly, his last appearance was in a more or less unsuccessful play, and since then I have not kept track of his whereabouts. But I'll try to find out and let you know.

JACKIE.—Lots of our best actors have begun at the bottom. That's always the best way to begin, except when you're learning to swim. You say Doug, Jr., is a lucky boy to have Doug, Sr., for a dad. I don't doubt it; but if you think Doug, Jr., has had a soft snap, don't fool yourself. He has had to work just as hard as any unknown kid, and though he has had the advantage of his father's advice and support, he has not traded on it. I suppose you'd say he did his best work in "Stella Dallas," in those love scenes with little Lois Moran. No, Doug, Jr., and Lois are not engaged. But it's whispered that Doug, Jr., is pretty enthusiastic about another little star called Betty Bronson.

MAYBELLE.—How you talk! A disgrace to be tall and slender and willowy? Not that I've ever noticed. Some of our greatest beauties have answered that description. Esther Ralston is five feet five inches; Mae Busch and Mary Astor, the same; and Alice Terry is one inch taller. So if you stand up against the wall and measure five five, consider yourself in distinguished company. Bill Haines is not married; he is very young. "Brown of Harvard" is his latest. Address Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy, care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, and they will forward your letter. Since his appearance opposite Pola Negri in "Flower of Night" I have not heard of him.

GIRL FROM THE WINDY CITY.—I hope you don't blow away. So you like Marc MacDermott? He was good in "Kiki," wasn't he? He is one of the veterans in the picture business, having started with the old Edison films. He was married to Miriam Nesbitt, also a picture pioneer, but they are now divorced. He has not remarried. You say you want his picture in the gallery, and also an interview. We'll see.

ALL ALONE.—You're the second lonesome lady I've met, and all on account of Mr. Dix. What a lot that boy has to answer for! But he can't help being popular. I don't know if Betty Bronson likes to go swimming, but if you mean is she in the swim, I return a decided affirmative. She and Doug, Jr., are much too young to think of engagements. I think Virginia Lee Corbin is more than fourteen now, but not much more. Yes, she's the same little girl who was a featured child actress with Fox some years ago, and played in "Jack and the Beanstalk." Richard Dix is not secretly married, nor even publicly, and has no matrimonial intentions—or if he has, he keeps them to himself. He doesn't use a double. In fact, he's so conscientious about it that he has had many an accident making fight scenes. The latest injury, a broken wrist, occurred during the filming of "Say It Again." But he kept right on working just the same. Alyce Mills is his leading woman in that film. She's very blonde and pretty, and Richard is said to like her work very much. Now don't ask me if they're engaged! There's a good child.

A GEORGE O'BRIEN ADMIRER, St. Louis.—I didn't know any one really wanted to know what size shoe a screen star wears, but here you are. Sorry, I don't know. Write to George and ask him. He is said to be interested in little Olive Borden just now, but they deny any matrimonial intentions.

G. P. A., Madison.—What for you call me a moth, flitting from letter to letter? I wouldn't be a moth for anything, spending my summers in a fur coat and my winters in a bathing suit. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 18, 1894; he was educated at St. Paul Central High School and at the University of Minnesota. He was a well-known actor on the stage, especially in stock on the West Coast, before going into pictures. He's six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Oh, no, he's not very popular—oh, no! (That's heavy sarcasm, in case it doesn't register.) I may get more letters about some other actor than Dix, but so far, I don't know who that other actor is.

J. H.—Joy—that's a pretty name. Here's hoping you live up to it. Constance Bennett married a young millionaire New Yorker, Phil Plant, and retired from the screen. They have been in Boca Raton, Florida, on Mr. Plant's estate. But perhaps Constance will change her mind about staying off the screen. Although very beautiful and very rich, she's just a girl after all, and girls have been known to reconsider decisions. She's in her early twenties, is the daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison—both well known on the stage—and has a sister, Barbara Bennett, who is a dancer. I am sorry I have no record of William Eugene. What picture did you see him in? You say you want to see more about Colleen Moore. I'll forward your petition.

W. L., Virginia.—Leslie Fenton played opposite May McAvoy in "The Road to Glory," with Ford Sterling and Rockcliffe Fellowes also in the cast. Fenton is a comparative newcomer, not to be confused with Mark Fenton, who has been in films for years.

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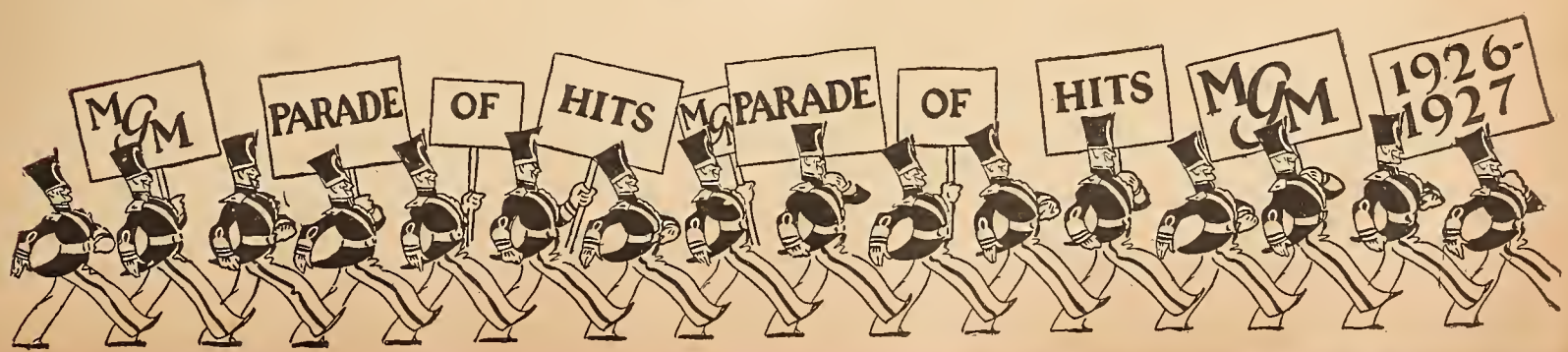
Rex Ingram's
MARÉ NOSTRUM
MEANS "Our Sea".
ALL New York thrilled to it
THOUSANDS and thousands
GLADLY paid $2.00 to see this epic by
BLASCO IBANEZ, master maker of tales.
ALICE TERRY as the beloved spy,
ANTONIO MORENO as Ulysses
WHO worshipped her
BUT loved a great cause more.
A sinking submarine—
THRILL after gasping thrill!
A STUPENDOUS picture
COMING to your theatre
DIRECT from Broadway.
Alice Terry as Freya
Antonio Moreno as Ulysses
A Metro-Goldwyn-Picture
"More Stars than there are in Heaven"


MGM
PARADE
OF
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MGM
PARADE
OF
HITS
MGM
1926-1927

Continued from page 87

could pass a shop window, in which were displayed those dainty watches set in platinum and bordered with gems, without a longing look. I do believe it was really an inspiration to me to work harder. So you can imagine the satisfaction that the gratification of my desire brought.

Diana Miller.

Bill collectors appreciated my first big check perhaps more than I did.

At least, they got more of it than I.

My friends had been so nice about furthering my screen career by lending me enough to live on. You see, I had jumped from extra work to featured rôles, and had had quite a hard time making a go of it. I ran accounts when I hadn't any money, and was constantly being dunned.

After I had paid my bills, I had only enough left to make a deposit on the first good clothes I had worn since trying to break into the movies, but I could look the world in the face, and so was happy.

John Roche.

My first sizable check served a double duty. A part of it paid the first premium on a twenty-year endowment policy and the remainder purchased a ticket to bring my mother to California. Subsequent checks started a home, which now, thank goodness, is at last all paid for.

Mary Brian.

With my first week's check for "Peter Pan," I carried out a pledge I had made to myself one lean Christmas ten years before. That was, to buy my mother a beautiful beaded bag.

I had wanted, oh so badly, to give her a nice hand bag that Christmas, but the best I had been able to do was to get some brightly colored material out of a trunk and make one. Though she appreciated it, she never carried it. That hurt me terribly. I thought then that it was beautiful, but later I realized that it wasn't well made and had too many gaudy red flowers on it.

So I had vowed that if I ever had any money of my own, I would give mother a bag she would be proud to carry. And I did.

Eleanor Boardman.

Ermine had always represented to me luxury and richness of feminine adornment and wealth. So when a movie contract made an ermine coat possible, I sailed on a cloud of bliss. All the jewels in the world wouldn't have given me such a truly grand feeling.

Patsy Ruth Miller.

If the truth must be told, my first *big* salary check—all certified and stamped and signed in red ink, with four figures flaunting themselves gayly on the face of it—did not cause nearly so much excitement as my first little ten-dollar check for my work as an extra.

That first one thrilled me as much as if it had been a deed to the Eiffel Tower. It is framed, and hangs in my library.

My first big check went for a lovely edition of Dickens, bound in bright-red leather.

Marian Nixon.

Now, don't laugh—my first big salary check went to the dogs.

No, I didn't squander it, or lose it in an investment. I spent it for two wire-haired terriers.

I'm particularly fond of them, with their long, hanging ears, bright eyes, and their intelligence. But they're expensive—one hundred dollars or more for a pedigreed pup. So, with that first three-figured check, I bought two.

Dolores Costello.

Mother had always wanted diamond earrings, and I was the proudest girl on earth when I purchased a pair for her—beautiful stones, set in platinum. She wears them every evening at dinner—for me—and is so pleased with them that I am glad I overcame the temptation to spend the money on something for myself.

Maybe I wouldn't have been so self-sacrificing if it hadn't been that I had signed a Warner Brothers contract, and knew that other checks would be following right along.

Olive Hasbrouck.

At five o'clock one afternoon, I was handed my first Universal salary check. Fifteen minutes later—I was glad the road back to Hollywood was down grade instead of up!—I was in a shop, buying all the French chiffon hose I could see. I had always wanted to be reckless and order hose in half-dozen lots instead of one pair at a time.

I dashed in like a whirlwind, exclaimed, "Give me six of these, and six of those exquisite silver ones, and six black," and when I left, with my arms full of boxes, the saleswoman sat down gasping, a bewildered look in her eyes.

"I'll Leave Next Week"

Continued from page 32

"Sticking around was the hardest thing I ever learned to do. For several years—since the day I had left college to join the navy—I had let myself succumb to the wanderlust whenever it possessed me. The first few months of trying to stay put weren't so bad, but then came the time when I'd say to myself, 'I'll leave next week. I'll leave next week.' Always, though, when I had just about given up entirely, a little part would come along, and then I'd stay for another week.

"But one day, I was awfully low, and down-and-out and disappointed, when some one told me John Ford was willing to give me a test for 'The Iron Horse.' I didn't know the part, nor anything about the picture. But ever hopeful, I went to see Mr. Ford. The test was made and sent to the New York office. For several days, I heard nothing, so again I said, 'I guess I'll leave next week.'

"Then next week came. I packed my belongings, telegraphed my people, and walked out of my boarding house. I was halfway down the stairs, when the landlady called, 'Telephone, Mr. O'Brien.' So I went back, and—well, you know the rest."

And we do know the rest. George O'Brien's rise to fame has been phenomenal. Put under contract by Fox, he played in "Havoc" following "The Iron Horse." He was then starred in "The Roughneck," and then played the leading rôle in "The Silver Treasure," directed by Rowland V. Lee.

George O'Brien is one of the few, if not the only motion-picture star who is an active and accredited member of the A. A. U. He is a great swimmer and diver, plays excellent tennis and golf, and "shakes a mean glove"—if that's the way you describe a good boxer.

But the best part of all is his modesty. He is as gracious and unassuming as an ordinary mortal, and as friendly as can be. He says that the best thing about his five-year contract with Fox is that it will keep him "tied down" to work, and may cure him of the wanderlust but——

I remember talking to George one day just before he started work in "The Silver Treasure." His eyes lighted up as he said, "Rowland says we'll do the location stuff first." His face became even more animated as he added:

"We leave next week."

A Poster Girl

Continued from page 23

"I loved the book," said Laura, "and I imagine it would have been fun doing *Lorelei* on the stage."

Her screen career has not been strikingly unusual. Starting as an extra girl, she worked in a succession of Christie comedies. Then, one day, she found herself promoted to ingénue rôles opposite such merry fellows as Neal Burns and Bobby Vernon. The next step took her to the open spaces, where she played prairie queen to Tom Mix. From there, she went over the hills to Universal City.

At Universal she has been ever since, making five or six or seven pictures a year that are never very bad and, if you press me, rarely very good. Laura is popular with the millions who enjoy straight romancing and Harold Bell Wright and caramels. She falls into that overflowing category peopled by such pleasant actresses as Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, Patsy Ruth Miller, Dorothy Mackaill, Gertrude Olmsted, Barbara Bedford, Doris Kenyon, and other nice girls, all of them blessed with appearance and personality, but none of them destined to set the screen ablaze with histrionic sparks.

Here, then, is nothing electric to carry one away, but withal a charming girl, optically soothing, mentally alert, a combination of all the poster girls in history.

Joan Does the Charleston

Continued from page 48

A reviewer on a local paper found her presence not unlike Pauline Frederick's. Not her technique—her presence.

I'll win her back somehow——

Out at Metro-Goldwyn's, they are planning rather ambitious things for her. She is going to be featured in "Paris," being made by Edmund Goulding, the director of "Sally, Irene and Mary." You know what that ought to be—clothes, clothes, clothes, and fat men sending roses to thin girls. At least one champagne dinner. One true love and a "heavy" with a mustache. A popular background. Joan, with her quality of sympathy, should fit nicely into it. Well, she'll make the picture, and at night she'll drop into Montmartre and Charleston for the crowd. Maybe she'll wear blue with a trailing soft feather on her hat. Maybe yellow. And people will ask who she is, and say she is pretty, and wonder if she is engaged to Michael Cudahy.

I wonder where my baby is tonight?

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Why We Love Vera Gordon

Continued from page 34

At the mental picture of the plump Vera Gordon clicking the Charleston, we collapsed.

Her first work on the English-speaking stage brought her the unheard-of wealth of fifty dollars a week, and the days of poverty were over. The morning after "The Gentile Wife" opened cold in New York, without a preliminary try-out, the newspapers were hers, and she was made. But even when foreign shores beckoned, and she was asked to go to London with the "Potash and Perlmutter" company, she would not consider separation from her beloved family.

"They kick. To get one, they should take three excess baggage to Europe. I win." She shrugged. "They go."

Shortly afterward, Miss Gordon's work in the film, "Humoresque," made a place for her in the hearts of movie fans that no other player of mother rôles ever has been able to fill. The history of her career since then, you know.

That motherly quality shines like an aura about her. It expresses itself without words. She gave me something, that day, that others, dear and sweet and kind as they have been, couldn't equal.

I had lost my own dear mother just three weeks before interviewing her. Dozens of friends in Hollywood had tried to fill that aching void. I say this next with a little touch of humor surface-coating a great deal of appreciation: I don't believe any girl ever had so many mothers offered her all at once. They came in carload lots. Each, anxious to help me, would take mamma's place. Deep as my gratitude was, something in me resented that. You may not understand, unless you have gone through such an experience yourself.

But Vera Gordon just put her arm around me and looked at me with swimming eyes. The flow of Russian words that escaped her lips in a verbal cascade I couldn't understand, but I felt their meaning.

She is refreshingly, joyously outspoken. A woman rushed up to our table and said, with smirking smile, "You remember me? We met at a luncheon two years ago."

"Yes?" drawled the tactful, 1926-polished Nadje. "Oh, certainly. How are you? So happy to see you again."

"No, I don't know you." The blunt Vera looked the woman squarely in the eye. "Maybe so we did meet. But how should I remember a woman I met once at a luncheon two years ago? If I hurt your feelings, I am sorry, but I make tours, and many luncheons every place, and many women I meet."

Mention of a certain artificial and poster-girl star brought from her a burst of wrath.

"Not across the street would I go to see her. Act? She kicks and shows her legs, that's all. Back from Europe she comes, and all they can find to say of her is her trunks of underwear—all right, Nadje, *lingerie!* Have your own way, but such crazy, newfangled words get stuck on my tongue. Not of her talent can they talk. When they speak of me, I hope they say, 'Vera Gordon makes people laugh and cry—she is an actress.' Not, 'Vera Gordon buys two dozen pink silk under—*lingerie.*'"

Just then occurred an incident which revealed her naturalness and her childlike pride in her accomplishments. Rupert Hughes, at the next table, greeted me, and I presented him to Miss Gordon. She did not catch his name clearly, but accepted his compliments appreciatively. When, in reply to her whisper, I told her who he was, she turned to him with vociferous apologies.

"A great man tells me I'm good, and like an ignoramus, I am just ordinary polite. Once before that happened. When I found it was Doctor Frank Crane that had said nice things to me, for two days I wouldn't speak to my husband. Now the family won't be in my class for a week."

Major Hughes said, half jestingly, half in earnest, that he would write a play for her to present at one of the Little Theaters, that he would have it ready at nine o'clock Monday.

"Oh, would you? Oh, I can't believe it should be true! A play, for *me!*"

Convinced, after much self-argument, that he had been kidding her, she said mischievously, as we parted, "This is Saturday. At nine, Monday morning, I will call him and ask where is my play."

The sequel? At a quarter after nine on Monday morning, my phone rang. An excited voice squealed, and a torrent of guttural Russian rolled from the receiver. There was a pause, then came Nadje's cool, crisp tone: "Major Hughes has the play ready. . . . Oh, good grief! Mother's having a fit or something."

Now, perhaps you understand a little better why we love Vera Gordon: because she is motherhood.

Behind the Silver Screen

Continued from page 31

the house, a gem of Spanish architecture.

A patio is embraced on the other side by the house; beyond it is the swimming pool—a sheet of aquamarine. Bees drone in the air—a gaudy mackaw swings on his perch and caws to himself.

No, this isn't a dream—it's a reality.

It's the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomson. Mrs. Thomson, be it remembered, is Frances Marion.

This new home of homes certainly blasts the theory prevalent in the world that "movie people aren't nice." Because it just adds another score for the "home" side of the balance sheet as against the hotel. I doubt if there's a section of the globe where people enjoy their homes more than they do in the motion-picture colony. I don't know how many picture people are contemplating building new homes, but the list is large, including Fred Niblo, George Fitzmaurice, Rowland V. Lee, and Raymond Griffith.

Raymond, by the way, owns a mountaintop near the Thomsons, but instead of having a road winding up to it, he's going to have an elevator. When we heard this, we decided to be a frequent guest of Raymond's—though he doesn't know it yet. But after blissfully contemplating being lifted straight up for a thousand feet, it suddenly occurred to us that the elevator might some day get stuck—halfway between.

Personally, I'm going to have a mountaintop home, too, some day. But I'm waiting for airplanes to be as common as automobiles. I don't like precipices, and I don't like elevators.

But the sought-after people of fame must love them. We all look for means of escape.

My First Year in Pictures

Continued from page 65

I still have a holy horror of screen tests, but they are inevitable.

My first picture was with Hope Hampton, and I am indebted to her for much in the way of help and encouragement. After I had finished that first film, which was "Does It Pay?" and seemed to have come out all right, I made up my mind that it did pay and was going to continue to pay, so, with the worst of the battle over, I began to study details of make-up and to do a little looking-glass acting in my spare moments.

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The Mystery Man of Hollywood

Continued from page 47

and also as regimental statistics officer, mail censor, Red Cross requisition officer, and canteen officer.

In the Inter-Allied Athletic Meet he, the one noncombatant competing, won the only strictly military event, the hand-grenade throwing.

Upon his return to civilian life, he found his vocation too confining, and its conventions not in keeping with his own elastic, more practical interpretation of religion.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, whom he met through Liberty Loan work, suggested that the motion picture might offer him a wider scope for propagating his ideals.

Detesting grease paint, he decided, when he made ready to test his theory of preaching by acting, to be a Western star, and searched through five States for a horse. He found Silver King, who was at that time a stubborn, ornery colt. By patient teaching, Thomson trained him.

And how he does love that horse! Not long ago, he nursed Silver King through an acute illness, sleeping in his stable for eleven nights to give him his medicine and rubs every two hours. He shoes the horse himself.

It was in saving Silver King from injury that Fred Thomson suffered his worst accident. It occurred in August, 1924, and kept him in bed for eight months. He had posted the horse at a certain spot and told him not to move. A frightened stage-coach team ran away. Standing above on a ledge, Thomson saw the team bearing down on his beloved pal. There was fear in Silver King's eyes, but he stood immovable, orders being orders.

Unable to make the horse understand his instructions, yelled from so far above, Thomson jumped, landing astride one of the team. The impact threw the horse. First the beast fell on top of him, then the heavy coach rolled over on both.

With his legs broken in sixteen places, he fought to hold onto consciousness, and directed the rescuers as to how to lift and carry him so that his broken bones would not pierce his muscles. His coolness in that hour before a doctor could be summoned, and his knowledge of anatomy, saved his shattered legs from being permanently crippled.

Those of Fred Thomson's paternal ancestors who weren't preachers or teachers were engineers, and his spare hours are spent in his workshop, where he has the latest thing in drawing boards, with a draughting machine to calculate distances, lines and angles. He displays it proudly, and merely grins at his wife's remark that the one nice thing about it is that it disappears behind a panel.

Having introduced the Boy Scout movement in Nevada, through arousing interest in the organization during his ministerial days, and having been a scout master himself, he remains the boys' idol. His preachments, when he addresses troops, are brief, forceful, and succinct.

"You have every chance in the world, you kids of to-day," he says, his keen blue eyes friendly but stern. "You have education, sport activities to give you healthy bodies, and men to show you how always to do the right thing. Now, don't come to me with any alibis. If you don't make good and don't turn out to be fellows of some account, you're just yellow."

So this is Fred Thomson, daredevil preacher, practical idealist.

The Sketchbook

Continued from page 59

Elinor Glyn, seemed detached and rather sad. Priscilla Dean was to have sat next to her, but had been called to the studio at the last moment. Miss Bennett said she was sorry Priscilla hadn't been able to come—she knew so few people in Hollywood now, and Priscilla was an old friend—most of her friends were married now, and busy with new families and homes, or else they had flitted back to stage work. The old order had changed, and in the meantime, Hollywood seemed lonesome to this lady who had made one of the most sensational hits of screen history, in "Stella Dallas."

Getting back to Anita's party—Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, Julanne Johnston, Rose Tapely, and Lucille Lee Stewart were other guests.

Every one was seeing Carmelita through eyes of awe and admiration because Joseph Hergesheimer had written his *Satevepost* prose-poems in her honor. That is, every one except Virginia Valli, who nearly came down with nervous indigestion trying to sit erect in her chair, so that Madame Glyn would not be offended with the sight of a pair of rounded shoulders within her immediate line of vision.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 69

The Army in the 'Eighties.

Richard Barthelmess appears in an agreeable adaptation of Richard Harding Davis' story, "Ranson's Folly." The tale, as you may know, is of the excitement-loving young *Lieutenant Ranson,* fresh from the Indian wars, who finds the monotony of an army post almost deadly. A bad fire livens things up a little, but not enough for *Ranson,* and on a day duller than the rest, he makes a wager with two of his friends that he can rob the incoming stage, using no weapon more dangerous than a pair of shears. Unfortunately, the paymaster in another coach is really held up, and his clerk killed. Young *Ranson* is arrested for the murder.

Richard Barthelmess is amazingly like a daguerreotype of a young man of the nineteenth century, and all the costumes are pretty and authentic. Dorothy Mackaill, as the girl, seems sweetly dazed.

In Foreign Ports.

"Eve's Leaves" is a sumptuous, elaborate production, taking in China and points even farther east than that. Leatrice Joy is *Eve,* the untutored and untrammeled daughter of the captain of an old-fashioned freighter. Her home has been the seven seas, and her interests have been her own, until she meets the son of an American dignitary in China. Her father disapproves of the attraction, and arranges to have the young man shanghaied by a group of Chinese bandits. Unfortunately, *Eve* is taken along, too. The bandits are fierce, but the young people manage to keep out of danger, although, for a while, they are in a fair way to being tortured by the bloodthirsty chief.

Leatrice Joy is engaging as the tomboy daughter of the captain. She has grown very slender. William Boyd is her shanghaied partner.

Forty Plots in One.

"The Social Highwayman" is a hodge-podge of almost everything that could be put into a picture and still have it a picture and not just little bits of celluloid. John Patrick is a young reporter and the hero. Although only a cub, he signs his articles, which appear on the front page. There is a little highway robbery put in to complicate things, but I believe that the gun play is not one bit more accurate than the newspaper life.

Dorothy Devore is a good little sport of a lady writer.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 55

Warner is now in pictures for an indefinite period. He came West for a single engagement—in the screen adaptation of "Silence" recently made by Metropolitan. Then he took the leading rôle in "Whispering Smith" to fill in a period of waiting. Now, he is under a three-year contract to Cecil B. De Mille, with a large and pretentious list of starring features planned for him.

The start of his career was interesting. Fate has always taken a hand in his life, he feels. While he was casting about as a youth, a trifle uncertain as to whether he should pursue a stage career as his forefathers had, a manager came to his father and prevailed upon him to permit his son to accept a part in a play he was producing. The play was to be put on in America, and the father finally consented.

"If you go there, though, you will never come back to England," he said to his son. "America is the land of opportunity, and be prepared to make the most of what it offers."

His present venture is also fateful. He has never forsworn his allegiance to the stage for so long a period. But the interest with which his return to the screen was greeted by the film producers, and the fact that there are so many prominent stage actors associated with pictures for such long engagements, made him decide in favor of the film contract.

"THE DELUGE" DRIES UP.

Since our last issue went to press, Cecil De Mille has abandoned his plan to film "The Deluge," due to the intention of Warner Brothers to produce "Noah's Ark."

De Mille explains that as his production would necessarily have incorporated as one of its features the episode of Noah and the Ark, he halted work rather than make a film that was similar in any way to one made by another producer or that would interfere with the schedule of another company.

As this issue goes to press, De Mille has decided to produce a spectacle entitled "Thirty Pieces of Silver," which will have as its basic theme the betrayal of Jesus by Judas Iscariot.

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Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

When They Were Matinée Idols

Continued from page 51

which the public might wonder and imagine as much as they pleased, but never exhibit curiosity.

Edeson's former popularity is attested again and again in those old scrapbooks of his, most particularly so in the letters and telegrams he received at the opening of "Soldiers of Fortune" at the Savoy Theater, on March 17, 1902. Pasted in among letters from the "fans" of the day, are wires signed with names famous in the annals of the theater.

"The form of idolatry accorded an actor to-day was unheard of in the old days," Bill Hart chuckled, when I asked him if the ladies had ever begged him for kisses when he was *Romeo*-ing Julia Arthur. "Since I've been a movie actor, I've had my shirts tore off, and I shore do love it. But I never was the embarrassed object of a demonstration in my years on the stage."

Big Bill played *Messala* in the first "Ben-Hur" stage production, in 1899, at the Broadway Theater in New York, following it with successive appearances as *Patrick Henry* in "Hearts Courageous" in 1902, "The Squaw Man" in 1905, the title rôle of "The Virginian" in 1907, *Dan Stark* in "The Barrier" in 1909, *Devil Judd Tolliver* in that old melo classic, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and *John Oxen* in "The Lady of Quality."

"'The Lady of Quality' brought me volumes of mash notes, but they were always conservative, expressin' admiration for my work. The difference between then and now is this: the stage actor lived in a book of romance, an' he never stepped off its pages into everyday life, but the public regard the present-day movie actor as an intimate friend."

William J. Kelly also once sighed *Romeo's* love call 'neath *Juliet's* balcony. The idol at Proctor's Theater for two and a half years, he took his worshipful public with him when he transferred his dramatic romance to the Harlem Opera House. His first Broadway hit was in "Ben-Hur." From a small part he was quickly changed to the title rôle, following E. J. Morgan and William Farnum.

For twelve years, he held Broadway audiences spellbound, through Belasco's "The Lily," Clyde Fitch's "The Truth," Hartley Manners' "The House Next Door," and other old-time favorites.

"The Pride of Harlem," they called him, a few more venturesome souls daring to address communications to him as "The Pet of Harlem." Every Wednesday afternoon, after the matinée, the William J. Kelly Club of young ladies held a reception on the stage, his admirers flocking around to pay homage.

Another matinée idol of yesterday is Edward Martindel, who came into prominence as a screen character actor with his skillful portrayal of the middle-aged dandy in "Lady Windermere's Fan." He was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's leading man for several seasons, and sang in light opera in Fritzi Scheff productions.

And still other of our screen fathers, villains and comedians once spoke heroic pieces. Fifteen years ago, Noah Beery was loved from coast to coast.

Theodore Roberts, forty years ago, was a romantic leading man playing opposite Fanny Davenport in a series of Shakespearean plays. He was then twenty-four. His popularity became more pronounced with his *Svengali* in "Trilby," and his *Joe Portugais* in "The Right of Way." Later, he was with William S. Hart in "The Barrier." Forty years—a long time to hold a public's love. But Daddy Roberts is still an idol.

Fifteen years ago, Wallace Beery, then playing leads in musical comedies for Henry W. Savage, was most popular with the fair sex, and became a sort of vogue during his most successful season in "The Balkan Princess."

Ernest Torrence, fifteen years ago, was acclaimed by London for his singing of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" at Covent Garden, and was awarded a gold medal by the Royal Academy of Music for the best operatic work of the year. His first American success was in the Victor Herbert operetta, "The Only Girl."

And Raymond Hatton was, at that time, a dapper, well-groomed dramatic juvenile, touring in "The City." His performance in that play was hailed as one of the finest pieces of acting of the generation. In his scrapbook is a frayed clipping from the *Dramatic Mirror,* of June 10, 1910:

> The honors of the production fell to Raymond Hatton, a young chap who proved himself a sensation. At the Princess Theater yesterday, his big scene at the climax of the third act called for ten curtains. Hatton bids fair to be one of the most successful leading men in a year or two.

So these are the tales the scrapbooks tell. But I, for one, am glad that I live in the age of the Gilbert love-making, and the Edeson, Beery, and Hatton character-acting.

Will the Churches Defeat Censorship?

Continued from page 29

Thus have the movies and the churches been getting together, and this is not the only case in which they have done it. Doctor Andrews and his Committee on Drama had a hand in the making of "The Vanishing American," and of "Thank You," and of numerous other prominent films. In fact, they have been consulted on one production or another by every one of the big movie companies. And this unusual coöperation, which has been going on for well over a year, is as much to the advantage of the church as to the film producers.

Take the case of "The Vanishing American," for instance. As it was originally written by Zane Grey, a missionary among the Indians was the villain of the story—and a very wicked villain, at that.

"But," said Doctor Andrews, when Famous Players came to consult him as to how the story should be filmed, "missionaries as a whole are *not* of that type. There are, of course, rare cases of villains among them, but they are exceptional. So that if you filmed 'The Vanishing American' as it stands, you would be creating a false impression."

And so, at his instigation, the plot of "The Vanishing American" was so completely changed that the man who was a wicked missionary became a girl school-teacher who was the heroine of the film—played, by the way, by Lois Wilson.

Similarly, changes were made in "Thank You" and "What Happened to Jones" so as to give a more accurate picture of conditions in the church and among the ministry.

The coöperation between the movies and the churches was carried on very quietly at first, while it was still uncertain just how it was going to work out, but the results thus far have been so highly satisfactory, and so beneficial to both sides, that there is now an informal agreement between the Will Hays organization and the Council of Churches that whenever a film is to be produced that involves a religious question, or affects the churches in the slightest way, the dramatic committee of the Council will be consulted by the producing company before ever the script is written—and afterward, too. With such harmonious relations established between the church and the movies, and growing ever more strongly cemented, what will become of censorship? That remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, when you go to the movies, it may be interesting to bear in mind that, just as likely as not, ministers have helped to give you the film that you are enjoying.

The Latest Fashions on Parade

Continued from page 63

junior stars in "Fascinating Youth." She wore at graduation a most unusual gown of black taffeta and black Callot net. Its tight bodice and long, full skirt are the very acme of grace, and the odd bandlike arrangement of the décolletage forms a perfect frame for beautiful shoulders. A touch of strong color is given by the brilliant sash and the huge rose worn at the side.

Another gown of taffeta and Callot net is worn by the third figure in the group on page 62. Its unusual feature is the large bertha of black lace which almost completely covers the bodice. The skirt is of taffeta petals and black net. A note of color is given by the flame-colored taffeta bow at the side. This gown was seen on Thelma Todd.

Although it is a far cry from the picturesque *robe de style* to practical and popular sports costumes, it is well to consider a few of these, since vacation days are with us, and golf tees are overshadowing bridge teas. The intriguing two-piece suit shown in two views at the top of page 63 is worn by Gertrude Olmsted. At the extreme left, it is shown in its outdoor aspect, with long jacket, and a novel military cape in lieu of sleeves. The material is natural kasha cloth, with the smart roll collar and pockets trimmed in red. The one-piece dress worn underneath this cape is sketched next in line. The dress is of silk of the same tone as the kasha skirt and jacket. There is a chic V-neck, and a smart Japanese figured medallion dangles in front.

A smart cape coat, for either sport wear or traveling, never comes amiss at this time of year, and the coat at the upper right of page 63, of pink-and-gray checks, is one that is particularly practical. It also is worn by Gertrude Olmsted. The cape is buttoned at the sides to give the effect of sleeves, and its unusual double pocket is a noteworthy feature.

The last gown on page 63 is worn by Florence Vidor. It is of nude crape, with sleeve bands of metal braid. This gown simulates the two-piece variety by a fold across the front, but the back hangs straight.

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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well — which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind — the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

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You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if dissipation and excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. They will never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through

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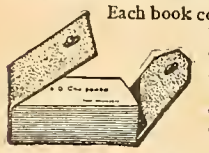

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

tinually. When one picture has been finished, they rush right into another one, often without a moment's loss of time. It's true that these magnetic-looking people consider their work just play, and they are so tremendously happy doing it. But were we who know so little of acting to step into their places for a day, we would find such "play" the hardest kind of work. *I know,* for I have played as an extra with such charming stars as Pauline Garon, Warner D. Richmond, and Anders Randolf.

I have been watching with much intent interest the work of several screen actors, one in particular, Richard Dix. Ever since he started on his first starring picture for Paramount last fall, Dix has hardly had *one day's rest!*

And yet some of these narrow-minded people have the gall to call our motion-picture people idlers and infamous disreputables. And regarding vice and other evils, why, how in the world can an actor or an actress find time for such when they are working day and night?

HAROLD REVINE.
179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

The Movie Cyclones Are Not Realistic.

I saw "That Royle Girl" not long ago, and although it is an entertaining picture, it seems strange that Mr. Griffith would make a cyclone act the way the cyclone did in that film. The wind must have been blowing in the same place for about fifteen minutes, for *Daisy* climbed out of the window, swung across the ladder, crouched on the roof a minute or so, got to the ground, and ran frantically about for at least five minutes, before she was finally caught and put into the cellar—all during the time that the cyclone was raging about the building. Then, too, before the cyclone struck, the wind was blowing.

As a matter of fact, just before a cyclone, everything is perfectly still—not a breeze stirs. When it does strike, it happens suddenly and is over as quickly. It whirls around and picks thing up in the funnel. In this cyclone, things merely fell down and blew along a little. One part of the building fell five minutes before the other part. That could never be. I suppose they had to string it out to give people their money's worth of thrills—but it isn't true. THELMA CHRISTIANSON.
3202 Rockefeller Avenue, Everett, Wash.

A Protest Against Foreign Players.

It makes my blood boil to read about these foreign pictures that are being sent over here to America, and to read about these foreign players who are being imported to drive ambitious young American actors and actresses out of work.

What I suggest is that the American fans who are loyal and patriotic band together and refuse to go to see these foreigners. Then the producers will give their places to ambitious young Americans, instead of shutting the doors in their faces.

I have nothing against the foreigners—not a thing. But I want them to stay in their own country and to make pictures for their own people. And let the producers hire native-born Americans for the pictures that are to be shown here.

GEORGE CANDLEMAN HUNTINGTON.
Atlanta, Ga.

A Word About Audrey Berry.

One by one, the child players of yesteryear are returning to the screen as leading players; but there are several I am still waiting for.

Among them are Thelma Salter and Audrey Berry, the latter a child player of the old Vitagraph days.

Of Thelma I have never heard a word; but now, all you fans who have been inquiring about Audrey Berry, I am going to let you in on some real good news.

Audrey is now with the "No, No, Nanette" company on the stage, as understudy to the star, Ona Munson. I had a letter from her, and she wanted to be remembered to all her faithful fans through PICTURE-PLAY. She is expecting to smile again at us from the screen some time soon this year. I know this will be happy news to many who have been inquiring of her whereabouts from the Picture Oracle.

JOHN E. THAYER.
18 Creighton Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Some Outstanding Rôles.

I am sending you what to me are the outstanding rôles of the last year's pictures:

1. Mary Brian as *Wendy* in "Peter Pan."
2. Norma Shearer as *Ruth Laurence* in "His Secretary."
3. Colleen Moore's work in "We Moderns."
4. Corinne Griffith's work in "Infatuation."
5. Mary Pickford as *Little Annie Rooney.*
6. Eleanor Boardman as *Elizabeth* in "The Circle."
7. Malcolm MacGregor's rôle in "The Circle."
8. Bebe Daniels' work in "The Crowded Hour."
9. Dorothy Mackaill's work in "Joanna."
10. Bessie Love's work in "Soul Fire."
11. George Hackathorne in "Judgment of the Storm."
12. Richard Dix in "Icebound."
13. Jack Mulhall in "We Moderns."
14. George O'Brien in "Havoc."
15. Ronald Colman in "The Dark Angel."
16. William Haines in "The Tower of Lies."
17. Lloyd Hughes in "The Lost World."
18. Ben Lyon in "The New Commandment."
19. Jack Pickford's work in "My Son."

VIOLET TESSON.
952 Harlan Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

An Answer to "Jack and June."

I hope this letter will be read by "Jack and June," whose appeal, "Let's stick to the old favorites," appeared in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and in which they express their disapproval of the exploitation of our new stars, Greta Nissen, Norma Shearer, Vilma Banky, and Ronald Colman.

Those stars have every right to their sudden popularity. Greta Nissen leaped into public fame by her admirable performance as the siren in "The Wanderer," and she deserves it. Vilma Banky because of her wonderful work in "The Dark Angel." At the time the young actress did not understand English; yet she did splendid work in the picture, despite the handicap. And by the way, don't forget that she also appealed to Valentino, and was selected by him to play in "The Eagle," and now his next film, "Son of the Sheik"

Ronald Colman, in his rôle of the English officer in "The Dark Angel," played the part with unusual feeling. Now for Norma Shearer. Jack and June wrote:

Continued on page 114

You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped

In this NEW way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

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THICK ANKLES SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

"Norma Shearer, they say, is a great and beautiful actress." *Of course* she is. Who doesn't admire her for her wonderful work on the screen? She *is* a great and beautiful actress, especially beautiful. I wonder if Jack and June saw her in "His Secretary?" There was one scene in that picture where Miss Shearer, as the secretary, goes to Washington on a business trip, and while in a hotel there, decides to enter a beauty parlor. Did they see how she looked when she entered the beauty shop, and then, did they see how she looked after she had received her beauty treatment! And they question her beauty!

Tell me, then, why did Metro-Goldwyn select her, of all their many stars, to play the title rôle of a young girl who loved clothes, in "A Slave of Fashion?" This part demanded a young and beautiful girl who could appear alluring and beautiful, and who could wear smart and costly gowns and still maintain her beauty.

Did Jack and June see "He Who Gets Slapped?" That was the picture that brought Miss Shearer to the front, and that same picture, with its wonderful combination of stars—Jack Gilbert and Lon Chaney—was selected as the best production for the year in which it was released. Those are true facts, and they must count for something. Understand me, I am not trying to criticize Jack and June, but their article certainly was astounding to me, and if they continue to question the playing ability of Greta Nissen, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Betty Bronson, and Miss Shearer, they will eventually have after them a whole flock of the fans who particularly like some of those stars mentioned, just as I have tried to defend Miss Shearer.

DONALD PHILLIPS.
215 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

Two Favorites.

I could write pages and pages about the most daring and most beautiful star I have ever seen or ever hope to see on the screen. She is my ideal of an American girl. It is useless to go on and rave about her, because words cannot express how much I love and adore Norma Shearer. I can see big things for her in the future, and I wish her worlds of success.

Rod La Rocque is my one and only favorite actor. He is so handsome that—well, I'm glad he says he doesn't intend to get married—because I'd be awfully jealous of his wife! Rod is a sheik who can really act. When I say sheik, I mean he is so "devilishly handsome" that he carries you off your feet—and nothing more, absolutely. I would like to see him and Norma Shearer costarred.

Trenton, Ill. FLOSSY L. WILSON.

Let's Have Some Old Pictures Reissued.

Martin Boyer's idea, as published in a recent PICTURE-PLAY, concerning the reissue of Wallace Reid's pictures, seems to be a happy one. I, too, would enjoy seeing some of Wallace's best pictures reissued in a two or three-reel form, added to picture programs as short subjects. There are so many one and two-reel comedies now being shown which are totally boring, that I think this plan would be a good one, if only to eliminate the comedies. Paramount has other stars whose old pictures I would like to see reissued in this way. Why couldn't they make a series, and include Mary Pickford's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Little American," "A Romance of the Redwoods," and "Stella Maris?" Some of Mary Miles Minter's best pictures might also be included, don't you think?

Others have suggested that these pictures be reissued, but nothing has ever come of it. Please don't let this drop, but see if something can't be done about it.

CARL A. BUSS.
Jefferson, Wis.

A Prediction for 1929.

My prediction for three years hence:

George O'Brien and Vilma Banky will occupy the niches now enjoyed by John Gilbert and Gloria Swanson.

Some of the present players, including Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, Mae Murray, Milton Sills, and Priscilla Dean, will have faded out of the cinema horizon.

Rudolph Valentino will no longer be a star, but will be a featured player in numerous productions.

Lillian Gish and Norma Talmadge will have held their own as the supreme American screen *artistes*.

Charles Chaplin may have discontinued acting, in favor of directing subtle dramatic productions.

Pola Negri will not be shining as of yore and may contemplate a long trip abroad, solely to be directed by foreign directors. This, I fervently hope she does. No "Passion" was ever turned out on American soil.

I have a sneaking idea that Leatrice Joy will be hailed as the supreme comedienne of the screen.

King Vidor will be hailed as the master director.

Carol Dempster will not have reached the height of Lillian Gish.

Dorothy Gish will have been discovered anew as an emotional actress with strong appeal.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will still be shining, although in a lesser degree.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will have become the supreme film-producing corporation.

Films in color will not have become the vogue.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.
630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 70

fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

Ibáñez's "Torrent"—Metro-Goldwyn. Interesting film introducing the magnetic Swedish actress, Greta Garbo, to American audiences. Ricardo Cortez plays young lover whose mother's influence kills his romance and ruins two lives.

"Infatuation"—First National. A triangle film, based on Somerset Maugham's "Cæsar's Wife." Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont, as the husband and wife, and Malcolm MacGregor, as the disturbing factor, all give intelligent performances.

"Irene" — First National. Colleen Moore in a pleasant comedy of a poor little Irish girl who becomes a dressmaker's model and is wooed by a rich young hero, played by Lloyd Hughes.

"Irish Luck"—Paramount. Beautiful background of Ireland an outstanding feature of film in which Thomas Meighan plays dual rôle of New York policeman and Irish lord who between them foil the villains of the piece. Lois Wilson a personable heroine.

"Just Suppose" — First National. Richard Barthelmess in the rôle of a young prince who visits this country and falls in love with an American débutante, prettily played by Lois Moran.

"King on Main Street, The"—Paramount. Crisp, refreshing light comedy. Adolphe Menjou perfect as an amusing king who comes to America, with mistress in tow, and falls in love with American girl. Greta Nissen is the foreign lady; Bessie Love, the American.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the screen of Barrie's delightful tale of starved London waif whose vivid imagination finds expression in her fantastic dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as *Cinderella*; Tom Moore a delight as London bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar Wilde's story of a mother of doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from same mistake. Well done. May McAvoy in title rôle; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Let's Get Married" — Paramount. Another amusing comedy for Richard Dix, showing him as a gay young man who gets in trouble with the police and has a hard time getting married. Lois Wilson the girl.

"Mannequin" — Paramount. Fannie Hurst's prize story. Baby girl, stolen by her nurse, grows up ignorant of her real parentage, murders man, and comes to trial before her own father. Dolores Costello, Alice Joyce, and Warner Baxter.

"Man Upstairs, The" — Warner. Adapted from the story "The Agony Column." Good comedy-melodrama, with Monte Blue, Dorothy Devore, and John Roche.

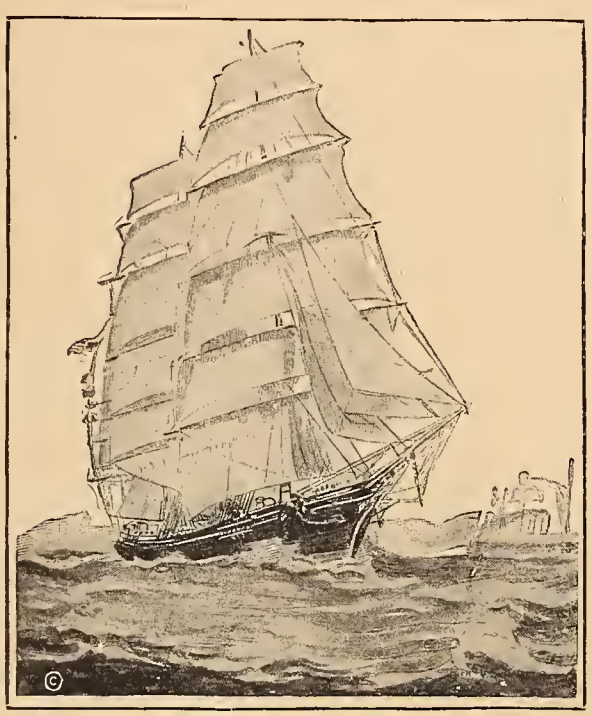
"Masked Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fantastic tale of the Paris underworld, with Mae Murray in her usual dancing rôle. Francis X. Bushman plays big-hearted millionaire who lifts her from her sordid surroundings.

"Memory Lane"—First National. Simple tale of village girl who, having chosen between two admirers and settled down to domesticity, begins to wonder if she has chosen right. Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel, and William Haines.

"Mike"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old-fashioned tale full of lovable ragamuffins, quaint characters, and amiable animals, but lacking in plot. Sally O'Neil pert and pretty in overalls; William Haines an engaging country boy.

"Miss Brewster's Millions"—Paramount. Very funny comedy of a young lady compelled to spend a million dollars within a certain time. Well played by Bebe Daniels, Ford Sterling, and Warner Baxter.

SEA PICTURES



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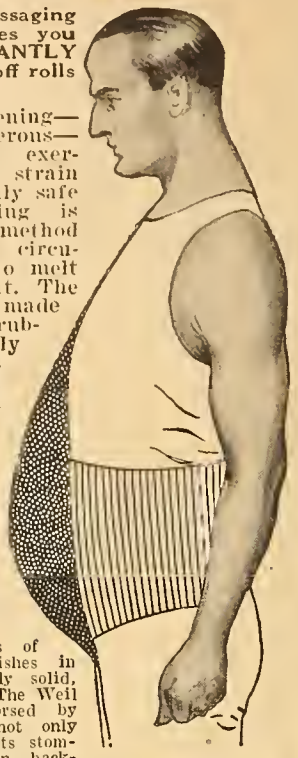

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"Moana"—Paramount. Picturesque and interesting film of actual life of actual characters in the South Sea Islands, showing the gradual rise of a youth to manhood.

"My Own Pal"—Fox. Tom Mix and the wonder horse, Tony, save a baby, jump onto moving trains, and otherwise distinguish themselves.

"New Klondike, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in an amusing satire on Florida real estate, with a few baseball players thrown in.

"Oh! What a Nurse!"—Warner. Syd Chaplin in skirts again. Good story, with funny gags, but too much repetition.

"Only Thing, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another of Elinor Glyn's royal romances. Conrad Nagel, as an English duke, and Eleanor Boardman, as a previously betrothed Northern princess, finally come together after many vicissitudes, including a gory revolution.

"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruesome story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as *Phantom*, pretty awful to look at, Norman Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Red Dice"—Producers Distributing. Story of the bootlegging underworld. Rod La Rocque in rôle of young man who has only a year to live. Marguerite de la Motte is the girl.

"Road to Yesterday, The"—Producers Distributing. Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, and William Boyd play four modern young people who are carried by a train wreck back into the Middle Ages and are seen in their former incarnations.

"Sea Horses"—Paramount. Pleasant tropical film featuring Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, and that easy-going villain, George Bancroft, and including both a deluge and a cyclone.

"Skinner's Dress Suit"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy of young clerk whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dares not tell her he has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.

"Song and Dance Man, The"—Paramount. Clever, amusing picture of the ups and downs of vaudeville players. Tom Moore, Bessie Love, and good supporting cast, make things interesting.

"Splendid Crime, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a lady crook who falls in love with a handsome young man, played by Neil Hamilton, and straightway reforms. Not an unusually exciting film, but worth seeing.

"Splendid Road, The"—First National. A fast and furious film of the California gold-rush days, with Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Frazer in the foreground.

"Stage Struck"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson in slapstick comedy; tale of small-town waitress with stage aspirations who joins a cheap traveling show with amusing results.

"That Royle Girl"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith picture—rather brassy melodrama featuring Carol Dempster, and including a murder trial and a cyclone. James Kirkwood, Harrison Ford, and W. C. Fields form the male contingent.

"That's My Baby"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean funny in a comedy that is otherwise something of a bore.

"Tumbleweeds"—United Artists. Return of William S. Hart as noble cowboy in film of homesteading land rush.

"Volga Boatman, The"—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, built around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in the leads.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of prodigal son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"We Moderns"—First National. Colleen Moore very much alive as English flapper who loses heart to drawing-room poet and does some rather startling things in process of getting him.

"What Happened to Jones"—Universal. Reginald Denny in another entertaining film, dealing with a young man who gets into all sorts of complications. Marian Nixon and Zasu Pitts add to the fun.

"Whispering Smith"—Producers Distributing. Exciting crook melodrama, with H. B. Warner in the rôle of a secret-service agent who falls in love with an outlaw's wife. Lilyan Tashman, Lillian Rich, and John Bowers.

"Womanhandled"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a delightful light comedy of a polo-playing young Easterner who, to win a girl, tries to become a man of the great open spaces. Esther Ralston is the girl.

"Yankee Señor, The"—Fox. One of best films Tom Mix has made in some time. Complicated plot, with Olive Borden as heroine.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"American Venus, The"—Paramount. An elaborate fashion film centering about a beauty contest. Gaudy and uninteresting. Esther Ralston in leading rôle.

"Bride of the Storm"—Warner. Dull and dreary. Girl, stranded on an island with three bad men, is rescued just in time by United States warship. Dolores Costello and John Harron.

"Broken Hearts"—Jaffe Art Film. Boresome, sentimental drama dealing with the troubles of a young Russian Jew. Poorly done by Maurice Schwartz and Lila Lee.

"Dancer of Paris, The"—First National. Mediocre film based on Michael Arlen story. Dorothy Mackaill very lovely in rôle of dancer. Conway Tearle opposite her.

"Devil's Circus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither very good nor very bad. Norma Shearer in rôle of circus girl. Charles Emmett Mack is the crook hero, and Carmel Myers a jealous woman.

"Fascinating Youth"—Paramount. Featuring the graduates of the Paramount School, none of whom make much impression. Tale of a rollicking group of young artists.

"Joanna"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill, a comedienne of the first order, in badly directed picture of poor shopgirl who is suddenly thrust into a life of luxury by being given a million dollars to use as she pleases.

"Lord Jim"—Paramount. A poor attempt to transpose Conrad's book to the screen. Percy Marmont, unconvincing as a sailor with a complex of fear, who deserts his ship and suffers for it. Shirley Mason, the South Sea heroine.

"New Commandment, The"—First National. Jumbled, silly picture, involving a match-making aunt, a rebellious nephew, an aristocratic artist's model, and finally the war. A fine cast, however, with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon featured.

"Prince of Pilsen, The"—Producers Distributing. Out-of-date comedy. German-American and daughter go to Germany and become involved with princes and politics. Anita Stewart, Allan Forrest, and George Sidney.

"Reckless Lady, The"—First National. Unusually fine cast in rather disappointing picture. Belle Bennett and Lois Moran again together as mother and daughter. James Kirkwo plays the father, and Ben Lyon the juvenile.

"Red Kimono, The"—David Distributing-Vital. Produced by Mrs. Wallace Reid. Supposed to stir you, but misses fire.

"Sap, The"—Warner. Good idea badly handled. Mother's boy goes to war and accidentally becomes hero, only to be bullied on his return home. Kenneth Harlan in the lead.

"Skyrocket, The"—Associated Exhibitors. Screen début of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who does rather well in a poorly directed picture of the rise and fall of a motion-picture actress.

"Soul Mates"—Metro-Goldwyn. Adapted from an Elinor Glyn novel of a beautiful American heiress who is forced into a quarrelsome marriage with a young British peer. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe.

"Too Much Money"—First National. Long, involved slapstick comedy in which Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone are made to act in a very silly manner not at all suited to them.

"Unchastened Woman, The"—Chadwick. Badly directed and badly acted film in which Theda Bara makes unworthy return to screen.

"Unguarded Hour, The"—First National. Poor entertainment. Milton Sills as an Italian count who, though pursued by women, remains cold to them, until finally captured by Doris Kenyon.

"Untamed Lady, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson and a lot of stylish clothes and beautiful backgrounds in a poor picture—modern version of "Taming of the Shrew."

"When Love Grows Cold"—F. B. O. Natacha Rambova, otherwise Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, not at all pleasing in badly filmed story of young wife who helps husband to succeed, only to find he has grown away from her. Clive Brook is the husband.

"Woman of the World, A"—Paramount. Clowning and drama hopelessly mingled in clumsy film of a bejeweled countess, played by Pola Negri, who comes from Riviera to small United States town and falls in love with strait-laced district attorney.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

CLINTON RITTENHOUSE.—So you bet me a week's tips I can't answer your questions? Even if you win that bet, you lose—my week's tips are on the minus side—outgo rather than income! Of course, if you make questions that are impossible for me to answer—such as, can I tell you how you can get Betty Bronson to write you a personal letter—I'm afraid it can't be done. But the only possible way is to write her one first, and ask for an answer. Betty has two brothers; her mother is living, but I don't know whether her father is or not. If you go to Hollywood, there are no studios which will admit you as a visitor unless you know some one connected with the making of pictures who will take you inside.

CRYSTAL GAZER.—So PICTURE-PLAY is as indispensable as your toothbrush? I see you believe in cleanliness, even in your reading matter. On page 83 of the July issue there was an article that told something about Hayford Hobbs. Yes, I understand Tallulah Bankhead is a great success in London; she has never played in American films to my knowledge. Dorothy Dalton retired from the screen when she married Arthur Hammerstein a few years ago. Constance Bennett has also retired, unfortunately. You have probably read by now the interview with Jetta Goudal that appeared in the May PICTURE-PLAY. I'll ask for the other interviews that you want.

A RONALD COLMAN FAN CLUB wishes to be announced. Any one interested may obtain further information from Miss Alice Reynolds, 601 Pearl Street, Bluefield, West Virginia.

ALICE REYNOLDS.—It really seems too bad to kill a handsome man, even in a movie, doesn't it? The one killed by Ricardo Cortez in "Argentine Love" was Marc Gonzales.

M. M. S.—Richard Dix's real name is Pete Brimmer. As to the type of girl he likes best, I don't know that he prefers any special type. He has at various times been reported engaged to Lois Wilson, and is frequently seen with her at parties, so it is safe to assume that he likes *her* type, anyhow. Dick has never been married. For further information about him, see the answer to G. P. A., elsewhere in this department.

ANONYMOUS.—I've never even tried giving advice to the lovelorn. Stars don't make personal-appearance tours when they are busy working in pictures—a film appearance keeps them before a much greater percentage of the public at once. No, May McAvoy is not married. She has been reported engaged to Robert Agnew since the rumored engagement to Glenn Hunter. Glenn, according to report, may play the lead in the film version of "An American Tragedy." Robert Agnew's address is listed below. Leslie Fenton's new pictures are "Sandy," "The Shamrock Handicap," and "Dangers of a Great City."

SLICUMS.—Do you really think the fans would kick you sky high because you don't like sheiks? If there are any fans who can kick that high, I should certainly like to know about it! They'd be useful at a flying field to start the airplanes. I think perhaps the vogue for sheiks is dying out. Yes, Dorothy Sebastian played *Polly* in "Sackcloth and Scarlet," and Alice Terry was the older sister. Richard Talmadge isn't married. Jack Hoxie's wife is Marin Sais. I'll tell the editor you would like to see rotogravure pictures of Jack, Billie Dove, Warner Baxter, and Antonio Moreno. They will doubtless all appear from time to time.

THE HELEN FERGUSON FRIENDSHIP CLUB wishes to announce its first birthday, with over three hundred members. They are conducting a contest with an evening dress as the prize. Dues, twenty-five cents. Further information may be obtained from the club president, Miss Julia David, 98 Waltham Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

JAMIE HESS.—Miss Lillian Partos is very anxious to get in touch with you. You can reach her at 12 East Ninety-seventh Street, New York City.

MARIE BRADLEY, ESTHER MILLER.—I see you address me as "Dear Miss." Well, I've been taken amiss before. Richard Dix's newest picture is "Say It Again," unless the name has been changed again. For further information, see M. M. S. Yes, Lila Lee still plays on the screen; she appeared opposite Thomas Meighan in his recent picture, "The New Klondike." Johnny Hines was born in Golden, Colorado, July 25, 1895. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, and has dark hair and brown eyes.

MISS SAUCY.—Your letter doesn't sound very saucy, but perhaps it's the way you look rather than the way you write. Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy was born in San Francisco while his parents were traveling in this country. He is about six feet one, and has blond hair. He is in his twenties. Edmund Burns was born in Philadelphia in 1897, and was educated there. He was in the brokerage business before he went on the stage. After some theatrical experience in a stock company, he began to play in pictures. "East is West," a Constance Talmadge film, was the first picture in which he had a real rôle. Edmund is just under six feet, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. He isn't married. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, about thirty years ago; he is five feet eleven inches, weighs one hundred and fifty-nine pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio—he doesn't say when. He is a blond, with blue eyes, is six feet one inch, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds.

ROUGH RIDER.—Of course you didn't mean to say it, but what you said was that you love Western pictures and "never fail to miss one!" I certainly never fail to "miss" one when I can help it! Josie Sedgwick doesn't give her age. She is five feet five inches, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and is a brunette, with dark-gray eyes. I don't know anything about Barbara Worth, but I suspect she took her name from Harold Bell Wright's heroine. Jack Hoxie was born in Oklahoma, and grew up on a cattle ranch. He is a blond, six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Tom Mix's daughter Ruth is in her late teens; I don't know much else about her, as it is only recently that she has been connected with the screen.

THE MARY PHILBIN CLUB, with Miss Philbin as honorary president, wishes to invite new members. Any one interested may write to the club's secretary, Miss Agnes Rode, 3111 Eighth Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois.

AN ESTHER RALSTON FAN CLUB has been organized, with Esther Ralston as honorary president. All of Miss Ralston's

Continued on page 120

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Information, Please

Continued from page 118

admirers are invited to join. The club has an interesting campaign worked out for the coming year; any one interested may learn all about it from the secretary, Miss Mabel Hill, 1250 South Normal Avenue, Chico, California.

J. M. R.—So you'd like a whole issue devoted to Colleen Moore? That would be nice for her and her admirers, but some of the other stars might object. And how about the readers of PICTURE-PLAY who don't care for Colleen? Every one has different tastes, you know. I don't know whether First National (383 Madison Avenue, New York City) would send you a picture of Barbara La Marr or not; you might ask them, however. I'm sorry, I don't know who William Eugene is. The other addresses you ask for are listed below, except Baby Peggy's. I don't know where she can be reached, as she isn't playing in pictures just now.

THE FOUR BOOTERS.—What are they, a couple of bootleggers seeing double? Reginald Denny is married to Irene Haisman. Neither Larry Kent nor Edna Murphy is married. Jack Mulhall is in his thirties, and Conway Tearle is forty-four.

A PENTICTION, B. C., FAN.—So they need fans even in British Columbia? George Arliss played the title rôle in "Disraeli;" Louise Huff was the heroine. Harry Myers played the lead in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Rosemary Theby also appeared in that picture.

M. M. M. FAN.—Why doesn't Mary Miles Minter reduce so she can return to the screen, you ask. Perhaps she has tried, but it is quite difficult to "come back" successfully after one has once left the movies. Mary Miles Minter's weight in her starry days was one hundred and twelve. I don't suppose she gives out the figures now and, though I have seen her within the past year, I should hesitate to guess—right out in public like this—what she weighs now.

JAMES HAMILTON, Lexington, Kentucky.—Just a few questions to let me know you are still alive! Very much alive, I should say. I see you like adventure pictures. Herbert Rawlinson was married several years ago to Lorraine Abigail Long; previous to that, he was married to Roberta Arnold, who is well known on the New York stage. Alice Lake is divorced from Robert Williams. I don't know whether Dick Hatton and "Big Boy" Williams are married or not. The reason you so seldom see pictures of these players published is that there is so little demand for them in magazines.

TRILBIE.—Aren't you lucky, to have been in Coral Gables last winter? All the shivering New Yorkers were envious of you! Fred Niblo directed "Blood and Sand." Howard Livingston did not have a sufficiently important part in that picture to be listed in the cast. Nita Naldi has never been married, so far as I know. Myrtle Stedman is Mrs. Stedman—I don't know what her husband's first name was, nor how long ago the marriage occurred. I suppose you know she has a grown son, Lincoln.

J. S. AND C. S.—How about P. S.? I don't think Richard Dix played in "Racing Hearts." Agnes Ayres starred in that picture, but I am unable to find out who was her leading man. Pauline Frederick has been working at the F. B. O studios, in "Her Honor the Governor." Laura La Plante is engaged to William Seiter, the director. Most of the stars—particularly the most popular ones, who get hundreds of letters a week—charge a quarter for their photographs. This only covers the cost of sending them—stamps, photomailers, secretary's salary, and so on. No, Betty Compson and her husband are not in Africa, as this goes to press. He, James Cruze, is now engaged in making "Old Ironsides."

FRANK YOUNG.—Yes, I think "Zander the Great" was filmed near Singletree, Arizona. The leading man was Harrison Ford.

A RONALD COLMAN CLUB has recently been organized and welcomes any new members. Those interested please write to Robert Buzzard, president, 1410 Main Street, Joplin, Missouri.

AN EVELYN BRENT FAN CLUB has been formed. For further particulars, address Miss Esther Kling, 366 East 146th Street, New York City.

BARBY LOU.—You don't need to offer any excuse for propounding your queries on your typewriter. Your letter was very neat and sweet. May I call you Lou? Don't worry—I'd never say I thought Gloria Swanson a knock-out if I didn't really think so. As it happens, I do think so, so that makes everything hunky-dory, as they say in France. Gloria has a secretary who attends to her fan mail. She's awfully busy, you know—yes, both Gloria *and* the secretary. You may be interested to know—having just recovered from the flu yourself—that our marquise had a bad case of it, but insisted upon finishing her latest film for Famous, "Fine Manners," just the same. Eugene O'Brien is her leading man in that, with Walter Goss, from the Paramount School, playing her brother. Gloria has more friends among the other stars than I could begin to tell you about, but two of them are Lois Wilson and Marion Davies, which shows good taste all round. Gloria lives in her New York apartment when she's working, and spends the rest of her time on her estate on the Hudson. She and "Hank," they tell me, are more in love with each other than ever, which means considerable.

A NEBRASKA MISS.—Why don't you get in touch with Rod La Rocque and ask him just where, in the cornhusking State, he happened to go to school? He was born in Chicago and made his first picture for the old Essanay Company there. Hurrah—he isn't married!

Addresses of Players.

Buster Collier, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Alice Joyce, Bessie Love, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Donald Keith, Lois Moran, and Kathlyn Williams, at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helene d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Mae Murray, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Buster Keaton, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Seastrom, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, at the First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobbs, Jack Daugherty, and Edward Everett Horton, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Clive Brook, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Estelle Taylor, May McAvoy, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Mary Astor, Ben Lyon, at Biograph Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Reed Howe, Wanda Hawley, at Rayart Productions, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Walter Miller, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Robert Agnew, care of Marshall Neilan Productions, at 1845 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, 1762 Orchid Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Emmett Mack, 10442 Kinnard Avenue, Westwood, Los Angeles, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

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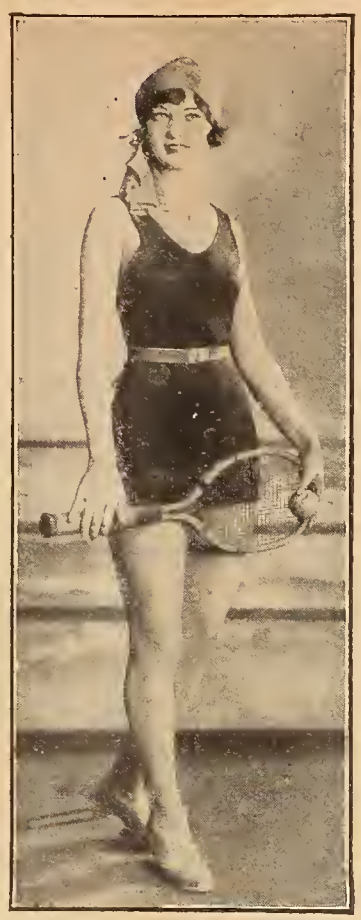

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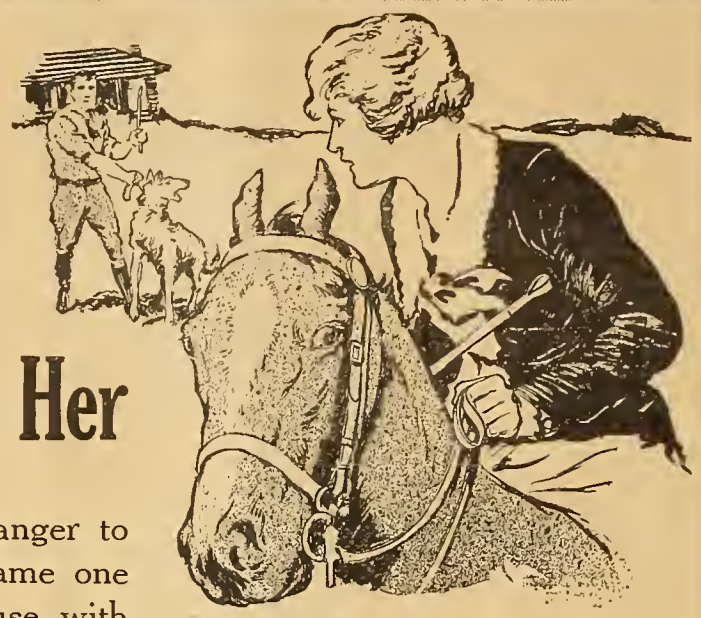
The August Number of* AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE *On the News Stands July Fifteenth

She Walked in and Asked Him to Marry Her



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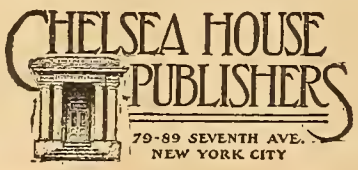

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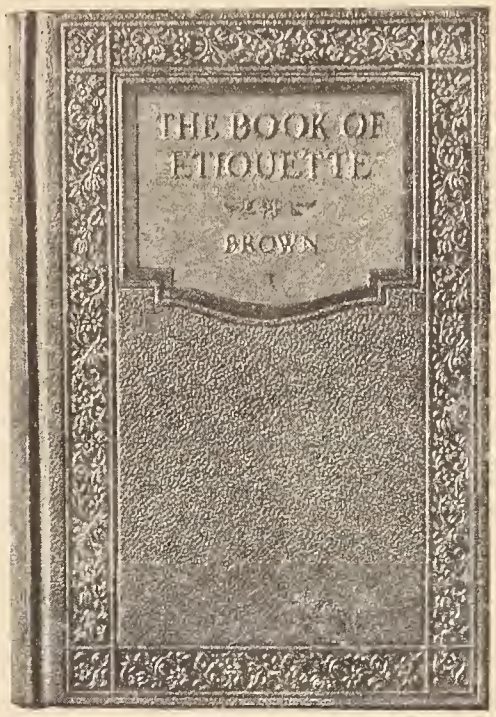

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